



CONTENTS: JANUARY, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Margaret Illington	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Little Boy Blue"	
TITLE PAGE: Rita Joliver and Otis Skinner in "Kismet"	1
AT THE PLAYHOUSE: "Kindling," "The Senator Keeps House," "The Marionettes," "Little Boy Blue," "The Mirror for the Prince," "The Lion's Heart," "The First Lady of the Land," "My Advice," "The Lady of Chelmsford," "Peggy," "Betty," "Celia Valente"	2
AT THE OPERA	4
MME. FREMSTAD AS ISOLDE—Full-page plate	5
GERALDINE FARRAR AS MARGUERITE—Full-page plate	7
AN ACTOR WHO LOVES HIS ART—Illustrated	8
WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"—Full-page plate	9
"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"—Illustrated	11
THE FALLING STAR SYSTEM—Illustrated	12
STAGING A SANDSTORM—Illustrated	15
ARNOLD BENNETT AS PLAYWRIGHT—Illustrated	17
SUZANNE DESPRES—A GREAT FRENCH TRAGEDienne—Illustrated	18
SUZANNE DESPRES AS ELECTRA—Full-page plate	19
CONVICTS SEE A PLAY OF CONVICT LIFE—Illustrated	23
SCENE IN "THE MARIONETTES"—Full-page plate	25
MAGGIE TAYTE—THE DIMINUTIVE PRIMA DONNA—Illustrated	26
SCENES IN "KINDLING"—Full-page plate	27
WHEN AUDIENCES GET ANGRY—Illustrated	28
SCENES IN "LITTLE BOY BLUE"—Full-page plate	29
THE OLD MAN DIES—Poem	31
EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT	33
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	35

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White

RITA JOLIVET AND OTIS SKINNER IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "KISMET"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

DALY'S, "KIDDLING." Play in three acts by Charles Kenyon. Produced on December 5 last with the following cast:

Maggie Schultz.....	Margaret Illington
Heinrich Schultz.....	Byron Beasley
Steve Bates.....	George Probert
Mrs. Bates.....	Annie Mack Berlein
Mrs. Burke-Smith.....	Helen Tracy
Mr. Howard.....	John Lee
Alice.....	Anne Meredith
	Mrs. Barker
	Margaret Rich

It required daring for Miss Margaret Illington to choose for her reappearance in New York a play that was squalid in all its details and sordid in everything but certain emotional appeals.

A forlorn figure she is in this piece, dressed in faded calicoes, the wife of a longshoreman, living in a tenement house with torn and greasy paper on the walls, and inhabited by a class that required the attention of the mission workers. The opening scene sees Mrs. Bates, an Irish washerwoman, at the tub. The fashionable, richly-attired slum worker, Mrs. Burke-Smith, thinks it a crime for such poor people to have children. Maggie's husband is violently opposed to his wife's having children, and Maggie keeps from him the secret of her condition. He is laid off from work on account of a strike, and she accepts a position as seamstress with Mrs. Burke-Smith. Bates' son, Steve, is a loafer and a thief. He persuades Maggie to give him information regarding the interior of the house—she to slip a note under his pillow, he to give her a share in the proceeds of the robbery. Maggie pawns a brooch for a considerable sum of money, intending to go at once with her husband to Nevada, where life promised something on a reservation of land. She was thinking

of her child, of which she had told her husband nothing. He accepts the money and starts to purchase the tickets, but turns to ask her more about the source of the money. She lies industriously, and he becomes convinced that it has not been loaned to her by Mrs. Burke-Smith's daughter. A detective brings the theft close to her, but Alice stands by her and makes it appear that Maggie's story is true.

The play is well acted and well constructed. Miss Illington, as Maggie, reaches heights of natural emotion that are astonishingly effective. She arouses sympathies that touch one to tears, but it is by the force of individuality in the actress and of the particular case of a wife who risks everything for the sake of her child to be. It is not exactly socialism that the play preaches, but incidentally that is a strong subordinate theme. If the argument of the play were general and not particular with reference to the one woman, the audience could not condone Maggie's offense.

Mr. Charles Kenyon, the new author, comes forward for the first time with fine promise of what he may do. The acting generally was efficient. Heinrich Schultz, as played by Byron Beasley, was the manly husband, whose hard nature, hating the conditions under which children perish young or live to endure a hard fate, but who turned to tenderness and sympathy and defense of his wife when the crisis came. George Probert was the thief who put crime in the way of Maggie. Annie Mack Berlein was the Irish washerwoman, Miss

Helen Tracy, the rich slumworker, and Miss Anne Meredith, Alice, the daughter, who saved the situation—a good assemblage of players.

Miss Illington's courage in producing a play of this kind puts her prominently forward in her stage career, and she is doing a service to the stage in helping to keep it from narrow limitations in the range of subjects.

GARRICK "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE." Comedy in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced November 27 with this cast:

Christopher Larkin.....	William H. Crane	Reveries.....	L. E. Woodbridge
Hon. Alphonso Judson.....	Harry Harwood	Mrs. Ida Flower.....	Mabel Bert
Patrick Henry Larkin.....	Jack Doretteau	Miss Eva Flower.....	Lauraine Frost
Colonel Seely.....	Theodore Marston	Mrs. Wallace.....	Father Lyon
Sam.....	William W. Jefferson	Miss Isabella.....	Mary Leslie Mayo

Mr. W. H. Crane is remarkable for his almost uniform success with American plays. It is not by accident. It is plain that he brings to the completion of a play, from the manuscript to the production, a knowledge of playcraft in the building up of the scenes. It is not a mere matter of introducing business.

"The Senator Keeps House," a notable bit of clever work by Miss Martha Morton, is not the less interesting in that it is filled with what may be described as domestic sentiment, and that it is free from problems and theatricalism. It is the kind of play of which the stage of to-day stands in need. Its chief merit is in its scenes, which are uncommonly entertaining with many touches of tenderness and humor. The Senator is a widower, living with his nephew, who is his secretary. Their housekeeper has left them,

the inconvenience of which is shown in a scene at breakfast prepared by Sam, the negro valet. Eva, the daughter of Mrs. Flower, appears in answer to the advertisement for a housekeeper. The Senator sends her away, advising her that she is too young for the position. His nephew falls in love with her on sight. Presently Eva's mother arrives, and in a delightful scene takes position as housekeeper. She intends to ingratiate herself with the Senator, and at the proper time reveal herself as the claimant in a bill that is before the Congress for the purchase of certain lands of hers in Virginia. She has never seen the land. It is really a job, at the head of which is a certain grafting Congressman. The Senator sends his nephew to look over the lands, and he reports that they are a swamp of no value. The Senator is indignant at what he thinks is the shameless attempt on his honor, and dismisses the housekeeper—she to leave the next morning, he spending the night at a hotel. She confesses her part in the scheme, but her innocence in the matter is established to his satisfaction, and he is to marry the woman who has dominated his household, brought order and comfort to the cheerless home, and shown qualities that had won his heart. She has restricted him to a few cigars a day. She had arranged his papers so that he could always find them.

The scenes are delightfully worked out. One would be captious and hypercritical in order to indict the plot when the by-products are so true in their comedy and pathos.



Servey
ETHEL BARRYMORE
Now appearing in "The Witness for the Defence"

What full measure of comedy there is in the scene in which the Senator is in nervous agony because he has no cigar to smoke. Sam, the valet, has stolen the last two. Mrs. Flower had brought with her a negro family maid, with whom Sam has fallen in love. She forces him to confess that he had taken them, and orders him to replace them. The satisfaction with which the Senator begins to smoke one of them, and the disgust at his discovery of their noxious fumes, is a scene in Mr. Crane's best manner. The sequel of the cigar episode is equally amusing when he gives the other cigar to the grafting congressman, and witnesses its effect on him.

Mr. Crane has mellowed in his art with time and without the loss of any of his qualities.

Miss Mabel Bert, as the sweetly dominant housekeeper, is well chosen for the part.

On the whole, the beginning of Mr. Crane's tenancy of the Garrick is most auspicious.

LYCEUM. "THE MARIONETTES." Comedy in four acts by Pierre Wolff. English version by Gladys Unger. Produced December 5 with the following cast:

Marquis Roger, Frank Gillmore; Monsieur de Frenay, Arthur Lewis; Raymond Nizorolles, Edward Fielding; Pierre Vasseur, Charles Babier; Bonnaire, A. Romaine Callender; Duc de Gaugier, William Henson; Valmont, Frank Goldsmith; Footman, Arthur Hurley; Lucienne de Jusey, Grace Carlyle; Baroness Harard, Kate Meek; Madame Brer, Elvira Kearney; Marquise Fernande, Nazimova.

Since she became an English-speaking actress, Nazimova's art has been principally associated with the neurotic drama, and her varied gallery of Ibsen heroines demonstrated again and again how skilled she is in the depiction of these abnormal heroines. Her dramatic power has been, and is, unquestioned. What she is capable of doing in the line of comedy no one will ever forget who once saw her play in "Countess Coquette," from the Italian of Idraceo. Necessity rather than choice, it is said, forced her this season to again resort to that medium, and in the absence of something "strong," Charles Frohman, under whose management she is now playing, selected for her "The Marionettes," by Pierre Wolff.

There is no new message in "The Marionettes" which has been adapted for the local playhouse by Gladys Unger. This comedy deals with a situation as old as the proverbial hills. It is to be found in "Delicate Groul," "Divorçons," "Francillon," "A Woman's Way," and many others.

The Marquis de Montclars, to pay his debts and placate his mother, marries Fernande, a convent-bred, country mouse. It is purely a marriage of convenience, but as Fernande really loves her husband, she resolves to quicken his affections by awakening his jealousy. She resorts to all the adventitious aids, and becomes a great social success, with an impetuous and insistent admirer on the side. She succeeds, and the final curtain falls on prospective happiness. Not very new or original all this, nor are the added details particularly novel; but the comedy has form and the dialogue is pointed and witty.

Nazimova makes Fernande a breathing, living and human personage. She paints the demure young bride with broad splashes, but it assists the value of the theatrical contrast in the succeeding scenes. How splendid an actress she is in the manner in which she uses her hands and eyes for genuine effects. Her methods are illuminative to a degree and pronounce her an artist of the highest rank.

The cast is a capital one and admirably balanced. The selfish and yet passionate husband is carefully handled by Frank Gillmore. It is a thankless rôle, but his earnest sincerity valiantly helps the illusion. Arthur Lewis, as the old uncle, whose homely

advice is of valued importance to the climax, acts with gracious sweetness, and an excellent bit of crabbed and aged social acerbity is contributed by Kate Meek. The society element in the piece

looked and acted like the real thing. There was breezy aplomb to Edward Fielding's Raymond Nizorolles, and comic vitality to the butterflies as presented by A. Romaine Callender and Frank Goldsmith.

Beautiful gowns were worn with proper authority by Grace Carlyle and Eileen Kearney. As one of the impelling jealous factors, the former acted with impressive distinction. The stage decorations were most handsome.

LYRIC. "LITTLE BOY BLUE." Operetta in two acts by Rudolph Schanzer and Carl Lindau. American adaptation by A. E. Thomas and Edward A. Paulton. Music by Henri Bereny. Produced on November 27 last with the following cast:

Earl of Goherden, John Dunsmore; Canton, Charles Meakins; Duport, Eva Harlan; Captain Graham, C. Morton Horne; Tatham, Victor Kahn; Archer, Neil McNeill; Baily, Gertrude Bryan; Amaranth, Maude Odell; Killy, Katherine Stiven; Mary, Dabson; Jack Rowet, Martin, Harry Hamilton; Fleur, Ivan Marchmont; René, Vada, Napp; Marcelle, Edith Warren; Lou, Anita Pollock; Clementine, Ada Ruel; Helene, Mary Hamilton; Raoul, Antoinette Le Conte; Abolome, Sam Chodwick; Munkley Janon, C. Goodspeed; Baroness Lloyd, Lilian West; Lady Whittey, Gertrude Canfield; Lady Harrison, Florence Taylor.

What a competent and executive stage manager means to a show is vividly emphasized in "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric. It is not unfair to it to

say that its first act is a very feeble effort, but Mr. Frank Smithson, who staged the piece, has invested it with such bubbling vivacity, such unflagging movement and such picturesque restlessness that the mind hasn't time to realize how thin it all is. This is fortunate, for what follows is so good that it would be wicked to have the edge taken off by a poor first impression.

There are a great many persons involved in this production. First, two Germans worked out the original book. Then an Englishman, Edward A. Paulton, and A. E. Thomas, an American, took it in hand and polished it up for the local stage; and right well, too, have they done their work, for the lines are extremely bright. Four rhymesters, or shall it be said poets?—Carolyn Wells, Grant Stewart, Edward Madden and Wm. F. Kirk—supplied the lyrics, which are sound, serviceable and witty. The score by Henri Bereny is simple, catchy and tuneful, and is supplemented by Arthur Weld, who directs the orchestra with all his usual sartorial impressment; while the ingenious and effective dances are arranged by Jack Mason. Out of all this combined effort should come something. And there does: a clean, clever and amusing entertainment, presented with much really beautiful scenery and many pretty and talented men and women in rich and beautiful clothes.

But best of all is the exponent of the title rôle. With no past performances to exact too much in anticipation, Miss Gertrude Bryan comes directly to the front, and by her youthful charm, refined delicacy and ingenuous grace makes a mammoth hit. It is not too much to say that Miss Bryan is the musical comedy "find" of the season. A more fascinating and winsome figure has not been reflected by metropolitan footlights in a long time.

What "Little Boy Blue" is all about doesn't make very much matter. There is a missing heir to a Scotch earldom, and until he turns up his foster sister, by circumstances, is forced into the breach, donning for the time the various habiliments associated with the masculine sex. How modestly and modestly she wears them is one of Miss Bryan's distinct accomplishments.

John Dunsmore is a sonorous and genial Earl of Goherden, and Charles Meakins as the French marquis, who eventually wins the hand and heart of the little

(Continued on page 15)



Copyright Strauss-Pryon. MARIE CAMILLE.

This popular comedienne will be seen shortly in a new musical play, entitled "The Opera Ball."



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MILLE GLUCK AS MIMI



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MME. TETRAZZINI AS LILIA



Copyright Minkins
M. ROTHER AS MEPHISTOPHELES

ANOTHER month of music making has sped past our ears, each day charged with song and sympathy, each night weighted with opera. Never before has there been such a glut of music, cramped into four weeks of listening. Midwinter music madness has fastened itself upon New York and New Yorkers; and if our ear drums can survive the present uninterrupted bombardment of opera and concert until spring, then we will have proven that we are not alone a music-loving race but also a collection of physically hardy specimens. In the old world there are countries whose people take their pleasures sadly. We take our pleasures madly. Our musical edifices are all skyscrapers, figuratively speaking. Morning, early and late afternoon and night are filled with music making. There still remains time to take an occasional meal between concerts and opera, and to get the fabled forty winks between opera and concert again. It is a musical merry-go-round, the hours chasing each other melodiously 'round the clock.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there has not been much that has proven startling in novelty—in fact "Lobetanz," reviewed at length in our last issue, has been the only operative novelty thus far offered. The reason is that it always takes a good month and more to get the ponderous artistic machinery of this institution in motion, for each familiar work demands rehearsals before it is again given to the public. In some cases, where new artists join the casts, some well known operas are put through their rehearsing paces almost as much in detail as though they were new works. And that consumes time, but it has the gratifying results of producing generally excellent performances.

One of these, in particular, was "Götterdämmerung," the last of the Wagner "Ring" cycle and yet the first of this

AT THE OPERA

those of his hearers who listened and hoped for a resonant bass voice. Instead, his voice is almost the quality of a baritone, but he sings well and seems an intelligent actor, clear of enunciation and commanding of figure. Galski, who sang the Brunnhilde, was not exactly at her best, her voice at times assuming a strident character usually foreign to this sterling artist. Hermann Weil, a German baritone, who had made his American début a few nights earlier, sang Gunther and it is safe to say that he is the best singer in years who has filled this generally thankless rôle. Burrian was the Siegfried, musically satisfying as ever, and Matzenauer sang Waltraute with beauty of tone but with a slowness of tempo that had "Made in Bayreuth" stamped all over it. The three Rhine Daughters were excellently sung. Alfred Hertz wielded a forceful baton, particularly effective in the Funeral March. Chorus and scenery behaved ideally and the performance throughout was a joy to Wagner lovers who do not flinch at sound and plenty of it.

Wagner also flourished in an earlier "Tristan und Isolde," when Hermann Weil made his New York début, as Kurwenal. He sings well, but gives the impression that his forte is lyric opera rather than dramatic work. This particular "Tristan und Isolde" promised at the start to be a performance to remember all one's life, for Fremstad, as the Irish Princess, was nothing short of superb. She sang with beauty of tone that amazed even



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MADAME FREMSTAD AS ISOLDE

admirers who expect wonders of this remarkable woman, and who usually are not disappointed. Every dramatic effect throughout the work was made with that complete artistic poise that outwards impulse, a poise which Mme. Fremstad possesses.

But the marring note was Burrian, who was a victim of cold, and had scarcely enough voice to carry him through the performance. He bravely concluded the evening, however. Had he been in voice, that performance would have been the high water mark of the young opera season. Witherspoon's King Marke was good, while Matzenauer's Brangaene was much more than that. Above all these forces towered Toscanini, whose baton directed a performance that for beauty and dramatic utterance has not been equaled even by himself.

Another newcomer of the year is Theodora Ortride, an English contralto, who made her debut in "La Gioconda," singing the small part of La Cieca very well. It was a spirited revival of this Ponchielli opera, and would have been even better if the germ of indisposition had not fastened upon Amato, who sang dramatically but not entirely with full beauty of tone. Caruso, as Enzo, was again in full vocal prime, his "Cielo e mar" ringing, and even abounding in wealth of gorgeous tone. Mire, Destini, in the title part, was admirable, but Florence Wickham was a bit overshadowed by the vocal company she was keeping, and by the demands of the rôle of Laura Adorno.

Theodora Ortride found her opportunity a few days later, when indisposition laid low Margarete Matzenauer, and she was called upon to leap into the Ethiopian robes of Amneris at a repetition of "Aida." She was naturally nervous, but she displayed some pretty tones and also temperament. That was Caruso's day, for not in years has he sung his "Celeste Aida" as he did then, with artistic restraint and with an opulence of golden tone quality.

Not nearly so successful was the season's first French opera, "Faust." It lacked "tradition," and the one person on the stage who seemed to adhere to the French manner born was Rothier, the French basso, who sang an excellent Mephistopheles. Geraldine Farrar was Marguerite, not in the best of voice, and but ever interesting with new "stage business," and gorgeous in a new gown that surely never graced the back of a simple burgher's daughter. Jadowlaker, who sang the title part, was vocally fatigued and did not quite scale the heights in his "Salut demeure." This performance served as the debut at the Metropolitan of Giuseppe Sturani, a conductor who had been allied with the Manhattan forces. He conducted a conventional "Faust," but his work seemed to indicate a lack of rehearsal, and his accompaniments were frequently not at all in accord with the singers.

At the season's first "La Bohème," some days later, he also did not distinguish himself, leading the first act in a needlessly loud manner and with inartistic, romping haste. After that act he

bettered himself, and this performance turned out very well in the end. Alma Gluck sang for the first time this season in opera, singing a Mimi that for sheer beauty of tone will long be remembered. Her voice floated ethereally, and with that lovely quality for which it is noted.

Martin's Rodolfo was sincere, if not inspired, and Bella Alteni's Musetta smacked ever more of the *Unter den Linden* than it did of the Boulevards, but she sang well.

Geraldine Farrar's re-entry of the season was made in "Königskinder," one of last year's novelties. Whether it was due to the strain of a long concert tour or the matter of indisposition, her voice was very disappointing. It was so cramped in volume that at times it seemed not to reach far beyond the footlights. In acting and in appearance she was an ideal Goose Girl, and was ever picturesque, surrounded by her swarm of geese. Jadowlaker, as usual, sang the King's Son, and familiar figures and voices filled familiar rôles.

In "Madama Butterfly," Geraldine Farrar was in better voice, and she has improved steadily since then. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has also had its melodious innings, being sung by the star cast to an enormous audience. Caruso, Destini, Amato—they all shone vocally in this Italian-American version of early California life.

One of the best presentations of the year was "Lohengrin," with Fremstad as Elsa. It is one of her most difficult rôles, but she was equal to its demands, and Jadowlaker, as the

Knight of the Grail, was in beautiful voice. Matzenauer sang a most interesting Ortrud, and Weil was one of the best of Telramunds.

Thanksgiving Day was divided into small pieces to make a holiday for music lovers, "Parsifal" being sung all day and "Il Trovatore" at night. The former would have been an exceptional performance had it not been for a slight stage mishap, which snapped the thread of the operatic narrative, but otherwise did no serious harm. As Kundry, Fremstad was again magnificent. Burrian was flawless in the title part, Amato successfully fought down his temporary indisposition and sang Amfortas well, and Alfred Hertz conducted as though he loved this work better than any other. In the night's "Il Trovatore" Gadski shone brilliantly as Lenore, while Theodora Ortride, as Azucena, proved herself a valuable acquisition. Martin as Mauricio was excellent, and Gilly sang Luna with much freedom.

But enough of opera! Exigencies of space demand that the concert share of the month be treated briefly. One of its features was the first New York appearance of Maggie Teyte, English soprano, who succeeded Mary Garden at the Opera Comique, and who is now a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. Miss Teyte gave a song recital, and proved conclusively that she is a tiny, pretty woman, possessing a voice of extraordinary volume, and which in its

(Continued on page 15)



PUTNAM GRISWOLD AS HAGAN



White

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"



White

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN MARTHA MORTON'S NEW PLAY, "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"

author and with her I went carefully over the play, with satisfaction to myself. A friend said to me, 'Has it the punch?' and I answered, 'Yes, the domestic punch.'

"And now I'm going to take you into my confidence and tell you something that you've not heard before, I dare say, from an actor's lips. I enjoyed the long rehearsals of the play as a boy enjoys going in swimming. I enjoyed being with the young people of the company and I liked giving some of them lessons in acting. I've had four of them up here in this room. When they didn't get just the idea of the character I've said to them, 'Come up to our rooms and we'll have a go at them there.' They were all deeply concerned about the lines, and I've said to every one of them: 'Don't worry about the dialogue. Try to be the right sort of character and the lines will almost speak themselves.'"

Sitting in his red damask covered easy chair, beside the lace covered table, in the large red and white drawing-room of his suite at one of the most fashionable Broadway hotels, William H. Crane looked more like any other prosperous person than an actor. There's no flavor of romance about his personality. He would look thoroughly at home behind the ground glass windows at the roller-top desk of an office with "president" in imposing letters on the door. He might be a bank president or the head of a commission house with all fitness as to appearance. But no thoughts of Thespis would his trim, dapper, keen-eyed self invoke. A large black tin box on the sofa at his side held the only theatrical suggestions about him. Its contents were photographs of himself in the old-time rôles of nearly fifty years and some pictures of his contemporaries, most of whom have vanished forever behind the curtain.

"Twos those photographs that summoned the memories. He, himself, lives essentially in to-day and to-morrow. It is the quizzist, not he, who brings up the past. But it was an interesting past they summoned, one whose visions brought a tolerant smile to his lips.

"When I went on the stage," he said, "we played by gas light. With no electric lights to search out our secrets, we didn't worry much about 'makeup.' At any rate, 'makeup' is not the complex art laymen think it. When I was playing 'The Senator' I grew to expect the whisper as I first came upon the stage, 'What a makeup!' And that 'makeup' consisted of one article, a little tuft of beard that I stuck to my chin in a second. There was absolutely nothing else, except that I felt like 'The Senator' for a few minutes before going on the stage and that made me look like him. That's the real secret of 'makeup.'

"I was very well pleased, indeed, to earn thirty dollars a week, at that period they miscall 'the good, old times.' One hundred dollars a week was the highest salary any actor could hope for. It represented the dizzy heights of wealth to us. To earn a salary

and to receive it were different matters. They were paid with amazing irregularity. It was quite usual to put on six plays a week, all of them new to some of us. All companies were stock companies. Stars came and went but we went on almost forever, except when the management failed, which the managements often did. But even the management did its best, for the best seats in a house could be bought for a half dollar, and a house that held four hundred dollars was a large one. Our personal appearance was not taken in the least into consideration. We played a line of parts and were engaged for that line. If a man had played a soldier, a soldier he was though his height was four feet ten."

Remembering the bitter cry of the present day actor that personality gets fine parts and fat salaries while art goes begging from one agent's office to another, I asked:

"And you do not approve of that?"

"Most certainly not," Mr. Crane responded. "I thoroughly believe, in fact I know, that it is a part of art to fill the eye.

It is a poor producer who doesn't consider the pictorial phase of the piece. But I do not believe in the huge expenditures of to-day for productions. It is ruinous, just as our having too many theatres is bankrupting for some. But I do not blame the management. It is an axiom of human nature that well balanced persons spend no more money than they must. It is the audiences who are to blame for the lavishness of to-day. They demand it. I doubt whether a large part of the public would go to the theatre if they didn't get it. Now I believe in appropriateness of stage settings and furnishings. I don't approve bringing a tin coffee pot into a well furnished drawing-room. But I protest against the necessity, and the audience has made it a necessity, of some times spending sixty thousand dollars before the curtain has rung up on a first performance. There should be some proper average struck between the few hundred dollars then expended in productions and the immense cost of to-day. The audiences of to-day are in this respect spoiled children.

"But we didn't do things so well, dramatically, then as now. We never rehearsed more than a week. Letter perfect was an almost unknown condition. Actors perpetrated all the gags they wished, because they couldn't know the lines in the brief time given for preparation. Plays, with the exception of the classics, were not so good as to-day."



Maitreze

VERA FINLAY

Playing Pauline Pashard in "The Never Homes" at the Broadway Theatre



Erthne Magee

J. A. O'Rourke

L. Wright

Sydney J. Morgan

Sara Allgood

SCENE IN JOHN M. SYNGE'S COMEDY, "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD," WHICH CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK

"The Playboy of the Western World"

THE first production in New York on November 27 last of John M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," was attended by scenes of disorder almost unique in the annals of our stage. Rumors of impending trouble had preceded the play to this city. It had been hissed in Boston and there had been even more serious disturbances in Dublin, so when the first potato was flung upon the stage of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, the Irish Players looked as though they were quite used to that sort of thing. No sooner had the curtain risen on the first act of "The Playboy" than the trouble started. Hisses and groans at the outset, timid and sparse, increased in such volume that the actors could not be heard. But behind them the play was still going on. Meanwhile the atmosphere was thick with the odor of asafetida and rotten eggs, and the first act came to an end amid sounds like Election night street brawls. Now and again some obstreperous individual would rise up and yell "Shame!" but a daintily gloved hand firmly placed on the brawny shoulder would cut short the rioter's eloquence and the police quickly thrust him through the swinging doors. Finally matters quieted down and the scene was transferred to the night court where the magistrate imposed fines. Meantime at the Maxine Elliott Theatre the performance had been begun all over again and was allowed to proceed in peace.

More comment on Mr. Synge's baffling play would be unintelligible to anyone who had not read it or seen it acted. At best it is an incredible story and the pity of the unsavory mess is the poetry of it and the apparently convincing evidence of fidelity to Irish character, at least in details. The facts in the story are true or they are not true. But in no event is the play justified for the purposes of the stage. No analysis of character or circumstance can efface the impression to be gained by the reading of it or the witnessing of its performance. That Christy is a type of boaster who is not to be taken seriously and who is to be merely laughed at cannot be maintained, for by the people in the play he is taken quite seriously as a murderer and a parricide. If Mr. Synge's intent was comedy, that comedy is too subtle for anybody of common sense or for Irishmen who attach importance to the decent sentiments of life. Otherwise the play is remarkable in many ways. The speech of these peasants is a

delight in its pure English and in its imagery. The play is untheatric. There could be no closer transcript of life in character, manners and speech. But the attempt to make comedy out of the saying and doings of a parricide fails. It does not matter what Mr. Synge's intent was. The effect is offensive.

The Playboy gains all the prizes in the various contests at a fair in Ireland and so gets his name. Up to that time his strength and expertness had been tested in nothing. He had been a dunce who never reached his second book, according to his beggarly old father's account of him, "and came from the school, many's the day, with his legs lamed under him, and he blackened with his beatings like a tinker's ass." He did not drink. Three pulls from his father's pipe sent him "in the ass cart to the females' nurse." He was timid as to women: "If he seen a red petticoat coming swinging over the hill, he'd be off to hide in the sticks, and you'd see him shooting out his sheep's eyes between the little twigs and the leaves, and his two ears rising like a hare looking through the gap. Girls indeed!" He belonged to the lowest order of the peasantry, toiling and moping and digging from dawn to dusk, drinking, waking, eating, sleeping, a quiet, simple poor fellow with no man giving him heed. His father was a miserable, drinking beast.

The young man seeks shelter and food at the house of Michael James, a publican. Before his coming his daughter, called Pegeen Mike, had begged her father not to go with his cronies to a wake and leave her all alone unprotected for the night. He insists that Shawn Keough, her cousin, a young farmer who is to marry her as soon as the dispensation comes, could remain in the house with her, seeing that they are so soon to be man and wife. She resents the idea and the consequences of it, and Shawn himself is too spiritless and timid to assent to the father's suggestion. She does not care for Shawn at all. Christy Mahon arrives at the moment of this dilemma. He soon intimates that he is a fugitive and begins to boast. In answer to the questions of Michael, his friends Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell, and Shawn, he denies a number of petty crimes suggested. He was not a counterfeiter, he had not married three wives, or committed robbery, or "followed after a young woman on a lonesome night." Pegeen grows impatient and finally charges him

(Continued on page six)



Olton Sarony Co. GEORGE ARLISS



Satony WILLIAM FAVERSHAM



Satony WILLIAM COLLIER



Satony ROBERT EDSON

PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES OF THE "STARRING" SYSTEM, WHICH SOME THEATRE MANAGERS WOULD ABOLISH

It is doubtful whether among all the many topics theatrical there is one more often discussed, one more often written of and one more thoroughly conducive to loud words and fusticuffs than the question of the so-called "Star System." Beside the ceaseless debate over this topic, the regular dispute over the relative talents of Bernhard and Duse and the usual argument over the importance of Eugene Brienx take on a countenance as vague as that of the returned Peter Grimm. And yet, despite the heat and prevalence of the question in direct point, it seems to me that numerous recent developments in the native mimic world would justify a new chronicle of the case and the turns it has lately taken. And I say this in complete cognizance of the fact that my pen has hitherto always checked itself in the face of ardent prayers to enlist its opinions in the current debate.

The fact—for fact it is—that has whispered this reluctant quill into condescending to stride forth onto the battlefield is the unmistakable evidence that year by year—aye, even night by night—the star system as America has known it is falling gradually from grace. Of course, so long as there is a sun in the heavens or a man in the box-office, the star system is destined to be with us in some proportion, but the progressive diminishing of this proportion is what concerns us here. What has brought it about? Secreting a loaded revolver on our person as a guard for personal safety and for use as the occasion may possibly demand, let us outline the preliminary case roughly. A "star," or an actor who is accorded a place above the play in point in the relative ratio of ten to one, is and always has been created in several curious ways. To dismiss temporarily the important question as to the intrinsic ability or lack of ability of the player, it may be stated that "stardom" was and is born as follows:

I. Because a certain play cannot stand on its own feet and the name of an actor is required to lure unthinking metropolitan theatregoers and hinterland hayseeds into the playhouse. Object—subterfuge!

II. Because in many sections of the United States it is claimed that it is a "personality" rather than the play that draws the crowd. Object—dollars!

III. Because the caution of some mummer of variable talents is of such profound measure that he insists upon being listed as a "star" by his manager so that the public may be able to

The Falling Star System

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

distinguish him from among the other possibly more able actors in the cast. Object—objection!

IV. Because of an hallucination resting in the minds of certain producers that it is the actor rather than the play that counts. Object—subject!

V. Because of the phutonic curiosity of the outland public as to the personal life of the actor. Object—matrimony! Also divorce, dentifrices, corsets and complexion creams.

More intimately speaking, the "star system" is the direct result of an over-appraisal of the relative importance of the actor to the drama; of the commendable effort on the part of producers to make money (although quite as much money might be made, it seems, without a resorting to the "starring" dodge), for the well-liked and able player would still be a member of the company; and of the distorted and artificially cultivated predilections of what is known in a democracy as "the public."

"Artificial," you ask, "why?" Artificial, we reply, because unnecessary, because an unnatural device, because every other art, every other form of trade, every other craft marches forth to successful issue without it, even in a republic! The greatness of this actor or that one cannot militate against the force of the general argument. The art of the theatre—

there is such a thing, you know—must wax stouter and more substantial in proportion to the elevating into prominence of the drama over the player. And financially (for this question, too, must have its place in any wholly fair and equitable discussion) there would be small loss were the public made to see the error of its ways. The managers have gradually awakened to the strength of the prosecution's case, have applied their brains to the situation, have seen the flaws and holes in the exaggerated scheme of things as they are and have begun to read their answer in the stars and to the stars. Wagenhals and Kemper, late last summer opened their office windows, leaned far out and called up and down Broadway that henceforth they were done with "stars" for good and all. "What we want and are going to have for the plays we produce are capable actors, not electric lights!" was their pleasure-giving proclamation. Henry W. Savage, who was among the first of to-day's American producers to observe the ruinous tendency of the over-featuring of pretentious mummies, made silent yet all-positive announcement via his plans for the season that, so far as "stars"



Olton Sarony Co. JOHN DREW

When a member of the Duly stock company Mr. Drew's salary was \$10 a week. As a star his earnings, in good seasons, average \$70,000 a year

went, he would henrykolker himself only once in the long list. And now, harking to the signs of the times, the Shuberts have come boldly forth with a pronouncement that they, too, are awakening to the true state of affairs.

As an argument against the "star system," the last named producers pointed out its detrimental effect to the interests not only of managers and playwrights, but to the great mass of actors as well, subordinating the latter as it does to individuals pompous in a fictitious idea of their own value and importance. "Stars," sauely argued these producers, are wont to withdraw from a play after the first season or two, and the play, heavily advertised as being their especial vehicle, forthwith must either go into the discard or must bear a heavy financial loss even if it still remains a well-acted and well-written effort. Where would "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier" be to-day had they been "star" productions? Very plainly, in the same corner of the storehouse where to-day reposes "The Music Master!"

"Managers, themselves," admit the Shuberts and it is to their own credit, "are largely responsible for this condition of affairs. They have insisted upon making stars, only to find themselves in time at the mercy of those whom they have created." Even from a purely business standpoint, agree these producers, the death knell of the star system is beginning to be sounded throughout the land. The public begins to weary of it.

To deal a solar-plexus blow to the rebuttal, let me place before you a favorite little idea. Before you disagree with me, may I ask you to read?

There has not been a worthy play produced within the range of memory that has been benefited in any artistic or dramatic direction by the star system!

Let me ask you—if you are one of those who disagree with me and my little idea—to give me the name of *one* single play that has been assisted toward an artistic goal by reason of the starring of an actor in it, however efficient that actor may have been. Think it over carefully before you make bold to rebuff and shame me. The starring of an actor, I said. Remember that! Not the appearance of the actor in question in the play, but the starring of him. His appearance probably helped considerably in the interpretation of the play—but did his starring? Did not this "starring" serve to emphasize un-

dely a rôle that of right should have been etched gracefully and suavely into the piece? Did not this "starring" draw the action of the play unintentionally to a head at divers moments in the general dramatic progress when such should not have been the case? Did not this "starring" tend to make the exhibit thunder around a single character in your eyes when your brain told you this should not have been?

A score of additional questions might follow—but why? Does the star system, after all, not resolve itself into a question of dollars and cents rather than of art and, to be entirely fair, are not dollars and cents as necessary in the theatrical trade as in the manufacture, let us say, of policemen's badges? So long as the public wants "stars," the managers, producers and playwrights would be foolish not to give them "stars." But, comes the question, *does* the public really want "stars?" And this question is for you—a member of the public—finally to answer. The managers cannot lead your taste, however much they may wish to do so, without your acquiescence.

Concretely, what the star system has done to harm the drama of our day would fill a hefty tome or two at the least. Take the present season, for instance. At this writing, it is only eight weeks old—a mere babe in swaddling clothes. And yet the infant has already felt the gnawing of the "system's" sharp teeth. I might name one play whose first act climax was ruined because the "star" felt he should have the centre of the stage at this point and who insisted upon his "rights" despite the urgings of the playwright. I might name another play that failed of success because it was written to fit a "star" when, as a matter of right, there should have been no unnecessarily elaborated rôle in it. The production of such despondent dramatic efforts as, for instance, "The Real Thing," "A Man of Honor" and "Next" must be accredited to "star" vanity. In the first case, more's the pity, because Miss Henrietta Crossman, whatever her vanities, is a thoroughly proficient player. A "star," he it known, is every once in a while all right as an actor where he (or she) is *not* all right as a "star"—so far as the drama in direct point is concerned, that is. A legitimately elaborate rôle is one thing; an artificially elaborated "star" rôle is another. In a more inconsequent direction, McIntyre and Hyams had relatively as much right to be "starred" in musical comedy (good or bad) as Lucy Weston would have to be featured in grand opera, as Gertrude Hoffman has to be "starred" in a Russian ballet or as Valeska Surrait has



DAVID WARFIELD

When Warfield first attracted attention he was paid \$25 a week. As a star he received over \$100,000 from a single season of "The Music Master."



White

EDMUND BREEZE



HOLBROOK BLINN



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

THREE POPULAR ACTORS WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PROMOTED TO "STARDOM"



MARIELL BISHOP
Appearing in the rôle of Miss Dunstan in
"The Country Boy" now on tour

such an error. Were Miss Nash possessed of thrice—aye, fifty times—the name she is, I like somehow to believe that Belasco would have exercised the same caution in the instance of this production. For, were the rôle in question made a "star" rôle, and were the play built up by the producer to this rôle, the whole exhibit would take a gorgeous flop over on its side. As things are, we find a rôle starring itself naturally—and it is not a "star" rôle. There's a vast difference! A rôle that makes a "star" of its written and executed self above the other rôles is quite different from the rôle that is made a "star" of by virtue (what a sad phrase!) of strutting vanity, indiscreet pride and ridiculous centre-of-the-stage manœuvrings.

The bread that the producers have cast upon the waters—the "star" bread—has come back to smite them so frequently in the recent theatrical chronicles that it is small wonder they have awakened to the increasing dangers of the system. Cast your eye over the records and recall the serious financial injury that has accrued to these producers, and the like injury that has resulted as the portion of the supporting companies and playwrights because of the vanity and momentary whims of "stars." Late last season, for instance, a musical comedy was produced in New York by a firm of well-known managers. The expense incidental to the production was very heavy. A "star" (a woman) was promulgated in the leading singing rôle.

to be promulgated in anything. And the season, remember, is only eight weeks old!

A highly capable actor may assist materially in bringing out the inherent good qualities of a play, just as a highly capable miner may assist materially in bringing out the precious ore of a mine. But the moment that actor is made more important than the play, at that moment does the play begin to suffer. Take Belasco's production of "The Woman," interpreted by an entirely efficient aggregation of players. Take the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator, in the exhibit. 'Tis nicely and quite satisfactorily translated to the audience by a young actress named Nash. Miss Nash is not "starred." Belasco is too cogent a craftsman to have fallen into

The play made a favorable impression in the metropolis, and, coincident with the good "notices," the "star's" head became exceedingly adipose. The play had not been running more than a few weeks when the "star" insisted that the managers change certain actors in her support. Not wishing to incur the star's displeasure (mind you, they had "made" the "star" themselves), they agreed to her demands. Not many weeks later the play was sent to Chicago. Here the "star" threatened to leave the company if her leading man was not changed at once. The management argued with the lady that the leading man was too valuable a member of the company to lose, but the "star" stamped her foot. "Either he goes and So-and-So is put in his place, or out I go." And, refusing to listen to reason, the lady deserted the company. The "star" was replaced by an actress thoroughly as proficient, but the production had been advertised so closely in connection with the "star" that the public would not patronize it once the "star" had left. And the managers, with a large loss of money staring them in the face as the result of the "star's" whim, had to withdraw the play.

Let us look at another and more recent case. Not long ago, there was produced in New York a comic opera upon which a really large amount of money had been spent. At the head of the company there was lodged a woman "star." On the night of the metropolitan *première*, the "star" took ill and, as a consequence, was compelled to give up her place to an understudy for more than a week. Although the understudy was every bit as valid a singer and actress as the "star," the public remained away from the playhouse, because it remembered the "star's" name in connection with the advance notices of the opera. The "star" was probably honestly ill in this case and it was no fault of hers that the *première* was given so darksome an eye, but the fact of things, the final result, remained and does remain the same.

The "stars" themselves are writing the writing on the wall. And the public, any day now, may be expected to sharpen its pencil and put in the additional punctuation. It is up to the people!



AMY LESSER
Clever young actress seen at the Criterion Theatre in "The Commuters"



White

RENEE KELLY
Appearing in "Peggy" at the Casino Theatre



IN THE GREAT DESERT, TRAVELLERS AND CAMELS SEEKING SHELTER IN AN OLD FRENCH FORT FROM THE ONCOMING SANDSTORM

THE busiest actor on the stage of the Century Theatre, where Robert Hichens' drama, "The Garden of Allah," is still attracting

large crowds, is the sand man. Though he occupies the centre of the stage only about one-fifth of the time that it takes Lewis Waller to give Boris Androvsky's long soliloquy, he nevertheless grips the audience more than any other incident in the play.

While the sand man does not appear in the cast, still he is very much in evidence behind the scenes. For his one big scene he requires the entire stage from the foots to the back drop, from wings to wings and from the boards to the flies; and for his quick-change dressing-room he must have the great thirty-foot-deep pit, the breadth and depth of the stage itself, which extends under the stage. For his "make-up" he requires almost a ton of dry colors for the ground alone, and no less than three hundred pounds of powder for the high lights. In making up he has to use eight tables, and is assisted by thirty dressers in putting on his costume. His "make-up" is put on with the aid of a dozen powerful electrical blowers, in order to give the right blend, and his costume is made to fly before the breeze by an electrically-driven stage gale that would make the winds of Chicago's lake front seem like a gentle summer's night air ripple. He makes his entrance at top speed and keeps on moving in a whirling-derivative sort of a way throughout the scene, occupying the centre and every other part of the stage at once and all the time until the close of his speech, which is the most heart-body-and-soul-rending in the whole play, filling the minds and hearts of the audience with all the emotions that exist between earth and sky.

In order to stage the sandstorm in "The Garden of Allah,"

in spirit and in truth, George C. Tyler, of the firm of Lielder and Company, went into the heart of the great Sahara Desert, accompanied by Hugh Ford, general stage director, and Edward A. Morange, of the firm of Gates and Morange, scenic artists, and laid siege to an actual and ferocious sandstorm which they captured and have transported in all its fiery temper to

Staging a Sandstorm

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE

the Century Theatre, New York.

Mr. Tyler sent his automobile to Cherbourg, and from there the motor trip into the desert began. At Mar-seilles, they embarked on the Ville d'Oran, a small boat, to the African coast. After a rough passage the party reached Philippeville, from which point they put out for the Sahara. On the road between El-Arrouch and Le Hamma the sight of the "devil wagon" spread consternation, once entirely demoralizing a caravan, causing a stampede of camels. After some hours of speeling over the sands of time, the party passed El Kantara. Another hour and they arrived at an oasis in the centre of which lies the city of Biskra. Here they met Mr. Hichens, and after a reading of the dramatization of his novel and the true atmosphere suggested in the book, they started out to reach the heart of the desert. Their's was the first automobile that had ever penetrated the sands of the Sahara, and this it did to such an extent that on one occasion it sank so deep it took six donkeys and a camel to pull it out of the hole it dug as it plowed through the sand, embedding itself deeper and deeper with each drive. They were no sooner out of this difficulty than they ran into a real sandstorm.

"We had been gone from Biskra a short three hours," said Mr. Morange, "when we began to find it necessary to put on our goggles and raincoats to protect our bodies from the sand, lifted and swirled around by intermittent, playful gusts of wind. Looking at a herd of camels, probably an eighth of a mile away, we noticed that different groups of them would suddenly be veiled to our view while others to both sides would be perfectly visible. Turning to look at the low hills that stand out dark against the sands in front of them and darker still against the sky beyond,

we saw faintly what appeared to be steam, along the surface in various shapes, rising from the sands as they approached the dark hills, and veiling them until they, the sky above and the sands in front melted into one even tone of light, misty, yellowish gray. Around the veiled mass the sun was shining. A feeling of discomfort, not unmixed with anxiety, possessed



THE AMERICAN THEATRE MANAGER'S AUTOMOBILE STUCK IN THE SAND OF THE DESERT

our party as the bright sun, with which we started out, disappeared. To move our jaws but slightly found us grinding sand with our teeth, and we instinctively tied our handkerchiefs around our heads, covering our nostrils and securing some protection for the mouth. We could no longer pick out the road that but a few moments before was well defined by the ruts made by the mail diligence that regularly struggles between Biskra and Tongourt. The shifting sand had been blown over the road as snow might obscure a highway. We had gone to the desert for 'atmosphere' and we were getting it with a vengeance.

"We stopped the car, as we all agreed that it would be dangerous to proceed. From the direction from which we had noticed many little whirling steam-like gusts appear, we were now startled by the appearance of a huge irregular cloud, probably a hundred feet in width, moving rapidly toward us. A curious feature of it was that the bottom of it seemed to clear the ground, often rising and sinking alternately. The color of the cloud was much darker than that of the sands around it. It was of a rather dirty yellowish red, but very luminous in quality. A half dozen camels that we could dimly distinguish, crouched or knelt, huddled together, stretching their necks close to the ground, their heads turned toward the approaching cloud. "The edge of this cloud, nearest to us, seemed entirely independent of the surrounding atmosphere, but as we were directly in its path, we instinctively closed our eyes, crouched in the automobile and turned our backs on it, as one would a blinding onslaught of snow and sleet. We were conscious of a hot, stinging sensation in the parts of our flesh exposed and a peculiar whistling, swirling rush of something passing over us for a few seconds. When I partially opened my eyes, I realized that it was almost as dark as night. When it grew lighter, we found ourselves in a yellowish, smoky fog of fine sand. We had to wait for probably fifteen minutes before the air cleared sufficiently for us to distinguish objects fifty feet away. Protected in the car as well as we were, we were still half-choked with sand. Little piles of sand were heaped up in front of the wheels and in all places that would allow them to form, as drifts of snow might pile. At this moment, we fully realized the oppressiveness of this dreary waste, this awful ocean of seemingly boundless sand."

The question now was how to transfer the real, living sandstorm to the stage of the Century Theatre. Stage sandstorms date back more than twenty years, when one was introduced in Fanny Davenport's production of "Gismonda." This sandstorm, naturally, was very crude, since in those days there was no such thing as light effects nor stage mechanism. The players themselves created the sandstorm by tossing handfuls of Fuller's earth over their heads to the accompaniment of the rubbing of sandpaper in the wings to give the suggestion of wind blowing. Belasco put over the first realistic sandstorm in "Under Two Flags," causing Fuller's earth to be blown through funnel-like machines from the wings, while at the same time stereotyped cloud storm effects were played on gauze drops. Mr. Belasco also introduced the now famous bending palm to stage sandstorms, to convey the idea of motion. Once when "Under Two

Flags" was produced in San Francisco the local stage manager told the property man to get something that could be blown across the stage, to be used in the sandstorm scene. There was not time for a scene rehearsal, but the property man connected a "blower" made out of a soap box with the ventilating system, and as the cue was given, tossed heaps of flour into the box to be blown over the stage. The play ended right there, with scenery and everything covered as if a blizzard had struck the place! It required weeks to get the flour off of the scenery, to which it stuck and hardened. Last year Frederic Thompson introduced a sandstorm in a scene showing the Western Bad Lands, sawdust being blown from the wings. But the sawdust scattered everywhere, even into the orchestra.

Messrs. Tyler and Ford found no bending palms in the storm they witnessed and encountered on the Sahara, so no bending palms appear in "The Garden of Allah" sandstorm. Yet motion is suggested by other means—the robes of an Arab going across the stage waving, the sides of the Arab tent flapping in the wind, the garment of Batouch, Domini's servant, fluttering when he emerges from the tent to tighten the anchorage rope to the windward. Besides these things, there is the whirling swirling sand forming real sandspouts, such as have never before found their way on the stage.

To create the actual whirlwind that blows the sand at the Century Mr. Ford installed under the stage a series of powerful electric blowers, and connected these with pipes leading up through the stage flooring at carefully



Murray
ELIZABETH MURRAY
Popular Irish comedienne seen as Catherine in "Madame Sherry"

planned points of vantage. One set of pipes is located by the left-stage tormentor near the front of the tent, and another on the other side of the proscenium by the right-stage tormentor. There is another set of these pipes hidden behind the tent towards the centre of the stage, and still another set back stage. The pipe sets consist of four pipes such as are used for drain-pipes on houses, of different heights and with the openings placed at slightly different angles. Under the stage alongside of the electric blowers are two rows of troughs, one on either side of the stage, into which a dozen men feed the "sand," which is forced up the pipes and blown at a rate far exceeding that of any windstorm ever experienced on land or sea! In all there are twenty blowers, arranged in four series of five each. Another single blower is placed in the left-stage tormentor and blows only air, to dispel the continuous streams of sand blown through the pipes by the other blowers. The pipes are so placed and arranged on the stage as to provide a continuous whirling swirl of sand, never ending, never-ceasing, ever increasing in its fiery fury, until the storm quiets down and the light of day brightens the scene.

Mr. Ford placed the pipes at different angles so that each one would send a stream of sand that would cut and dispel the stream from another pipe, thus obtaining a continuous spiral sandspout instead of a streak of sand like the tail of a comet from each pipe. Also, the three sets of pipes used for creating the sandstorm are started and worked alternately, beginning with the set in front of the tent, then the set at the right side of the proscenium, and finally the set beside the tent, towards the centre of the stage. This alternate movement (Continued on page 17)

ARNOLD BENNETT AS PLAYWRIGHT

By ARCHIE BELL

ONE of Arnold Bennett's most striking characteristics is his determination. Would it were otherwise! And yet, without that same determination, he would doubtless be a grubber in old Fleet street, writing reviews, essays, paragraphs and reflections upon the passing show of life, and the reading world would not be feasting itself upon his delicious novels.

When he was a newspaper man, his most loyal friends told him that he could never become a successful novelist. He was determined to prove otherwise. When he outlined his plans for a first novel, they told him that he must alter all these things and conform to existing standards, aiming for popularity if he would succeed, "writing down" to the level of his prospective purchasers and readers, and, above all other things, he must practice the art of abbreviation. But he was determined to write two-hundred-thousand-word novels, determined not to "write down," and firmly set in his notions of what his subjects should be, and the manner in which he would treat them.

At first, and for several years, in fact, it was as the friends had predicted. Bennett was overlooked, and his literary product attracted little attention. But his determination won. If the public wouldn't accept one long novel, dealing with the most common and everyday affairs of life, he would try another. A strange theory for obtaining success, but he had confidence in himself and in his work. His pen was never idle. He thinks he is lazy if he has not produced 500,000 words in a year. He never permits himself more than a two-day vacation. He is determined to succeed, and now that overwhelming success has crowned his efforts in fiction, he is turning his attention to the theatre.

"I'll write two plays a year until I have proved that successful fiction writing is not a handicap to successful playwriting," he said to an interviewer. He dotes on snatching the traditions, and one of these is that the man who writes "best sellers" for the fiction counters cannot hope to be a great commercial success in the theatre, although such men as Barrie, Hall Caine, Richard Harding Davis and others, have met with considerable success as playwrights, after first winning their laurels as novelists.

Not long ago Jerome K. Jerome was quoted as saying that the writer of the present time could not afford to spend his days with the novel. Fiction, according to this writer, no longer pays, or at least not in any measure comparable to the rewards of the playwright. Edward Peple, Mr. Davis, and others, have voiced a similar sentiment, but what they have said does not hold good in the case of a prolific novelist like Arnold Bennett. Novel writing has paid him handsomely during the past seven years, and will doubtless continue to do so. His philosophical sketches, essays, reviews and travel pictures are in great demand by the publishers. It is said that an American firm advanced him the sum of 5,000 pounds sterling for his "impressions" of America and the Americans, for which he is now collecting the material during a visit to New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco. Unlike some of his literary masters, Bennett is said to be a first-



ARNOLD BENNETT

rate business man. He knows how to drive a bargain. He spent many years of apprenticeship in the service of London newspapers and periodicals. He has traveled far, and has been a keen observer of life in its various forms, as denoted by the penetrating studies in his novels.

But just now, Bennett yearns to be a playwright. In fact, he is a playwright already. He has written something like twenty plays, none of which has been a great commercial success. But, as before noted, he is determined. His latest work, "The Honeymoon," which was produced in London, with Marie Tempest in the principal part, on the eve of his sailing for America, is thought to be destined to a run of something like 100 nights. Another failure!

"But, you see, I am gaining ground," says Bennett, cheerfully. "I have experienced a 'run' of one consecutive night with plays, so an advance to one hundred is progress. The principal thing is that I have a message to deliver in the theatre. I know it, just as I knew that I had something to say in fiction. I learned from early experience with my novels that the British public is not quick to accept my attitude. Whatever vogue I enjoy at the present time at home has come up gradually, almost imperceptibly, it seems. Not so in America, however, for it seems to me that one morning I

suddenly awakened to find that my books were selling in large quantities in this country."

In similar fashion, although he does not admit it, there is the likelihood that Mr. Bennett expects the theatre-going public will one day take a sudden fancy to his dramatic works. If that time comes, he is well equipped against the day. He has a good stock of plays already tried out, and there are many which he has not yet written, which are already buzzing in his mind. Up to now, playwriting has been something of a side-issue with him. He had first to convince readers that he was worthy of their time and attention. Now he is in earnest concerning the play.

Bennett's failures have not been like the failures of other men, however, for there has been a big demand for his printed plays, immediately they were withdrawn from the boards. Perhaps the best known of his dramas in America is "What the Public Wants," a brilliantly conceived satire upon modern conditions in the printing and publishing world, which is executed with a technical skill that suggests at once Shaw, Brieux, and Galsworthy. This very technique, however, seems to be the millstone about his neck that drags him down to the waters of theatrical impossibility. He draws characters with a certainty that cannot be questioned. His themes are vital and poignant. He writes dialogue that is more than clever. It sparkles and cracks with a brilliancy that awes and amazes. Still he does not write drama that is to be acted—or, at least, he has not done so in this characteristic effort. One reads it with a relish and enjoys the flavor, all the time regretting nevertheless that it is not a novel, and that Mr. Bennett, who, left to his own devices of extensive phrasing, has not further developed this and that episode, as he knows so well how to do it, instead of handicapping himself with the sharper and more abbreviated form of stage requirements.

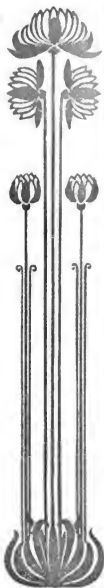


Photo Bert

SUZANNE DESPRÈS IN DE GONCOURT'S DRAMA "LA FILLE ELISA"

Suzanne Desprès—A Great French Tragedienne

By GERTRUDE NORMAN

SUZANNE DESPRÈS is little known in America, yet to those travelled theatregoers who can appreciate the art of acting at its highest, the reputation throughout Europe of this remarkable little French woman is scarcely second to that of Duse.

All who have studied the art of the great Italian tragedienne know of her overwhelming adherence to the truth in all its simplicity, terror and beauty, of the trail she blazed, the bridges she built, the planes of desolation and uncomprehending obtuseness she traversed, to carve her new pathway, alongside which the so-called natural methods of other artists revealed themselves almost as violent melodrama or cold artifice to conceal a lack of temperament. Faithfully has Suzanne Desprès followed in the footsteps of her unsurpassable colleague; encouraged, befriended and admired by her, and their two silhouettes stand out against a lonely but so utterly beautiful sky, unique in their world, not so much, perhaps, because of their being more gifted than other artists of our time, but because of their *complete difference*.

There is a curious and noticeably striking resemblance between these two great artists; more a psychical than a physical one, although Suzanne Desprès's power is more morbid, violent, less tender and poetic than the great Italian's. But both have achieved isolated positions by virtue of their realistic methods and with comparatively little to aid them. Small women both, unbeautiful according to the world's standard of beauty, indif-

ferent to personal appearance, but enveloped in a strange loneliness and unescapable charm all their own—the Italian with her benediction of mystic suffering, hovering between a great, luminous spirituality, and a cryptic, almost neurotic gloom as of one who had dreamed too much, and the French woman with her pallid, sorrowful face, stamped with an almost ferocious ambition, that look which one comes to know on the faces of the sublimely self-absorbed, a fierce capacity to suffer, to comprehend the desolation of loneliness, a woman more occupied with the psychological mystery and possibilities of her own ego than absorbed in a too great power to lavish love and a wealth of burning tenderness on others, which one conceives, haunts the yearnings of the deep-eyed Duse.

There are as great, perhaps even greater actresses than these two; but I speak of them as artists, and also together, because of the similarity of their dream; their unswerving faithfulness to their star, and in that they both have often entered a deep midnight unknown to the frailer imaginations of more brilliant technicians and interpreters, from whence they have brought us tears and dreams and flowers, never seen before but in the hidden recesses of the life of silence and of vision. Some dark and sweet disaster seems to envelop them, to emanate from their remote voices, the elusive look too wise for much joy—the lines of ecstasy and pain around the tortured lips—the empty gestures of the hands, as of those who have sought for ideals and found



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SUZANNE DESPRES AS ELEKTRA



ELEANORA DUSE, THE ITALIAN TRAGEDienne, PAYING A VISIT TO RODIN, THE SCULPTOR

A very beautiful friendship between two great artists is that of Eleanora Duse, the actress, and Rodin, the sculptor. Both highly intellectual, they find much in common. The great Italian actress never visits Paris without paying her respects to the sculptor at his home in Meudon, outside of Paris. At one time the actress prepared a dinner for Rodin at his home—a real Italian dinner, for the actress can cook as well as she can act, which is sufficient praise for her culinary gifts. In her early days it was necessary for her to know how to cook, and she still remembers the art, and delights to prepare delicious dishes occasionally for her friends. Duse recently startled the theatrical world by announcing the opinion that "to save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague; they poison the air, they make art impossible." This latter denunciation was taken to be a vigorous protest against the invasion of commercialism on the stage.

realities; sought for love, and have found naught but vanishing forms or a handful of ashes.

These two artists are so different to other interpreters in the dramatic form that it is difficult to say if they are forerunners of a deeper, more comprehensive, spiritual and enlarged view of the vast possibilities of dramatic art, or if they are but symbols of a type so curiously pregnant now in the other arts—in poetry, music, painting—that symbolistic wave so miscalled decadent, because so misunderstood. The esoteric charm they emanate we meet in the deep and troubled souls of the creators of the symbolist movement in literature. That haunting look of the eyes do we not feel it in the poems breathed out by the Celtic mystics; does it not shine out from their purple twilights? Do we not hear it in the heart-ache and the throb which palpitates in the music of Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Wolff? Do we not see this cosmic unanswerable grief in Rodin, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Sinding, Zuloaga? Perhaps for this very reason these two artists, Duse and Després so seldom appear in dramas all embracing enough for the depth of their comprehensions or the magic mystery of their personalities.

There is "a sadness beyond sadness, a grief beyond all pain" in the pale and poignant face of this remarkable little French woman who, despite her rare appearances in Paris, has stamped herself indubitably on the art-loving souls of her more serious-minded countrymen, and has won for herself in Germany, Austria, Roumania, Bulgaria, Scandinavia, Egypt, and Turkey even, the name of one of the greatest living tragediennes. "Nothing concerns me but the Truth," says Suzanne Després, and as she sees it so does she reveal it.

In first coming in contact with this small, curious, remote woman,—with her short but graceful form, pale face, determined jaw, almost English in its length and heaviness, the smooth,

straight, dark hair, worn close to the head and severely parted on one side like a boy's, the introspective ecstatic eyes, belonging to a brain intense in all its moments, bent with a ferocious concentration on a single aim dominating in all its moods, despite a very great timidity, individual in all its outlooks,—one is impressed and haunted, long after having met her, with the ineradicable sense of grief which almost unconsciously seems to possess her. She has gay moods, moods of enthusiasm, childlike simplicity, humor and fun, nevertheless a sadness envelops her which has something akin to the Norwegian, Flemish and Russian gloom which encloses its children in an instinctive, morbid, advanced psychology. A curious combination of astonishing mental culture, with a remarkably untouched primitive simplicity, enfolds these hearts of flame, of whom Suzanne Després is so marked a type. Their knowledge has so much of disillusion in it, their endeavor so much of hopelessness.

There is something stubborn, almost violent, in the personality of this tragedienne. She reveals herself volcanically when at last one comes to talk with her, and the timid reserve which enchains her breaks down. Her voice is pregnant with a husky, vibrant quality, a little combative; its cadence tells one, with her eyes, of the pathway of grief, seeming failure, starvation, and ever unending struggle. The eyes are indeed beautiful—grey-blue, full of a radiant intelligence, tender, gloomy, a little suspicious, as of one who has many times been betrayed in her faith. Life has not been gentle to her, but out of the discord she has made a marvellous harmony, a music like unto Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This melody enfolds her like some clinging garment of deep and omniscient knowledge.

She wears as a rule soft, neutral tinted gowns, severe in line—greys and dull browns, well suited to her small, sombre self. Her movements are vital with decision, buoyant with the un-

trammelled freedom of one who is unconscious of the body, yet using it to express the moods of her soul, like the tones of her voice, the look of the eyes, the beautiful, firm, boyish movements of the hands. In her face, "so strangely set, of some strange, inherited regret," the face of Duse has become tender by her wisdom of life. The face of Després has become wise, but tragic, distrustful, with an almost brutal intensity. The flame of her consciousness is overpowering in its ardency, and by reason of this she has not her equal among modern artists in such plays as "Théâtre," "Medea," "Electra," "Elisa" (in de Goncourt's play), "Germinal," in Zola's drama, or those of Ibsen, despite the indubitable greatness of a Bartet, Réjane, Weber, Sorel, Simone or many remarkable German and Italian artists. She brings the remoteness of the classic dramas closer to us than the regal elocutionary methods of the declamatory school and curiously invests the modern, psychological play with a classic majesty by very reason of the intimacy of her methods. She attracts one by her almost repellent charm and by that poetic power to reveal to one, one's secret mood, one's isolated experience, the ever unspoken hidden complications of the questioning soul. There is a psychic touch of divination in her portrayals, an elemental power in this Parisian born artist; yet how completely un-Parisian when she gives way to her primitive passions of hate, desire, love, anguish. She seems then to be betraying universal buried moods, cryptic memories, banished desires, when the forces of her genius possess her. And perhaps it is this terrible adherence to truth, the truth, which our whole social and artistic life would deny, that withholds from her the success and admiration of the average theatre-going public. We want life presented to us "smilingly envisaged," and when a forceful personality presents it to us with the old burning tragedy in the eyes, and without the spiritual conviction of a joy deeper than all pain, a hope more absolute than any loss, we resent it and too often, alas, reject the genius who is manifesting to us a portion of the truth which must be faced and conquered before the greater glory can come.

Her private life is one of constant, persistent endeavor; very different to the brilliant, social life led by so many stars of the French stage. She is difficult to know, seeking solitude and remoteness, as if contact with the superficial, aimless life of the admirers of great artists would take from her some portion of her inner vision, some energy from her inspiration and her dream. Her joy, recreation, passion are all contained in that one word, "work." She lives almost always in a fever of mental intoxication, of a burning desire to absorb, interpret. Her home is like herself—quiet, sombre but compelling in tone. One room pervaded with the erotic, almost mystic side of her nature; the other clear and primitive like some room in a far Norwegian home. The salon is full of rare, old furniture, dark and Japanese in suggestion, the walls hung with original paintings of her arresting, questioning face. A large bust of Ibsen on the mantel and a massive torso of a nude dancer by Rodin dominating all. The latter, a work of art, pitiless, realistic, cruel, yet supremely delicate in execution, strangely resembles the work of Després herself. When last the writer saw her it was the day after a miraculous performance of "Electra" and "L'Amour de Kesa." She brought out a new part she had been copying almost the entire night after her return from the theatre, too wrought up by the stupendousness of her effort for sleep, and so to quiet herself she wrote and studied till five in the morning. The atmosphere of superb deeds accomplished still hung around her despite the tragic tiredness of her face. She can never study a part from the printed manuscript. It says nothing to her, so she copies the entire play in her own handwriting into a copy-book. When the play is taken from the repertoire she destroys it and if it is again produced in a few years she copies and relearns it entirely afresh.

Born of the people, Suzanne Després owes much to her origin, her so strongly marked character and temperament, the exalted obstinacy which so typifies the French people, that interior force



Modett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF NANCE O'NEIL

which is nourished on obstacles, and ends by using them all as a means to success, as "kites which rise against and not with the wind." She seems to become fortified by battle, excited by difficulties, and all her sentiments, inclinations, feelings spring from vigorous and far-reaching roots. She comes to us, as a Gorky, with untrammelled emotions. The school of life, in close, rough contact, has been her teacher. Not as an observer has she learned, which is so often the only way of knowledge for so many artists, who have had no real communion with the life they are called upon to interpret—the life of poverty, rejection, agony and infinite struggle. From her earliest years she has had to work. Daughter of a mechanic on the railroads she entered the public schools at the age of twelve, soon after to go out and earn her own living, and add her mite to the meagre

means of the family. This obligation to work had the advantage of bringing with it a certain amount of freedom, unknown to those brought up in more sheltered homes, and the little "mod-

iste" apprentice used her freedom according to the imperative demands of her genius.

She went to the theatre.

She walked from her home

in the suburbs to her place of

work in the rue de la Paix,

to and from, every day,

thus saving the five sous

which her father allowed

her for her train fare. At

the end of the week she

found herself the rich possessor

of thirty sous (sixty cents), which enabled her to go to

the top gallery of the Théâtre Français, the palace of her dreams,

with two sous for the *ouvreuse* and four sous for an orange.

The entire sum was swallowed up in this orgy and the young

girl would walk home at one o'clock in the morning, reciting like

one possessed. One day, the brilliant, iconoclastic young director,

Lugné-Poe, then beginning to win fame for himself, not only

as an actor but as the ambitious editor of the art magazine

L'Œuvre and director of the theatre of the same name (the man

who since has familiarized Paris with many remarkable plays

from every country, and has brought to Paris, not only Duse, but

Grasso, Zaccani, Dmcan, the Japanese and Chinese players, and

the first man to produce Maeterlinck), received a letter from a

painter friend asking him to interest himself in a young girl whom he

thought might have talent. An interview was arranged, Suzanne

Després came, timid, but convinced; recited, and won not only the artistic

interest of the young director, but also his heart. Within three months

she made her first appearance in

"Chariot de Terre Cuite," a Hindoo

play, and later entered the Conservatoire, now the wife of Lugné-Poe.

At the Conservatoire she won the two first prizes for both tragedy

and comedy (but oh! the galling memory of those times of indefatigable

labor, discouragement, the fevers of fear, the lack of comprehension,

despite the official recognition, except from her husband and a few

penetrative souls, such as Maurice Maeterlinck!) When she left the



Photo Staff

MME. NORDICA SINGING IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

L'Œuvre, and the constant encouragement of her husband, she would have been completely discouraged by the obduracy of the public, of the "boulevard," as they say in Paris, of the directors,

critics and even

colleagues. They remained

suspicious, distrustful before

the originality of her methods

and the pale, curious person-

ality. At last Jules Lemaitre,

hunting for a creator for his

"Ainée," heard of her, and in

a spirit of intuitive kind-

ness engaged her for the

role.

But he was so disappointed

in her work at the rehearsals

that he wanted at the eleventh

hour to take the rôle from her. Luckily he was dissuaded and the play proved for him a success. But for Suzanne Després it was a triumph—the triumph of Paris at last!

Since then she has appeared in success after success; not only

at her husband's theatre but with the famous Antoine, (who at

one time ridiculed her genius), at the Gymnase and in Zola's

"L'Assommoir" with Guitry, in which she made a clamorous suc-

cess. Then came her recognition and engagement by the re-

served, difficult to please Théâtre Français, the one-time far-off

palace of her dreams; that temple of the classics and home of

great traditions and all perfections, and yet—alas often, too, the

home of hurried temperaments and abandoned hopes. It has

evolved a Bartet and a Sorel, but its atmosphere was crushing

to the ardent, progressive, severely realistic little Després, and, after a

too audacious portrayal of Phèdre, the bird spread its as yet unclipped

wings and flew away again to freedom and the uncertainty of the

struggle. This action on her part built up against her amongst a very

large public, those lovers of old traditions, what ere they be, those re-

spectors of ancient temples, a very definite prejudice such as was

launched against her great colleague, Sarah Bernhardt, years before, and

which has taken all the courage of her genius to efface. But by her

performances in Eschsché's "Fille Sauvage," Gorki's "Les Bas Profonds," D'Annunzio's "Gioconda,"

and "La Fille de Jorio," and Ibsen's "Doll's House," she established her-

self as the most remarkable and original of tragediennes. She has made

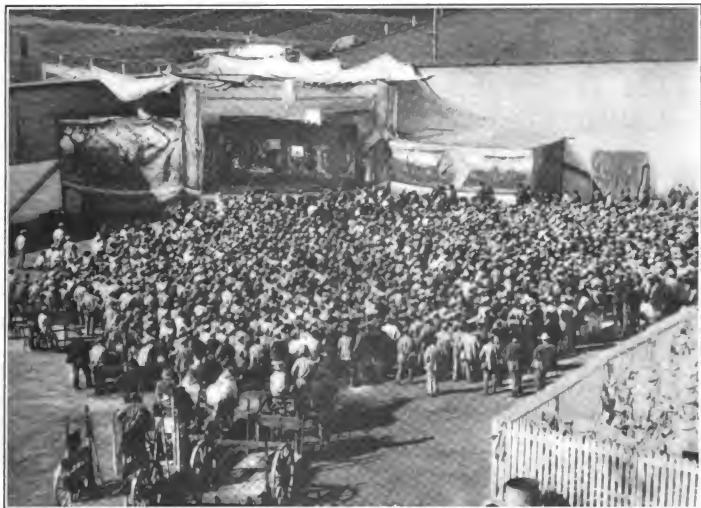
three triumphal tours to South America with Antoine, and every

year makes extensive tours to Prussia, Austria, Scandinavia, etc. In 1906 she and her friend, Eleanor



Head of Oscar Hammerstein on his new London Opera House

(Continued on page 23)



2,000 CONVICTS IN THE SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY, CALIFORNIA, WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"

PERHAPS the most unique theatrical performance ever given

Convicts See a Play of Convict Life

By ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

was that which recently took place at the San Quentin Penitentiary, California. Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams have played at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, and Nordica sang there out in the open air under the star-canopied sky; but it was reserved for H. B. Warner, the actor, to conceive the idea of giving a similar performance to the convicts in California's biggest prison.

Two thousand men watched the playing of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in the prison yard of San Quentin Penitentiary. Outwardly they were "not as other men." They had striped clothing, shaved heads, saddened faces, lined and seamed, hardened, yet perhaps softened in a line here and there by years of suffering and endurance. It was a kind thought that prompted the idea of this performance for men forgotten and shunned by the world, and that kindness was deeply and tearfully appreciated. That the result is far-reaching and good is almost obvious.

The play was staged with the prison wall for a background, and while the action was in progress armed guards paced back and forth like sentinels on the walls of some ancient baronial castle, ever alert for an invading enemy. The prison yard has a natural slope backward from the wall, and this formed a sort of amphitheatre around which chairs were arranged in a way that enabled every man to get a view of the stage. The twenty-four women prisoners were seated in the front row, and Warlen Hoyle had, with his usual kindness, seen to it that even the prisoners condemned to death were not forgotten in this wonderful treat. He had good seats reserved for them, to show sympathy for these unfortunates, who must soon pay the penalty for their crimes.

The day was warm and sunny, and two thousand convicts

made the strangest audience to which actors have ever played. The prisoners

—under the instruction of Albert Cowles, of the visiting theatrical company—had built the stage, and were eagerly interested in their novel work.

When the actors, who had been presenting the play at the Cort Theatre in San Francisco, arrived, the prisoners were all excitement. Some of them had not seen a woman for many years, and the actresses, dressed in their up-to-date gowns, beautiful hats, and trim shoes, were a sight to gladden the eyes of the "prison birds." The men, too, in their fresh, well-cut clothes, must have occasioned a gripping, sinking feeling at the heart of those striped unfortunates, who gazed on their opposites—free, happy, prosperous men from the outside world. What a book it would make to analyze the thoughts of those convicts as the players were shown through the prison, in and out of the dining-rooms, the work-shops and chapel, while they, heart-sick and remorseful, looked on. Perhaps some of the prisoners had bitterness and hatred in their hearts, but the majority felt only gratitude and pleasure, both towards the players and the warden. Their attitude was proof of this. They were quiet and attentive, so that not a word of the play might be lost.

No actors ever had a more appreciative audience. The convicts laughed at the sallies, applauded when some telling point was made, frowned at injustice, and wept at the pathos of Jimmy Valentine's position. Not a word escaped them. Their own predicament was forgotten apparently they were wholly absorbed; tears streamed down the faces of the men. The children made a special appeal—bright, sweet, beautiful little tots, who won their share of applause and appreciation.

There were men in that prison who had children. What must their feelings have been! They laughed when the convict got the



Copyright Charles Frohman

Marie Doro on the witness stand

THE DIVORCE COURT TRIAL SCENE IN HENRIETTE NELSON'S DRAMA "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

better of the warden in a battle of words and they scowled at a villainous trick—just as people do in the theatres in the cities. There were men in that vast striped audience who breathlessly watched the play, who never expected to see the outside world again—"lifers," and men whose heads are already bent with age, and the end of whose term stretches too far into the future for anything but the faintest glimmer of hope—a miracle, perhaps—an unlooked for pardon—to keep the spark alive. There were youths there, whose terms are short, and nearly finished. These surely must have made new and strong resolutions. That sermon of "Jimmy Valentine" produced on a stage in the open air must have gone to heavy hearts as few sermons preached in the prison chapel have ever done.

The last act was over, eyes were wiped, noses blown, and the prisoners gave their thanks through one who had an address of gratitude. They thanked Mr. Warner, the leading man, and Miss Phyllis Sherwood, the leading woman, and all the other actors, and their warden; and they are still talking of it, discussing it from a personal and dramatic standpoint, and comparing opinions on the actors.

It was a kind deed on the part of Mr. Warner. He realized the particular appeal this play would make to convicts, the hope with which it might inspire them, and the lesson of endeavor and principle it might instill in these forgotten, outcast men; and it was a kind thing that Warden Hoyle did to give his consent

and assistance to all this. Ever since his incumbency in the office, conditions at San Quentin have slowly but steadily improved. There is no more cruelty practised there, and in so far as it has been possible, the warden has tried to take some of the oppressive burdens from the prisoners in his charge. His letter to the public shows his interest in his work and his hope for fallen man:

"This performance to-day is a great thing for the prison. It marks a new era in the public attitude toward convicts. It shows the prisoners, as nothing else could do, that the community has sympathy and encouragement for them.

"From another standpoint it will have an excellent effect. It will serve to interest the public in the prisons of the State and to make society realize that it owes a duty of humanity to the men who are confined within prison walls. It will help remove the idea of punishment as the purpose of imprisonment and substitute the idea of the higher purpose of correction.

"We want the prisoners to know—as this play points out—that a convict who tries to reform will be given a chance and encouragement to work out his regeneration." "WARDEN HOYLE."

The players have gone their way; the incident for them is a pleasant memory. For the convicts it was a light in darkness, the touch of a sympathetic hand; and the memory of a kindly act that will be cherished 'til the drop of the last curtain, and the waning flicker of the last light.



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MME. NAZIMOVA AND FRANK GILLMORE IN PIERRE WOLFF'S COMEDY "THE MARIONETTES" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Maggie Teyte—the Diminutive Prima Donna

By RICHARD SAVAGE

A TINY little figure, in the dress of a page, parted the curtains at the back of the stage, a plaintive little face appeared in the opening, and Miss Maggie Teyte, smallest, youngest of prima donnas, made her first appearance on the American operatic stage. The occasion was the first matinée at the Philadelphia Opera House, on the afternoon of November 4th; the opera, Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and it was as Cherubino, the youthful page, a rôle in which she took London by storm, that this gifted young girl captivated the hearts of her American audience. Of her success there was no doubt, and after the familiar aria, *Voi che sapete*, the house rose to her, and demanded its repetition. Subsequent appearances in Philadelphia, Chicago and in concert in New York—for Miss Teyte is as much at home in the latter as in the former field—have but endeared her the more to the public.

Miss Teyte is absurdly young looking, even for her few years (she is just past twenty), and as she sat chatting in the drawing room of her Chicago hotel, one would have thought, to look at her, that she was some blushing school girl anticipating her coming-out party, rather than a full-fledged prima donna.

She has been called English and Irish, both countries being anxious to claim her, so one of the first questions asked her by the present writer was which nationality she actually claimed. Miss Teyte laughed, and her answer practically leaves the reader to settle the question.

"My mother's father was Scotch. As a little child I remember often hearing her say: 'My father never wore trousers in his life.' It used to puzzle me greatly to know what she meant until I was old enough to realize that, of course, she meant that he had always worn a kilt. He married an Irish woman, and their son, my father, was far more Irish than Scotch. My mother was English, and I was born in England. Now then, what is my nationality?" she concluded, and the question proved too difficult for immediate solution.

Irish certainly are the big grey eyes with their dark lashes, and most of her listeners insist that only Irish blood could account for the artistic temperament displayed by the tiny singer. Miss Teyte's father was an accomplished amateur pianist, who studied seriously in Leipzig, although he never put his talent to professional use. All of her mother's family were musical, and so it is not surprising to hear that the future artist sang as a mere child. As a child, too, she began her vocal studies with her first and only teacher, Jean De Reské.

"I do wish you would emphasize the fact that I never studied with anyone in my life but M. De Reské," said Miss Teyte earnestly. "There seems to be an impression in America that he never trained any artist entirely, but there are at least five of us now singing before the public who have never had any other teacher." Among these five is Mme. Saltzman-Stevens, who joins the Chicago company later.

"I made my début in opera three and a half years ago, as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni,' at Monte Carlo," she continued, "and

from there went to the Opéra Comique to sing Mélisande, after Miss Mary Garden left. I shall never forget my first meeting with M. Debussy. I was sent for to sing the music for him. I

arrived first. I was smaller, thinner than I am now," she mused (as a matter of fact, one would not call her thin; slim, slight, willowy, certainly, but a round little figure), "and my hair was down my back in a pigtail. Presently M. Debussy came into the room, and glanced at me. Dubiously he asked:

"Pardon me, but is this Miss Teyte?"

"Oui, Monsieur," I replied.

"Are you Miss Maggie Teyte?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Pardon me, but are you Miss Maggie Teyte of the Opéra Comique?" he again questioned.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"A resigned expression came over his face, and he seated himself at the piano. I knew he was disgusted, and wondered why they had sent that child to sing for him, but we began. In a few minutes he paused, and asked me if he might ask his wife to come and hear me. He did so, and from that moment we became friends."

How great is the admiration which the composer feels for his youngest of Melisandes is proved by the fact which Miss Teyte's husband related, namely, that Debussy insists upon her singing his music whenever she is in France, and he is directing a concert. She is engaged for every one of the Debussy festivals directed by the composer, which are to be given in France this coming summer.

"I love the rôle of Melisande," the little prima donna remarked earnestly. "It is so interesting, so beautiful. After my engagement at the Opéra Comique I went to London, to sing at His Majesty's Theatre in the spring of 1910, during Mr. Beecham's season of grand opera. There I sang Cherubino in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' Antoinette in 'Tales of Hoffmann,' another rôle which I find very sympathetic. Suzanne in Mozart's 'Il Seraglio,' an opera not as well known as it should be. Then in the autumn, at Covent Garden, I sang the same rôles, Marguerite in 'Faust' and others. A rôle which I hope I may be able to sing here, and which I have sung on the Riviera, is Mignon in Ambroise Thomas' opera. Mimi in 'La Bohème' is another, and one which I especially hope to sing—I have never done so yet—is Eva in 'Die Meistersinger.' I feel that it would suit me admirably, and should love to sing it."

For the benefit of those who have not yet heard her, it may be well to mention here that Miss Teyte's voice does not match her five feet of height, and generally tiny, fragile appearance. It is surprisingly full and resonant, especially in the upper register, as well as even and smooth.

One of the singer's greatest admirers is Sir Paolo Tosti, the renowned song writer, and whose opinion in London may be said to be law. He declares that Miss Maggie Teyte is the only singer to-day who can sing.

"He has often embarrassed me terribly when I have been singing on some reception where he was present," remarked Miss Teyte. "He would be so extravagant in his praise that I would feel like sinking through the floor."



Hert, Paris MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS MIGNON

Scenes in Charles Kenyon's New Play "Kindling" at Daly's Theatre



White

Mrs. Bates
(Annie Mack Berlin)
Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)
ACT I. MRS. BATES: "THE LORD MADE THE RULES OF NATURE BEFORE HE MADE THEM TEN COMMANDMENTS"



White

Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)
Heinrich Schultz
(Byron Beatty)
ACT II. HEINRICH: "THE STRIKE'S OFF, AND I START WORK TO-MORROW"



Soldiers of the Seventh Regiment shooting down theatre rioters in Astor Place, New York

THE disgraceful scenes enacted recently in a New Haven theatre by college students, who wrecked the auditorium and stormed the stage, because they were dissatisfied with the entertainment, and the still more recent public protest against the plays presented by the Irish Players—protest which, in this city, took the form of actual violence, the actors being pelted by overripe eggs and other objectionable missiles—come as gentle reminders that theatre audiences, patient under much provocation as they seem to be, are sometimes apt to lose their temper, with serious results.

It is really the mob spirit that prompts us to clap at the theatre, the same mob spirit that made some of the admirers of Charlotte Cushman take the horses from her coach on the occasion of her farewell in New York City, and drag her, themselves in the traces, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And it is this spirit reversed—changed from enthusiasm into hatred—that resulted in the wounding of forty-one soldiers during the Astor Place riots. Audiences are quick to rouse, and not easy to quell.

Even that sanctuary of dramatic art, the Théâtre Français, is not exempt from turbulent scenes of this kind. It is only a few months ago that there was an incipient riot in the dignified house of Molière over the production of Bernstein's play, "Après Moi." Some attributed the disturbance to the fact that the author, Henri Bernstein, well-known to America by "The Thief," "Samson," and "Israel," is a Jew, and that the Royalists had carried their anti-Semitic prejudices into the playhouse. Others claimed that the author was unpopular because he had evaded military duty, still others because of the vulgarity of the harem skirt worn by the heroine. Whatever the cause, the disturbance was undoubtedly the outcome of quarrels wholly separate from the theatre itself, and the play, which had been first produced on February 20, 1911, was withdrawn by the author on March 3, 1911. The result was that Daudet, son of the novelist, and a mover in the royalist faction, insulted Jules

When Audiences Get Angry

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, and Claretie's son fought a duel to avenge his father's honor.

It was not the first time the Comédie had been the scene of public disapproval. Sardou's play, "Thermidor," was howled from the stage for political reasons. Only last spring, when "The Lights of London" was revived, Mr. Charles Richman was booed by the gallery gods for playing a stereotyped villain's part in grave seriousness.

Actors and managers both sometimes forget how near the brink they are in their relation to the public. For the crowd—once excited—loses its reserve, and either madly destroys others or itself. It was the mob spirit in frantic agony that increased the horrors of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. It is when the audience makes assault upon the theatre itself, and for theatre reasons, that we obtain the typical riots, such as dot the pages of theatrical history.

They start, as all quarrels begin, in a small way, mounting to huge proportions. To-day, we have lost that faction interest in the theatre which was so strong when Edmund Kean fought against Booth, and Edwin Forrest against Macready. For one thing, as far as this country is concerned, there is much more *entente cordiale* between New York and London than there was in those days. The whole irritation preceding the Astor riots came from Forrest's sensitiveness while in England—a sensitiveness, no doubt, fanned into a flame by the generally accepted belief that American actors were always slighted.

Sometimes these riots are not without their attendant blessings, for, in the very fact that Junius Brutus Booth was the "star" at Covent Garden, while Kean held sway at Drury Lane, lay the reasons why America was to be historically enriched by the Booth family. The events of February 25, 1817, are too well-known to descant upon fully; it was a case of a rival blotting the clear horizon of Kean's career. London town split into parties, and at the last hour, due to the sting-



Riot at Covent Garden during a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra," in 1763

Scenes in the Scotch Operetta "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric Theatre



White

Little Boy Blue (Gertrude Bryan)
ACT I. LITTLE BOY BLUE AWAITS THE TEST OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT



White

Gaston (Charles Menckins) Daisy (Gertrude Bryan)
ACT II. SINGING "KISS ME, DEAREST, KISS ME, DO"



White
 Arsholm
 (Lionel Belmore)
 Lyngstrand
 (Hylton Allen)
 Ellida Wangel
 (Hedwig Reicher)
 SCENE IN HENRIK IBSEN'S PLAY, "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC BY THE DRAMA PLAYERS

ness of Harris, manager of Covent Garden, Booth deserted for Drury Lane, inveigled over by the wiles of Kean himself. This only infuriated the followers of Covent Garden, who yelled machinations upon the head of Harris, and then went over to Drury Lane to see Booth's lingo face Kean's Othello.

Beginning thus, those who tried in this way to suppress the genius of Booth did not reckon with his temper or his keenness. But he saw soon enough the intention to keep him under for the sake of Kean's career; therefore, with seeming contrite heart, he slipped over to Covent Garden, and on the fateful night, just in time to stop litigation which Harris was about to hurl against him, he appeared as Richard III. His best friends and his worst enemies crowded the house, and, as a consequence, the hours passed in dumb acting, while the rabble hissed and the adherents howled for quiet. Then, seeing the futility of speech, the management raised a placard on which were printed the words, "Grant silence to explain." But the mandate was unheeded. It was useless to flaunt the other placard, "Can Englishmen condemn unheard?" The Keannies and Boothites were too busy to heed any argument, and it was even rumored that Drury Lane was paying for the unseemly demonstration.

On March 1, 3 and 6, the bill at Covent Garden was repeated, but the conflict increased. Crowds surged from the street into the pit; they threw orange peel from the galleries. A mob loves to throw something into the auditorium; during the Bernstein turmoil in Paris the rabble let fly a bevy of pigeons. At Covent Garden they pounded upon doors, and howled, and gradually they became aware that Booth had printed an address for them to read. It must have been as conciliatory as his speech when the last curtain fell; for the audience pardoned him in their mob way. Maybe the whole affair was due to Kean's excessive jealousy; maybe it was the working of over-zealous and rival managers. Certainly the two were

towering geniuses, much alike in appearance, and quite similar in the style of their work. But neither of them gained one point of advantage, and though he was not driven to America, undoubtedly Booth's rivalry with Kean hastened his determination. Here, then, was a riot which was caused by what we may call a matter of politics at the theatre.

Of the same type was the Astor Place riot of May 10, 1849, instigated by the ill feeling between Macready and Forrest. If anything, the latter was an ardent American, and physically he was a fearful man to antagonize. His word was law unto himself and, as he thought, unto others. Editors were intimidated when it came to mentioning his name in their papers. He would stop at nothing, even to horsewhipping Nathaniel P. Willis in Washington Square. Having toured England, Forrest accused Macready of coming one night to hiss him while he played. On his return to New York, Forrest enlisted the sympathy of his friends. How much ill feeling had been created was not known to Macready, who set sail on his farewell tour to this country. Forrest was playing at Wallack's Broadway Theatre; Macready went to the Astor Place Opera House, a site used later by the Mercantile Library. On the same night, the two were to play "Macbeth." Again the public split into factions, the friends of Forrest determined that he should not play. Crowds flocked to Astor Place, and there were hisses, followed by a shower of eggs.

The storm rose to its full on May 10. Forrest, in large bills posted next to the Macready announcements, made appeal in this incendiary manner: "Workingmen! Shall Americans or Englishmen rule in this country? The crews of the British steamers have threatened all Americans who shall dare appear this night at the English aristocratic Opera House. Workingmen! Free men! Stand up to your lawful rights!" This meant business in warlike fashion. Therefore, Macready's friends made



WILLIAM BECK

This well-known French baritone is now appearing as the Sheriff in Henry W. Savage's production of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West."

appeal to the police. They would not compromise, as the actor at first wished to do. When the evening arrived, there were 300 policemen at Astor Place, outside and inside the theatre. When the audience was seated, doors were closed and barred, while the windows were reinforced by planks. The mob had filled the street with paving stones which now were pounded upon the doors and were later to be hurled against the Seventh Regiment, waiting its summons at the armory.

This alarm call came, and the soldiers hurried up Broadway. But the mob forced them to turn into Third Avenue, after several had been wounded. Militia did not seem to awe the people; hence, it was necessary to give orders that all guns be loaded with ball cartridges. No intimidation resulting, the officer of the small army told the city officials present that unless his men were allowed to fire, a retreat would have to be called. That is why the first volley was fired—a volley above the heads of the mob. But a mob cannot be fooled, and no awe followed in the trail of the charge. The second volley was aimed low, and brought death in its wake.

The mob retreated, then rallied; and a third volley brought down thirty-four of the transgressors. Macready had the satisfaction of playing through it all, but it was an uncomfortable evening, besides being a dire one. He dared not brave those outside, so he slipped through a rear entrance and was in secret hiding for two days. His adventures included a trip to Boston, taken in disguise; and from there he sailed for England. So intense was the feeling that the Seventh Regiment remained on the ground for two additional days, without any other undue excitement.

In England, the pit and gallery have in many ways ruled the theatre; even to-day their boohing will send many a drama into oblivion. And they are jealous of any special privileges. Baker mentions the burning of the Cockpit in 1616, not so much be-

cause it was a playhouse held in low repute, as that it was a *private* place of amusement. Hence, in the spirit of class, the apprentices attacked the aristocratic premises.

But it was not alone from these quarters that disturbances emanated; those of high rank were likewise the centre of stage brawls. In 1721, certain persons were allowed to sit upon the stage, but one night, during a performance of "Macbeth," my lord stepped across stage to hail a friend, and the action of the piece was halted while he blocked the way. Rich and Quin were acting and their swords were brought into play inasmuch as his insolent lordship struck Rich in the face. It was now war to the hilt with the actors against the quality. Then followed the riot which ended in smashed mirrors and broken seats. Finally soldiers were hastened to the Portugal Street theatre to quell the mob. Thereafter, so it is believed, Charles II placed two guards on the stage to forestall any further disputes.

It is strange how riots nearly always involve actors contending for histrionic supremacy. Sometimes, as in the case of Spranger Barry and Garrick, it was simply a matter of artistic rivalry; note for instance the reason of the famous "Romeo and Juliet" contest. Garrick and Macklin were at Drury Lane together, at the time when the patent theatres could make or mar any player. In 1743 Fleetwood's reign was

nearly over at Drury Lane, to be succeeded by Lacy and Garrick in partnership. Salaries being in jeopardy, the company deserted, thinking to get the Haymarket. But their plans failing, they all were taken back by Fleetwood, except Macklin, who was regarded as somewhat of a ringleader. The latter organized a riot, and upon hearing of this, Fleetwood engaged a band of prize-fighters to mete out punishment to the offenders. Pamphlets were printed and there were disgraceful moments of contention. Finally there was a compromise, for if the management took Macklin back, the actor himself returned much chastened.

THE OLD MAN DIES

Ballade

I

Yes, I believe the world's a stage.
Great Shakespeare said so, long ago;
Where women snirk, and men may rage,
As on the boards their craft they show.
When from the house, filled row on row,
The cheers have burst from grinning jaws,
Back to the rear I've shuffled slow,—
I've played my part without applause.

II

The greatest scene's a gorgeous cage
Where bright plumed birds strut to and fro,
Where compliments may half assuage
The wounded pride that smarters below.
Yes, then when dainty hands may throw
Sweet flowers before a crowd who caws,
You think no litterness I know?
I've played my part without applause.

III

How hard it is to disengage
The tinsel from the real gold's glow;
I've learned from Life's dramatic page,
True acting from the false I know.
Now tottering from the scene I go,
My art still pure from tawdry daws;
No amir tricks to catch them,—no,—
I've played my part without applause.

ENVOI

Great Prompter,—God or merely Sage,
Whose Acts are ages without pause,
I've earned no more than just my wage—
I've played my part without applause.

CLARENCE STRATTON.



Act. III. The courtyard of Nora's villa at Santa Barbara
SCENE IN THOMAS MCKEAN'S DRAMA, "THE WIFE DECIDES," LATELY AT WEBER'S THEATRE

This man, who was the first to humanize Shylock, was also the first, at the age of eighty-four, to play Macbeth clad in Highland tartans. The public was enraged and did not hesitate to yell forth demands for Macklin's discharge—demands that on the instant had to be satisfied. But though discharged, he

drunk and demanded "Yankee Doodle" or no play. The consequence was that a riot ensued, and thereafter liquor was prohibited until after the first piece.

There were two riots in London theatres during 1748 and 1763 of considerable proportion, one centering around a French



Thomas Garrick William Lamp William Collier John Junius
SCENE IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S NEW PLAY, "TAKE MY ADVICE," AT THE FULTON THEATRE.

was reinstated the next season, 1789. It is a pathetic scene—that of Macklin's appearance, aged ninety-nine, in the rôle of Shylock.

The public makes itself heard forcibly at times. Garrick nearly had his house ruined because, at Drury Lane, some foreign dancers were engaged during 1755—a policy strongly objected to by the pit and the gallery. Kemble, having redecorated Covent Garden in 1804, bethought him to raise prices; but on September 18, 1804, the O. P. (old price) Riots began, lasting two months, during which time the soldiers were called and the riot act read. An earlier record of foreign prejudices is found in the history of the Haymarket, where the actors had to walk between a file of grenadiers, and where peas were showered upon the boards in order to prevent dancing of any kind.

There is a certain element of justice in the theatre mob largely swayed by hero-worship and linelight. Should one look through the "Ingoldsby Legends" he will find accounts of the riots that replaced one baritone after he had been succeeded by some singer of inferior standing. And in the case of Robert Walpole's Licensing Act of 1737, the public damned every new piece produced under that law.

Sensibilities are easily roused. At the Haymarket in 1767, Foote produced a satirical piece, "The Tailors," to which that craft objected. In New York, during the early part of 1787, a piece was given which resulted in those sympathizers of the French demanding no more caricatures of Frenchmen on the stage. The manager was obliged to submit to public decision.

The management in those early days had to make laws quickly. Garrick in his theatre pushed the audiences from the stage into the auditorium, separating the actors from the public by the then newly-acquired footlights. In 1797 Hallam allowed liquor to be sold in the playhouse; two sea captains became screechingly

company, whose enemies were English actors and French refugees who had suffered under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rowdies in the galleries were met by thirty gentlemen armed with stout sticks and drawn swords. The result was that the theatre had to be closed. The 1763 disturbance was another fray over prices. In 1792 Covent Garden abolished the shilling gallery, but had to reinstate it for fear of what the mob might do.

The slightest turn of fortune will precipitate a riot. On the evening of Dec. 26, 1801, a ruffian at Covent Garden threw a quart bottle from the gallery, barely grazing an actor's head. Though the offender was arrested, the excitement proceeded until guards charged upon the gallery with leveled bayonets. On Nov. 18, 1806, some one threw an apple at Mrs. Siddons, though it was claimed that the apple was intended for a noisy party in the stage box. However that may be, Kemble offered one hundred guineas for the discovery of the scoundrel who dared do such an act. The O. P. riots were again in full swing when the new Covent Garden in 1809 was opened with increase of prices. Newspapers took sides, the *Times* for Kemble and the *Chronicle* for the rioters. Like college boys to-day, the factions had banners which they flouted, and one side would try to capture the banners of the other side, like a veritable game. During the contest, Mrs. Siddons showed fear lest something might happen to Kemble. The result was that the latter had to apologize to the objectors and to compromise with them.

These are but a few of the many disturbances that have occurred within the theatre and about the theatre. At times they were organized; at others they were spontaneous. It is difficult to say how often politics entered the pit. Nevertheless, an audience is no safer than a firecracker whose fuse is burning. Something might be said or done at any moment to enflame them, for the mob spirit in the theatre is quick to act.



EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



"AFTER the 'Tales of Hoffman'" 1881, "the name of Jacques Offenbach, already popular, has suddenly become famous, and innumerable rays have been added to his glory."

Since the superb revival at the Opéra-Comique, do we of to-day confirm the judgment of the witty critic? For it was not at all certain that posterity, and we are playing the rôle to-day, would preserve an admiration for Offenbach. But it is now definitely agreed that his glory is henceforth assured and cannot be dimmed by the caprices of the public. We need not fear that the contrasts and exaggerations are already antiquated conceptions, nor need we hesitate to use the word "genius" in connection with this charming musician. And if Offenbach is now classed among the masters, it is precisely because his exaggerations and drolleries will always be fresh and sparkling, his spirited rhythm incomparable, and rich in unrivalled spontaneity.

In listening to the "Tales of Hoffman"

and realizing the great charm of the work, one cannot help but be amazed that it should ever have been considered too crude to approach the traditional standard of taste prevailing at the Opéra-Comique.

Mr. L. Beyle played the rôle of Hoffman that was created by Talzac; Mr. Beyle acted splendidly but he gave little proof that he possesses the qualities necessary for a singer. In the four-fold rôle M. Jean Perier was given the opportunity to employ his incomparable talents, and was marvelously successful in portraying the ironic and mysterious Counsellor Lindorf; Coppehus, hideous, epileptic and romantic; Dapperinto, jovially sinister; While Dr. Miracle he presented as a clever caricature of Death. This terrible creation calls for superior art. Madame Nicot-Vanchelet was delightful as the automaton, while Melle. Lefargue as Giulietta looked beautiful and was in splendid voice.

In the hall were noticed many lovely gowns that were undoubtedly Paquin creations, and charming hats that owed their

beauty to the genius of Madame Lenthéric.

The play presented at the Gymnase, "L'Amour Défendu," by Pierre Wolff, is not a comedy of modern manners, but a romance of the days of chivalry. The characters should wear the costumes of the thirteenth century, with the stage set to show a feudal castle in the background. But listen:

Lord Pierre Verneuil is passionately in love with his young wife Madeleine. One day he discovers that his great friend and brother officer, Jean Derigny, also loved her. The husband decided to go away, and before going calls Jean, and without revealing to him what he believes he has discovered, confides to him that he has noticed a change in Madeleine's love and trusts that, during his absence, Jean may succeed in discovering the cause. The husband when leaving tells Jean, "If you succeed, send for me,—if you fail, send for me, but I count on your fidelity, and your solicitude for my interests." During the absence of Lord Pierre Verneuil, Jean, though living



PAQUIN BUILDING AT THE TURIN EXHIBITION



Photo Félis

CREATION DOFFINETTE

near Madeleine, remains strangely reserved and she, loving him, cannot understand why he does not request the proof of her love. He is divided between an unquenchable desire to possess her, and shame at deceiving his friend. He feigns coldness towards Madeleine, whose passion is intensified by this simulated indifference. She becomes ill with anguish. But Jean resists temptation and continually haunted by the fear that he may succumb, he hastens to recall the husband. Lord Pierre Vernueil returns full of hope, but he finds Madeleine weeping, languid, and almost dying, and concludes that there is but one cure for her malady, and so he goes away again,

thus leaving the way clear for their love.

This old fashioned tale in verse by Armand Sylvestre, Camille Mendès, or Richepin, with a halo of poesy, and enveloped in a legendary and heroic atmosphere, embellished with the symphonic harmonies of a Fauré, or a Debussy, would doubtless be delightful. Then another point, an audience accepts exaggeration when it is transported to the domain of fable or supposed to be representative of the manners of bygone days, for they seem to feel there were more excuses to be found for the indulgence of powerful and exceptional emotions in olden times. An audience is more critical and analytical when the same char-

acters and emotions are contemporaneous.

A Parisian of the year 1911 has not quite the same point of view nor is he animated by the same spirit as a Crusader. The conduct of a man of to-day is influenced by entirely different motives. Now, Mr. Wolff attributes to his heroes a candor and simplicity that is so decidedly at variance with the age in which we live as to be misleading. There are evidences that he struggled against a ferocious ending. He had to choose between a sanguinary and a pathetic drama, between a revengeful and a self sacrificing husband. The Wolff of "Jacques Bonchard" and "Leur Filles" probably would have decided in the first. The Wolff of "Secret de Polichinelle," of "Ruisseau" and "Lys" adopted the second, for he now prefers peaceful endings. This play of Mr. Wolff is a history of people whose psychology is not complicated, and it is developed with great simplicity. The author shows a very strong sentimental tendency to exalt the mystery and fatality of anonymous passion. Mr. Wolff's tone almost implies that he holds the subject sacred; to this sentimentality he adds delicate humor and picturesque action.

Around the central figures strongly modeled, he scatters with grace and ease bright side lights. All of his comedies are composed of a certain number of heavy parts interspersed with lighter things. The song of the heroine or the tenor is succeeded by a comic ditty or a droll duet. This mixture of grave and gay, of sentimentality and humor, has become a usual proceeding agreeing excellently with the temperament of a French audience.

Many creations of Redfern and Doenillet were worn by our very smart Parisiennes.

At the Odéon, they are having great success with a play ingeniously adapted by Mr. Max Maurey from the celebrated stories of Charles Dickens. During a month we have had ample time in which to admire the many aspects of the genius of this great English writer,—the humor in *Pickwick*, and the sentiment in *David Copperfield*. Beneath the grotesque exterior of Mr. *Pickwick* is hidden a wealth of kindness. *David Copperfield* is pathetic and rich in eccentric types and pleasant character sketches drawn from nature.

Mr. Max Maurey has concentrated on the unhappy little boy whose sufferings bring tears to many eyes. David endures the persecutions of his stepfather, Mr. Murdstone, which the weak and futile tenderness of his mother is powerless to mitigate. We are also introduced to Mr. Murdstone's unlovely sister. We meet the faithful old servant Pegotty, and the incomparable Mr. Micawber.

I hope that all young Parisians will be interested in listening to and applauding this work of their English brother. They will be charmed and touched by the interpretation of little *Mona Gondré* in the title rôle. They must admire Mr. *Vilbert* the Micawber, heedless, ingenious, lofty, delicious. The other rôles are splendidly played by the rest of the excellent company of the Odéon: Messrs. Vargas, Desfontaines, Denis d'Inès, Gronillet, and Ames. Dançeg, Kerwich, Barsange, Rosay and Boyer. They have reached the generous soul of Dickens, and understand the pathos of the humble, the lively sentiment, and the grace of the adorable figures he created.

Fashion with its never ending variations is a subject rich in possibilities for the in-



PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

interviewer. By chance the other day an opportunity offered (of which I gladly availed myself), to talk with one of the great couturiers.

The Paris world of great dressmaking may aptly be compared to a firmament in which, among many stars, there are a few that shine with incomparable brilliancy. Their talent and wonderful taste form an aureole that keeps ordinary mortals at an admiring and respectful distance. But the chroniclers of Parisian luxury, sometimes come near these stars and are not afraid

to approach them that they may describe what they see for others. The task of describing them should not be arduous since there are so few. How many are there in the place de l'Opéra, at the Théâtre Français who have a lofty title, that is theirs not by inheritance, but by the devoted work of a lifetime? Such is the great dressmaker. Among the chosen few I know of none that must be more inherently artistic nor who must give more devotion to his art. Watch those who come and go in his salon, the crowds of saleswomen,

mannequins, *premières* and customers. Even though one may not have been introduced, yet instinctively the presiding genius is recognized among the numbers who come and go in this renowned establishment.

As typical detail, the great dressmaker talks very little about business, though he works for money as do we all, yet when conversing with him it really seems to be non-existent in the mind of this great artist. His one idea appears to be your opinion, to listen to your expressions of admiration



Photo Felix

MLLE. JULIETTE CLARENS, THEATRE MICHEL. CREATION REDFERN

for the beautiful models. He is successful, his creations are sought by the most exclusive who wish to wear them, knowing they will be immediately recognized as the creations of a master artist, and yet this does not suffice. He desires continual approbation from others, from connoisseurs and from friends.

When talking to this artist the day before yesterday, he said to me, "Listen, you

who write for the papers, while I call attention to a situation which, if prolonged, menaces that which should be most important to us—our art. There are two knotty questions which, unless settled in a few years, will make success impossible.

"The motifs back of these mistakes, we need not look into too closely, all that should interest us is their effect on Paris as the fashion centre which in a few years

will slowly be wiped out if we are not careful. In this country of delicate taste, where beautiful and classic lines are admired, there is a minority that, under the pretext of novelty, do violence to all discretion and tradition, and endeavors to impose on us discordant symphonies, giving form to certain inæsthetic ideas that universal ridicule seems powerless to silence. Take, as an example, the divided skirt. If this mistaken attitude were the indication of a pre-conceived plan with the evident object of killing the interest of our foreign customers, who do not always sympathize with nor understand such daring, they could not be more successful. These customers have remained faithful through much, but eventually will surely abandon those foolish ones who are too stubborn to realize their attitude before it is too late. Thoughtful persons are asking why those who are very little considered among their profession should be allowed the opportunity to lose to Paris what it has always held, a monopoly of fashions for the world. It is only fair to suppose that it was gained by our reputation for elegance, our love of simple, harmonious lines, and should be lost to us if we insist on dressing women in such a manner as to make them the objects of universal ridicule. I cannot precisely express, Monsieur, the protests I wish to formulate against many of the innovations of the last few years." "But you must not complain, Monsieur," I hastened to assure him, "what about your famous muff-stole and your no less famous coat-dress which one does not hesitate to pronounce masterpieces, even though your modesty may suffer?"

We talked on, and he put his finger on another sore spot among dressmakers—the imitators! "You have no idea to what extent these people go in copying, borrowing and stealing! yes, I say stealing! when you consider what such thefts mean, the taking without a word that for which an establishment is maintained, where increasing thought, untiring efforts are expended, where enormous quantities of materials are sacrificed to evolve an original creation. I will give you one example among thousands. You remember the little tailor-made of net? The success attending this innovation constituted a small revolution in the world of fashion. And like all revolutions it would have been a very bad thing for us if our customers had not accepted it with favor. We took every precaution to guard this model, hoping that we might keep it exclusive long enough to gather the benefits it should bring to us. Yet without scruple the imitator in the most barefaced manner, and without even as much as 'by your leave,' seized upon this model that should have always belonged to the 'grand couturier.' Then the inevitable happened. The fastidious customer wore it, but finding that it could no longer be called exclusive put it aside. The consequences were bad for all, for us who were the creators, for dressmaking in general, and also for the imitators who only killed the success of a pretty thing that might otherwise have had a long life."

"Has nothing been suggested for your protection?" I asked. He answered that it is very much easier to suggest than to do. The law protects the proprietor of a play, of a book, of a photograph, of a painting, of even a postal card, yet there seems to be no way of protecting a gown that has taken weeks of work and the sacrifice of all other thoughts.

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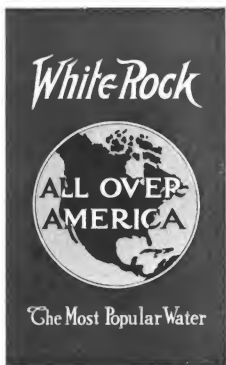
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SUZANNE DÉSAPRES

(Continued from page 27)

Duse appeared together in an unforgettable performance of Gorki's drama, "From the Depths," and later in Vienna she appeared with the great Viennese actress, Hohenfels, in de Musset's "Nuit d'Octobre."

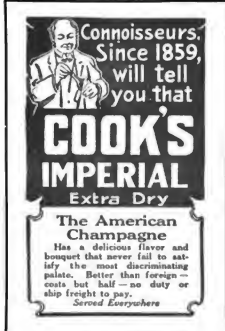
She persistently refuses now to belong to any theatre, preferring her liberty. Consistently she refuses to abuse her art for commercial reasons, and never produces a play but from the highest motives. The infinitude of her career of battle resembles the heroic one of our own great and conscientious artist, Mrs. Fiske, who has also conquered over insuperable difficulties untrammeled by artists who acquiesce to the commercialism of managers and the easy path of going over old trails. She desires that not only her art, but her individual effort, be respected for she gives of her all with complete abandon and supreme effort, without affectation, charlatanism or artifice. Her sincerity is absolute and she loves her public, esteems its opinions and cares for its approbation, but she would never stoop from the heights she has set herself to win.

Her repertoire is vast, comprising dramas by Porto-Riche, Brieux, Racine, Bernstein, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Bernard, d'Annunzio, Sudermann, Daudet, Dumas, Hofmannsthal, etc., as well as Racine's "Andromaque" and "Phedre," de Musset's "Carmosine" and George Sand's "Marquis de Villemer."

She is still so young, not more than thirty-five, that even still greater heights may be expected of her. There should be a large public to give her recognition in the United States, for the way has been paved to a comprehension of her art by the genius and pioneering spirit of Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw, and the pen of James Lumeer. Her "Electra" is one of the great dramatic achievements of our time. She is epic in the role, living it in all its madness of deep, ferocious revenge. "She has filled with sighing the city and the ways thereof with her tears," from the moment the curtain rises, revealing that tortured piece of girlhood, one in color with the earth she cringes on, "clothed in sordid rags, thin, famished like a wolf, moaning, frantic, leaping at the earth with her teeth, she fills the palace of Argos with her lamentations and the desolate fury of her grief-stricken spirit." She expresses with a fearful eloquence and force the madness of hate, atrocious, brutal, superhuman, which is burning out her heart; the implacability of revenge which is not balked in her soul for a moment, despite the seeming hopelessness of her fate. She is exalted by her one sentiment, that of revenge; she is nourished on it and is yet withering up on its flames; she is tormented, corroded by an ulcer of cosmic hate which can only find assuagement in a sea of blood.

Like unto those black figures which the Greek potters engraved with so sure a touch on the red roundness of their vases, she detaches herself, steeled-like, from the red background of her terrible destiny, lifting it to an ominous height of terrible and fearsome beauty. Beneath the rags which cover her, her haggard body moves one moment like a panther ready to spring, at another her form is uplifted with a superb dignity of exquisite passion and rage. The extraordinary attitude of violent silence she expresses when leaning against the grim wall, listening to the extortions of her mother, the almost voluptuous tenderness of her pleadings with the timid, lovely Crysothemis, and the three great cries, as if coming from "a distance beyond distance," on her recognition of Orestes, are unforgettable moments.

France is, indeed, rich in vital personalities, dowered with power to express themselves with a curiously perfect, profound and poetic genius. The compression among the people is very great, and the pervading sense of freedom and equality, as known to us, is comparatively unknown here. But it seems to have an artistic value in that the difficult struggle to break through the shackles and prejudices of the age produces much more definitely outlined, forceful individualities than over the seas. And Suzanne-Désapres is of France, of Paris, of the people; she expresses the tragedies of their murmuring souls; but she is also a world artist, a universal genius, comprehensive by the very depths and realism of her art to any country, taking her place among the ranks of those great names so dear to us—Duse, Bernhardt, Diewaldt, Sornia, Terry and Fiske. Living, indeed, up to her ideal expressed a few years ago: "The great artist of the future, the great artist, she whom I would be, must be a woman like unto all women."



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THE PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 11)

with having done nothing at all and that "a soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the pipe of a screeching sow." She is about to give him a crack on the skull with the butt of the broom. "Don't strike me," he says, "I killed my poor father Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that." He adds later: "With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul."

He is admired on all hands. Michael offers him employment as pot-boy at good wages. Shawn objects. Peggy encourages the idea. Christy is installed and it is to protect Peggy that night. The Widow Quin and three village girls take an interest of great curiosity in the presence of Christy in the house, the Widow Quin having it in her mind to marry Christy. She does her best to that end, making a shrewd bargain with Shawn in the event of her success. Shawn provides a new suit of clothes for her to give to Christy for his better appearance in view of the widow's carrying him off. This only results in Peggy's deeper infatuation with Christy and in fitting him out to take part in the games in which he conquers and gains the name of the "Playboy of the Western World." Just as Christy is in the fulness of favor and renown, his father, Old Mahon, crawls in at the door. After a quarrel between them the boy drives the old man out, follows him, and this time they are told to believe that he has laid him out for good and all.

The Irish peasants, having the matter brought so close to them, now bind him; but they release him to let him fare further. The father, unkillable as a cat and as worthless, comes in again. Christy gives him a welt with the end of the rope by which he had been bound, and leads off his submissive and proud father to dwell with him as before and to toil and toil. Shawn thinks he is again in favor, but Peggy gives him a box on the ear and bids him go, while she wails: "Oh, my grief, I've lost an entirely I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

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STAGING A SANDSTORM

(Continued from page 16)

gives the swirling effect that makes the storm real. The one set of pipes placed back stage behind the tent, however, shoots straight across the stage in order to give a cloud of mystery and add density to the scene.

About three hundred pounds of sand is blown through the four sets of pipes at each performance. This is kept from blowing into the auditorium by means of an "air curtain" at the footlights and at the first entrance—enough pressure of compressed air to keep the "sand" back. The sand used is nothing more nor less than good old cornmeal! Three hundred pounds wasted at each performance—enough to feed a whole ranch!

Cornmeal was resorted to after everything else, including sand itself, had failed to look and act like sand on the stage. Real sand from Fire Island beach was first tried, but besides being too heavy to be kept swirling in the air it did not look like sand when the lights were thrown on it. Real sand on the stage when the lights were thrown on it as it was blown across the stage looked like so much soft coal soot.

The heaps of sand on the stage, forming the minor sand dunes, and also the ground of the desert, are composed of ground cork painted an orange yellow. Cork is used because it is clean and dustless, and easily handled.

To light the sandstorm, Mr. Ford uses only the footlights, the central portion being a deep orange, with a deep blue on either side. This keeps the heart of the storm, so to speak, in the light, and the edges are blended away into the darkness at the sides of the stage, providing not only absolute realism, but shadings that suggest the most delicate of pastels. The wonderful lighting of this scene shows the varying color emotions of the desert, with its sand dunes of the palest primrose, and the purple fury of the desert storm.

Stereoscopic storm cloud effects are thrown on the sand curtain formed by the cornmeal. That across the back of the stage by the pipes set there for that purpose, and on a gauze curtain just behind, from arc-lights placed on two fighting tops built on either side of the proscenium.

To obtain the delicate pastel light effects of the sandstorm, and of the other desert scenes in "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Ford first painted the scenes with stage lights, using the remarkable switchboard of the former New Theatre for his palette, and the clouds of cornmeal for his canvas. In that way, having the true picture of the sandstorm which he had himself seen on the Sahara in his mind, he achieved what no one else ever has done before—he has, "in spirit and in truth," transported the sandstorm of the desert, with all its moods and emotions, and shadows, feelings and emotions, to the stage!

The Man Who Discovered Caruso

Edmondo Missiano, baritone at the Metropolitan Opera House, who died suddenly recently of heart disease, was the man who discovered Caruso.

"When I was 18 years old, and living in Naples," said Mr. Caruso to a *New York Times* reporter, "I went to a certain bath every day, where I met Missiano, who was at that time a member of a wealthy family and never had sung in public. He had a good baritone voice but he sang only for his own amusement. I used to sing about the bath, and one day he said to me that I had an unusual voice, and said that he would take me to his teacher, which he did. This teacher was a certain Gugiellmo Verdini, and when I first went to him he said that he didn't think he could do much with my voice. Missiano, however, took me away and taught me to sing an air from 'The Pearl Fishers' and the Siciliano from 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Then Verdini accepted me and taught me to sing."

"Missiano became my great friend. When I returned to Italy a few years ago I found that he had lost his money. He asked me to help him, and I got him a place at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has been here ever since. He was more than a brother to me—one of my closest friends."

The Berlin police have created a stir in the German capital by decreeing that a seat in a theatre box does not entitle a woman to wear her hat in the theatre. Every offense is punishable by a fine of \$25, which the house manager must pay.

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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 6)

high register has appealing, floating qualities. In French songs she was most interesting, but when she strayed into the German she was artistically lost, not was she heard with credit in some uninteresting English songs. She will probably be heard to infinitely better advantage in French opera later in the season.

Two pianists "came back"—Rudolph Ganz and Harold Bauer—the latter playing at two concerts, Liszt's "Lange Macabre," and later Brahms' little known D minor piano concerto. He was in fine artistic fettle on both occasions. Ganz has not been heard here in years, and he gave a most brilliant performance of Tchaikovsky's brilliant B flat minor concerto.

Joseph Stranks, new conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has been proving his worth, not as a phenomenally great conductor, but as a good, painstaking artist. Schumann-Heink, eminent contralto, gave an interesting song recital. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, American pianist, gave her only New York recital of the season and played as she never has here before, having completed her nervousness completely. Walter Damrosch has been conducting an array of concerts of the New York Symphony Society. The Russian Symphony Society has been giving its usual concerts devoted to music of the Czar. The Olive Mead Quartet, fair, feminine players of stringed instruments, have been giving chamber music concerts at Rumford Hall, a very treatise of a little, intimate auditorium, and at one of these they produced, for the first time in New York, a quintet by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, who proved to be a most interesting writer of ambitious music.

And then, too, there was that unique chamber music concert of the Barrère Ensemble, chamber music of wind instruments, at the Belasco Theatre. Like a glimpse of old world serenity was this affair, miles and miles removed in spirit from noisy Broadway.

GRAT BEAR SAVING WATER
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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

masquerader looks like a gentleman, dresses like one and acts like one, while a minor love interest is pleasantly perfected by C. Morton Horne and Kathryn Stevenson. The broad comedy is entrusted to Otis Harlan as a French detective and Maudie Odell as Amaranth, a seeress, and a very dashing and handsome one she makes. Harlan is always funny, but in this production he is particularly so, as he has been provided with some excellent material. The result is a succession of deliciously droll and amusing comings.

EMPIRE. "THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."
 Play in 4 acts by A. E. W. Mason. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Henry Thresh, A. E. Anson; Stephen Ballantyne, W. L. Almond; Harold Hazwood, Ernest Sealander; Rich and Hazwood, Leslie Faber; Robert Pettifer, Landon Hale; Hubbs, James Malady; A. Seyvan, Walter L. Sauer; Baran Singh, W. Phillips; Siella Ballantyne, Ethel Barrymore; Mrs. Pettifer, Annie Edmund.

A. E. W. Mason, the novelist, about ten years ago ventured forth as a serious dramatist, at the old Manhattan Theatre, with "Miranda of the Balcany," which made a fair success. This year as a comic writer his "Green Stockings" gave veritable amusement and pleasure. Now he comes forward again, this time with a play of serious kind called "The Witness for the Defence."

The piece had a good vogue in London and was produced here to give opportunity for Miss Ethel Barrymore to play her emotional gifts in the role of Siella Ballantyne. It is an exciting part in which this actress shows to mixed advantage. In the opening scene, and in India, she is found as the long suffering and insulted wife of a civil officer, Stephen Ballantyne, a drunkard and a brute. To their tent for dinner comes Henry Thresh, to whom she was formerly engaged. She had sacrificed herself lest his future might be jeopardized by their poverty. Succeeded at and insulted thro' the meal and fearful of physical violence, she shoots and kills the husband after the departure of the visitor. Here, at least, Miss Barrymore showed the skill and depth of her growing art. It was an admirable exhibition of coward but rebellious womanhood. The acting was firm and tense; the movement repressed but forcible; the dé-



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New York Evening Mail

OF DECEMBER 15th, 1911

regarding the Metropolitan Opera House Programme, which we now publish, needs no further comment.

ADVERTISING TALKS

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

It is not often that I have an opportunity to spend an evening at a concert or at a theatre—probably five times in a year.

Just now I am attending pretty regularly Sunday night concerts, but even at places of entertainment I cannot get away from the ADVERTISING IDEA.

The programme at the Metropolitan Opera House attracted me. Programmes are necessary at entertainments. This particular programme was well printed on a good quality of paper. IT WAS CLEAN. The ink didn't rub off. It did not soil the gloves of the ladies.

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nouncement factually pathetic. For the sake of the audience's sensory nerves the gun was not discharged—a concession nearly fatal to the dramatic situation.

Accused of murder Stella only escapes through the perjured testimony of Thresh, who swears the husband was killed by a vengeful native, and returns to England where she loves and is loved in return by a young English officer, Richard Hazlewood. The relatives are suspicious of Stella's acquittal and thro' an artifice Thresh is brought down to Little Bedding, Sussex, and put through a grueling cross-examination which through tergiversation he successfully withstands. He insists, however, that she tell her lover of the true facts. They have been married in the meantime, but this she does, first to his father and the following morning again to the husband. There is suspense to much of this and some good acting moments, but the construction is loose and feeble.

In the consciousness of her new found happiness, Miss Harrymore is again sweetly and nicely effective and there is pathetic grace to some of the confession. But the ending runs straight from the heart is not striking.

GAITEY. "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND."

Comely in 4 acts by Charles Nirdlinger. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Sir Anthony Merry, Clarence Handpiece; Jennings, Luke Martin; Beau Pickens, David Todd; Dolly Todd, Mrs Ferguson; Sally Pickens, Helen Bond; Chubb, George Pascoe; Miss Sparkle's Footman, Lawrence Wisdom; Sophia Sparkle, Helen Bond; Mrs Sparkle, Maud Howland; Aaron Burr, Fred Perry; James Madison, Lowell Sherman; Honorable Ena Ferris, Margaret Lovell; Lucian Adams, George Perry; Hardwacker, Edward Stewart; Don Carlos Martinez, William Goodell; Andrew Pickett, John Prescott; De Vaux, Francis Bonn; Vron Van Berckel, Myra Brock; Franko Petrus Van Berckel, Carl Hartberg; Cook, Luke Martin; Servant, Lawrence.

Dolly Madison, in history, is our most famous First Lady of the Land, and Mr. Nirdlinger in a play so entitled has very happily characterized her. Lively interest is maintained in the relation between her, Aaron Burr and James Madison, but the political intrigues and the affairs between the other characters are only faintly outlined, and the names themselves are for the most part blotches of color in the quaint and picturesque costumes of the day. There were too many people in the hall who were "afterwards somebody else" afterwards "Madame D'Uryu," afterwards "Madame Pichon." If we are not interested in what the people in a play are here and now, we care nothing about what they became later on. The play is too long, too much talk, too much wasted energy. Sir Anthony Merry, British Minister to the United States, a lugubrious man, with a dominating wife who stood on points of etiquette, had to do with the plot because he conspired with Burr in furnishing him with funds for his Mexican enterprise, and his wife was diverting at one or two points in the action, notably in a scene in which she declined to give up her right of precedence in going in to a state dinner. But between Mr. Nirdlinger and Miss Elsie Ferguson, they hit the mark with Dolly Madison. Dolly Madison was witty. To make a character consistently and continuously witty in an action that calls for every line uttered and is in no way forced and extraneous is no slight achievement.

Dolly was also independent, vivacious in manner, clear headed, resourceful, and in that state of mind which is most interesting in an ambitious woman who hesitates in choosing between two suitors. She admired and loved Burr for his daring qualities, his brilliance and his decision of character. Madison gave her little satisfaction in his constant answering "Yes—and No." This indecision serves the purposes of the play in a way, but it leaves the sympathies with the less meritorious lover, Aaron Burr, and leaves the disagreeable impression, and very distinctly in a scene between Dolly and Burr toward the close of the play, that after the discovery of his treasonable designs, she would continue to love him even after her marriage with Madison. We need not quarrel with minor and, for the purpose, to have an unnatural departure from history in the matter of dates and small facts, but James Madison, the President, who ordered Jackson to take Florida, sending the order by mail, and not making it public, could not have been conspicuously a "Yes—and-No" man. The handling of Madison by the actor of the part, if not by Mr. Nirdlinger, is too vague. The dramatic triangle is not equilateral, but more of an isosceles. However, there are incidents enough in the relations between these three characters to make the story unmitigatingly interesting. Mr. Frederic Perry gave a most veracious impersonation of Burr.

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Mr. Lowell Sherman was less fortunate with Madison. Less formality and more free would improve his performance. Miss Ferguson is fitted for her part; she has temperament, is attractive in personality, and depicts changing moods with precision, while her voice is full of character and an appealing softness.

FULTON. "TAKE MY ADVICE." Play in three acts by William Collier and James Montgomery. Produced December 11 with this cast:

William Ogden, William Collier; Jack Cornish, William Lamp; Professor Hugo Kardly, Chas. Dow Clark; Thomas Brooks, Thomas Clark; Robert Brooks, John Junior; Paula Brooks, Paula Marr; Mrs. Clark, Helena Clark; Gustav, "Honey" Clark; William Collier, Jr.; Diana Kardly, Dorothy Unger; Sing Fao, John Arthur; Lew, John Adams; West, Thomas Stuart; Miss Underwood, Regina Connolly.

There is nothing dramatic about the William Collier kind of stage entertainment; but it is as full of quaint and catchy verbal humor as a plum pudding is of currants, and at times, when smartly delivered make the piece seem much better than it is. And this smart delivery, especially in the case of the star, Mr. Collier himself, is in reality much better acting than it casually appears to be. The sum of the whole matter is, that the playgoer of the Collier clientele gets a fair \$200 worth of nothing.

"Take My Advice" may be well be called by that title as by any other. It is a collection of a little fable by James Montgomery, once used for a brief period by Nat Goodwin, and then known as "A Native Son," if it is remembered rightly. This native son is a California product, president of the Pacific Lemon Company, and a near-millionaire. The latter estate is contingent upon his "cutting out" strong drink and tobacco, making the lemon business show a certain profit per annum, and marrying Diana Kardly. He comes out ladily in each and all of these propositions, and so paradoxically achieves a happy ending—for the million had brought him false advisers, the profit was only on paper, and Diana was—well, the sort of girl of whom her fiancé gallantly remarked, "I wish she'd get well, or—not something." Heavens, he wanted to—and finally did—marry Paula Brooks.

No moral, no ethics, no uplift of any kind whatsoever, is noticeable in this rather sprightly offering. Some things in it are as good as nothing when you think them over in cold blood after the show; but this criticism does not occur to you while Mr. Collier and his relatives are rousing through the piece.

CASINO. "Peggy." Play in two acts by George Grossmith, Jr. Lyrics by C. H. Boyliffe. Music by Leslie Stuart. Produced December 7 with this cast:

Conrad James Bondeke, Warren Soutar, Andrew Blaw, Charles Brown; Cecil Gustaf Casuliers, Harry Phillips, Thomas, John; Christopher, Emily; Miss Allen, Monique Bartle; John W. Rousseau; Max Mount-Town, and Official at Casino, Lew Quinn; Marquis of Peshawar, Tom Dingle; Aristide, Fred; John Chambriss, Rastus, Tom Dingle; Lady Susan, Alice York; Peggy Harrison, Bruce Kelcey; Polly Polins, Lemmy; Alexander, Vera Whitmore; Diamond, Esther Bisset; Fred Frederick, Bruce Kelcey; Mrs. Cook, Margaret Rutherford; Elsie, Hamilton; Ruby, Maud; Mrs. Rastus, Jeanette; Blanche West; Jeanette, Florence Walton.

There are certain confusions in comic opera plots that have ceased to be amusing or entertaining in any way unless the author of the book has the right touch and initiative enough of his own to give them distinctive novelty. "Peggy," with its plot of double identities, shows its age. It is even not well preserved. Peggy is engaged to somebody, is loved by a captain who gets somebody to pose as the rich uncle of the somebody she is engaged to, with the result that most everybody becomes nobody. Consent to the marriage with one or the other of the suitors depends on the money of the rich uncle. The substitute uncle betrays the harbor at the hotel.

There is a comic deal which probably amuses "the tired business man" a seltzer bottle casts aspersions on certain people, who no doubt deserve it, and afforded just to make louders. How much of the original opera, which is announced as the *London Gaiety Theatre production*, has been retained, is conjectural, but the book is said to be by George Grossmith, Jr., the lyrics by C. H. Boyliffe, and the music by Leslie Stuart. It is staged by Ned Wayburn. The Wayburn stamp is on it.

DAILY'S. "THE LAM OF CHERVEN." Play in four acts by Louis M. Parker. Produced November 21 with this cast:

Dorothea, Miss Allen; Almy, Jane Ferrell; Hamalia, Adelaide Robinson; Phillip, Francis Seager; Father Bernard, Charles Hartley; Mabel, S. Van Dusen; George, Fred Beck; Gilbert, George Cooke; Lenore, Harry Koller; Walter, Henry Stanford; Gamel, Lewis Howard; Winzar, F. Gales; Torford, Winfield Freeman; Lymond, Vincent Sarracini; Ulling,

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Metropolitan Opera House Programme

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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Howard Morgan; Jenny, Elmer Brownell; Goldie, Nina Lindner; Joan, Jessie Connors.

Lady Godiva's ride has long been the subject of legend, song, poetry and drama. It is romantic because impossible to modern thought, and because it has the accent of purity among a warlike and savage people who put out the eyes of Peeping Tom. It is a pretty story without a particle of drama in its main incident. Mr. Louis N. Parker has given it a new turn. The Saxon chieftain, Leofric the Wolf, claimant the Lady Godiva's land, besieges her first as the warrior and then as her lover. In the play her name has been changed to Iordiscea, which is of no consequence, as she performs the ride covered by her abundant hair and protected by the order that none shall see her. It was Leofric the Wolf who gave his promise to shield her by this order after he found that his command that she ride was irrevocable under some tribal or religious law. Her people were to go free in event she submitted to the ordeal. He alone breaks his edict made to protect her, he becomes the Peeping Tom. He will suffer the penalty of his own proclamation. She urges him to reconsider and bids him look into her eyes and read there her love for him. He does so, clasps her in his arms, and the war is over. To make anything out of this a great deal of noise, breaking in of doors and threatnings of slaughter had to be applied to the action. There were clamorous doings, imprecations, execrations, pleadings, defiance and incidental combats. The externals of drama abounded. As a picture play of a make-believe action it was effective. It was poetic and picturesque. Miss Viola Allen was never better in poses and impassioned speech.

HERALD SQUARE. "Betsy." Comedy in three acts. Book by H. Kellett Chambers. Lyrics by W. R. Johnstone. Music by Alexander Johnston. Produced Dec. 11 with this cast: Frederick, Donald Buchanan; James, Myrtle Lester; Gloria Stebbins, Lucie Carter; Oliver Killgore, Worthington L. Romaine; Teddy Bacon, Hansard; Jasper Mulder, Robert Hampton; Augustus, J. Foster; George W. Callahan; Mrs. Elizabeth Killgore, Betty; Miss La Rue, Paul de Lencastre; Alfred Berry, Mrs. O'Leary; Lavinia Shannon; Abigail, Juliette Langer; Charlie, R. Sain.

"Betsy" is a relief from smugger chorus girls (who, simpler, it must be admitted, very prettily sometimes), the Pomes, the six show girls, too stately to dance much, but who from time to time sit on the knees of six young gentlemen, and the various astounding incidents of comic opera. "Betsy" is a little play with music when it is needed to express something in the action and dancing when something can be better expressed in that way than by speech. At all events, that is the probable theory. It is something that Quaker people can go to see without turning a hair. The story of the play is old, having been seen here in the form of "An American Widow," which was not successful financially, although much liked and praised. It promised good fortune to Miss Grace Fulkins, an actress of quality, but its fate was to be turned into a "comedy with music," as we now see it. Miss Grace La Rue is now the young American widow, who, under the terms of her rich husband's will, was to forfeit the millions of the estate if she married any other than an American. Miss La Rue is not a finished actress, dancer or singer, but she suits the modest and decent story admirably.

The American Playwright

William T. Price, who, for many years, has conducted a school of playwriting in this city, is about to issue a monthly publication to be called *The American Playwright*. It will be devoted exclusively to the technical side of play construction and is intended primarily for those students of the drama who are also trying to write plays. Mr. Price is the author of "The Technique of the Drama," a revised edition of which, under the longer title of "Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," forms one of the most expert, exhaustive and valuable works on the subject ever written. Mr. Price's reputation both as a teacher and critic is so well established and his school has been the means of so many playwrights securing a public hearing, that there can be no doubt as to the usefulness and success of his new venture.

Books Received

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, HIS LIFE AND WORKS. A critical biography by Arnold Bennett. 528 pp. H. B. Foster. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.
A MANUAL OF MENTAL SCIENCE. By Leonard Edmund Whipple. New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.
SOME FUNDAMENTALS OF THEATRE ORGANIZATION. By W. J. H. Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Company.
ENTERTAINMENT: FORM AND ART. A STUDY OF STAGE LIFE. By Thurmond Pollock. Illustrated. Boston: The Lothrop Press.

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HINTS ON SUMMER FABRICS AND FASHIONS

ALREADY one hears rumors of new fashions. Scarcely is one season in full swing before is heard the oft repeated query of "What will be the next turn?" Always there is a certain element insisting upon something new. Would it not be far better for the followers of fashion to insist upon the makers of garments perfecting those already in vogue, before they brought out some other style?

Certainly women do want and need changes in fashions, in color, in material, and in trimming as well as in shape. One of the greatest of womanly charms is to attract by her infinite variety

us who go to the other extreme. The happy medium should be preserved in this as in all other matters.

But to go from the general to the particular. This is the season when the new cottons first blossom forth in the shops. The woman who knows what she will require for the summer will do well to make her purchases early, for by so doing she can cull the best of the new goods. This is especially true of the imported cotton and silk and cotton goods. She is likely to find at this time of year materials that she will be unable to get later on. Therefore, this is the harvest time of the woman who loves some-



Photo by Henri Marsaut

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE



Photo by Felix

A QUAIN NEW AUTO BONNET OF STRAW

not only of mind but of dress. We soon become so accustomed to the picture that hangs year after year in the same place upon the wall that we no longer regard it. So it is with the woman who dresses always in the same style and color. The husband, brother, son or friend may not appreciate the fine distinctions of the new gown or hat, but he knows whether she is looking well or not, in other words whether that gown or hat is becoming, or appeals to his aesthetic sense.

Clothes undoubtedly play an important rôle in the life and fate of woman, and it therefore behooves every woman to take thought that she shall be as well clothed as her station in life and her means permit. Did not Ruskin give the sage advice to a young lady of his acquaintance that "a pretty face under a pretty bonnet looks all the prettier?" While there is a great possibility of thinking and talking too much of clothes there are women among

thing unusual, something different. To a lesser degree this is so of American made cotton goods.

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Photo by Henri Manuel

AN EVENING COIFFURE BY LUCIENNE

much change in the shape of these frocks. Two yard skirts, perhaps the more elaborate with scalloped flounces, bodices with kimono or regulation sleeves, and generally cut with deep pointed openings rather than the square neck, tell the story of admirable styles for wash dresses. Yet, if the square neck is more becoming than the pointed one, then by all means the square neck should be used.

Guimpes of lace, net or embroidery will still be worn, and long may they live! For never was there a fashion more commendable both on account of its becomingness and its practicality. The more transparent the guimpe the more fashionable the rule at present, and one which will in all probability last throughout the summer.

Linen will once again be fashionable, and the white linen suit and gown bids fair to be one of the greatest favorites. Indeed, white will be the color *par excellence* for the spring and summer. White serge, white broadcloth, white bengaline and white linen tell the story of the fashionableness of white. Bengaline is altogether a new arrival in the world of fashion. It is first cousin to faille and ottoman silk, all of which are well suited to the construction of the smart tailored suits.

The woman who wants something dressier than a suit of white serge will select one of broadcloth or one of the silks mentioned. Bengaline is a mixture of silk and wool, and therefore drapes beautifully, so is well in accord with the general fashion tendencies as regards both tailored suits and costumes. It is an admirable wearing fabric, and somewhat less expensive than an all-silk material.

Last spring it was the tailored suit of blue serge or black

satin which reigned supreme. This year white will be given the fashionable preference. For those who do not care for an all-white suit there are silks and cloths showing the narrow hairline stripe in black or color.

For simple costumes and separate waists nothing more admirable will be found than the R and T tub silks, which this season are shown in an unusually attractive line of designs and colors. Those which most impressed me are the white grounds carrying a black or white satin stripe, and those showing two or three colored stripes on a white ground. So admirable are some of the black satin broken stripes that I can quite imagine their being appropriately used for the construction of summer evening gowns. Trimmed with time yellowed lace such a gown would be quite out of the ordinary.

There are also among those R and T tub silks some excellent designs on natural colored shantung grounds. These will look well made up into street dresses, or as separate waists to be worn with the new wool crashes of the same tone. Such garments will be found exceedingly useful for motor, travelling and general wear. Those tub silks wash as well as any cotton material, if they are properly washed, and last quite as long, if not longer, than the cotton garments, besides all which tub silk garments do not soil so quickly as those made of cotton.

Some excellent ottoman cords are among the new cottons. They are suitable for the construction of separate skirts, coat suits, and in the lighter weights for dresses. They are also appropriate for the construction of children's frocks. These cotton ottomans show a white stripe alternating with a colored one. The black and white combination is to be found also in the ottoman cotton cords.

Among the all-cotton and silk and cotton materials none are more admirable than the Courtail voiles and crêpes. The boards on which these are wound are marked "Courtail's English Dress Goods," so that it will be an easy matter for you to know when you are purchasing these dependable fabrics. They come in a wide range of stunning colors and designs that make them suit-



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able for the construction of gowns for all occasions. The Court-aud voiles and crêpes are also made entirely of silk.

Cotton crêpes, marquisettes and voiles will be even more used this summer than they were last year. Some of the loveliest of the new lingerie waists are made of these materials, and discreetly trimmed with lace. There is no more elegant style of waist for wear with tailored suits than the French waist made with regulation long sleeves, tucks and a side frill. The spring is the legitimate season for the reign of the side frills in this country. Jacket fronts are cut more open, and the soft, fluffy frill fills in the opening in a most becoming and attractive manner.

Black and white striped voiles are lovely made over silk foundations of brilliant color. Made over white they are stunning, touched up with brilliant color in the trimmings. For this purpose the new reds will be exceedingly effective. Older women should not forget the value of green as a trimming color, for it enhances the rose color in the cheeks. Blue is a good color for ornamentation if it be becoming, and there are certain shades of purple that combine beautifully with yellow when used in discreet quantities, and which combine well with grey and, if cleverly managed, with black and white effects.

The new embroideries and laces are altogether delightful. There are broad bands of heavy guipure laces, which will serve admirably to border and at the same time weight down the light summery materials. These will be more used in the yellowish or ecru tints than in the dead white. Then there are the modern productions of old Italian laces which are suitable for the adornment of wraps as well as dresses.

Embroidered nets will be much sought for in the more elegant lingerie frocks. Those already being prepared for Southern tourists are in styles that make them appropriate for both afternoon and evening wear at the large hotels. Then there are the finest of embroidered muslins that remind one of the old-time convent embroideries.

The new vogue of white brings in its train a detail that is at



Photo by Henri Mann
A PLUSH HAT BY GABRIELLE CHANEL

once smart and practical. This is the use of the false hem of black or a lovely golden brown, which protects the edge of the dress from soiling as quickly as it otherwise would. I know one woman who has been reveling in a smart white broadcloth three-piece suit this winter who by a little trick of her own devising managed so that she could wear the gown in the street with a deep fur band, and yet when she desired it for house use the band could be removed. For the fur band was attached to the skirt by means of the little fasteners similar to those used on gloves, so that it was no trouble at all to put it on, or take it off.

Velvet, ottoman silk, satin and chiffon are the materials which will be employed for these bands on the white summer frocks and tailored suits. I said summer, but really the early spring is certain to see the white tailored suit well to the fore on the fashionable promenades.

The new white serges are quite elaborate in design. They will be used for tailored suits, dresses, and long separate coats. The fancy serges intended for coats are quite a bit heavier than those meant for suits, and they are sufficiently elaborate to make very acceptable evening coats for young girls. The designs are in basket weaves of rather small size, and stripes of varying width, but those which appeal most strongly to me are the inch-wide stripe alternating with a pencil strip. Imagine how stunning this would be made into one of the long draped coats, and lined with one of the new reds; this lining turned up to face the wide cuffs and revers, and fastened in front with a single big, red button embroidered in white and gold. It would almost pay to be young to be the possessor of such a natty garment.

The basket weave serges will make stylish tailored suits, and are susceptible of braid and button ornamentation. There are some new Directoire models in suit coats in which the front reaches only to the waist line, while the back is some eighteen inches longer. But really at the moment of writing it is quite too early to speak with authority of tailored suit fashions.



Photo by Henri Mann
AN ODD AND ATTRACTIVE HAT BY ELIANF

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THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

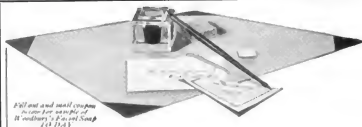
Fruit of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to the who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the suavity of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelops the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

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The Eleventh Year (1911)
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Photo by Fells
A NOVEL AUTO BONNET OF STRAW, LINED WITH SILK

However, I notice that the best dressed women among those who are always a season in advance of the general fashions, are wearing jackets of fantastic cut, often with bias lines in both front and back. Quantities of buttons are used of the material of the suit, of velvet or satin, and small ones of some composition. All are of matching color to the fabric which they ornament. The tiny buttons are used to accent the bias lines of the jacket, when these lines come over the hips. They are likewise used in the same position on the skirts.

Dainty ball gowns for young girls carry many good ideas for the construction of summer frocks of wash fabrics. These mostly have tunic skirts which end just above or just below the knees. The latter will be found to be more becoming generally, because a tunic of that length does not detract from the height of the wearer, and so gives an appearance of greater slenderness. The underskirt is composed of a slightly full flounce of the transparent material, often finished with a band of lace trimmed with colored ribbon. Over this band the tunic falls. It can be thus seen how highly desirable the heavy laces will be.

Bodices are always draped, and will have the deep V opening reaching to the high narrow girdle. This opening is often filled in to produce a square neck effect, while the flat lace collar or other trimming accents the long lines of the V opening.

Ball and dinner gowns for older women have the bodices generally in one or two styles. One is the entire bodice made of lace with a point of the skirt reaching up over it in front. The other is the one-sided drapery, that of the left side of lace, net or other transparent material, and that of the right side of a contrasting sheer material, or the material of the skirt. When the contrast is not too great in color and material the effect is excellent, but when the contrast is great the nude effect is too much for this style to appeal to the more refined women.

One of the new and clever ideas in maternity dresses is to be found in the Leonard model, which is self adjustable, and requires absolutely no alteration either at the bottom of the skirt or the waistline during the entire period of its use. The very latest styles and fabrics can be used in this form of dress, so that women who require such mode of apparel may now be as fashionably dressed as the women in normal health. The prices according to the materials selected range from twenty-two to one hundred dollars.

The double-faced satins and silks should be highly desirable for spring and summer wraps, particularly in this country, where we require so little warmth. Long wraps are desirable, because they are so picturesque, and serve so admirably to protect the light-colored gown worn beneath. The double-faced satins answer all requirements for such wraps in a most excellent manner. They were so new last spring that they were not generally accepted. Then came the winter season, which put them quite out of the running because of their lack of warmth. So that in a few weeks many women will find them just the thing for a great number of occasions. And be it added that at the present moment these double-faced satins can be had at very advantageous prices, because some of the shops stocked up on them in the autumn in anticipation of a big demand, which did not materialize for the reason already stated.

Linings of contrasting color continue to be used in the most expensive and elegant wraps. A magnificent opera wrap which I saw the other day in the process of making was of lovely dull rose and gold brocade—only twenty-five dollars a yard—lined with a dull blue satin veiled with chiffon, and trimmed with skunk. When women put as much money as that wrap will cost into a garment, they are not likely to select a style that is a hack number. All which goes to prove that there will be a number of women wearing spring and summer wraps of double-faced satin.

Speaking of contrasting colors, Maudie Odell, in "Little Boy Blue," wears a combination of dark apple green and russet brown that is exceedingly artistic. The character she presents is eccentric, and therefore, the clothes have been chosen to accord with the character. For those who appreciate brilliant colors there are many good suggestions to be obtained from the costumes worn by Miss Odell.

Miss Bryan, who plays the part of Little Boy Blue, wears in the last act a delightfully simple white evening gown which, in its excellent lines and charming style, should serve as an excellent example to many young girls.

Another charming white evening gown is worn by Miss Mary Boland who supports John Drew in "A Single Man." This gown is of crepe chamoise with a bodice mostly of lace in the exact shade of the silk.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.



Photo by Henry Marnett
A PRETTY HAT BY LENTHERIC IN BLACK VELVET WITH WHITE AIGRETTE

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

When taking a course of face treatments, it is highly desirable, I have discovered, to find a woman of refinement and pleasing personality. I am, therefore, very glad to recommend a lady who is at the head of one of the best establishments in this city. Furthermore, she has the great ability to select and train her assistants, so that they not only are skilled in their profession, but have, to a great extent, the delicacy of touch that characterizes their chief. That this lady has the qualities I have ascribed to her is evidenced by the fact that the establishment, of which she is the head, numbers among its clientele many of the best known society women of this and other American cities. Naturally, it is impossible for this lady to give all the treatments, but her eye is everywhere, and she supervises every treatment that is given in the establishment, and it is, undoubtedly, for this reason, that all the patrons of the establishment are so enthusiastic about it.

Now that the social season is well under way, it will, no doubt, be of interest to many women to know of a place where they can go to be beautified for the evening's social engagement. The eyes must be lustrous and sparkling for the opera, the theatre or the dance. The skin must glow, and must have just the right rosy tint to be attractive under the searching electric light. It requires the professional touch to set off the natural charms, even of the debutante. The proper powders and other cosmetics require skill in their selection for the evening event. Any woman can soon learn what best becomes her for day occasions, but it is another story for the evening, and if one wants to do this correctly, one must at least take lessons in the art from a skilled professional.

A toilet cream that is guaranteed by the maker to be always absolutely pure and fresh, and never to contain any harmful substance, and which is highly endorsed by such well-known women as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mme. Tetrazzini, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, and countless others, is now within the reach of every one. It is to be had for the moderate price of \$1 a jar, and it may be added that all the value is put in the cream itself, and not in an ornate package. To obtain the best results, one has only to follow faithfully and persistently the directions that go with the cream. For special cases, the advice of this expert maker is always at the service of the user of his cream.

I saw the other day such a lovely, quaint Colonial tea set, given by Mrs. Cleveland to a friend for Christmas. The decorations

were gold bands and the recipient's monogram also in gold. The whole thing was so artistic that I asked where it came from, and immediately made a visit to the shop. It is a most original place, where they make a specialty of decorating china to order, and at such moderate prices that they are simply astonishing. For example, a French china tea set, which I intend to possess, is only \$15. This consists of a dozen cups and saucers, decorated with gold band, handles and monogram, and a tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher with gold band and handles. I could not have the monogram on these, because I chose that old fashioned, quaint fluted design, the style one so often sees in old silver, but which I never before found in china. A china teapot is so much more hygienic than a silver one, yet it is so difficult to get really artistic shapes in china that I feel I have made an important discovery in this little shop. I say "little shop" because in the showroom only samples of these shapes are shown, yet there is such a profusion of these that there is a shape to suit every taste. The plain white shapes are shown in both French china and Healeck, the latter being more expensive than the French china, as most of you no doubt know. There are not only afternoon tea sets, but entire breakfast and dinner sets, and all sorts of odd pieces, such as vases, bowls and comports. A comparison shows that for this individual china the prices are no more than for that which is already decorated. For example, raminiks with plates are only \$8.50 a dozen, and this includes the decoration. Besides all which the owner is never too busy to give his special attention to a customer.

Now that lace fichus, collars and frills are so much the vogue dainty jeweled pins to hold them in place are an actual necessity to every woman's toilet. Smart women are using long bar pins to hold the side frill to the shoulder. I saw some unusually attractive bar pins in lace work designs that were set with sapphires, amethysts and topazes. The settings were gold hand work, and the prices ranged from \$12.50 to \$28, those at \$17 and \$18 being particularly effective. Colored stones are being more and more used for daytime occasions, the idea being that the stone shall harmonize with the color of the gown or its trimmings. This idea is even carried out in earrings, and it is truly astonishing how many women wear earrings nowadays. For formal occasions pearls and diamonds, or combinations of these stones, are used for earrings, but for morning use colored stones with pearls or diamonds are considered more elegant. Some unique designs set with these stones were shown me at from \$32 to \$85, all of which were beyond criticism.

Bind Your Numbers of the

THEATRE MAGAZINE

See page 22 for particulars

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

The name and the scene

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PLAY DIARY

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Specimen Pages

See 31 Page 4 to 5 in book

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 132

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Photo Sarony, N. Y.

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT OF MME. SIMONE

The distinguished French actress now appearing in this country in Maurice Donnay's comedy, "The Return from Jerusalem," and other plays



White Chas. Quartermore Olive Temple Midge Titheridge Evelyn Berthome
Act II. Lady Atwill (Olive Temple): "You're a nice lot. Why didn't you tell me breakfast was ready?"
SCENE IN MESSRS. HEMMERLE AND NEILSON'S SUCCESSFUL COMEDY, "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL," AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

HARRIS, "THE TALKER." Play in three acts by Marion Fairfax. Produced on January 8 last with the following cast:

Harry Lenox.....Tully Marshall	Maud Fells.....Betts Dunn
Kate Lenox.....Lillian Albertson	Leonidas Whinston.....Malcolm Duncan
Ruth Lenox.....Pauline Lord	Leslie Smith.....Isabelle Terton
Mr. Fells.....Wilson Day	Elizabeth.....Elaine Foster

Marion Fairfax's play, "The Talker," is very suggestive of the part that women can play in the affairs of life, and that they are playing in the affairs of the drama. The most thoughtful, if not always the most successful, plays within the last season or two have been written by women.

The idea in the present piece is good, but unevenly carried out. While the play does prove that evil may come of too much talking in uttering silly theories about the emancipation of women, it is the futility of the theories rather than the talking that is the gist of it. A wife who has tired of the stupid seclusion of life in a suburb, belongs to a club which discusses women's rights. She not only talks but writes essays on the subject. Her husband's sister falls under the influence of her talk and gets it into her silly head that every woman has "a right to live her own life." The result is that she elopes with a married man of the neighborhood, is abandoned in Chicago, and steals back home to borrow money from her sister-in-law to go further and fare better at honest work. She had thrown over her honest young lover, to whom she was engaged, and at the last moment he sends a note saying that he will marry her, or words to that effect.

Pauline Lord made a lovely, foolish and then pathetic figure of Ruth. Of course, you can sympathize with a girl in her plight, whether she is silly or not, and her story, as it is unfolded in the scenes will make many weep, only to dry their eyes promptly because the solution is too easy. In itself each scene in which she figures in the last act is touching. Her brother catches sight of her as she is about to slip out of the door, goes over to her, and without a word folds her to his breast. Tully Marshall understands how to make the most out of such a situation by doing the least. On the whole, however, he is hardly the ideal actor for the part, good an actor as he is. He was effective enough in a way, but he does not "look the part," as the professional saying is. He has some good scenes, and makes his points, too.

THE NEW PLAYS

The strongest scene in the play is where the husband renounces his wife after berating her soundly for talking too much of her theories, and humbles her into repentance and renunciation of her foolish ideas.

The play is in three acts, and each act has scenes of equal opportunities, if not of force. The piece is a comedy, a satire and a tragedy. The comedy is well carried out, with the exception of the doings of a servant girl and her admirer, who is accommodating enough to bring in the wood for the fire. Mr. Fells, a neighbor of the Lenox family, as played by Wilson Day, is an amusing person. He no sooner gets home of evenings than he is sent out by his wife for bread. He earns his right to be in the play. Kate Lenox, the wife, is played by Lillian Albertson in a pleasing and effective way. She is comely, and is not in appearance the strong-minded woman. That is entirely fitting. She is not silly, either, in manner or talk; she is foolish in believing, or half believing, silly women's emancipation talk. The play is well acted, entertaining in passages, pathetic in parts, but it is unconvincing, except in a general way. It may gain a foothold, however, on the merits of its good intent.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL." Play in four acts by Edward G. Hemmerle, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P. Produced January 9 with the following cast:

George Adamson, M. P.....Felix Susskind	Jacques.....Walter Claxon
Rudrick Collingwood, C. Quartermore	Director.....John Wilmer
Lord Elchebar.....Evelyn Berthome	Foreman.....James Stuart
Sir John Burroughs.....Herbert Budd	Lady Atwill.....Olive Temple
Sir Robert Pyffe.....Solney Valentine	Pauline.....Loretta Wells
Gervaise McArthur.....Lewis Broughton	Footman.....Frank Deiser
Stuart Menzies.....Denis Clough	Picard.....Midge Titheridge

There is a story behind the New York presentation of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," if not a moral. It at least emphasizes Henry Arthur Jones' dictum that no matter how good and effective a play a dramatist may turn out, its public acceptance must depend upon the manner in which it is acted. This play, by Edward G. Hemmerle, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P., is an excellent case in point.

The story of a divorce case, the piece had a prosperous career in London, where the rôle of the co-respondent was acted with passionate fervor by Lewis Waller. The American rights to it

were secured by Charles Frohman, who tried it for several weeks in various Western cities with an English cast supporting a very young American actress in the rôle of the bitterly misunderstood heroine. The response was such that Mr. Frohman decided to withdraw it. For sentimental reasons, perhaps, Mr. Waller resented this treatment of the play that had stood him in such good stead, so he bought out the local rights, picked up some of the original players, cabled to England for Miss Madge Titheradge to come over, and under his own management presented it at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. The general press reception was fairly cordial, but the box office is telling a different story, and if indications do not go awry, Mr. Waller has an attraction that most sympathetically appeals to women, and what women approve of in the playhouse spells pecuniary success.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" is one of those plays written to and from a big crucial scene; and to provide for it the authors first give two acts in which the imprudent, but not criminal, conduct of Peggy, the very young wife of the Rt. Hon. George Adamston, M. P., is set forth; to be followed by the court room scene, in which the neglected, flighty and impulsive young wife figures as a witness in a divorce suit, of which she is the defendant. This is the big scene, and most effective is it. The detail of the picturesque proceedings in an English court are perfectly carried out, and Peggy's heroic defense in the face of much damaging evidence results in a scene of sustained dramatic interest and great sympathetic appeal. The fourth act neatly and briefly unmasks a jealous and designing woman who plotted against the heroine and brings her and her husband together again.

Peggy is a star part, and in its interpretation Miss Titheradge



White LAURETTE TAYLOR
Now appearing in "The Bird of Paradise"

leaped into immediate favor and showed herself to be a magnetic and graceful comedienne and an emotional artist of compelling worth. There was earnest fervor in Charles Quartermaine's rendering of the lover and reserved dignity in Eille Norwood's husband. A stolid and obtuse Englishman was acted with perfect naturalness and humor by Evelyn Beerbohm, and a wonderfully impressive performance was given by the counsel for the plaintiff by Sidney Valentine. Suave, insinuating, courteous, but implacably insistent, he breathed the K. C. to the life.

HUDSON. "THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM." Play in four acts by Maurice Donnay. English adaptation by Owen Johnson. Produced January to with the following cast:

Michel Aubert, Arnold Daly; Lazare Hordels-son, Earle Browne; Emile Aubert, Charles Har- lory; M. Aubert, Wilfred Foster; Dr. Lardau, K. L. Dietz; Vowenberg, Geoffrey Stem; Treveres, Norman Thilly; Messias, Edward Lester; Captain George Anner, Charles Francis; Alkier, Claus Ruge; Son- champ, Theodore Langdon; Servant, David Paulson; Henriette de Chouas, Miss Sumner; Suzanne Au- bier, Helene Johnson; Andree Daincourt, Ivy Trout- man; Marie Aubert, Louise Rol; Mme. Someloup, Belle Starr; Mme. Alkier, Gerce Mels; Maud, Helen Wetherby.

It is pleasant to note the rehabilitation of Madame Simone into critical and popular favor with us after her dis- couraging reception on her first appearance in New York. Her third play, "The Return from Jerusalem," is morally as distasteful as "The Whirlwind," and is certainly not better as a play than "The Thief." Her qualities as exhibited were practically the same in all, and her art, not a variable accomplishment, was never lacking. Wherein then consists her present excellence and new favor? We have simply become better acquainted with her. She is not a great actress, but a very good one, and in "The Return from Jerusalem" she plays with conviction.

The piece itself, political and social with reference to a recent past in Paris, has no particular interest here, where it most in- terested there. The question of the army, intermarriage between



Hall Howard Hall Muriel Starr Wilton Lockage Ouida Bergette Frank Sheridan Wm. Frederic Malcolm Williams
Act III. The Junter of Peace renders his decision in favor of John Marshall
SCENE IN CHARLES T. DAZEY'S PLAY, "THE STRANGER," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

Jews and Gentiles, with which it deals, are not of first importance here. As a character study, with situations and dramatic moments, the play is at once repulsive and attractive. A Jewish young woman, free in her tendencies of thought, ambitious socially and intellectually, marries a Gentle to gain position and the means of advancement. He is stupid and uninteresting, an impossible person for her. She loses no time in falling in love with a more intellectual and more physically agreeable man. He is married, but becomes infatuated with her, goes off and lives with her, his wife threatening a divorce.

The home of the illicit lovers is the resort of all sorts of intellects. The woman, who had become a Catholic in form, retains all her Jewish prejudices, her lover hating her people. On one occasion he drives one of the visitors out of the house because of his outspoken views. Incidents of the kind growing out of this state of affairs afford spirited scenes. We see the progress and the abatement of the passion of these two lovers, she sometimes a purring cat, at other times as fierce as a tigress. They quarrel and she goes back to her people. The play is intended as a strong anti-semitic argument. The intent is to show the incompatibility of temperament of the Jewess and the Gentle. But M. Donnay is not convincing. His heroine, a faithless wife, is not representative of her race; his hero, a vacillating cad, cannot be taken seriously.

From the artistic point of view, Madame Simone was better, perhaps, than in her other plays, largely because she had taken heart again. Why, in such circumstances, should not her comedy be lighter, and even her voice in certain passages more vibrant

and decisive? As a character she was a cat, a very disagreeable one; but her faith in her own race saved her, as a character, from contempt. Arnold Daly, as the lover, performed a miracle of seeming to be devoid of self-consciousness, and acted with discretion; and that is saying a great deal.

The cast was well chosen, Miss Selene Johnson being as happy in her acting as she was unhappy in the circumstances of her life. The play is a success of curiosity more than of merit, but for its purpose it is artistic enough.



MAUDIE TITHERAGE
Young English actress as Peggy in "A Butterfly on the Wheel" at the Thirtieth Street Theatre

KNICKERBOCKER. "Kismet." Play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced December 25 with the following cast:

Haji, Otto Skinner; The Muezzin, T. Tamamoto; The Imam Mahmud, Del. De Louis; A. Mufit, John Webster; The Guide Nasir, Sydney Mathers; The Sheik Jawan, Sheridan Black; The Beggar Kasim, Macey Harlan; Amra, Daniel Jarrett; Zaid, Harrison Carter; Amra's Apprentice, Gregory Kelly; The Caliph Abdallah, Fred Eric; The Waiter Abu Bakr, Henry Mitchell; The Waiter Mansour, Hamilton Revelle; Katur, George Belchy; Maronah, Rita Jolivet; Narij, Georgia Woodthorpe; Kaherah, Amelia Barleoni; Mishah, Merle Maddera; Kural-Kulub, Eleanor Gordon; The Almah, Violet Rumer.

As a remarkable scenic spectacle, as an extraordinary stage picture of life in the luxurious, sensuous East, in the fabulous days of Haroun-al-Raschid, this drama, which has attracted large crowds for months in London, deserves to take rank among the most curious and interesting theatrical productions of the present season. Seldom, if ever, has the theatre seen such wonderful settings, such sumptuousness of *mise-en-scène*, such astonishing wealth of detail, such dazzling tableaux of barbaric splendor and magnificence. The atmosphere of the ancient East, with its mysticism and fatalism, its richness and warmth of color, its odors of spices and incense, its glittering mosques, beautiful pal-



Moffet

EDDIE FOY AS MADISON PARKE, AND CHORUS, IN "OVER THE RIVER," AT THE GLOBE

aces and opalescent skies—all this is admirably reproduced. Artistically, the piece deserves the highest praise; to many spectators it will suffice that the scenic embellishment is the most lavish, the most novel they ever witnessed. But it is not enough to fill and dazzle the eye; the average theatregoer demands something more than mere tableaux. Stripped of its Oriental atmosphere and its glittering costumes and brilliant appurtenances, "Kismet" is old-style melodrama and tank drama at that, for a swimming pool is introduced in the Hammam of Mansur's palace, apparently

an unknown lover. Hajj goes with joyous heart to kill the Caliph, but his blow is powerless, because of the latter's coat of mail. The beggar is thrust into a dungeon, where he again finds his old enemy, whom he strangles. Putting on the dead man's clothes, he escapes and goes to the Harem of Mansur, whom he pretends to identify as his own son. He tells him to kneel to receive his blessing, thrusts a knife into his back and gleefully watches him drown in his own bath. The Caliph arrives, and telling the astonished Hajj he is the unknown suitor of his daughter, and that he



White Charlotte Walker Berton Churchill W. S. Hart Willard Robertson
SCENE IN EUGENE WALTER'S DRAMATIZATION OF JOHN FOX JR.'S NOVEL "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

only so that Hajj, the murderously inclined hero, may gloat as he watches his enemy drown.

The piece is characteristically Oriental, and is of the crudest possible construction, the respective scenes hanging together by the merest thread of preposterous narrative. Some of the incidents are so childish, so naively hackneyed and trite—take, for example, the substitution scene in the dungeon, where Hajj strangles a fellow prisoner and escapes in his clothes,—as to make one wonder why such an inconsequential piece of theatrical carpentry should have been considered worthy of so elaborate a scenic investiture. A page from the "Arabian Nights," the story is characteristically Oriental. Hajj, a vigorous, conscienceless beggar, who would just as soon kill as pray, is first seen at the door of the Mosque soliciting alms. Those who give he blesses hypocritically; those who refuse he curses roundly. Passes a man who seduced his wife and killed his son. Not recognizing his enemy, Hajj cries out for charity, and the man, revealing himself, throws him a purse. The beggar spits on the gold, but, on second thought, takes it to purchase in the bazaar gifts for his daughter and fine clothes for himself. Being a natural born thief, he steals more than he pays for. He is arrested and taken before the wicked Wazir Mansur, who orders his hand to be cut off. He will spare him on condition that he assassinate the Caliph. The Wazir also agrees to marry his daughter, who is wooed by

will marry her, sends him into exile. The beggar once more solicits alms at the door of the Mosque, while his daughter shares the Caliph's throne.

The part of Hajj is played by Otis Skinner, a splendid actor, whose art is not seen at its best in this rôle. He presents a superb and picturesque figure, first in the rags of the sturdy mendicant, and again in the costly stolen robes, but somehow the actor fails to strike a true note. He is not convincing; his performance is insincere. The part of the crafty, vindictive, blood-thirsty beggar demands that it be played in a grand manner, as if Hajj himself were a firm believer in fatalism, and convinced that his fierce hatreds, his vices, his uncontrollable passions, were part of his nature, traits he is powerless to resist. Acting the part in comic opera style attracts undue attention to all that is fantastic and impossible in both character and play, and thus immediately destroys all possible illusion. To our modern Western minds, the situations are wholly absurd, and Mr. Skinner plays his part with grim humor, as if he were quite of the same opinion, but it is unfortunate for, in this way, the audience is never permitted to forget that it is all unreal.

Rita Jolivet is a colorless and not very interesting heroine. Hamilton Revelle makes a strikingly handsome Wazir, and Fred Eric is distinguished and sympathetic as the Caliph. The stage management is admirable.



White

LILLIAN LORRAINE

Now appearing with Eddie Foy in "Over the River"

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S, "Just to Get Married," Comedy in three acts by Cicely Hamilton. Produced January 1 with this cast:

Sir Theodore Grayle... F. Owen Baxter	Adam Lankaster..... Lyn Harding
Lady Catherine Grayle... Emily Fitzroy	Mrs. Macarthy..... Lucille Watson
Ted Grayle..... Emma Chester	Frances Mellish..... Carolyn Kenyon
Bertha Grayle..... Mona Morgan	A. Footman..... George Donald
Emmeline Vicary..... Grace George	Dabbins..... John May

There is no American actress before the public to-day, whose art has shown such marked and admirable advancement as that of Grace George. Always a skilled performer of much personal charm, Miss George has now become the acknowledged leader in the field of high comedy. It is much to be regretted that her new piece did not have that enduring quality which makes for a long run, but if it did nothing more it showed Miss George in a most gracious light, and revealed the competent and refined character of the make-up of the Playhouse Company, which supports her.

It is just a simple story which "Just to Get Married" tells. There is no secondary interest, no complications, practically no suspense, and therein lies its weakness, for the original fable was entirely too tenuous for the basis of an entertainment calculated to fill out an entire evening. One-half of the first act showed that Emmeline Vicary was a dependent niece. That all her relations wanted her to marry Adam Lankaster, a rich and bashful young man, was iterated again and again. The engagement was finally accomplished, after a proposal scene on the lines of the Helen and Modus episode, which brought the first curtain down. The second act showed Emmeline in revolt. She decided she would not sacrifice Adam, as she didn't love him, broke the engagement, and, to evade her disgusted and acrimonious relatives, went out into the stormy night and started for London to prove her independence. At the railroad station she meets Adam again, and in a farcical scene, in which the inclement weather played an active part, found she did love him after all, and off they started for London to be married without any fuss or feathers.

While all this resulted in a great deal of repetition of words and ideas, the characters were deftly sketched and the dialogue bristled with womanly observations of witty import. Miss George graphically revealed the Emmeline, who had to get married because she was incapable of doing anything else. She expressed with nicety the young woman's weaknesses and strength of character, and acted the final scene with a blending of farce, sentiment and dependency that was charmingly feminine. Lyn Harding, Miss George's new leading man, is an Englishman of commanding presence. Adam is a rôle which makes little demand of a skilled player. Mr. Harding played it with perfect ease and effectiveness. All the other rôles were pleasantly handled, and the stage settings showed a refining hand.

DALY'S, "THE BIRD OF PARADISE." Play in three acts by Richard Walton Tully. Produced January 8 with the following cast:

Liliha..... Virginia Reynolds	Hesahewa..... Albert Perry
Maka..... Jane Meredith	Lani..... Laurette
Kanoa..... W. K. Koolomoku	Paul Wilcox..... Lewis S. Stone
Kapule..... B. Waiwale	Captain Hatch..... Theodore Roberts
Sahe..... S. M. Kakaue	Mr. Spenally..... Mrs. Estar Banks
Kuhini..... A. Kawala	Mrs. Spenally..... Pamela Gayther
Louquale..... W. B. Akoe	"Ten Thousand Dollar" Dean G. B. Post
Mahomahu..... Ida Waterman	Hehena..... Robert Hartman
Kaka..... Herbert Farjeon	Tomato..... Clyde Crawford
Hopoe..... Nona Kelly	Mrs. Crothers..... Margaret Nagle
Konia..... Nance Caldwell	Mr. Lamson..... Craig Miner
Lemuel..... Van R. Townsend	

Presented for the first time in this city at Daly's, and since removed to the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where it is the current attraction, Oliver Morosco's production, "The Bird of Paradise," has sounded a new note in the romantic drama. It is an Hawaiian play, and is from the pen of Richard Walton Tully, known here as co-author with David Belasco in the composition of "The Rose of the Rancho." The new piece is a tremendous advancement over the previous one in literary quality, poetical imagination, character drawing and dramatic substance. It contains a big theme, which, if at times is not entirely realized, is treated so immeasurably above the average offering at a Broadway playhouse that it deserves to be accounted as one of the really big achievements of recent years. It further gives evidence of a close and observant study of Hawaiian customs and superstitions, and the wonderful changes that the languorous climate and its exotic environment make in the (Continued on page ix)

SCENES IN "THE WEDDING TRIP" AT THE BROADWAY



White Edward Mortitude Dorothy Jordan
Act II. Aza tells Malta she loves him



Gwen Dubarry Joseph Phillips Fritz von Bosing
Act II. Basille and Lotta meet the American tourist



White Gwen Dubarry J. J. McCloskey Fritz von Bosing Christine Nielsen
Act III. Felix exposed by his wife and sweethearts



From Sketch, London

Maria Carmi as the Madonna

The miraculous image gives a cripple the use of his limbs

Natcha Trouhamea as the Nun

"The Miracle" Attracts All London to the Olympia

CABLE despatches from London state that vast crowds are flocking to see "The Miracle," a stupendous production, with music by Humperdinck, which is being given at the Olympia on a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, attempted in the British metropolis. The story is similar to that of Maeterlinck's play, "Sister Beatrice," seen at the New Theatre, in this city, in which a nun runs away from the convent into the world and returns, after drinking her fill of the world, to find that her place in the convent has been taken meanwhile by the Virgin Mary.

"For his plot," says the London *Times*, "Dr. Karl Vollmöller has gone to that old High German or Dutch legend out of which John Davidson made a fine ballad and M. Maeterlinck his play. The story begins and ends in a vast cathedral, attached to a vast convent. In the centre, under a towering gold canopy, stands a miracle-working image of the Virgin and Child; and when, in the dim light of dawn, the nuns have gathered round it and sung their office, the great west doors are thrown open, and the people crowd in to celebrate the Virgin's fête, headed by an ecclesiastical procession of unexampled splendor—if, necessarily, rather empty of significance. Above the burden of the nuns' prayers rise the people's anthems and *Ave Marias*. Behind the people come the cripples; there is a miraculous cure; the cathedral is crowded with people, all inspired with joy and fervor. Slowly as this pitch has been reached, it as slowly subsides. The nuns go one way, the people another; and at last the great church is empty, save for the gleaming statue in its blazing robe and crown, and for one solitary nun, to whom is left the care of it—with the keys of the

cathedral. Those keys she uses before she should. Outside the great west door there is piping and singing. The children are there, and children she cannot resist. She lets them in, plays with them, dances with them, and the love of playing and dancing gets hold of her. For, with the children, she had admitted some one else; the gay, sinister figure of a wandering Spielmann, whose pipe is the call of the blood. That call she must obey. In vain she kneels before the Virgin, passionately praying; in vain she snatches, in a frenzy, the Child from the Virgin's arms. Her grasp closes on air. And when the Spielmann brings in the armor-clad knight, whose great horse is waiting under the pine trees on the hill outside, her piety is not so strong as his arms. They ride away into the night; and then the sacred image, now empty-armed, rises slowly to its feet, puts off the gold crown and the gold robe, and puts on the black veil and the gray robe which the nun had left, with her vows, behind her.

"The intermezzo pictures the truant's life in the sudden and various world of medieval Germany. There were to have been seven scenes; on Saturday not all were given. The cathedral is now but a shell; so far as may be it is not there. We are out in the world; and in the world we see the knight killed and the nun captured by a robber baron; we see the nun weary of her fierce lover, dancing listlessly on the banqueting table to amuse his rough court, and filling the eye of the chief guest, the King's son. We see the King's son and the robber baron dicing for the possession of her, the King's son winning the throw, and the robber baron killing himself for grief. Then comes the mock-marriage

(Continued on page 12)



From Sketch, London

The Spielmann and the Nun

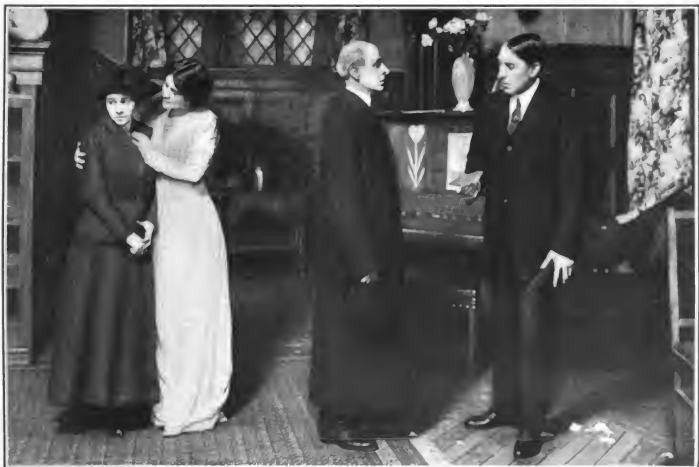
Scenes in Marion Fairfax's New Play "The Talker" at the Harris Theatre



Pauline Lord Tully Marshall
Act I. "Please don't say anything to him now"



Tully Marshall Lillian Albertson
Act III. "Let me see that letter!"



White Pauline Lord Lillian Albertson Wilson Day Tully Marshall
Act III. Harry Lenox (Tully Marshall): "Ruth has come back home to us"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
The Widow Bardell (Laura Joyce
Bell) in "Pickwick"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Landlord (Blondell); Swisseller (Max Fignan); Mr. Garland (Wm. Seymour); Quelp (P. A.
Anderson); Sampson Brass (H. Sparling), in "Old Curiosity Shop"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
The Boodle (Ed. E. Lyons) in
"Oliver Twist"

WHAT the stage and the dramatist owe to the genius of Charles Dickens can hardly be measured in words.

About the time Dickens had burst upon the world of letters in England (1830-40) one Eugene Scribe was doing for French dramatic literature just what this gifted Englishman was doing for all writers of fiction in England.

It was Scribe who paved the way to discard the old-fashioned "conversational drama," creating and founding the school of picture dramatists, whose work is so much in vogue to-day; and however much his "school" may have been improved upon since Scribe lived and wrote, unconsciously or subconsciously, the working dramatists of to-day, even those who may never have read Scribe or even flouted his method, owe him a debt they can never repay. Dickens, in novel form, is the Scribe of English literature. His novels are picture plays. Situation follows upon situation, character touches, innumerable bits of business, satire, wit, drama, comedy, tragedy, are all admirably blended, and his prolificness was like Scribe's—boundless. It is the fashion to flout Dickens, to call him stogy, his characters freaks, his pathos, bathos, and so on, but if there ever lived a man who possessed that much vaunted "born dramatic instinct," it was the author of "Pickwick Papers," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Bleak House," "Tale of Two Cities," etc., etc. And, if the most successful dramatists of this country, or of any other country, had one tithe of his facility of invention—well, they might write real plays.

Charles John Huffham Dickens was born at Landport, Portsea, England, February 7, 1812. The world-famous author would, therefore, if still living, be one hundred years old on the 7th of this month. It is not often that we celebrate the centenary anniversary of a writer, who is as much of a friend to-day as when he was writing in the zenith of his fame, yet booksellers everywhere will tell you that of the classics of our literature, Dickens is still the best seller.

The author's father was a naval pay clerk, than which no more unsubstantial asset may be described upon which to bring up a family.

Dickens on the Stage

By HARRY P. MAWSON

(\$1.50 a week). It was about this period that the Dickens family moved to Camden Town, at that time one of the most sordid

suburbs of London. And undoubtedly it was the scenes, trials and tribulations of their life there which sowed the seeds for the pictures of the poverty-stricken, and people in the humble walks of life, that form the bed-rock of Dickens' genius. Later on his father was confined as an insolvent debtor in Marshalsea Prison, and therein were laid the scenes of "Little Dorrit." Passing over many experiences to that which finally shaped his destiny, Dickens became a stenographer and law reporter, and then parliamentary reporter. It was out of these day-to-day adventures, one may say, that he wrote his first sketches under the pseudonym of "Boz."

His first, and practically his only play, was a farce entitled "Strange Gentleman," written in 1836, when he was twenty-four, and then another called "Village Coquettes," but these were his only direct contributions to the stage, and, as his books were turned into plays as quickly as they were published, there was no need for Dickens himself to write for the stage.

In appearance (as this writer, when a young boy in 1898, remembers him read in the old Concert Hall, Philadelphia, and shook hands with him after the reading) Dickens was a typical, thick-set, solidly built Englishman of the middle class, with thin hair of an auburn hue, and a full, straggly beard, a pair of twinkling eyes, and a trick of digging deep down into the right-hand pocket of his trousers when in conversation, as if he were amused at one of his own witticisms. He had the features and the figure that one often sees in the family portraits of the Englishmen who settled in Pennsylvania, and not at all the characteristics of the Cavaliers who settled in Maryland and Virginia.

Dickens made two reading tours in this country—one in 1842 and the other in 1867-8. On both occasions, particularly in 1842, the public stopped over about him. Literary lions were scarce in those days, and the country lost its head. There were balls, dinners and



CHARLES DICKENS



Copy's Byron, N. Y.
Sam Weller (Dagby Bell)
in "Pickwick"



Copy's Byron, N. Y.
Jingle (Gran Stewart) in
"Pickwick"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.

SCENE IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

celebrations of all kinds. On top of this, Dickens went back home and wrote his "American Notes," and then all was changed. The country was outraged, and Dickens did not dare to return until the later date, by which time he had been forgiven. There was no such public demonstration on the second visit. We had

become sated on the subject of lions, but the crowds to hear him read were as great as ever. As a reader,

pure and simple, Dickens was a disappointment. His voice was thin and lacked carrying power, and his manner was distinctly nervous and ill at ease. But the charm of hearing the great characters exploited by their creator held the public spellbound.

Almost every book that Dickens wrote has stage possibilities, and practically every one of them has been dramatized—invariably crude plays made more to exploit some actor of that day in a "character" part, because it is in these parts that

Dickens' books abound. All of his characters represented on the stage as "straight parts" are simply hopeless for the actor and the auditor. That is one of the reasons why a "David Copperfield" play has never been a success, while versions written around "Little Em'ly" have done fairly well. David, when translated to the stage, has been found too good to live.

Of the actors of the past who made fame for themselves in Dickens' characters was W. E. Burton, who saw for himself a great part in "Cap'n Cuttle"—Ned Cuttle, as he calls him-

self through the book of "Domby & Son." Nevertheless, the play failed upon its first production, although made by John Brougham, a famous comedian adapter of his day, whose speeches before the curtain alone were worth the price of admission. Later on

it was revived and became a great success. Brougham was to receive \$8.00 a performance. Compare this royalty with the 10 per cent. of the French dramatist and the sliding scale of 5 per cent. on \$4,000, 7½ on the next two, and 10 per cent. on all over \$6,000 of the gross receipts for the American playwright

of to-day, and then determine whether the drama needs elevating. "Cuttle" was first produced at the Chambers Street Theatre in 1840. It was revived again in 1860 by the late Wm. J. Florence, who played it many years after, and it was always considered one of his happiest efforts. When Burton died, Florence bought his costume for the part and really made himself up therewith to be Burton's double.

Undoubtedly the two books of Dickens made into plays that became most famous were "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Bleak House." The first named was again dramatized by Brougham, who this time was paid the lump sum of \$5,000 for what was indeed a very bad play. But enormous audiences crowded to see Lotta double the two parts of "Little Nell and the Marchioness," under which title she played the piece. In those days few of the stars carried along their own support, but played stock engagements at the various stock companies in the large cities of the country. Famous in those days was Mrs. John Drew's

Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and in this company was the most popular light comedian of his day, "Bob Craig," whose work as "Dick Swiveller," (Mr. Richard of Brass' office) is one of those canons of acting that impresses one as



Grandfather and Little Nell in "Old Curiosity Shop"



Sally Bram, Quisp and Sampson in "Old Curiosity Shop"

Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Bill Sykes (Harold Kirkland) in "Oliver Twist"Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Fagin (J. F. Dodson) in "Oliver Twist"Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Nancy Sykes (Annie Brougham) in "Oliver Twist"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Grandfather Trent (John Jack); Little Nell (Mary Sanders); Daniel Quilp (P. Anderson); in
"Old Curiosity Shop"

long as memory lasts. In fact, he was the immortal "Dick" on and off the stage.

There was in the company, too, an actor named Adam Everly, of an old family there, on one side of Quaker origin. Originally he had been a prosperous real estate broker, but becoming stark-staring stage-struck, gave up his business and joined Mrs. Drew's company. He was a desperately bad actor, but there was just one part that he also lived, and that was Daniel Quilp, the ship breaker of Quilp's wharf in "Old Curiosity Shop." How the gallery used to hiss and hate the black dwarf of "the ugliest dwarf seen anywhere for a penny!" During the years that Mr. Everly was on the stage his family treated him as if he were one of the dead.

Their house on Arch Street, only a few blocks from the theatre, had its outside shutters tightly closed, like a house of mourning, and were only re-opened when its master retired from the stage and returned to his original vocation.

Of the living actors of to-day who played with Lotta, there remain still W. J. Ferguson, who played Dick Swiveller, and P. Augustus Anderson, who was also a famous Quilp in his day. Lotta's play was a thing of shreds and patches in many scenes. In this play she introduced some of her specialties, among others doing a dance, on a table in Brass' office, for the delectation of the immortal Dick.

Another, and the latest version of "Old Curiosity Shop," was made by this writer in four acts and five scenes, and produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, January 22, 1900, with Mary Saunders as Little Nell and the Marchioness; Max Figman as Dick; John Jack, Grandfather Trent; Harold Hartsell as Fred Trent; Charles Stanley as Sampson Brass; P. Augustus Anderson as Daniel Quilp, wearing the same costume he used with Lotta; Anne Caverley as Sally Brass, and Wm. Seymour, who also staged the play, as Mr. Garland. In Boston the play had a very successful run, but met with disaster at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, but analogous to Florence in "Cuttle," Figman has revived the "Shop" for himself, and scored heavily as Dick Swiveller.

Perhaps the play that aroused the most comment, and lived longest, was that version of "Bleak House," which Madame Janauschek called "Lady Deadlock's Secret." In her day this actress was estimated one of the greatest actresses of the American stage. Janauschek played or "doubled" the two parts of Lady Deadlock and Hortense, the French maid. It was a crude old play, but the business of the play was so arranged that when Lady Deadlock made an exit on one side of the stage, Hortense immediately made an entrance from the other, and the illusion was so wonderfully complete that there were always unbelievers who declared there were surely two women, and that Janauschek had an understudy.

Mme. Janauschek "turned" this trick by having a black gown made all in one piece to slip on over the other, a wig and a bonnet all ready in the wings, so that it took but a second or two to make the change from one part to the other. The change of voice was also remarkable. Those were the days when actors delighted, as an evidence of versatility and real art, in doubling parts; now, however, in these more practical days, it is out of favor, hack of and in front of the curtain line.

Other women who figure in versions of "Bleak House" were

Dorothy Dene, in 1884 (a noted beauty and model of Sir Alma Tadema), and Jennie Lee acted it ten years earlier in California, playing Poor Jo, the street sweeper. Even before Janauschek there was Laura Keane in 1859, and Jane Coombs again in 1893.

Perhaps it was "The Cricket on the Hearth," with Joseph Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, that lived longer than any other of the Dickens stories on the stage.

Jefferson kept it in his repertoire for fifty years. A version was seen at the old Winter Garden as far back as 1859, where Joe first played Caleb; Agnes Robertson (mother of Kathryn Florence [Mrs. Fritz Williams] and Eleanor Moretti), played Dot; Sara Stevenson, Bertha, and Mrs. John Wood, Tillie Slowboy. In after years Jefferson cut down the play into two acts, and made it part of a bill with "Lead Me Five Shillings."

"Oliver Twist" is another Dickens stage favorite, and all sorts of versions have been made of this book for Charlotte Cushman



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Dick Swiveller (Max Figman); The Marchioness (Mary Sanders); in "Old Curiosity Shop"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Mr. Pickwick (DeWolf Hopper); Wardle (J. K. Adams); Weller, Sr. (Henry Norman), in
"Mr. Pickwick"

down through Mathilda Heron to Elita Proctor Otis. The murdered Nancy Sykes was always a favorite part. But when the business of the murder, as Dickens wrote it, was done, or even approximately attempted, it repelled rather than attracted a public. Nevertheless this book and another we shall talk about later possesses the cleanest cut possibilities for a play of any his genius ever created. J. B. Studley was a famous Bill Sykes when Charlotte Cushman produced her version at the Winter Garden in 1861. Contemporaneous actors who would shine as Bill would be Wilton Lackaye, Holbrook Blinn and George Fawcett.

Charlotte Cushman was again to the fore in another Dickens play, this time as Fanny Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby." In this book-play Mantalini necessarily furnished the character actors a great opportunity. Edmund C. Conner, who often supported Booth, a highly esteemed actor of his day, delighted in playing Mantalini. Clara Fisher Maeder, who lived to a fine old age, and died but a few years ago, once played Nicholas; this was at the Boston Museum about 1848-50. Mrs. J. Montgomery Field (wife of Monte Field, for years manager of the Boston Museum Stock Co.), played Smike. John E. Owens played Newman Noggs in still another version. Of the Mantalini, Charles Walcott is still at work.

One of the last important Dickens plays was a three-act dramatization of the character of Tom Pinch, from "Martin Chuzzlewit," by E. S. Willard, which is, of course, partly American in locale. The first version of this was made by Thomas Higgin and Thomas Hailes Lacy, July 8, 1844, and done at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Among the famous old-timers seen in the several versions were Mrs. Wood as Master Bailey, William Davedge, Ben T. Ringgold, C. T. Parsloe (famous to a later generation as the first stage Chinaman on our stage), and J. H. Stoddard, beloved by all who knew him. The Higgin-Lacy play is in three acts, and a fairly good piece of work.

"Pickwick has tempted more dramatists perhaps than any other, and with less satisfactory results. The only satisfactory effort was a one-act play, "Jingle" (Alfred Jingle Esqre), done by Sir Henry Irving, and a companion piece of character acting to his



Scene in "Our Mutual Friend" (from an old print)

"Waterloo." Charles and Mamei Klein also made a musical version of "Pickwick" for De Wolf Hopper, and this was done at the Herald Square Theatre, with lamentable results to Dickens.

"A Tale of Two Cities" was first dramatized by Tom Taylor, and then another version, called "The Only Way," was acted here first by Henry Miller and then by Martin Harvey. In "No Thoroughfare," by Dickens and Wilkin Collins, Charles Fechter was a famous Oberonizer. "The Holly Tree Inn," "Christmas Carol," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," have all been acted, the last from a German version by Franz von Schoenhan and Englished by Margaret Mayo. The last of all is a French version of "Pickwick," which has won success in Paris.

Robert Louis Stevenson declared he could make a play out of "Great Expectations" in four days. When it was done (not, however, by Stevenson) it failed.

Of the actress-managers of 30-40 years ago in New York, none were so famous as Mrs. John Wood. She had been here so long that most people had forgotten that she was an Englishwoman, and when she finally returned to London, in 1860, they thought she was an American. Perhaps Mrs. Wood was more associated with the Dickens characters than any actress of her day. For her reappearance in London she chose her own version of "Barnaby Rudge." Both failed to please, but it was just after our Civil War, and the hard feeling engendered on both sides did not help matters.

There is no doubt but that Dickens had a great passion for the stage. He early associated himself with private theatricals, the stepping-stone for so many actors and playwrights. If ever there was a born dramatist it was he. He had the dramatic instinct—perhaps over-developed. All of his books abound in dramatic pictures, cumulative interest, humor, sheer comic fun, great character drawing and pathos; lacking only in two ingredients, real heroes and real heroines. We assert this, because when his books are translated to the stage, almost without exception they become melodramas, and surely it is difficult to imagine a melo-drama without the regulation lovers, Of villains, Dickens always had a plentiful supply. Then why did he not write



Nancy and Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist"



Scene in "Our Mutual Friend" (from an old print)

(Continued on page 166)



White M. Reschiglian M. Jadowker M. Didur M. Scotti
SCENE IN WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA, "LE DONNE CURIOSE." ACT. I.—IN THE "AMICIZIA" CLUB HOUSE

"Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan Opera House

THE impossible has been accomplished at the Metropolitan Opera House: the hands of time have been turned back centuries by the opera season's second novelty, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Le Donne Curiose." It plays in Venice, the middle of the eighteenth century; its music is Mozartian. Yet its composer lives and breathes the air of Richard Strauss and Giacomo Puccini. A wonder of wonders!

For the sake of record, let it be stated that the first performance in America of "Le Donne Curiose" ("The Inquisitive Women") occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, on Wednesday evening, January 3, 1912. That its libretto is by Luigi Sugana, after a comedy by Carlo Goldoni. The complete cast arranged for the *première*, was as follows:

Ottavio, Alano Didur; Beatrice, Jeanne Maubourg; Rosaura, Geraldine Farrar; Florindo, Hermann Jadowker; Pantalone, Antonio Pini-Corsi; Lelio, Antonio Scotti; Leandro, Angelo Bada; Colombina, Bella Allen; Eleonora, Rita Fornia; Arlecchino, Audrea de Segura; Asdrubale, Pietro Andisio; Almoro, Lambert Murphy; Alvise, Charles Hargreaves; Lamardo, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Mimolo, Paolo Ananian; Mémaga, Giulio Rossi; Un Servitore, Stefan Backerus.

This was the first time that the work was ever sung in Italian, and its composer, a Venetian by birth, of German and Italian parentage, arrived in time for the second performance, having missed the American *première* by a few hours. It was the first time, too, that he had ever really heard the work in public, sung in his native Italian, in the language in

which it was composed. There were many outward demonstrations, customary on such an occasion, but the real, intimate note of his presence was struck behind scenes when, after the second act, he broke down and sobbed like a child and embraced Toscanini, who was conducting the opera.

And now to the opera itself. It is a musical comedy of the highest order, the libretto and the music sparkle with fun. Its plot is a mere thread concerning the curiosity of a lot of women who are consumed with the desire to know what their liege lords and sweethearts do to pass the time at a certain club where petticoats are barred. The women finally succeed in getting the password and a set of keys, and gain access to the domain sacred to mere man. There they discover that the amusement of the men is of the most innocent sort and, being caught, are compelled to seek pardon, which is granted. The opera ends with an "all is forgiven" dance, and, as the curtain falls, there are promises of two weddings booming large on the horizon. That is all—a story of almost childish simplicity.

Yet this plot has moved Wolf-Ferrari to musical expression that for sheer charm has not its equal in the present Metropolitan repertoire. In the first place, the composer has been artistically sincere in the equipment of his orchestra, using none of the modern, ear-splitting devices beloved by the modern music lords. Besides strings and woodwind, he uses but two horns and two trumpets, and yet there is never a suggestion of monotony in orchestral color,



WOLF-FERRARI
Composer of "Le Donne Curiose"

His themes lean strongly on Mozart, Beethoven and occasional suggestions of Bizet. It is, to be quite frank, not a monumentally original work,—but there all cavil ceases. It is so overwhelmingly lovable that any of us poor critics, who have to raise the finger of superior knowledge and point out resemblances of melodies and hint at sources from which these melodic inspirations may have sprung are, I assure you, so heartily ashamed of ourselves that we bow our collective heads in shame, as we are honest men.

Such charming music as the love duets of Act I and II has not been written since Mozart; such exquisite tonal mirroring of a Venetian moonlit scene as precedes the opening picture of the third act has never been done before in opera, as known to mortal critical ears; such wonderful ensemble work, such discriminating use and placement of the recitatives prove the composer a master of his craft. And there are a hundred instances of the same kind, episodes in which the attentive ear revels. As for the mirth, as reflected by the music, there is no end to it. There are moments when the whole orchestra is trilling with laughter, there are other times when the satire is exquisitely told in tones. Never a trace is there of vulgarity anywhere in the score, never a big dramatic thrill, never even a suggestion that life is brutal after all. It is all like some exquisite page out of the diary of a happy man.

The performance itself was wonderful. Toscanini and the principals on stage had slaved like bees for months at this work.

They had rehearsed and rehearsed until they were all ready to drop in their tracks. The result was the most perfect performance that probably ever has been given a new work at this opera house.

The cast was admirably chosen. Geraldine Farrar never looked lovelier than she did as Rosaura, and certainly she never has sung better this season. Jadowlker, as her lover Florindo, sang admirably, and made men bless heaven that in all this welter of dramatic singing there still lives a tenor who has respect for light and exquisite music. Jeanne Manhourg, as the mother, was capital in her acting,—and, as for Bella Allen, as the housemaid, she was faultless. Rita Fornia was the weakest of the quartet of women, due probably to nervousness,—but she suffered only in comparison, for she really would have shone in another ensemble.

Scotti, as an irascible husband, was admirable, so was Didur, in a like rôle. De Seguro, who typifies dignity at this opera house by his usual austere manner, was the surprise of the cast, acting Arlecchino wonderfully, with all the humor of the buffoon of the period, and Pini-Corsi, as the bachelor saint of the club, was very good, although he indulged in his usual extravagances of gesture.

Toscanini was the presiding genius, directing every mood, just



White Rosaura (Geraldine Farrar) Florindo (Hermann Jadowlker)
"LE DONNE CURIOSÉ," ACT II.



White "LE DONNE CURIOSÉ," ACT III. IN WHICH THE WOMEN'S CURIOSITY HAS BEEN SATISFIED AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY



Mishkin **MME. MATZENAUER**
Distinguished German contralto whom the critics
pronounce a very great artist.

really beautiful. Let us accept it as a promise that the whole "Ring" may be born anew scenically in the near future. There was nothing of exceptional moment in the performance, which was a very good one, with familiar principals—Gadski, Burrian, Reiss and Goritz. Putnam Griswold sang the Wanderer for the first time here, but did not distinguish himself.

Tetrazzini has come back to opera here, singing for the first time at the Metropolitan, and repeating her triumphs celebrated at the Manhattan in former years. She has been heard in "Lucia di Lammermoor," when she again sang a contest with the flute and won the battle with trills, staccati and high notes. She showed the same remarkable voice, really a phenomenal voice for those who love these feats of vocal heights and agility. Just occasionally was there a suggestion of shortness of breath, possibly to be blamed on her corsetière. She also sang in "La Traviata," and won plaudits. With her, in the latter opera, there appeared

for the first time this season, Dimitri Smirnof, a Russian tenor, who sang here last season. He is not an unalloyed joy to hear, his voice having little to commend it for the Metropolitan gallery.

The season's first "Armide," one of last year's novelties, again evoked no great ripples of excitement—no more than it had last year, but its excellent cast of Fremstad, Caruso, Amato, Gluck and Matzenauer was its redeeming feature. To be frank, the opera is something of a bore. Not so with the same master's "Orfeo ed Euridice," which was given for the first time this year, and with a new Orfeo, Margarete Matzen-

auer singing that part wonderfully well, and with great dramatic expression. Gadski, Gluck and Sparkes filled the remaining rôles, and Toscanini conducted an admirable performance.

Then there was the advent of a new German tenor, Heinrich Hensel, who made his initial appearance in "Lohengrin." He has a pretty voice, which he forced quite a bit, and he seemed lacking in poetry. Probably future appearances in this opera house will reveal him to better advantage.

His appearance is admirable; he has youth, grace, and good looks, and he acts with considerable dramatic skill.

There was a "Parsifal" performance that made everyone sit up and applaud, and that was when Matzenauer, at short notice, took the place of Fremstad, who was indisposed, singing Kundry for the first time on any stage. She sang and acted with an intelligence that proclaimed her a very great artist, and opera-goers are still talking about her enunciation, which must be a menace to the vendors of librettos, for she pronounced every word so that it was distinctly understood. She gave a remarkable impersonation of this famous character and, considering the circumstances, it was an amazing performance. Burrian sang the title rôle excellently, but there was a new Amfortas, William Hinshaw, who was decidedly lacking in vocal stature. Alfred Hertz led splendidly.

Another surprising one among the month's performances was a "Tosca," which had been put on at the eleventh hour, as Fremstad's indisposition necessitated a change of opera. In this "Tosca" Destinn sang the title rôle for the first time here, although she has sung it often in London. She sang it beautifully, bringing to hearing the full lyric beauties of this part, and arousing her audience to expressions of joy. Caruso sang Cavaradossi for the first time in years, and sang it with extraordinary, appealing quality of tone. Amato was Scarpia, acting it well but singing it much better.

Then there has been Imperial Russian Ballet galore at the Metropolitan, with Mordkin, Katrina Geltzer, Volinine and Schmolz, as principal dancers. They proved a disappointment, on the whole, Mordkin scarcely dancing with all his former vigor, vitality and grace—probably due to his recent operation



Mishkin **SIGNOR CARUSO**
The popular Italian tenor who sang in "Tosca" with
extraordinary quality of tone.



JOSEF LIEVINNE
Famous Russian pianist recently heard
in New York with the Philharmonic
Orchestra



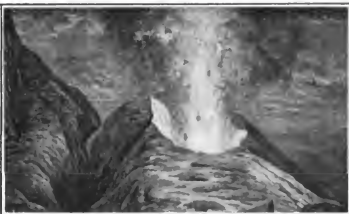
Mishkin **WILHELM BACHAUS**
Eminent German pianist who made his
first American appearance with great
success

(Continued on page 65)



From *Sketch*

1. Warships carried on the shoulders of men walking between painted waves. A naval battle between Russian and Japanese fleets, as represented at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris



2. With flying rocks of painted sponges, debris of paper, and lava of lamp-lit canvas. A volcanic eruption as represented on the stage of the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris

A Naval Battle and a Volcanic Eruption on the Stage



Manoeuvring a Japanese cruiser. The vessel steaming along on the shoulders of two men—a box in the centre yielding smoke—during the naval battle

TWO remarkable stage effects have recently created a sensation at the Théâtre du Châtelet, in Paris—one is a naval battle and the other the eruption of a volcano. The method of realizing the naval battle is very simple.

"The stage," says London *Sketch*, "is encircled with scenery representing the sky, with mist and cloud effects. Between the background and the footlights are rows of painted canvas sea. Affixed to the farthest row (G) are five little immovable wooden men-of-war, about half a yard in length. These are

the reserves in the far distance. On the next row (F) are ships about a yard and a quarter long. These can be moved, and their guns are fired by a man armed with an electric machine, which makes a flash at the mouth of the 'cannon' as he turns on the current. Between the first and second rows of the sea, the ships (E) are about seven feet long, and are each fixed on a machine of sufficient height to show them above the level of the ocean (at D). This machine runs on wheels, and is manipulated by two men concealed within it. One works the machinery, and the other the electrical device for firing the guns, while the smoke from the funnels is obtained by burning paper. A represents waves; B and M are frameworks representing part of a cruiser in the foreground; C is a trap in the stage."

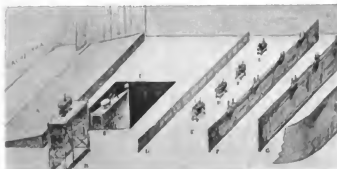
Equally simple are the means by which an awe-inspiring representation of a volcano in action is done:

"Behind the scenery, which represents the rugged opening of the circular crater of the volcano is a funnel-shaped hopper of steel wire (A) with a diameter of between four and five feet at

the top. At the bottom it is connected with pipes (D), which carry compressed air. In front of this hopper, nearer the footlights, is a larger one (H), made of sheet-iron and, instead of being open, doubled on itself, so that it forms a narrow semi-circular tube. It is connected with a boiler generating steam, which represents the smoke of the burning mountain. Fixed from the highest point of the 'crater' on to the stage itself are bits of sloping scenery, made of a transparent medium (I). Behind it, on two rollers, so that it revolves continuously on the 'endless-chain' principle, is a cloth (J) painted to represent red-hot lava, the color being projected on to the scenery by means of twenty-four red electric lamps placed behind it (K). Behind the wire hopper are cones (L) for the supply of the smoke. When the time comes for the volcano to 'erupt,' sponges of different sizes (G), painted red and grey, to represent bits of rock and stone, are put into the hopper, with pieces of paper to represent the scorée. Then the compressed air is turned on, and the sponges and the paper are hurled high up into the air, to fall back on to the sides of the volcano. Similarly, steam is turned into the narrow double funnel by the pipe (C), and is blown up by the compressed air; while, to intensify the effect of the 'belching fire and smoke,' Bengal fires in a plate (F), and other fireworks in the interior of the crater, are burnt, and the revolving cloth in front of the red electric lamps gives the effect of molten lava flowing down the mountain. Every volcanic eruption is, naturally, preceded by rumblings and noises. These are produced by large drums placed under the stage, and vigorously pounded."



Making the spurt of flame from the mouth of the tiny crater. An electric flash of small electric lamps on the 'big guns' murmur during the naval battle



The working of the naval battle



The hidden devices behind the volcano



Leopoldine Konstantin and the Hunchback



Three of the dancing girls



The Sheik and his son

"SUMURUN"

"SUMURUN" the extraordinary wordless play, with music from the Deutsches Theater in Berlin,

slowly unrolls, the slight feeling of antagonism, which is the usual prelude to dramatic work, has been cleverly lulled to rest.

Jan. 16 last, first appeared in London as a one-act play at the Coliseum Music Hall. Its popularity assured, it was taken to the Savoy on the Strand and produced in its original form. According to some, the piece owed its big success in the British metropolis to the Oriental wave that has swept over the dramatic field, leaving wrecks of costume and Shakespearian, problem and musical comedy productions in its path. It is a wave whose height has been increased by the world-wide interest in the Durbars, in Hichens' novels, and the ease with which parties are now "Cooked" to Biskra and Fez, as formerly they were taken to Hampton Court and the Tower of London. Others, equally wise, claim that "Sumurun's" popularity is independent of such superficial aids; that it is a unique production, appealing to the love of the dramatic, the curious and artistic. It is sensational, barbaric and primitive, yet at the same time it is vitally human and, like all other Oriental plays, it is an unconsciously forceful suffrage document for women.

It is described as a wordless, pantomimical play, by Herr Friedrich Freksa, in nine scenes based on the "Arabian Nights," with music specially written by Victor Hollaender, the German composer, and, it may be mentioned, incidentally, that the music is no small part of the play's success. In an atmosphere impregnated with incense, in the hush that precedes expectant tragedy, the weird thirds and fifths of the Eastern music produce a strange feeling of unrest. You leave the safety and serenity of the normal mind to meet the unusual happenings half way, and when the curtain

Subtleties of pantomimic work have rarely appealed to the Anglo-Saxon mind, but in "Sumurun" the action is so swift and convincing that there are many moments when you forget the actors are silent, and there is no time when the splendid gesturing and expressive posings of the skilled cast leaves you in that doubt, trying to escape which the thread of the story is so often knotted, if not absolutely lost.

The cast, as the play is given in New York, includes: Herr Conradi, the Sheik; Leopoldine Konstantin, the Dancer; Camilla Eibenschütz, Sumurun; Emil Lind, the Hunchback; Heinz Felix, the Son; Marie von Bülow, the Old Woman; Ernst Matray, Nur-al-Din's Attendant; George Hoetzel, the Janitor. Great technical skill is required for the play's proper handling. To Professor Max Reinhardt belongs the credit of the production as a whole.

One after another, marvelous pictures of Oriental life are disclosed. There are two views of the Hunchback's Theatre, palace scenes, Nur-al-Din's shop, street and harem "sets." There is little temptation to compare these with the magnificent representations of "Kismet" and "The Garden of Allah." They are unique and in them the splendor and squalor of Eastern life are cleverly portrayed. They have, like the music, repellent charm, alluring and antagonizing at the same moment.

You feel, in looking at them, that the inner veils have been rent, and you have been shown the veritable Orient, not its stage portrayal.

There is one moment when, the curtain drawn, you sit breathless with surprise. Against a deep-blue, cloudless sky is sil-



Camilla Eibenschütz as Sumurun



Sumurun's maid

houetted a skyline of mosques and minarets, as if a clever pair of scissors, of gigantic size, had cut the picture from velvet paper and artistically placed its work. The perspective is gained by the high *écru* wall in the foreground, and against this passes a colorful procession,—a long, interesting *queue* of Oriental types.

There is an upper room in the palace, its only furnishings a tent-shaped couch, hung with rose silk, covered with laces and cushions. In the single shaft of light is disclosed the stairway wall, up which creeps Tragically, on its dread errand.

In Nur-al-Din's shop you have wonderful hangings and dusty draperies, the gems and gimcracks of such a place. There are sordid corners and faded curtains and, dividing the bazaar in the centre, a steep, narrow stairway. The action which takes place thereon is in itself a revelation in stage management. There is another stairway, even more interesting and important to the development of the play. This is a spiral one in the Sheikh's palace, part of it lost completely in the shadows. On this, too, grotesque figures pass and re-pass, come quickly into sight and are lost then to view.

The story of "Sumurun" is incoherent, as life itself is incoherent. There are moments when you feel as if you had, like the Hunchback, taken a mouthful of *Bhang*, that strange Eastern drug; there are moments when you overstep centuries, and are a spectator at the experiences of Haroun-al Reschid. There is no moment when you are not interested and enthralled.

"It is," says Mr. Randal Charlton, its author, "a story of love, a story of passion, a story of tragedy. It comes to you steeped in myth and incense, fragrant with precious odors, rich ointments and spices. It has all the perfume and all the mystery of the Eastern world. Many ages have rolled across the dusty bosom of the earth since the people of the drama lived and loved and hated and went their way into the shadows, and now we pantomime their quaint and sorrowful histories for your pleasure, for your smiles, perhaps for your tears."

And, at the end, his story finished, Mr. Charlton offers you this epilogue:

"All this happened ages and ages ago, when the loves and hates of this world were fiercer and stronger. All these people have gone away to their long, last repose. Put the puppets back into their box. The pantomime is played out, and the actors seek rest."

Nur-al-Din, merchant of cloth, was also a Maker of Dreams. He sat and visualized the perfect woman, who would sometime come his way. He dreamed this in the door of his shop, with a

hunchback and an old slave woman for his neighbors. He sat there, evening after evening, oblivious of the Hunchback, with his chalked face, the Snake Charmer and the Negro Giant drawing crowds to the tiny playhouse. He was oblivious, too, of the beautiful Dancing Girl, who tortured the Hunchback with her mockery of, and indifference to, his love.

Comes Sumurun to the Bazaar, in a litter, surrounded by eunuchs, attendant nuns and liveried servants. As escort, too, is the Young Man of Chance Romances, enamored of a Maid in the suite. Sumurun sees Nur-al-Din, Maker of Dreams. They look upon each other. They see into each other's hearts. They understand. Love comes to them in a glance, in an instant.

Sumurun, softened by this wonderful experience, protects the Hunchback, who has seen glances fraught with meaning pass between the Dancing Girl and the Young Man of Chance Romances, immediately enamored by the sight of the one "whose flesh is made of rose leaves and whose heart is alive with evil fire." The crooked showman, forgetful of worldly distinctions, of his own base condition, frenzied into elemental savagery by the force of his passion, has thrown himself upon the Sheikh's son, and is torn away by the employees of the Bazaar and the eunuchs of the Sheikh, commanded by their mistress.

So begins the story!

Other people come to the Bazaar, among them the old Sheikh, who sees the Dancing Girl and offers gold to her owner, the Hunchback. Nur-al-Din, for it is quite in his way of work, enters into the conspiracy with the old slave woman to effect the Sheikh's desire which, in the beginning, the Hunchback indignantly refuses.

But the crooked showman changes his mind, for during the mimic play that takes place on the mimic stage, playing his part as clown with a doll dressed as a woman, he hears the signal of the Sheikh's son, knows that while he is acting the comic part to amuse the spectators, the woman he madly loves is in the arms of the Sheikh's son, behind the partition at his left. And, when the Dancing Girl responds to her call, is insinuating, voluptuous, coquettish, with the charms of beauty and youth, his jealousy is roused to a fiercer flame by the fact of finding an impassioned letter from the Sheikh's son, and seeing her toss her veil to the Sheikh, himself, who has stolen there to watch her dance. Better for her to be the slave of the old Sheikh than to lie in the arms of the Young Man of Chance Romances.



The jantor



Nur-al-Din's attendant



WOMEN IN THE SHEIKH'S HAREM GUARDED BY THE CHIEF EUNUCH



White

SCENE IN ACT III OF WOLFF-FERRARI'S OPERA, "LE DONNE CURIOSE"

He will be spared, by this means, the fiercer torture, in his intended sleep and his fearsome dreams.

The Dancer makes ready her meagre belongings, fascinated by the thought of the splendor that is to be hers. The Hunchback has, meantime, taken some poison which does not kill him, for in his haste he has swallowed, not the dose that destroys, but the one that deadens, yet the young woman believes that she has killed him, and hurries away from the evidences of her crime against love. The old slave woman, maddened by the sight of the gold she has won by the betrayal, picks up the limp body of the Hunchback, and, in her delirium, throws it against a column; she, too, believes that she is guilty of the seeming death, and she, too, runs away. The Sheikh's son, stumbling in the gloom, thinks the prone body on the couch is that of his beloved. He seizes in his arms, not the form of his sweetheart, fragrant with roses, but that of the crooked man, his face smeared with pigments, a hump on his back. Loathing the sight and touch of this monstrosity, he thrusts him into an open sack, and escapes from the window where he entered. Later, the attendants of Nur-al-Din come to the room for property belonging to their master. They take away the sack, without looking in.

Sumurun sits in the shadows of the palace walls, watching the curious episodes of the daily life, and the Young Man of Chance Romances manages to elude her vigilance and that of the eunuchs, engaging in a flirtation with one of the maids. It is a comic happening, but in this strange pantomime tragedy and comedy elbow each other continually. Nur-al-Din, with his servants, brings the purchases made by Sumurun. There is a note and a rose exchanged. The Sheikh appears. He scents the forbidden, but Nur-al-Din, Maker of Dreams, has been concealed by the women in the shadows. After he has scourged the eunuchs, and departed, Nur-al-Din tries to escape, but maddened by the blows of their Master's whips, the eunuchs vent their rage on him. He is caught and put in a water vessel, which is then hoisted, by means of a primitive apparatus, half way up the palace wall and fastened there.

The slave dealers come with the Dancing Girl. She is followed by the Old Woman, who has recovered the body of the Hunchback and, not knowing what to do with it, has concealed it in a basket, covering it with bazaar trappings. It is found, and passed from one to another, each making silent accusation of the sup-

posed crime, each fearful, superstitious, uncertain of the body that crumples like a piece of paper, is grotesque, tragic, disgusting by turns. It is kept for a time in the water vessel from which Nur-al-Din has escaped, and, finally, the Old Woman thrusts it into another sack, and departs with it in her custody, wondering as to a new hiding place.

Sumurun again comes to the shop of Nur-al-Din, more in love than ever. In the deep box, filled with perfumed silks, which is to be taken to the Harem, she begs that he hide, so that she may be able to converse with him in a more secluded place. He obeys her, unknowing that underneath, below other perfumed silks, is the body of the Showman, who, after various vicissitudes, has been stowed away in this receptacle. Then passes the wonderful procession, the Sheikh with his suite, the Dancer from a Sedan Chair, beckoning to the Sheikh's son, Sumurun and her maids, the eunuchs, the soldiers, the bearers of the baskets, in one of which are the unconscious Hunchback and the Conscious Maker of Dreams, all going to the Sheikh's palace.

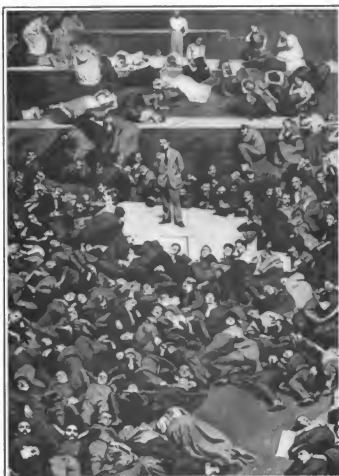
The Hunchback is restored to life by the Old Woman. Sumurun and Nur-al-Din meet, as agreed upon, watched over by those lovers of intrigue, the women of the Harem. Again comes the suspicious Sheikh, and again Nur-al-Din is hurried away, while the girls dance to amuse their lord, in the Hall of Purple Shadows, where the lights glimmer like milky stars, and, as you watch the mystical grace of the dancers throwing flowers at each other, the spirit of the dance seems to become articulate.

Sumurun dances, and the old Sheikh, repulsed so often, believes that his young wife's heart is softened, and that she is dancing for him, but it is not so; again she repulses him, only conscious of her lover's secret presence. In the momentary fervor of the occasion, the Sheikh has forgotten his latest purchase—the beautiful Dancing Girl. Now she appears, a blinding light dividing the scene, like a flash of lightning. The Sheikh departs with her, and Sumurun is torn by conflicting emotions—anger at her rival's success, the degradation before her women, love for the Maker of Dreams, for whom she is now free. She takes him in her arms, while two shadows creep up the spiral stairs, appear and disappear, concealed from each other by the many turns, human arabesques on the web of destiny, the Sheikh's son and the Hunchback, both in pursuit of the Dancing Girl, who has climbed ahead of them on that fateful path, entwined by the old man's arms.

In the upper room, the scene is unlighted except by the flicker of the oil lamps. The Sheik slumbers, by his side the Dancing Girl. The Hunchback hides himself in the wall draperies. The Sheik's son gives a low signal, and, in a moment, the girl has risen, and is in his embrace. There is one duty, she whispers, he must perform before gathering their money and jewels. They can escape and be with each other, but first he must slay his father—the old Sheik. He hesitates, and is lost. At the moment when, bending over the couch, a self-willed paricide to be, a shadow wrestles with him—the Sheik wakes. He stabs his son to the heart, and spurns the woman who, a moment before, was in his arms.

She, in turn, grovels at the feet of the Hunchback, who spurns her also, in hatred and contempt. With the body of his son, the Sheik stumbles down the spiral stairs to the hall of purple shadows, where the women dream amidst the garlands, and where Sumurun is wrapt in the embrace of Nur-al-Din, Merchant of Cloth and Maker of Dreams.

Again the Dance with the Maker of Dreams again hidden. The Dancing Girl dances for the first of the Omniade dynasty.



From the Illustrated London News.
A REINHARDT REHEARSAL OF AN ÆSCHYLUS WORK: PREPARING FOR
A PRODUCTION OF THE "ORRESTEA" IN THE SCHUMANN CIRQUE, BERLIN

her life, but even this last passionate appeal is useless. She is taken away in chains, an evil flower that has shriveled in the fire of passion. Sumurun dances, too, but with a difference. She does not fear death. She dances as a Priestess, and bares her breast to the dagger's point. Her resignation stays the Sheik's hand.

So Nur-al-Din comes into the open to defend the woman he loves. The Sheik and the Maker of Dreams fight fiercely, and, at the moment when Nur-al-Din is nearly overcome, the Hunchback turns the scale of battle, hurrying his blade in the Sheik's heart.

In the tranquil silence that succeeds the storm, the Maker of Dreams and Sumurun steal away, hand in hand. The play is over, and the Hunchback pulls down the curtain.

*"Over the Flower Path,
Hushed by the ending,
Led by the cloven go the women;
Huddling their draperies over their
bosoms,
So ends the dream of Nur-al-Din"*

Sumurun is based on a very ancient story much in favor with the Arabs, which can be traced back as far as the days of Yezid, son of Ommayah I.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

WHEN "The Diary of a Daly Debutante" was

The Diary of a Daly Debutante

published anonymously with the foreword of the publishers: "the writer has since become well-known in another walk of life," one reviewer, in speaking of its authorship, questioned: "What other walk? We meet her and leave her a supernumerary member of a theatrical troupe. Has she become an actress, a singer, a lawyer, a painter, a sculptress, a sociologist, or a leader of Society?" And it is curious that in naming so many professions he should have omitted that important one, his own, namely, literature; particularly in view of the fact that the ease of its style, its humor and powers of observation were generally recognized by reviewers. And that is the profession in which the writer of this delightfully frank and naive bit of stage history is now known.

The authorship of the Diary was attributed by many reviewers, by some with astonishing certainty, and others to whom dramatic matters are of interest, to Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, who was a member of the Daly Company, but not until a few years later than the time to which the book relates, the season of 1879-1880. Among many other names suggested for the honor of authorship was that of Isabelle Evesson, a celebrated beauty of the Daly Company of that period, who is most enthusiastically described in the book by the Debutante.

But now, after a year and a half, the author of the Diary has

consented to acknowledge her identity, and let it be revealed that she was a member of Daly's "debutante school" as Dora Knowlton, and that she is now known as Mrs. Dora Knowlton Ranous, editor and translator of numerous French and Italian literary classics.

Mrs. Ranous was born in Ashfield, Massachusetts, a town which was long celebrated as the summer home of George William Curtis and Charles Eliot Norton, and as a favorite haunt of James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, and their friends. On the maternal side she is the granddaughter of an eminent physician, Charles Knowlton, the author of a curious work, "Fruits of Philosophy," published in 1839, which treated of the evils of over-population among the poor, and which caused the strait-laced Queen of England, in 1872, to imprison Mrs. Annie Besant and her colleague, Charles Bradlaugh, on the charge of disseminating immoral literature among the lower classes of Great Britain, in the form of Dr. Knowlton's reasonable and sensible treatise.

After a brief theatrical experience which, had she not brought it to a close so soon, would probably have led to brilliant success in that profession—so believe her friends who understand her wide range of talents—Mrs. Ranous married and left the stage. She took up her present profession of literary work as an editor with Silver, Burdett and Company, publishers of school text-books, and



DORA K. RANOUS

later she joined the literary staff of D. Appleton and Company, whence she entered a new field as translator and editor of de luxe subscription books. Later her taste for, and knowledge of, Italian literature found expression in editing, in collaboration with Dr. Rossiter Johnson, a set in sixteen volumes of the chief works of Italian masters, from the period of the Renaissance to the present time. For this set Mrs. Ranous made the translation of D'Annunzio's novel, "The Flame," that has been highly praised for

Not only is everything connected with Augustin Daly's achievements of interest to all who are interested in the theatre, but also whatever pictures the methods and the discipline that prevailed in his playhouse is valuable. Written by an ardent young beginner, with eyes wide open ready to magnify the details, the small incidents that probably would not seem to an adult worth recording,—it is just these points in the book that lend it so much vividness and life. As Mrs. Ranous herself said, in answer to a question



White
Proof of the extraordinary popularity of the Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, even with the present generation of theatregoers, is shown by the success which has attended the recent revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore." Produced at the Casino, this city, last May, it had been played continuously on the road ever since, to receipts which would put many a more up-to-date work of the same class to shame. This picture shows the scene on the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, with Henry E. Dixey (centre) as Sir Joseph Porter, DeWolf Hopper (extreme right) as Dick Deadeye, Louise Gunning (left centre) as Josephine, and Marie Cahill (left) as Little Buttercup.

its vigor, grace, and faithful rendering of the delicate difficulties of the original text.

As a lively young debutante, after the manner of enthusiastic, stage-struck schoolgirls, she had treasured every scrap that belonged to her short theatrical career with the distinguished manager and his interesting company. The "fat little book," which had been her companion for a year, was brought forth occasionally in later time to be sighed and smiled over as a record of "lost illusions"; but no thought of publishing the journal ever occurred to her until a literary friend suggested that it was worth preserving as a picture of a bygone period in American theatrical life. The praise that the little book met at the hands of the critics and the public bore out this opinion.

whether she had really written the whole Diary at that time, "I never could strike such a note at this time of life—it had to be written when I was," as the *Sun* reviewer put it, "as green as grass and as fresh as paint." And so, as a week-to-week chronicle of the daily round of work in the company of probably the most brilliant manager of this country, the Diary has a peculiar and unique value all its own, which one reviewer expressed in this charming picture:

"Have you ever seen an insect in a lump of amber? A bit of vanished life caught by chance, and preserved in perfection for later eyes to look at through the transparent medium of its embalming? If so, you have seen a prototype of 'The Diary of a Daly Debutante.'"
EVELYN O'CONNOR.

Scenes in Richard Walton Tully's New Play "The Bird of Paradise"



White Lewis S. Stone Lorette Taylor Theodore Roberts Ida Waterman Albert Perry
Act. I. Luana (Lorette Taylor): "Captain Hatch, please let them stay to my feast"



Lorette Taylor Fumelia Gaythorne Guy Bates Post Gladys Hyers Margaret Nagle Theodore Roberts Lewis S. Stone
Act. III. Luana is a guest at the villa of Captain Hatch

Oscar Hammerstein Discovers a New Singer

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, whose luck or genius—whatever you may like to call it—for discovering new opera singers is proverbial, brought forward recently at his new Opera House, London, a young American singer not yet twenty-one years of age, but whose voice is already coupled by the English music critics with that of Adelina Patti and Mme. Tetrazzini. Her name is Felice Lyne, and her father is a physician in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

"Her appearance as Gilda in 'Rigoletto,'" says a correspondent of the *New York Times*, "was her debut in grand opera. Her stage experience before that had been a matter of a few weeks. Few persons in America, and, except for Mr. Hammerstein himself and a few opera managers, no one in England, had so much as heard Felice Lyne's name. She stepped upon the stage absolutely unknown, yet in a very few minutes the audience knew that by next morning she would be famous. Not since Madame Tetrazzini made her sensational debut at Covent Garden—a debut of which London is still talking—has any singer met with the reception that the audience at 'Rigoletto' gave to Felice Lyne. The London papers have been publishing columns in praise of her ever since. She is, they declare, the greatest Gilda in living memory. Her voice, London declares, is magic. Patti, Melba, Tetrazzini, Felice Lyne—the critics name them together, with due reverence. In America the few persons who have heard of Felice Lyne know her in the rôle which gave her her only real stage experience—the part of Lisbeth in 'Hans the Flute Player,' the light opera produced in New York a year ago, under Arthur Hammerstein's direction. Miss Lyne was an alternate for Sophie Brandt in the leading feminine rôle, and took Miss Brandt's place permanently shortly before the company left New York to go on the road. 'Hans the Flute Player' was withdrawn a few weeks later, and the singer went back to Paris to continue her studies there.

"Felice Lyne was born in Kansas City, and when she sang Lisbeth her fellow-members in the cast used to call her 'the osteopathic prima donna,' because not only her father, but her mother and grandmother and aunt were osteopathic physicians. Her grandmother, Dr. Theodosia E. Purdon, and her aunt, Dr. Zudie P. Purdon, still live in Kansas City, but Dr. Lyne and his family moved to Allentown when Felice was still a little girl, and it is there that a large part of her girlhood was spent. She went to the Allentown public schools and the Women's College there. Dr. Lyne discovered, when Felice was little more than a child, that she had a voice, and she pleaded with her parents to let her have it cultivated. So she began lessons with Frank S. Hardman in Allentown, and it was he who urged that she be sent abroad to study. Mrs. Lyne said that she would take her little daughter to Paris if her heart was set on it. To Paris, accordingly, Felice went four years ago. She studied under Jean de Reszke, Mme. Marchesi, and d'Aubigné, and a year ago last July she met Oscar

Hammerstein. He sent for her and her mother to come to see him, but they didn't go. The singer had heard that Hammerstein was out of grand opera for good. No one had heard at that time of his London plans, and there was a rumor that he was going to devote his energies to the better class of light opera. Consequently, Miss Lyne refused to take up any proposition from Mr. Hammerstein, or even to go to see him. Her mind was firmly made up about her future career. At that time she was considering a grand opera offer from Hans Gregor in Berlin, and there were tentative propositions from Covent Garden. She did want a chance to go back home to sing in America, but she did not want to sing in light opera.

"Mr. Hammerstein, however, had no intention of letting Felice Lyne go. Although she did not know it herself, the few men and women who had heard the little student sing in Paris had spoken highly of her voice, and the American impresario was already convinced that she was 'worth while.' So he sent for her again, and made her an offer for a five-year contract with a large salary, which she refused. He almost doubled the salary, and, chary of light opera, she still refused. Then he told her of his hitherto undivulged London plans, and she signed the contract. She went back home and cried because she had to sing in 'Hans the Flute Player'; but when she heard that Mr. Hammerstein had a big future ahead for her in London, she dried her tears and went home to sing Lisbeth.

"With the London public now thronging to hear her sing, Felice Lyne has already been announced to appear in the near future as Marguerite in 'Faust,' Juliet in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Mimi in 'La Bohème,' two rôles in 'Les Contes d'Hoffman,' Violetta in 'Traviata,' Nedda in 'Pagliacci,' Rosina in 'The Barber of Seville,' and the title rôles in 'Lakmé' and 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' She will also sing leading parts in several French novelties which Mr. Hammerstein is to produce during the season.

"The singer is very small, and looks even younger than her twenty-one years. She has great, eager, dark eyes, and soft, waving brown hair, and a very charming stage personality, as well as a very wonderful stage voice. She has had too little theatrical ex-

perience to be acclaimed as a great actress, but she fulfills the dramatic demands of her rôles with spontaneity and grace. Experience, it is prophesied, will bring her dramatic force and mastery to add to the marvelous beauty of her voice, which is a coloratura soprano.

"In the spring of 1910 Miss Lyne sang a short engagement in the Grand Casino at San Sebastian, Spain, where the King and Queen noticed the little singer and praised her voice. The engagement had been procured for her by M. Strakosch, Adelina Patti's nephew, who had become interested in the promise of the young singer's voice. During the past year she has received offers from Monte Carlo, Bordeaux, the Royal Opera in Berlin, and also from Col. Henry W. Savage in New York."



Copyright Brown Bros. FELICE LYNE.
The young American singer whose voice English critics declare to be equal to that of Adelina Patti in her prime.



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

If a woman is to be judged, not by her gown, but by her reading, this popular actress-manager keeps at all times in close touch with current theatrical happenings for, close at her side, we see a copy of the one publication indispensable to stage-lovers—the THEATRE MAGAZINE



Moffett

BRUCE McRAE AS HE APPEARS WITH BLANCHE BATES IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

Bruce McRae — America's Most Popular Leading Man

EVERY matinee girl on Manhattan Island would have envied the writer the temporary distinction of sitting at table with Bruce McRae. It was an ordinary table at the Press Club. Skyscrapers hedged us in, shutting out half the sunlight. But to the matinee girl the situation would have been extraordinary and perfect, for did not Bruce McRae sit opposite, and was not Bruce McRae, though Scotch, the most popular leading man in America?

There are male stars as popular, and there are juvenile leading men who have a strong claim to national popularity, but Mr. McRae stands between these, a splendid specimen of what some sages among the managers have declared is, like the buffalo, an extinct type. Recently one manager asserted that the leading man, like the dodo, is a relic of another dramatic age. Another is quoted as exclaiming: "A leading man must be good looking and come out and hug the star at the right time in the play. That's all we want of him."

Mr. McRae listened, with a tolerant smile, to these quotations. He is as handsome off the stage as on, tall and straight as the most soldierly of soldiers, with the florid skin and big, athletic stride of the native Briton, and with the regular features that are Bruce McRaean. Moreover, he has a smile that does not often get over the footlights. Perhaps he doesn't want it to, but it does get easily and welcome across the table, and makes strangers understand at once the popularity of this notable leading man, not alone with his audiences but with his fellow-players. I have heard the words.

"Dear Bruce McRae!" uttered by men and women of all ages and in most situations, from the leading woman convalescent in a hospital, to whom he has just paid a cheering-up call, to the actor who lives in his yesterdays, and who has begun to stand about the stage doors and tell confidential stories to the player who follows the out-swing of the door, stories usually followed by a plunge of generous actorial hand into a more or less full pocket.

He smiled genially at an oyster held poised upon his fork, while he began his defense of the leading man, his battle for his long life and perpetuity. Ten years as a leading man gave his words the weight of authority.

"The leading man carries the weight of the play. You could dispense with the character man as the comedian or the juvenile, and the play would still go on, but if the leading man dropped out there would be no play. It is his duty to carry along the action of the drama, whatever its form.

"You regard him, then, as the backbone of the play?"

"I consider him as at least its shoulders. He must suppress himself, keep well in the background, but he is in the foreground, too, when necessary. He cannot be spared. If leading men seem superfluous, it is because the playwrights do not furnish him strong, manly parts to play. Most so-called leading men are juvenile leads because the parts written for them are those intended for an erotic child. It amuses me to hear persons speak of John Mason's leading man, or Wilton Lackaye, or any other male star's leading man. The truth is they are stars



Bruce McRae when a public surveyor in Australia



AS THE FATHER IN "CARROTS"

before he is twenty-five. Yet we see stars of that age."

"You don't believe in the child actor grown up then?"

"Not a bit. Nor does my uncle, Sir Charles Wyndham. I was always crazy to go on the stage. I went to him to ask his help. 'Go on the stage at sixteen!' he exclaimed. 'My boy, come back to me in ten years and I'll see what we can do.'"

"It was discouraging, but it was right. My uncle is an example of the truth of the theory. At seventy-five he is playing a man of forty. He was no child actor, scarcely even a young man actor. He believes, and I humbly agree with him, that you must bring some knowledge of life to the stage. The stage represents life. We must know something of what we try to represent."

"It all turned out very well for me. I went out to Australia and knocked about. I worked on the docks there. I learned surveying, and for five years was a surveyor. A chance came to go on a ranch in Wyoming. I accepted it, because it gave me a chance to go there by way of England and visit my family. I spent some time on the ranch, then drifted to New York, and went on the stage. I didn't wait the ten years to go back to my uncle, but I had begun to learn he was right. I had mingled with men of all types. I knew the cowboy and the longshoreman, men of all nationalities and callings. I knew something of the quality of life. I could convey at least my impressions of the types I represented. While a man doesn't go down to the docks to photograph his longshoremen,—for instance, the best cowboy ever portrayed on the stage was that of Dus-

tin Farnum, who had never seen a cowboy,—it is always an advantage to know the spirit of the men we impersonate. We may not need much knowledge of their outwardness, but we need to know their inwardness.

"I played parts of all sorts, beginning with juveniles, until I struck the leading man's gait ten years ago. I was leading man with Miss Julia Marlowe at first. I learned breadth from her, and the value of right reading. She is the best of readers. I was with Miss Barrymore for six years. She has great knowledge of detail. My uncle noticed that. He spoke of her detail. I learned from association with her the subtlety of the pause. Then I was with Mrs. Fiske—"

Mr. McKee here himself illustrated the value of the pause. It wrought in the listener suspense. One hung upon his words, guessing what he would have to say next.

"Mrs. Fiske," he went on, "is wonderful and individual. She is like no one else. Her outlook is so big. You remember 'Rosmersholm'? When she sat making her confession of murder, that long speech, she did nothing, absolutely nothing. She sat there with her little hands turned palms upward, like this, in her lap. That is a relaxed attitude, yet she kept it all through her horrible story. I remember that once while we were rehearsing that scene, she said: 'Mr. McKee, don't you think you had better do something while I am talking, say move over to the table and take up something?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I do think so, but I was afraid it might disturb you.' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'Nothing disturbs me. Please do so. The scene will appear more natural.'"

"That is the way she is. I don't believe she knows where the centre of the stage is. She never tries consciously to take it. She thinks always of the production as a whole. Miss Blanche Bates is the last of a magnificent quartet of stars for whom I have been a fortunate leading man. Miss Bates is a big, human soul.

"Yes, I suppose I shall star. It is contemplated, and I suppose it is inevitable. But there are many worries and responsibilities about starring, and I have been content as I am. I often think and say: 'What's the use of starring? Anybody can star.' Who held an absolutely unique position on the American stage? Frank Worthing. He illustrates the value of the leading man. Miss George was never markedly successful until she secured him for her company.

"In my ten years as a



IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES"



AS DANDY IN "THE DAWN OF TOMORROW"



IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

(Continued on page 64)

A California Forest Play

THAT famous art and literary organization known as the Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented last fall, in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, California, their ninth play, "The Green Knight," by Porter Garnett, with music by Edward G. Stricklen. The new work was, as is usual, produced by the author, performed by members of the club exclusively, and witnessed by a distinguished audience, from which women were rigorously excluded.

Since the year 1878 the members of the Bohemian Club have given performances in this wonderful forest theatre, which has the sky for its roof and the majesty of the primeval forest as its only stage setting. Describing the beauty of the spot in an article published in this magazine in 1909, Mr. Herman Scheffauer, then the Sire of the Bohemians, wrote:

"When, fevered and flushed with the haste and din of raving cities, you first set foot in the sacred silences of this forest, and feel its gigantic spell seize upon your soul, when your eye pierces down deep green vistas of shadow or soars up the colossal shafts to the great crowns of the trees bright in the sunshine hundreds of feet overhead, a sense of deep awe and reverence overcomes you. You stand hushed as though under the nave of some cathedral. Often into the eyes of the visitor from Europe or the East tears start unbidden and heads are bare. The haunting of the forest, its magic charm and benediction, have been cast upon you, and never thenceforth shall your soul be free. Should you be favored with the rare privilege of spending a happy week or two in the good fellowship of the Bohemians, and, finally, to crown all, have witnessed the unforgettable spectacle of their yearly Forest Play, your remaining days of life will be haunted with potent memories of a rich joy and visions of un fading beauty. Your sojourn in the redwoods will seem like some fair dream, some brief respite in Vallhalla or the Land of the Lotus-Eaters, and the most gorgeous drama or opera in the gilded theatres of the city will appear a paltry thing, a play of puppets, backed with palpable artificiality, unnatural lights and settings, tinsel and mechanical trumpery. For you will recall the glory of the moon floating above the towering crests of the redwoods, the solemn hush of the vast colonnades, bursts of music rolling gloriously through the night, visions of

gods and men, glimpses of armor and torch-fires amidst the trees, a natural stage suffused with a soft and lovely radiance, the chanting of choral harmonies and golden lines of poetry thrilling the air. It will seem to you like some effect of magic, some prospect vouchsafed you into the mighty festivals of age-old empires, some sumptuous pageant of ancient days."

The theatre is situated in a grove of giant redwoods which was acquired by the club that the mighty trees might be saved from destruction. The first play by a member of the club was produced in 1902. "The Green Knight" has been privately printed, and in a scholarly introduction, Mr. Garnett skillfully prepares those who have not seen the play, that they may visualize from the printed page with a better idea of the spirit and conditions under which the piece was given. It is dialogued in a polished verse of varying metres, filled with the dignity of the woods and reverence for it.

Neotios, the son of the great god Pan, admonishes men to be reverent in the presence of these mighty trees. The moonbeams dance, and the Elf-King with his fairy folk join in the play. But they are frightened away by an ominous presence. This is the Black Knight, known as Care, who has carried off the Prince to serve him in his woodland abode. Care's mission is to break men's souls with trouble. He gives the Prince to the care of his horrible servant, Mador. The Black Knight prays to his master Sathanas, who responds from hell and bids him continue in the fulfillment of his mission. Among those captured with him, the Prince recognizes his good old priest, Archolon. The Elf-King visits the Prince, and bids him keep up heart, as some one is coming to aid him. The Green Knight appears, guided by a forest sprite.



SCENE IN "THE GREEN KNIGHT," RECENTLY PRODUCED BY THE BOHEMIAN CLUB IN THE GIANT REDWOOD GROVES OF CALIFORNIA

He strikes the suspended shield, which summons the Black Knight, who at once challenges him to battle. They retire to a nearby glen to fight. The captives pray for the success of the Green Knight. He returns with the head of the Black Knight. He reveals himself as one sent from Heaven to aid them. The King and his knights come and find the Prince and the captives. The King offers reward to the Green Knight, but he refuses all but one service. The King must see that forever nothing but gladness abides in the grove. The command has come from God. The Green Knight bids them hurn the body of Care, and gives the Prince the sword with which he slew him. He chants an ode to Beauty and is taken into the gates of Paradise.



Moffett, Chicago

MISS THAIS MAGRANE, SEEN AS FRANCES WARD IN PORTER EMERSON BROWNE'S PLAY, "THE SPENDTHRIFT"



THE LOVERS



A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE WITH REAL HOUSES AND REAL TREES



THE PARENTS

American visitors to Sweden this last summer

had the opportunity of

witnessing a theatrical spectacle as novel as, and to most persons far more interesting and entertaining than, the far-famed Passion Play at Oberammergau. In a natural open-air amphitheatre at Skansen, the summer playground of Stockholm, all summer long a well-acted play, "Värmlandingarne," was given to packed benches, with real houses, real trees, and a real church as stage properties.

Though no effort was made to advertise these performances beyond the ordinary inch card in the Stockholm newspapers, and although many American and other tourists undoubtedly came and went without being aware of the treat awaiting them, so well did the Swedish people themselves patronize the new departure that for over two months nine performances a week were given. Without question the play will be repeated next summer when the great Olympic games will draw to Stockholm an unusually large number of summer visitors.

The play itself—an old folk-piece very popular all through Sweden at Christmas week and such times—a sort of Swedish "Old Homestead," is quite in keeping with Skansen. Nowhere in America is there anything that corresponds to this seventeenth-century open-air museum founded by Dr. Artur Hazelius in 1891, to illustrate and perpetuate the natural history and ethnography of Sweden.

Skansen is located on a little island in the Saltsjö, not ten minutes away from the Grand Hotel in Stockholm. It can be reached by tram-car or taxicab, by boats from a dozen wharves, or by a delightful walk across a wide bridge and through the great park known as Djurgården. Keepers at the gates of Skansen, in the garb of the time of Charles XII, collect an entrance fee of fifty ore—fourteen cents. Within you are free to wander through the Napp encampment, past the bear cages, among great enclosures where are gathered all the beasts and birds of Sweden. You can peer into sixteenth-century huts and inspect beautiful gardens and shrubbery that contain every flower that grows in the land. If you are wise you will have come early enough to have coffee and waffles served out under the trees with pretty Swede girls dressed in the brilliant holiday costumes of the various provinces attending you.

The play itself begins at seven-thirty in broad daylight. In fact it is not until the last act, long after ten o'clock, that any artificial light is needed, for in this northern latitude in July and August it is hardly dark before midnight. You purchase your tickets at a small booth near the Bredablick or outlook-tower, three kronors for a first-class seat, two for second and one for third.

Passing down a lane of ropes you find yourself in a natural amphitheatre where there have been placed plain wooden benches with backs that will seat 1,500 persons. The amphitheatre,

The Out-Door Play at Skansen

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

bounded on either side by a shrub-hidden lane, looks down on a small level place where stand

two real houses among real trees. One of them, two stories high and painted, is a rich man's dwelling. Across the green is the log hut of a poor woodcutter, only one story—an actual hut brought from a far distant village and set up there. By the door of the hut stands a peasant's rush broom and before it a chopping block. From the green a lane leads down a little hill past a little white, frame church, like the hut, a real church of fifty years ago.

Even if you are unfamiliar with Swedish it is easy to follow the story. The rich man has a son and a daughter. The daughter gets engaged with her parents' approval. The neighbors come to congratulate her. By the third of the six acts there is a wedding. A feast is spread on tables outside the house. The peasants come and dance as the fiddlers play. Meanwhile the son of the house, a poetical songster, has been making love to the beautiful daughter of the poor wood-cutter. There are angry scenes with his parents. The wood-cutter's family are slighted at the wedding feast. The poor girl has another suitor, too, her father's helper, a bashful humpkin who, as he woos her, tears off branches of the trees and eats the leaves—an excellent portrayal of nervousness. She rejects this lover for the rich man's son.

The rich man sternly forbids his son's marriage, and has the bans announced for his marriage to another. The boy runs away. After the son's departure the girl goes crazy and wanders about, her disheveled hair bedecked with flowers. The boy's disappearance and the girl's madness bring the two fathers together, but just as they have become reconciled, the girl throws herself into a lake. Here, especially, the scene is remarkably realistic. The demented girl pushes aside the branches of real bushes and disappears, and a few seconds later there is the splash of a body falling into the foliage-hidden lake.

Her lover, of course, happily returns home just in time to rescue her and there is a second wedding. The old wood-cutter at this wedding gets too much to drink and his antics delight the audience.

Nothing has been omitted to lend realism to the picture. Smoke rises from the cottage chimney, the church bell rings, lights appear in its windows and you hear Swedish hymns sung. At the weddings the guests come driving up in the old two-wheeled vehicles of old-time Sweden. Three of the celebrated Swedish folk-dances are introduced at each wedding, the dancers all dressed in the vivid scarlet that marks the peasant holiday clothes. The only musical accompaniment is that of three fiddlers in knee breeches and long coats.

While the actors for the most part are the peasants who are employed in Skansen, several of the best known players in Sweden have the leading rôles.



White CROWDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC THEATRE FANS WAITING TO SEE MISS KNOWLES WHEN THE ACTRESS LEAVES THE STAGE DOOR AFTER THE PERFORMANCE

I T is not yet ten years ago when "The Great Ruby" was

Seventy Weeks of Stock in New York

By ANNE PEACOCK

about to appear at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, that there was a call for "extra people." At the very end of the procession was a slim, young girl, her hair in "pig-tails," and her skirts scarcely reaching to her shoe-tops. After some slight hesitation she approached the box-office with a mixture of diffidence and determination.

"I want to go on as an extra woman," she announced bravely. The box-office man considered her. "Well," he remarked, "We've engaged all the people we need. You haven't had any experience, have you?"

"Yes, I have," retorted the girl. "I've played all the leading parts in our Church Temperance Society's plays."

She was interrupted by a hearty laugh from the second man in the box-office.

"So you want to go on the stage?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," said the girl, fixing hopeful eyes on his smiling, handsome face.

The man drew out a card and wrote on it: "Please give this young lady, who is a friend of mine, a position as extra woman."

"There," he said, handing the card to her, "Give that to the stage-manager, and—good luck!"

After she had received the coveted position, the girl looked at the card. It bore the name of Chauncey Olcott. And only a few weeks ago, Priscilla Knowles, leading woman of the only stock company in Manhattan, laughed over the incident with Mr. Olcott, and gratefully acknowledged that her career began with his card and his good wishes. Over a "dish of tea," Miss Knowles reviewed the years that intervened between the Church Temperance Society in Philadelphia and the present New York stock company.

Creston Clarke had taken her on tour that same year, and Miss Knowles pays grateful tribute to his memory. "He was a

oh, so much! He was never recognized as he deserved. After his death, I was with Stuart Robson. Then I had a year of starring in dramas of the type that Florence Roberts plays—strong emotional rôles. I was leading woman in stock in Portland, Ore., and in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Then here."

And for over seventy consecutive weeks Miss Knowles has played the leads at the Academy of Music—a "barn of a place," one calls it, yet it is filled every night and every afternoon, six days in the week. She has not missed one performance of all these eight hundred and forty, and in the sixty plays produced, she has not once "repeated" a gown! Surely the days of the old stock companies are over. Then, one night, with ingenuity, remodel a black satin or a yellow silk, and with a new over-dress of net or lace, achieve a novelty. Audiences are more critical and more sophisticated nowadays. In her cozy apartment near Gramercy Park, Miss Knowles has packed away gowns to the value of \$7,000, and the truth of this statement is vouched for by an insurance policy. A clever French woman devotes her entire time to making gowns for Miss Knowles. Even for costume-plays, the actress prefers to have her dresses made especially, rather than rent the costumes, as is usual.

"It is very wearying and very difficult," she says of this matter of clothes. "In some plays, I have as many as five or six changes, and to select the gowns and have them fitted take time that often should be given to rest. But I believe in the importance of clothes to the actress—not only for their effect on the audience but for their effect on the actress herself. I know that I couldn't work so well if I dressed Zaza in the negligée in which Camille died the week before! And then, our audiences have in them always many people from the East Side—working



White PRISCILLA KNOWLES
Leading woman of the only permanent stock company in Manhattan



Parh
JOSEPHINE WHITTELL
Seen as Bertha Burnham in "The Little Millionaire"



Sykes
CECIL KERN
Plays Esther in the revival of "Ben Hur"



White
CARRIE REYNOLDS
Leading umbrette, who will be seen shortly in "Jacinta"

girls who are very loyal to us all. It means self-denial, usually, for them to come to the theatre, and often, I am sure, the weekly visit to the Academy is almost their only recreation and pleasure. I couldn't give them anything less than the very best that I can offer in every way," she said simply and with unconscious graciousness.

It is this kindly and gracious nature which, possibly quite as much as undoubted talent and good looks, has won for Miss Knowles an admiration and loyalty which are not without their embarrassing features. The policeman in the vicinity watches for the hour when Miss Knowles leaves the theatre after the performances; not only to protect her, on occasion, from too insistent admirers, but also to keep the street clear for traffic. It is one of the sights of the neighborhood. After the Saturday matinee, two policemen are always on duty at the stage entrance, for the crowds along Fourteenth Street average four to five hundred persons. Miss Knowles slips into a convenient restaurant and waits until the coast is clear before venturing home. She laughs over it all very good-naturedly, straightens her hat, and says nothing. But she clings to the friendly giant in blue until the doors of the restaurant shut out the crowd. The East Side is more demonstrative than is Broadway.

"And there are always the letters and the presents," she adds.

"Begging letters, friendly notes from strangers—all sorts of letters. 'Mash notes?'" Miss Knowles dismisses them with an effective gesture toward the scrap basket. "New York is worse than the West for that sort of thing. Sometimes these notes are funny. One I received recently was from a minister here, offering me his heart and hand. I was just the sort of woman to help him in his work, he wrote! I'd never even seen the man.

"Oh, it's hard work—stock," she admits.

"But it's a good training school—the very best, I firmly believe. It's bad to stay in stock too long, though. One acquires tricks and mannerisms, and then, too, no one can stand it for very long and do good work. It seems to me that I spend my life fitting clothes, rehearsing, playing one part, trying to learn another part for next week, and trying to forget the part I played last week. Literally, I've been Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' one week and Zaza and the next. I've jumped from 'The Girl of the Golden West' to 'The County Chairman,' or some other ingenue part. It may make one versatile, but it's certainly hard work. If it were not for the kindness and consideration with which our manager, Mr. Fox, surrounds us, I don't see how I could have gotten through this year without missing a single performance.

"And 'what next?' Oh, I haven't thought much about it, but I suppose that I shall leave stock—some day. Several of the

Broadway managers have made me offers, but I'm afraid of Broadway. Our stock audiences have time to learn to like us; if we don't make a hit one week, we may have a better opportunity the next. But in a production, one stakes everything on the first throw of the dice. And Broadway is not so kind as the East Side. Perhaps that is just why," confessed Miss Knowles with a laugh, "that, though I'm afraid, still I want to conquer Broadway."

New York is a curious town, as well as a big one. Here in the Academy of Music, one of the oldest and best-known of the city's theatres, with its huge orchestra space crowded, its many boxes filled, its two balconies and its gallery closely peopled twice every week-day, yet even persistent theatregoers uptown have an idea that "New York wouldn't support a stock company!"

"Anyway, I think that seventy consecutive weeks with twelve performances a week, and not one of them missed, is really rather a record, isn't it?" she queried.



Ring
CHARLES J. ROSS
This well-known actor, seen some time ago in "Mme. Sherry," has been appearing recently in vaudeville



Moffet
SALLIE FISHER
Appearing as Modest Suzanne at the Liberty



Strauss Peyton
JOSEPH SANTLEY
Seen as Webster Chase in "The Never Homes" at the Broadway recently



White
GERTRUDE VANDERBILT
Seen as Yvette in "The Red Widow" at the Astor

LIFE is full of co- incidences. There- fore, we often say that history repeats it- self. Sometimes we note how certain events are linked together by a similarity in dates. Occasionally we discover a career in which the figure thirteen dominates with startling frequency. And once in a while, but not frequently, certain memorable events are joined together, as it were, by a double, or even a triple, set of coincidences. **Strange Theatrical Coincidences**

By EDWARD FREIBERGER

No one who has ever studied the life of William Shakespeare has failed to be impressed by the fact that the master dramatist of all ages passed away on his birthday, so that April 23 stands prominently upon every tablet to his memory. And it remained for a maniac, Mark Gray, of St. Louis, to select Shakespeare's birthday as the most appropriate day in the year for making an attempt on the life of Edwin Booth.

It was on April 23, 1879, at McKicker's Theatre, Chicago, during a performance of Shakespeare's "Richard II.," that Mark Gray, standing in the first row of the balcony of the theatre, fired two shots at Edwin Booth, who was impersonating Richard II. Both bullets missed their mark. Mr. Booth seemed one of them, which had found its way into the woodwork of the scenery, had it mounted in a gold cartridge, and wore it on his watch chain. He had it inscribed: "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray."

There were two notable coincidences in the career of Edwin, for he passed away on the *twenty-fourth* anniversary of his marriage to Mary McKicker, his second wife. When Mrs. Booth passed away, it was on the *forty-eighth* anniversary of the birth of Edwin Booth. In other words, Edwin Booth was born November 13, 1833, while the second Mrs. Booth (Mary McKicker), passed away November 13, 1881. Booth married Mary McKicker on June 7, 1869, and answered the final summons on June 7, 1893.

Edwin Booth's name suggests Ford's Theatre, Washington, which, after the assassination of Lincoln by John Wilkes-Booth, was converted into a storehouse for cer-

tain records of the War Department. On June 9, 1893, several floors collapsed, so that the interior of the building had to be completely reconstructed. At present it is used as a repository for the records of the United States Pension Bureau. And June 9, 1893, was the day on which Edwin Booth was buried, the accident taking place while the funeral was in progress in New York.

The collapse of Ford's Opera House had something of a parallel when, not many years ago, the huge dome of Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, fell in. The name of the play then on the boards was, "Under the Dome."

The number thirteen has been most prominently in evidence in the career of Daniel Frohman. For a while it seemed as if every important event of Mr. Frohman's career centered in some way or other about the number thirteen. The manager has thirteen letters in his name. There are thirteen letters in Lyceum Theatre, which was originally the inspiration of the late Steele Mackaye. Steele Mackaye also had thirteen letters in his name. The principal actor at the Lyceum, when it was opened in 1885, with Steele Mackaye's "Dakolar," was Robert Mantell, who has likewise thirteen letters to his credit. The first big success at the Lyceum was "One of Our Girls," by Bronson Howard. Both title and author have thirteen letters. The most pronounced success in this play was made by a young actor named Edward H. Sothern, who employs thirteen letters when writing his autograph. In after years, when Mr. Sothern became one of Daniel Frohman's stars, and they were about to sign the contract, Mr. Sothern became nervous when he discovered that the day was a Friday, and the thirteenth of the month. He begged Mr. Frohman to postpone the signing just one day, but the latter remonstrated with Sothern. Mr. Sothern finally acquiesced, although he had his misgivings. These were dispelled, however, when he found himself a tremendous success, receiving as much

as fifty thousand dollars a year from Daniel Frohman, and twice that sum several years later from Charles Frohman.

Go Madame Fremstad

Triumphant mistress of the singer's art,
Inspired interpreter of Wagner's soul,
An actress great of spirit, mind and heart,
And beauty, to complete the perfect whole!

What flame is burning there behind your eyes?
What is the secret of your thrilling power?
The soul of Genius, in a frail disguise,
The perfume of a glowing, tropic flower.

An audience of thousands hold their breath,
Your music and your presence fill the air;
Isolde's burning passion ends in death,
But leaves a living woman trembling there.

M. F. W.

One of Mr. Sothern's biggest hits was made in "The Highest Bidder." You will find exactly thirteen letters in the words, "Highest Bidder." Furthermore, there were just thirteen characters in the play. At this time Daniel Frohman's literary advisor

at the Lyceum was the late Henry C. DeMille, and he, too, had thirteen letters in his name. Among the prominent members of Daniel Frohman's first stock company at the Lyceum were Herbert Kelcey, Charles Walcott, Walter Bellows, Herbert Archer, and Georgia Cayvan, each a pronounced favorite with a name of thirteen letters. Later prominent additions to the company included James K. Hackett, Edward J. Morgan, Grace Elliston and Mary Manning, each with a name of thirteen letters. In later years Mr. Frohman starred Cecilia Loftus, who had thirteen letters to her credit, and who, in London, had been a great favorite at four theatres, each of which had exactly thirteen letters, namely, Tivoli Theatre, Gaiety Theatre, Empire Theatre and Lyceum Theatre. At the last-named theatre Miss Loftus supported Sir Henry Irving in "Faust."

Sir Henry Irving's career was not without its coincidences, for "Becket" was associated both with his birthday and the day of his death. He selected his birthday for the first production of the play, and it was in "Becket," years afterwards, that he appeared on the day of his death, which happened to be a Friday, October 13, 1905.

One evening Sir Henry told the present writer how, some years previous, he had missed an old friend and wondered why he was no longer an attendant at the Lyceum Theatre in London. This was one of the most beloved and prominent divines in the British capital, Bishop Eliott. One day Sir Henry met the Bishop and frankly asked him why he had absented himself from the Lyceum, where he was always welcomed by the actor-manager. The distinguished divine replied that he had been severely criticized by his church people for attending theatrical performances. Sir Henry was astonished that so broad-minded a man should pay any attention to such criticism, and invited him to attend one of the first performances of the new production, in which Irving was to appear as a prelate of England, namely, as Becket. The Bishop accepted, attended the performance, and was tremendously pleased. The story impressed the present writer very much at the time, and it was forcibly recalled to his mind when he received the London weeklies that chronicled simultaneously the passing of Sir Henry Irving and of Bishop Eliott, in several instances their respective portraits appearing on the same page.

Tim Murphy, who played Maverick Brander so long in Charles H. Hoyt's amusing farce "A Texas Steer," tells how, during a performance of "A Bachelor's Romance," he, as David Holmes,

had to say to the Sylvia Sommers of the play: "It's growing dark!" and at that very moment, owing to some accident to the electric wires every light in the house went out.

During the past year Louis Mann had a singular experience in a one-night stand in Texas, which made him realize that there were such things as coincidences on the stage, and that it was always the unexpected that happened. Next door to the theatre was a church. He was playing John Kraus, the old Swiss watchmaker in "The Man Who Stood Still." During the second act a number of clocks are supposed to strike the hour, one large clock having a small set of chimes. Kraus stands a moment attentively listening to these chimes, and says, in a tone of tender and child-like enthusiasm: "Sweet! Ain't it?" On this particular night Mr. Mann noticed, with alarm, that the property man, who was supposed to play the chimes in the wings, was not in his accustomed place, and felt that he would have to cut out the two words. Imagine the star's amazement and delight when, at the psychological moment, the chimes in the church next door pealed forth their joyous benediction! That night Mr. Mann laid special emphasis on his brief comment, "Sweet! Ain't it?"

There is another coincidence, or rather a set of coincidences, to which Mr. Mann has been known to refer with pardonable interest. The present writer knows of an instance where a mother and daughter celebrate October 12th as their birthday, and of another mother and daughter whose common birthday is on October 17th. But

who has ever heard of a family in which no less than seven members, covering a period of four generations, all celebrate their birthday on the twentieth day of the month? Here are the details: Louis Mann's grandfather, Samuel Mann, was born on January 20th. The latter had a son, Daniel Mann, who was born on November 20th. This Daniel Mann had three sons and one daughter, namely, Samuel, Louis, Nat D., and Mathilda Mann. Samuel was born on June 20th; Louis on April 20; Nat D. on March 20th, and Mathilda Mann on August 20th. There were no other brothers or sisters, but Miss Natalie Mann, the only child of Nat D. Mann, was born on October 20th!

While the number twenty dominates in Mr. Mann's family, Mrs. Louis Mann, who is known to the stage as Clara Lipman, finds that her career has been largely influenced by names containing exactly eleven letters. In fact, the principal characters she has portrayed on the stage have been spelled with eleven letters. For instance: Clara Lipman has eleven letters in her own name. Her first success was achieved in "Innocent" in which she appeared as Molly Somers, a name of eleven letters. Her next big success was in "The Girl from Paris," in which she was



White

ELSIE JANIS

Now appearing on the road in the title role of "The Sun Princess"



Moffett
Kathryn Ostermann in "Modest Suzanne"



Suzanne (Julie Fesico) and her friends at the Moulin Rouge
SCENE IN "MODEST SUZANNE," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE



Moffett
Stanley G. Ford in "Modest Suzanne"

in which she played Eliza Carter, again a name spelled with eleven letters. Her play last season was "The Marriage of a Star," in which she played Simone Lefec, again a name with eleven letters!

Here is a musical coincidence wholly out of the ordinary. Have you ever noticed that the ten greatest composers of all times came in live pairs, both alphabetically and chronologically,

and that each pair of names represented a school of music or style of composition distinctively its own? Let us admit that the two greatest composers were practically the foundation of all modern music, two great big B's,—almost at the beginning of the alphabet, namely Bach and Beethoven. Then came another pair of giants, who excelled all others in the writing of oratorios, two H's, Handel and Haydn. Proceeding towards the centre of the alphabet, in fact the absolute centre, we discover two composers whose works might well be termed the music of happiness,—genial, merry, graceful, effervescent music, two M's, namely Mozart and Mendelssohn. As we proceed along the alphabet we are confronted by a pair of composers who not only excelled in the writing of immortal symphonies, but who also revolutionized the song, and made German lieder what they are, namely two S's, Schumann and Schubert, exactly as far removed from the end of the alphabet as Handel and Haydn are from the beginning. And last, but not least, as we come still nearer to the end of the alphabet, we behold the names of the two

seen as Julie Bonbon, a name of eleven letters. Then came "The Telephone Girl," in which she played Estelle Coco, a name of eleven letters. Her next hit was in "All On Account of Eliza,"

distinguished composers of the nineteenth century who created a new school of opera, two W's, namely von Weber and Wagner. You will observe that each pair of composers lived in practically the same period, and possessed striking resemblances in their style. And please note the blending of what might be termed the alphabetical and chronological progression: B., H., M., S., and W!

Speaking of Wagner, it is well to remember that his entire career was a succession of thirteens and its double, twenty-six. First of all, there are thirteen letters in the name of Richard

Wagner. He was born in the year 1813. He took his first important step in life when he was just twelve thirteen, for at the age of twenty-six he left Riga for Paris, with a letter of introduction to Meyerbeer, and the score of "Rienzi" under his arm. He wrote exactly thirteen operas, namely: "The Fairies," "Das Liebesverbot," (based on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"), "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Die Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal." The thirteenth day of the month was conspicuous when he produced "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin" in Paris. And on July 26 (again twice thirteen), 1882, he produced for the first time his thirteenth opera, "Parsifal." And when he passed away in Venice in February, 1883, it was on the thirteenth day of the month!

But the composer of "Die Nibelungen Trilogy" was not the only Wagner who was influenced by the number thirteen. The great German naturalist, Moritz Wagner, was born in Bayreuth on



Chickering
BUNNIA
Appearing in vaudeville and to be starred next season in a musical comedy

October 3d, the year being 1813! Another was the German physician, Rudolf Wagner, also born at Bayreuth, on July 30, 1805, and who passed away at Goettingen in May, 1864, on the thirteenth day of the month. It is also something of a coincidence that the two last-named Wagners should have been born in the little Bavarian town made famous later by Richard Wagner!

Eleanor Robson, who recently retired from the stage, was also affected by the number thirteen. She has thirteen letters in her name. The first part that she played on the stage had thirteen letters, namely, Marjorie Deane, in "Men and Women." Three of her prominent rôles in after years were Merely Mary Ann, Nurse Marjorie, and Vera, the Medium, each with thirteen letters. Her mother, Madge Carr Cook, has thirteen letters in her name. But no one has as yet intimated that the principal reason why Miss Robson married August Belmont was because he, too, had thirteen letters in his name.

That the number thirteen exerts a strange influence on the stage is well shown by the following illustration: A year ago, one of the biggest successes on Broadway was "The Fortune Hunter." The words "Fortune Hunter" have thirteen letters. Its author was Winchell Smith, a name of thirteen letters. It was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, likewise with thirteen letters. The manager of the company was Bert Feibleman, with thirteen letters. The manager of the theatre was Fred Zimmerman, with thirteen letters. And the star of the play also had thirteen letters, John Barrymore!

Any one studying the theatrical history of the City of Chicago will be confronted by several coincidences that are truly remarkable. There have been three large theatre fires in Chicago, namely, Rice's Chicago Theatre; the Columbia Theatre, and the Iroquois Theatre. At each fire the name of John J. McNally was conspicuous in the front of the house, and in each instance the fire took place on the thirtieth day of the month!

When Rice's Chicago Theatre—the first playhouse to be built in Chicago—was destroyed by fire, it was on July 30, 1850. Over the door at one side of the main entrance was a sign reading: "JOHN J. McNALLY." This man had a shop of some sort in front of the theatre, and was intimate with manager, players and the public. When the Columbia Theatre burned down it was on March 30, 1858, and the play then in evidence was "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," by John J. McNally. But there was absolutely no relationship whatever between the Chicago shopkeeper of 1850 and the Boston playwright

of 1858. When the Iroquois Theatre was burned it was on December 30, 1903, and the play was "Mr. Bluebeard," adapted for the American stage by John J. McNally!

Some time in or about the year 1835 Joseph Jefferson, the father of the late Joseph Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle), found himself practically stranded in the little city of Springfield, Ill. The aldermen or town trustees of Springfield insisted upon a theatre license so high that it was prohibitive, and Mr. Jefferson concluded that it would be impossible for his company to appear there. While in this dilemma Mr. Jefferson was called upon by a young lawyer, of Springfield, who informed him that he was fond of the theatre and believed in fair play, and that he would do all in his power to have the license removed. The young lawyer, who was then but twenty-six years of age, pleaded with the city fathers of Springfield, told a few stories, and won his case. Mr. Jefferson and his company then appeared at the local theatre to the delight of all Springfield. Among the members of this company were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacKenzie, the latter a sister of the elder Mr. Jefferson, and the first woman to play Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals" in this country; Mrs. David Ingersoll, another sister of Mr. Jefferson; Charles Burke, the late Joseph Jefferson's half-brother, and James S. Wright. On October 17, 1837, these same players and a few others took

part in the very first theatrical entertainment ever given in the City of Chicago, namely, in the dining room of the old Sauganash Hotel, the play being "The Idiot Witness." Twenty-five years later a structure, known all the world over as The Wigwam, was erected on the site of this primitive pioneer playhouse, and was the scene of the first convention of the Republican party. And here, on May 18, 1880, the young lawyer, who had befriended Mr. Jefferson in Springfield, was nominated for President of the

United States! His name was Abraham Lincoln! And five years later, on May 1, 1865, when Mr. Lincoln's funeral took place in Chicago, one of the pallbearers was John B. Rice, who had built the first theatre ever erected in Chicago.

Another phase of coincidence is found in the fact that when anything goes wrong during a stage performance, the next spoken line usually emphasizes the accident. Many years ago the present writer witnessed a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at Dohane's Opera House, which was situated over Dohane's Livery Stable in Council Bluffs, Ia. This was before the days of electric light. Jane Coombs played Juliet, and O. H. Barr was the Romeo.

(Continued on page 73)

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D. M.



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(Olive Harper Thorne)

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BRUCE McRAE

(Continued from page 52)

leading man I have played many kinds of characters. Do you remember a play of Galsworthy's, "The Silver Box"? In it I played a drunken Cockney. It was my favorite part. We played it about nine times. I have always wished I might play a clergyman who goes down to the slums to work, but who is equally at home in a drawing room. There is a chance for contrasts and for dramatic situations, a chance for him to meet a settlement worker, and love interest, I suppose, would follow. But I've stopped giving much thought to what I would like. What I would most like is to give the public what it wants. That is, success.

"My ten years have been fortunately spent under the best management," Mr. Frohman cannot give as much attention to one play as can managers who produce fewer plays. While one man may produce one, he produces four or five. But he always comes to rehearsals at the last, sees everything, and improves everything. He lays his hand with wonderful quickness on any weak point. Mr. Fiske is a great stage director, one proof of which is that Mrs. Fiske, herself a great director, follows his suggestions. Mr. Belasco's reputation for perfection of detail is well deserved.

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AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 52)

for appendicitis, Gelfert is a very excellent dancer, but scarcely comfortable in chic and grace with Pavlova. They presented "Le Lac de Cygnes," which proved a great bore. "The Russian Wedding" was much more delightful, and best of all was a single performance of "Coppelia," which was spiritedly done. Their engagement at the Metropolitan has now been ended for the season.

There remains but little space to be devoted to the concert rather than to the most important events may be touched upon. One of these was the first American appearance of Wilhelm Bachaus, a German pianist of English fame. He played Beethoven's "Eroica" concerto with fine dignity and breadth, and proved beyond any doubt his solid musicianship, and displayed a fine technique. Another pianist, Lhevinne, a Russian known from former years, also made his debut of the season, playing a colossal dull Rubinstein E-flat concerto. Still another familiar pianist who came back was Harold Bauer, playing with customary staidity and seriousness for which he is noted.

Emma Eames and her recently wed husband, Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, appeared together for the first time since their marriage, singing in concert. She has not changed in artistic stature, but still sings well, and his voice was appealing.

Last and by no means least, was the one visit in a dozen years of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, from Chicago. Since its founder's death it has been conducted by Frederick A. Stock, who was then heard and seen here for the first time and proved that he was an excellent conductor, sound in training and with splendid control of his forces. He gave a most brilliant reading of Strauss' "Don Juan," and a good sense reading of both Brahms' Second Symphony and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture. His men played with obedience and considerable dash. It is an orchestra that has much improved with years, and Chicago may well be proud of this band of men. The soloist on this occasion was Albert Spalding, American violinist, who played for the first time Elgar's violin concerto. The latter work will never storm heavens with its beauty. It is tremendous in long and as difficult, and has its "moments," but as a whole it will scarcely ever tempt violinists to put it into their permanent repertoire.

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COINCIDENCES

(Continued from page 27)

During the chamber scene all the lights in the primitive auditorium, consisting of a circle of gas jets in the ceiling of the theatre, went out. The janitor finally came, with a long pole and a light at one end, to renew the illumination. Strange to say, the very first line spoken after the lights went out was:

"Night's candles are extinguished, and jocund day

Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top!"

On another occasion "Romeo and Juliet" was again the play. It was during the Balcony Scene. Julia Maloney was the Juliet; the late Robert Taylor, Romeo, and Mrs. S. S. Smith, the Nurse. It was in October, and steam heat was being used for the first time that season. Juliet was on the balcony. The steam pipes made a perceptible protest. The Nurse called to Juliet. The steam pipes became more obstinate. The Nurse called again, and then there came a crash as if all the steam pipes were in anger and revolt. Imagine Juliet's next line spoken to Romeo: "I hear some noise within."

Another accident occurred that same evening during the duel scene between Romeo and Tybalt, the latter played by the late Joseph Frazer. Tybalt's foot slipped and caught Romeo's wig at the right temple, throwing it into the spot-lights. Romeo's next line, spoken without a wig, was wholly appropriate: "I am fortune's fool!"

It is a matter of stage history that a certain actor, who was cast for the role of the First Player in "Hamlet," had imbued somewhat too freely before he made his first entrance. He managed to get through his first scene with Hamlet and Polonius; but when he appeared in the Play Scene in Act Three he was either affected by the heat, or by another drop or two in his dressing room, the result being that he was unable to utter more than the first three words of his first speech in that tremendously dramatic scene. These three words were: "Full this morn'—"

Sometimes a stage coincidence gains additional interest from its singular appropriateness to the occasion. The large audience that witnessed Miss Eleanor Robinson's last performance in "The Boy of the Moor," just before her marriage to the multi-millionaire, Mr. August Belmont, was deeply impressed by the musical significance of the last line spoken by Miss Robinson as Glad: "I'm going to be took care of!"

And no one will ever forget that Sir Henry Irving's very last line on the stage, in "Becket," spoken at the Theatre Royal Bradford, Eng., less than an hour before his sudden passing on, was: "Into Thy hands, oh Lord, into Thy hands!"

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ENRICO CARUSO-PASQUALE AMATO REPRODUCTIONS—"Forza del Destino," *Duetto*, *Atto II*—*Inverno Alvaro*, (Verdi); "Forza del Destino," *Duetto*, *Atto II*—*Le minaccie, i fieri accenti*!

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Dickens on the Stage

(Continued from page 49)

plays, if there was such a wealth of material in the man? The answer is very simple. He sold the thing for which there was an overwhelming demand in those days—the serial novel. His first great success was "The Pickwick Papers," published in serial form. There was still another reason, Dickens, even at the height of his fame was always in financial hot water. He had inherited his father's imprudent business methods. The proof of it is that his daughters are practically without money to-day, and to-day was their necessity, that the British Government has given his two single daughters a pension of £25 a year. Then again, in those days there was no International copyright by which he and his family could be protected. Had there been, Dickens might have easily been a millionaire, for no author has been such a craze as Dickens, and in all languages.

And naturally Dickens wrote the one best seller. He had no time to write plays. Admitting these conditions and facts, then why did his books, made into plays, make such bad plays? If one will look back at the book-play madhouse or craze, only a few years ago, one will also see a similar result. Plays were made over night out of the best seller—the book of the hour. Exactly the same thing happened to Dickens' books. The plays were thrown together—always to exploit some one actor who saw himself in one of the characters. You see history does repeat itself. Dickens was the only reason why the plays failed. At the time Dickens was alive there was, naturally, a great deal of reverence for the author's ideas, and the attempt was made to crowd into the play all of the book that could be crammed into it. The method, of course, that should have been employed, would have been to dramatize those characters in the book, whose lives touched in the book itself, and which could be shown in a play moving through a coherent and logical dramatic proposition.

One tremendous difficulty with all of the books is the number of *lives* in one book, and the hopeless manner in which his characters travel about, so that, to assemble these people under one roof, requires a *tour de force* on the part of the adaptor. The favorite plan was to follow the *dramatis personae* of the book all over the map, splitting the play into a number of scenes, and asking the auditor to follow suit. Dickens' books contain too much material over; the modern novelist contents himself with fifty or less, so that the supreme question always became a survival of the fittest. Then there were always so many fine things in the books not really hanging on the main thread of the story. We cite one instance of this: Madame Defarge and Miss Pross face each other alone in the room. Defarge has come to hunt down Lucie. All the doors of the room, four, were open, indicating flight. Pross realizing why Defarge has come, closes all the doors and puts her back to one. The two women face each other. Pross: "You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer. Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Think of the effect of those lines on an English speaking audience. And of the scene and fight that follow between the two, and the Englishwoman's victory. And yet, no acted version of the book, of which this writer is co-author, contains this scene. Numberless scenes and situations in all of his books go by the board.

Of the charge of grotesqueness against his characters when seen upon the stage it is possibly true for the stage itself, because there are so many types that they kill off each other. It is all character, no variety, or rather too much variety of one kind. And in later years his taste, as created by the manager, runs to plays of current events, or *genre* plays.

Dickens died June 8, 1870, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey—that Hall of Fame of old England.

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"THE MIRACLE"

(Continued from page 44)

feast of the nun and the Prince; the intervention of the King, and a scuffle in which the King kills his own heir. Thence we leap to a grim scene. The nun is on the downward path. The Inquisition has her in its clutches; she is said to be a witch. The ghastly hooded figures bring her for trial amid a raging mob; she comes riding on the rack, with the executioner's axe borne by a negro behind her; and not till her head is bowed for the stroke is she rescued by the King and by the effect of her beauty on the fickle mob. We see her next as a camp-follower, a baby in her arms; and as she lies exhausted on the ground there passes a long procession of the men who had tossed her one to the other, till the last was a common soldier. And throughout every scene, her evil genius, that Spielmann with his pipe, has hepped and hovered and grimaced, bringing death and misery to all who have dealings with her.

"In the end she breaks away. In the convent, the old chants, the old rules, the old life have been going on just the same, except that the pedestal under the towering canopy is empty. We see it occupied again before the close, for the figure that left it returns to it and puts on again the gold crown and robe. And it is the nun's dead baby which takes the place in the empty arms of that Child which disappeared miraculously under the nun's sacrilegious touch. The convent makes its erring sister welcome, and not even the pipe of the Spielmann, heard outside the cathedral doors, can draw her again from her recovered peace."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 42)

human character. Paul Wilson goes to Hawaii in search of the bacilli of leprosy. He is an up-to-date, alert young American. With him, dilly chaperoned, goes Diana Larned. They are tentatively engaged. Hardly has he set foot on shore on the Puna Coast than he falls under the spell of a native princess, Luana. He is dilly warned by one "Ten Thousand Dollar Dean," a beach-comber, a detest of the most pronounced kind, and has fallen victim to the insidious climate and the native drink, which he consumes in vast quantities. But Wilson fails to heed the warning. Instead of pushing upwards to the highground—there is true sunshine in all this—he vacillates, yields to the lure of his siren, and decides to wait over for the next steamer. It is his undoing, for in the succeeding act he is found married to his dusky charmer—his abject slave—a wreck from the native drink, the shattered, feeble apology for his once assertive self. Captain Hatch, a planter for politically commercial reasons, endeavors to persuade Luana to assert her royal rights, aided by the superstitious entreaties of her own people. This he succeeds in doing, but until the contrast is shown in the regeneration of Dean, who, under the stimulating influence of Miss Larned's teaching and example, has become a man once more and discovered the very secret Wilson started out to solve. The opening scene of the third act is hazy in its development, and the political intrigue in which Wilson and his wife are involved is not over-clear, but another contrast is provided in the difference between the two natures and races as they approach the problem, and to appease the angry goddess, Pele, typified in the volcano Kilauea, Luana resolves to make the sacrifice and throw herself into the fiery crater. This self-sacrifice is preceded by a wild, weird scene of song and incantation.

"The Bird of Paradise" is a wonderful entertainment. It possesses truth, poetry, picturesqueness and sustained illusion. Its weak points do not detract from the real enjoyment, they simply mar a work which otherwise would be a genuine masterpiece. The production itself is beautiful in its stylistic treatment, and will become even more effective when certain lapses in stage management have been corrected.

It is not too much to say that real genius is displayed by Miss Laurette Taylor as Luana. It is an impersonation that for beauty of treatment, sensuous grace and charm, innate dignity, feminine coquetry and poignant pathos deserves a place among the ambitiously great accomplishments of the modern stage. Very dramatic is Guy Bates Post in the first phase of Dean, the



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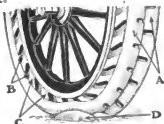
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derlict, while the varying changes of the character of Wilson are portrayed with graphic fidelity by Lewis S. Stone. A characteristic portrait of Captain Hatch is supplied by Theodore Roberts, while three carefully differentiated portraits of local life are contributed by Ida Waterman, Albert Perry and Robert Harrison. Pamela Gaythorne is a refined and pleasing Diana, and a kindly and sympathetic missionary, and his wife are sketched by W. J. Constantine and Mrs. Estar Hanks with refreshing truth and humor.

BROADWAY. "THE WRITING TAIP." Comic opera in 3 acts. Music by Reginald De Koven. Book by Fred. De Gresac and Harry B. Smith. Produced December 25th with the following cast:

Suggett, Charles Amelio; Tenace, George Madison; Candide, Grace Emmore, Celeste, Dorothy Martin; Felix, Christine Nielsen; Felix, John McCloskey; Captain Roy, L. Parment; Alce, Dorothy Jordan; Loret, Fritz Rogers; Corporal Oscar, Martin Delaney; Drummer Busing, Lieutenant Niklas, William Brandt; Lieutenant Leo, John Crawford; Major Vahrik, Albert Busby; Basile, Goro Dubarry; Willie Barret, Joseph Phillips; Mafta, Edward Marsdale.

The locale of this piece is not commonplace America, but far-off Dalmatia, where thrilling loves and violent jealousies admit of any complication, and bright colors afford opportunities for striking contrasts. If François had not deserted his regiment, it would never have happened. Felix, a bushy young man, has just been married to Fritz, a village belle. While Fritz is giving him his first lesson in love, Captain José appears with word that François, the twin brother of Felix, has temporarily deserted his regiment, and if François does not appear at a certain time, he will be shot like a dog. The well-meaning Captain tears Felix from his bride, that Felix may pose as his brother François, and thus save his life. To increase the difficulties, François has been elected leader of a detachment which is to ferret out and exterminate Mafta and his band of brigands. So interested are all the relatives, friends and neighbors of Felix and Fritz, and Fritz herself, that they all follow Felix to his post of duty.

As a soldier, François has been "a devil among the women," and Felix, of course, falls heir to all of his attachments, becoming involved in more or less amusing affairs of the heart. The brigand and his band capture the whole crowd, and Felix, Fritz, his relatives, friends and neighbors, and bear them off to their mountain retreat, which is titled as an up-to-date hotel. A wealthy American buys the place of Mafta that he may bottle the water of the miraculous spring upon the premises; so when the search-party of soldiers come after Felix they cannot touch Mafta, as he is no longer the proprietor. Felix is about to be shot, but the commanding officer falls in love with a beautiful gypsy, who wants the supposed François spared, and all ends happily and to everybody's satisfaction.

Christine Nielsen, as Fritz, was upon undeniably sympathetic terms with her audience, and had a charm that became her exceedingly. Grace Emmore, as Candide, younger sister of the bride, was a bit vociferous and indistinct at times, but on the whole did good work.

BIJOU. "THE STRANGER." Comedy drama in three acts by Charles T. Dazey. Produced December 21st with the following cast:

Mandy, Harriet Breen; Cassius Hoover, William Frederick; Venetia Warrington, Guida Berger; Theophilus Pinkney, A. S. Ryan; Howard Carter, Malcolm Williams; Hugh Forsall, Henry Hall; Judge Carter, Frank Sheridan; General Randolph Warrington, Howard Hall; Mary Warrington, Mabel Starr; John Marshall, Wilson Lackaye; Frederick Terrill, Louis Thomas.

"The Stranger" has nothing to do with the old English drama of the same name, harking back to the days of Macbeth and the elder Booth. It is Charles T. Dazey's latest offering on the worthy theme of the industrial regeneration of the grand old State of Virginia by the means of Northern capital in the hands of Wilson Lackaye, who assumes with some outward plausibility the rôle of John Marshall, blunder of the Richmond-Danville trolley line and terror of the fearless old F. V.'s. The villain, Howard Carter (Malcolm Williams), also bears a gilt-edged Virginia cognomen, but he turns out to be a fake Cy-arrier, and a false alumnus in general.

The star, and practically the whole cast, talk with a Lamb's Club "Southern" accent that would hardly pass muster below Mason and Dixon's line; and the story wanders far afield from its practical theme, to lose itself forever in a sentimental Chickabominy swamp. However, John Marshall finally proves that he had the goods, and is himself good enough for the fair Mary

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full swing. Norman refuses to follow his wife, and will stay and fight Burroughs to the death. At the end of six months, he has run Burroughs to the ground begging for mercy. But he is merciless until Dorothy returns,—again for no particular reason,—and pleads for Burroughs. Then Norman lets up. And he does not once hesitate to take the now loving Dorothy to his arms. The trouble with Mr. Shipman's work is principally that he has kept his attention upon story and nothing else. He has utterly neglected those little things that keep characters from becoming mere puppets dangled about to develop plot, and make them living and vigorous. The early part of the piece is practically perfect. A number of relations are established and nobody accomplishes anything to speak of, all because Dorothy, who would start the ball rolling if she would respond to Norman's love, has not the slightest spark of affection for anybody.

The honors of the performance go to E. M. Holland, who, as Billy Tetlow, with sly winks and wise pauses, ever aided by the absorbing contortions of two wonderfully expressive hands, provided about all of the humor that lightened the dragging piece. James K. Hackett as Norman, was entirely at ease; but at most could not accomplish the impossible task of giving sincerity to a character that contained so little sympathy.

GLOBE. "OVER THE RIVER." Musical farce in three acts by George V. Hobart and H. A. McSourcet. Music by John L. Golden. Produced January 8 with this cast:

George, Frank M. Ranger; Jerry Conner, Frank Wendler; Herbert Vandenberg, Charles L. Kelley; Bismarck Herron, Harry Hermon; Harry Blackstone, Lester Crawford; Mrs. Madison Parke, Maud Lambert; Myrtle Billington, Lillian Lawrence; Madeline, Mary Stewart; Madison Parke, Eddie Foy; Sarah Parker, Edna Hunter; Charlie Gray, Edward Sear; Harry Nudler; Timothy Cook, William Seeliger; Warden Vokas, David Andra; Number 49, Leavitt James; Street Singer, Jeanette, Billy and Grace Matthews.

Theatregoers love to laugh. They will forgive any shortcomings in a piece so long as they are kept in good humor. No play, with Eddie Foy as a top liner in the cast, could possibly fail to attract. This popular comedian is always irresistibly funny: in the prison scene in this piece, when he is seen as a jailbird, he convulses the audience. "Over the River" is not entirely new. It is an old dish served up with new sauce, the principal incidents and the situations having already served in "The Man from Mexico." Mr. Ziegfeld, who is clever at this sort of thing, has introduced a lot of specialties which impart the glamor of novelty and freshness. For instance, in the first act, there is a sparkling, effervescent scene in a Broadway resort, where a typical "Cabaret" performance is going on while the guests, seated at little round tables, partake of cold drinks and hot birds. This gives an opportunity for an exhibition by Monsieus Maurice and Mlle. Madeleine in Akron, of some of their extravagant dances, such as the Grizzly Bear, Turkey Trot, and other sensational gyrations, which are properly the subject of much criticism just now. Anybody seeking light entertainment, which will not put his grey matter to any great strain, will find plenty to please him in "Over the River."

LIBERTY. "BLOUSE SUFFRANNE." Operetta in three acts. Music by Jean Gilbert. Book by Georg Odonowsky. American adaptation by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Produced January 7 with this cast:

Ramon Duvray, Stanley G. Ford; Baroness Duvray, Kathryn Osterman; Jacqueline, Florence Martin; Hubert, Laurence Wood; Pauline, Eugene Kester; Laurence, Marieette; Charlotte Leclerc, Rene; Arthur Standerf; Monsieur Pomaret, John L. Kearney; Suzanne, Sallie Fisher; Rene, Harriet Butler; The Baroness, Edna; Clara, Thyrnette; Mille Murray, Gustave; Lester, Corbly; Alexis, Sherry; Miley, Eadie; Eadie, Eadie; Felix, Joseph Zano; Police Sergeant, D. Harvey; Genardine, William Glynn.

Suzanne has won a medal for modesty, but she is not so very modest. You find that out directly the curtain goes up. In fact, she is a brazen minx, and as depraved as most of the other characters. The piece has little to recommend it. Apart from the charming personality of Sallie Fisher, who is entirely too good for such surroundings, there is nothing to attract. The humor is sordid; the situations stereotyped and uninteresting; the story unsavory. We find a father, an elderly man, supposed by all his neighbors to be a shining example of upright conduct, stealing away at midnight, when he supposes all his family are asleep, to the Montin Rouge, where he indulges in wine and debauchery. To the same fast resort come his son and daughter, both of whom, we are told, are attracted, through heredity, to a life of reckless pleasure. It is just such worthless productions of this kind, with their underlying immoral atmosphere and rank suggestiveness, that furnish the enemies of the stage with fresh arguments

for denouncing it. And what makes the matter worse—the vulgarity is not even amusing. The one redeeming feature is Jean Gilbert's music, which is pretty and tuneful.

A Theatrical Revolution

Pittsfield, Mass., is blessed with public-spirited citizens who, when they see things going wrong, set out vigorously to put them right. Theatrical conditions in the town were not all they might be, so the better element in the place took the reins into their own hands. The following statement, made in the form of an artistic pamphlet, issued by the gentlemen concerned, tells its own story:

"It will interest you, perhaps, to know of a step taken by the people of a New England city toward the improvement of conditions which affect the stage and the theatrical profession. The city is Pittsfield, Mass., a place of 12,000 inhabitants in the Berkshire Hills. Pittsfield is a prosperous and growing town. Ten years ago a modern theatre superseded the opera house of rural tradition. The new theatre was built and conducted by gentlemen whose interest in it seemed to us to be a purely commercial one and directed almost solely from the point of view of personal profit. It was, so far as we could see, a commercial enterprise, like a grocery.

"After a time we found that we were not enjoying the theatre as much as we thought we ought to. Barring vaudeville and moving-picture establishments, this theatre, the Colonial, is the only one in Pittsfield. We began, of our own accord, to talk it over. We have no 'high-brow' notions, and we are not theatrical experts, but we believe in a town like ours the theatre justifies a consideration not dissimilar to that which we regard our public library or our art museum.

"We have done more than talk about it. Last week we bought the theatre, and we shall try to run it in accordance with our own ideas. A corporation of fifty reliable citizens of Pittsfield now owns the theatre—men whose interests are diverse as the law, medicine, farming, trade, hotel keeping, life insurance, manufacturing, journalism, banking, architecture. We do not look upon ourselves as public benefactors, and we do not intend to lose money, but we do not care in the least about making it at the sacrifice of our idea of what a theatre should be.

"We have begun to spend \$5,000 on the cleansing and reequipment of the Colonial, and we have already discovered some things which must have been sufficient in themselves to cripple the exercise of dramatic art on our stage. For instance, the condition of the actors' dressing-rooms appalled us. We are making these rooms fit for ladies and gentlemen, and we shall keep them so. We are going to spend as much money for the physical comfort of our performers as for that of our audiences; and this not merely from a motive of generosity, but also because we believe that it is sound common sense.

"Now, we are not in this thing for a fad or for the fun of it. Any advice or comment, however brief, which you may feel inclined to send us, will be gratefully received and properly used. We therefore have taken the liberty of bringing to your attention this effort of a community to make its theatre a better place of entertainment for intelligent people.

"DANIEL ENGLAND,
"LUKE J. MINAHAN,
"EDWARD BULTWOOD,

"Executive Committee for the Directors Pittsfield Theatre Company.
"Jan. 10, 1912."

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The Spring Silks and Smart Suit Fabrics

By HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES

The limits of our fashion department make it necessary to confine this article to subjects of general interest. Those readers wishing more detailed information, or who have individual problems to solve, may receive suggestions thereon by sending a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

H. E. F.

ADVANCE showings of new gowns are evidence that the French dressmakers are working on the same general lines they did the past season, which means that we shall continue to have the straight, narrow silhouette. Nevertheless, there is sufficient difference to mark the costumes as most decidedly of the new season. This difference lies generally in the details, which are most interesting and of infinite variety.

Skirts of costumes are to differ essentially from those for tailored suits in width. For the tailored skirt remains stationary around the two yard or one yard and three-quarter width, while the costume skirt seems to get narrower and narrower. Only last season a leading importer told me that he did not dare to copy his French models exactly, because the American women would not accept them, so it was both instructive and amusing to find that this season he adheres strictly to the French width. From which the conclusion must be drawn that American women have been either educated, up or down, as suits the taste of the critic, to a general acceptance of the extremely narrow skirt.

The wearers of these costumes may truly be called statuesque. There are the artistic long, soft-clinging lines of drapery, which are by no means vulgar, unless the carriage of the wearer makes them so. Indeed, thus far I have failed to see any model that was sensationally vulgar in its conception or construction. Even the slashed skirt is so cleverly treated that it has become both clever and fascinating. A model of this style was composed of black and green satin, with a cuirass of gold-figured black mousseline de soie cuirass, lightly embroidered in dull Oriental colorings. At the sides the cuirass came half way to the knees, but parted in front to admit of the slight green drapery, while below this the skirt was made of a swirl of black satin, which parted in the centre front to show a full plaiting of black mousseline de soie, which was entirely unlined. As the wearer of this costume was supposed to wear black hose and slippers, there was absolutely nothing to cavil at in the fact that the skirt was slashed half way to the knees. However, if the wearer should don hose and slippers of a contrasting color, she would certainly create comment.

There are all sort of dainty conceits in the making of slashed skirts for evening gowns, and I know of no one who carries them

out better than a young dressmaker who showed me the other day a gown which she had just finished for Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Mrs. Vanderbilt is renowned for her ultra smart dressing, and her slender figure and graceful carriage will certainly set off this lovely evening gown to perfection.



Gown showing panthers of silver embroidered satin over a petticoat of old blue satin meter. Mason Maurice, Fifth Avenue

The gown itself is the softest and richest of white satin, with a ten-inch slash at either side of the skirt. These openings are disguised by a chiffon petticoat ornamented with small ruffles and tiny ribbon flowers in the delicate Pompadour colors. These furbelows will only show when the wearer moves, and therein lies their fascination. Over the white satin hung a knee-length tunic of cherry-colored chiffon, edged with a one-inch band of crystal bead embroidery, which also formed the bodice drapery where it was combined with satin and fine lace. There were odd little bits of red satin piped with green, set at various points of the costume. They were an audacious touch that lifted the costume quite out of the ordinary, as are all of the costumes made by this new firm.

As the new fashions crystallize, white serge becomes a more and more important factor for tailored suits and separate coats. The best representation of the fashionable designs in serge are to be found in the Haas Blue Book. The distinguishing feature of the really smart serge is that it is no longer cream white, but pure white, which is vastly more becoming than the cream shade. There is little likelihood of white serge becoming common, because of its price. Then, too, so much care is required in its manufacture that only the foreign mills making the finest grade cloths care to undertake its production. American manufacturers cling to the staple shade of cream serge.

One of the newest white materials is tyl-tyl. This is a soft, pliable, all-wool material with a rough, knobby surface, which somewhat resembles Turkish toweling, and has, therefore, al-

ready given rise to numerous caustic paragraphs in the daily papers about the bathrobe costume. Nevertheless, it is a smart material, which will find its greatest use in combination with other materials, and for trimming purposes. It can be harmoniously used with both transparent and opaque fabrics, and with those made of silk, cotton or wool, so that the possibilities for its use are endless.

The Haas Blue Book of tailored suitings will give you an ad-



1. The beauty of delicate lace and chiffon is enhanced by trimming of dark fur, as shown in this lovely creation by Joseph

mirable choice of colorings and designs for the practical tailored suit, while their Blue Books of silks are quite up to the high standard of exquisite colors and materials, which have won for them the admiration of the best-dressed women throughout the country. Among the silks are some admirable serge suitings, admirable both as to color and quality. There are the popular black and white effects in endless variety, and more novel still are the double-faced suitings, which are adaptable for the construction of both tailored suits and short-skirted costumes intended for day wear. There is a lovely brown shade that is a little darker than tan, the reverse side of a peculiar light shade of blue

able line of wash crêpes, which will be both lovely and practical for the construction of all sorts of costumes intended for mid-summer wear. Another splendid silk of Migel Quality is a natural tan crinkley crêpe that somewhat resembles Shantung, and which is guaranteed to wash. It will make stunning suits, dresses and motor coats, and for the latter purpose will be far more admirable than the tan linen coats.

Indeed, the silk manufacturers have been kind enough to make several kinds of wash silks, including even washable foulards. So that since dresses consume so little material women may, indeed, have their entire wardrobes of silks. Washable crêpe de chine is being much used for undergarments, including night gowns, chemises and combinations. A white washable crêpe de chine petticoat will be highly desirable for wear under street as well as party gowns this summer. There is nothing cooler or more comfortable for summer wear than a petticoat of white tub silk, which may be made quite elaborate with trimmings of valenciennes lace.

The woman of leisure can make many of these undergarments and simple dresses as well by using a well-cut paper pattern. She then gets just the styles she likes, and knows that the garments are well made, while if she buys them ready-made, she is all too apt to find that they are fashioned in such a way that washing and ironing becomes a difficult problem, or that sufficient allowance has not been made for seams, with the result that the ready-made garment is often far from satisfactory after it is tumbled. Last summer I revelled in the possession of R and T tub silk dresses and waists, and found that they did not soil so quickly as cotton garments, and



2. A classical simplicity of lines emphasizes the richness of metallic-embroidered fabrics. The jewel-studded coiffure, with a high aigrette, is in keeping with the character of the gown. Shown by Franklin Simon & Co.

green, then there is the always elegant dark blue, with the reverse of the new shade of cherry red. A parasol to match the gown or suit would be ultra smart, while the hat might be entirely of the shade to match the reverse side.

Changeable taffetas are shown in a wide range of colors, suitable for the construction of tailored suits, costumes for day and evening occasions. Paris, by the way, is pronouncedly in favor of the light shades of taffeta for street purposes, shades which we American women generally find more appropriate for evening use. It is probable, however, that the French women will choose to wear these light-colored taffetas only for the races and other outdoor fêtes. One must always remember, too, that where we use the trolley to a great extent, the French women use the public cabs and motors, and, therefore, they can select lighter colors than we can.

Russet brown and Paris tan will, after dark blue, be the most fashionable colors for tailored suits, but it must be remembered that white serge will largely replace the overpopular blue serge this spring.

In the stunning line of Migel Quality silks are to be found some lovely serge suitings in the black and white combinations, all white, dark blue, and the tan shades. These are of a weight that makes them suitable for the construction of the spring tailored suit as well as of the more elaborate costume. They also show a remark-

SILKS DIRECT FROM
MILLS TO CONSUMER



SILKS FRESH FROM
LOOMS TO WEARER

Every Woman Should Read This Announcement

Opening of the Greatest Silk Store in the World During the Week of January 15, 1912

THIS announces a revolution in the methods of Silk Selling. It brings the product of our five great Silk Mills *direct to you*, fresh from the looms and at *manufacturers' prices*. A stock in size and variety greater by far than was ever before shown under one roof. With our present chain of Mills and their varied and perfect equipment we are able to make every variety of Silk demanded by fashion. Come here and see values that are genuine, not assumed for the purpose of a bargain sale. Here are Silks that are really fashionable, and to be offered to the women of New York at manufacturers' prices, direct from Mills to Consumer.

The doors of our large wholesale store on Fourth Avenue at the corner of Twenty-Fourth Street, directly opposite the Metropolitan Life Building, a most accessible location, will be open to the public on or about the above date, at which time will begin a *New Era of Silk Selling* which cannot fail to be of intense interest to every woman fortunate enough to be here.

Rogers Thompson Givernaud Co.

Manufacturers of the Famous Genuine R & T Silks

Fourth Avenue at Twenty-Fourth Street - - New York



7. A graceful model by Joseph in white lace and black embroidered chiffon

used for motor wear. The cravenette proof is entirely without rubber, so that the wearer does not become over warm, and as the materials remain soft and pliable after being subjected to the cravenette proof, they can be made up into any chosen style.

Cravenette Roseberry cloth should make an ideal summer riding habit, but for midwinter and early spring wear there are various weights in Priestley's English Gabardines that will be found eminently desirable. This is the material which is so much used by the English hunting set for riding habits, and which has also received the endorsement of many men and women who are members of the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island.

Separate waists of the lingerie type generally show the regulation sleeve this spring. These are of two lengths, the three-quarter and full length. I saw some stunning styles in new lingerie waists at Franklin Simon's during the week. They were made with both heavy and fine laces, but to my mind the heavy laces were more chic. I also noticed that the majority of the new waists shown at this shop were made with high-boned transparent collars. Doubtless the later season will see the revival of the collarless waist.

Kimono sleeves continue to be used on waists of chiffon and silk materials. The probable reason for their discontinuance in the lingerie waists is that it is so difficult to construct a kimono sleeve in a cotton material which will not tear, or else get out of shape when it is laundered. Also, kimono sleeves continue to be used

came from the wash looking quite as good as new.

With the spring showers so near at hand, it is well to remember that a raincoat is essential. To my mind there is nothing quite like a cravenette coat for this purpose. There are so many splendid and stylish materials that are cravenetted that every woman should be able to find just what she wants in a cravenette raincoat. Tan being slated for such a fashionable run, no doubt the tan raincoat will be more of a favorite than ever, and there are numberless shades and styles in tan Roseberry cloth which will be just the thing for the cravenette raincoat, which can also be

to a considerable extent upon costumes, though the set in sleeve is gaining headway.

Shapes for costumes are of three types, the Empire, the cuirass or moven age, and the 1830, which is so closely allied to the Louis XV period.

Hats will be of two general styles, the large picturesque hat and the small, close-fitting one. The latter will be used for dress as well as general wear. We have the automobile to thank for this type of headwear, which is so very comfortable for wear in our modern windy cities. The early styles in straw hats included in the Burgess collection are smart and up-to-date. They include panamas and leghorns for country and general wear, made in the nattiest and tailored styles.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

The originators of many new and practical waists have just brought out a new model that is particularly useful for the woman who travels or who goes to business. It is made of heavy quality India silk, lustrous, and rich in appearance, that will wash perfectly. It is beautifully tailored, and the lines of the waist are such as to stamp it at once as superior. From a trig tailored waist it may be changed at once to a waist suitable for dinner or theatre wear. The manufacturers have a catalogue containing many other designs that is sent out upon request.

In an interesting article, recently published by one of the leading medical journals of the day, the use of face creams is strongly urged. It asserts that physicians should give more attention to the preservation of the complexion, the hair, etc., and encourage woman in her desire to be beautiful, as it is a duty she owes to nature.

"Many an actress courted by our fathers still has a complexion the envy of our daughters," and why? Because she has used, and still uses, only the purest creams and unguents. So be very sure of the creams you use. A firm of wholesale druggists is making an interesting offer to women who are not already familiar with its toilet preparations. For twenty cents, to defray the expense of mailing, they will send out a large autographed photo of one of several famous actresses who endorse their creams. With the photograph they will also send samples of their excellent preparations. One of the finest cleansing creams will be found



Maternity dress of white French batiste, with trimmings of Val. lace and heavy medallions, girdle of colored chiffon—from Lane Bryant.



Why don't You
try Hinds Honey
and Almond Cream for
Rough or Chapped
FACE, LIPS and HANDS

It will soothe and soften the skin much quicker than you'd believe and will heal the tender, sore spots in a day or two.

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

will prevent irritation and chapping if applied before exposure and again on returning indoors. You will be delighted to find how soft and smooth your face and hands will be if you use Hinds Cream every day. It is not greasy or sticky and thoroughly cleanses the pores of all impurities.

Invigorates, nourishes and softens the tissue, keeping the skin clear, fresh and always beautiful. We guarantee that Hinds Cream will never injure nor irritate, but always improve the skin;—that it cannot possibly cause a growth of hair.

Motherly and nurses find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream excellent for the skin ailments of infants. After shaving, men find it unequaled for relieving cuts and irritation, preventing dyshirs of the skin.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere, or mailed post paid if your dealer cannot supply you. Do not take a substitute, and write us.

Liberal sample free on request to those who have not tried it. No duplicating or repeating

A. S. HINDS, 95 West Street, Portland, Maine

THE new styles for Spring and Summer are so charming in their diversity that every woman may select a model to suit her own fancy, providing that the straight, clinging lines are preserved. For materials, Fashion has declared silks to be her preference, with

**"Shower-Proof"
Foulards**

as especial favorites. Anticipating an increased popularity for these beautiful fabrics, we have produced a very extensive variety of designs, which, together with the regular line of

**CHENEY
SILKS**

offer a choice of over 500 different printed dress silks—and these include many of the new multicolor prints and border effects.

Cheney Silks are too numerous to sample, but if you will send us your name, we will tell you of a store in your locality that sells them.

Cheney Silks include: "Shower-Proof" Foulards, Dress Silks of every kind, Florentines, Decorettes, Silks, Uncluttered Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Sewing Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS

Silk Manufacturers

4th Ave. and 18th Street, New York

**FAILLE
MERVEILLEUSE**

The fashionable silk fabric for Spring will be Faille Merveilleuse.

This material comes in charming color combinations most used in Paris for *costume tailleur*.

Samples are shown by the best dressmakers and women's tailors in the Haas Blue Book of *Silk Suitings* for Spring.

HAAS BROTHERS

American Distributing Offices
303-305 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



New tailored model from Burgess

in the package. It is said to be far superior to soap, and may be applied with a damp cloth and rubbed over the skin, then using another cloth to wipe away the cream, that will carry away the dust, cleansing the pores as no scrubbing will do. This cream prevents premature lines forming. A greaseless cream, included in the package, preserves the youthful quality of the skin. It contains no oil, and is equally good for an oily or for a dry skin.

Another sample should be vastly interesting to all women. This is a cream to be used instead of powder for evening. It does not rub off, and gives a wonderfully flattering aid to one's preparations for a ball, dinner, or the opera. Many other preparations are put up by this well-known firm, and you are invited to write for samples of anything you may desire. The creams are well known and highly endorsed by the most famous beauties of the stage, and all the preparations are guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act. Send for samples.

When taking a course of face treatments, it is highly desirable, I have discovered, to find a woman of refinement and pleasing personality. I am, therefore, very glad to recommend a lady who is at the head of one of the best establishments in this city. Furthermore, she has the great ability to select and train her assistants so that they not only are skilled in their profession, but have, to a great extent, the delicacy of touch that characterizes their chief. That this lady has the qualities I have ascribed to her is evidenced by the fact that the establishment, of which she is the head, numbers among its *clientèle* many of the best known society women of this and other American cities. Naturally, it is impossible for this lady to give all the treatments, but her eye is everywhere, and she supervises every treatment that is given in the establishment, and it is, undoubtedly, for this reason, that all the patrons of the establishment are so enthusiastic about it.

Now that the social season is well under way it will, no doubt, be of interest to many women to know of a place where they can go to be beautified for the evening's social engagement. The eyes must be lustrous and sparkling for the opera, the theatre or the dance. The skin must glow, and must have just the right rosy tint to be attractive under the searching electric light. It requires the professional touch to set off the natural charms even of the debutante. The proper powders and other cosmetics require skill in their selection for the evening event. Any woman can soon learn what best becomes her for day occasions, but it is another story

for the evening, and if one wants to do this correctly, one must at least take lessons in the art from a skilled professional.

A toilet cream that is guaranteed by the maker to be always absolutely pure and fresh, and never to contain any harmful substance, and which is highly endorsed by such well-known women as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mme. Tetrazzini, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, and countless others, is now within the reach of every one. It is to be had for the moderate price of \$1 a jar, and it may be added that all the value is put in the cream itself, and not in an ornate package. To obtain the best results, one has only to follow faithfully and persistently the directions that go with the cream. For special cases the advice of this expert maker is always at the service of the user of his cream.

I saw the other day such a lovely, quaint Colonial tea set, given by Mrs. Cleveland to a friend for Christmas. The decorations were gold bands, and the recipient's monogram also in gold. The whole thing was so artistic that I asked where it came from, and immediately made a visit to the shop. It is a most original place, where they make a specialty of decorating china to order, and at such moderate prices that they are simply astonishing. For example, a French china tea set, which I intend to possess, is only \$15. This consists of a dozen cups and saucers, decorated with gold band, handles and monogram, and a tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, with gold band and handles. I could not have the monogram on these, because I chose that old-fashioned, quaint, fluted design, the style one so often sees in old silver, but which I never before found in china. A china teapot is so much more hygienic than a silver one, yet it is so difficult to get really artistic shapes in china, that I feel I have made an important discovery in this little shop. I say little shop, because in the show-room only samples of these shapes are shown, yet there is such a profusion of these that there is a shape to suit every taste. The plain white shapes are shown in both French china and Beček, the latter being more expensive than the French china, as most of you no doubt know. There are not only afternoon tea sets, but entire breakfast and dinner sets, and all sorts of odd pieces, such as vases, bowls, and comports. A comparison shows that for this individual china the prices are no more than for that which is already decorated. For example, raminiks with plates are only \$8.50 a dozen, and this includes the decoration. Besides all which, the owner is never too busy to give his special attention to a customer.



New tailored model from Burgess



AFTER THE WINTER YOUR
SKIN NEEDS REFRESHING

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

The constant strain imposed upon the skin during the winter months makes it unable to withstand such trying conditions. Each spring, it needs *refreshing*.

To refresh your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap contains properties which are helpful to the skin. If used regularly, Woodbury's soothes your skin, keeps it active, makes it glow with health.

Get a cake to-day. Notice its effect the first time you use it. This is a promise of what its *steady use* will do. Woodbury's costs six a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake*.

Write today for samples

For 5¢ we will send a sample cake. For 10¢ samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 25¢ a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury Preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere



Woodbury's Facial Soap

Lane Bryant

19 West 38th Street, near Fifth Ave., New York

N negligees and Simple Dresses

A large assortment in a variety of styles always ready for immediate delivery or made to measure at short notice.

Our position is unique among houses that cater to the well dressed.

We specialize in house gowns and simple dresses that distinguish the exclusive wardrobe.

Maternity Dresses

Made in one piece—expand to the figure through all stages without alteration—of crepe de chine, charmeuse, serge, challie, foulard, pongee, cotton voile, swiss, linen and gingham.

Made to measure \$10.75 to \$58.75
Coats and wraps of cloth, serge, pongee, taffeta and crepe de chine—effective styles for mid-season wear \$25.00 upwards

Send for catalog

96X (as illustrated) Charming negligee of crepe de chine. Made in all colors including black and white. Panels joined with handsome V-al insertions with intervening lace bow knots. Fichu of lace with lace bow and ends in front.

Price, \$27.50

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Broadway and 163d St., New York



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SPRING and
SUMMER

combine the quality
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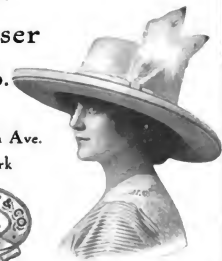
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Burgesser
& Co.

149-151 Fifth Ave.
New York





Chic tailored suit in glace taffeta. Taffeta will be very much favored for this class of suit next spring

Now that lace fichus, collars and frills are so much the vogue, dainty jeweled pins to hold them in place are an actual necessity to every woman's toilet. Smart women are using long bar pins to hold the side frill to the shoulder. I saw some unusually attractive bar pins in lace work designs that were set with sapphires, amethysts and topazes. The settings were gold hand-work, and the prices ranged from \$12.50 to \$28, those at \$17 and \$18 being particularly effective. Colored stones are being more and more used for daytime occasions, the idea being that the stone shall harmonize with the color of the gown or its trimmings. This idea is even carried out in earrings, and it is truly astonishing how many women wear earrings nowadays. For formal occasions pearls and diamonds, or combinations of these stones are used for earrings, but for morning use colored stones, with pearls or diamonds, are considered more elegant. Some unique designs, set with these stones, were shown me at from \$32 to \$85, all of which were beyond criticism.

Now that women are coming more and more to appreciate flexibility in a corset, and are, in fact, demanding it, it is well to examine one that is most admirable in this respect, and at the same time answers all the exacting demands of fashion. The way in which it is boned makes it possible for the wearer to bend easily in

any direction without the least resistance, or any danger whatever of breaking the supports. It is a truly wonderful corset for the full figure. Added to its many fine qualities is the fact that there is a guarantee that if the bones break within a year, the wearer is entitled to a new corset. Furthermore, the corset can be easily washed at home, if only the front steels are removed, though I am told that many women leave these in and obtain good results. This corset comes in both front and back lace style, the latter costing two dollars more than the front lace, and the price is from \$8 to \$20, according to the style and material used. This corset is also made in maternity style, and is so arranged that it can be worn throughout the entire period.

Which makes me think that I saw a splendid collection of maternity gowns in all the new summer materials the other day. These gowns are made in the latest styles, and so arranged that it is said that absolutely no alteration is required during the entire period, and furthermore, the styles are so good that they can easily be worn afterwards. One was of dotted swiss trimmed with filet lace, and cost \$18. Another lingerie model was made of lovely wide embroidery in the heavy English style, the bodice being trimmed with a daintily draped fichu and ribbon. It was good value at \$40. Another embroidered gown had an odd and attractive ornamentation of blue clifford bands and a few blue beads. Another lingerie model was of white voile embroidered with *fleur de lis* and ornamented with baby Irish lace, and cost only \$35. A pretty and practical gingham model showed an effective combination of stripes, with the plain gingham at \$12. One of white linen was trimmed with filet embroidery at \$35. This was constructed in a slightly different manner from those of the softer fabrics, but was equally clever, and so arranged that it also could be worn throughout the entire period.

Now that bridge parties are in full swing, it is well to know of moderate priced accessories to the game. There are attractively boxed bridge whist sets that will make admirable souvenirs. Red or green rep paper boxes, filled with the necessary accompaniments of the game, can be had as low as seventy-five cents. Those in imitation leather are \$2 each. Stunning pad holders, with pencil, are forty cents each, while the pads cost from ten to twenty cents, or \$1 and \$2 by the dozen. It is certainly a great convenience to have the bridge sets, conveniently boxed, so that there is no hunting around for missing links.

There are all sorts of pretty little novelties for bridge prizes to be found in sterling silver at one of the smart shops, and the prices are not at all high. For example, there is an odd sugar tray made to hold domino cut sugar that is marked \$5. Then there are any number of odd little fancies in tea balls, kettles, emerys, bells, and other unique shapes that may be had for from \$2.50 up; with stands these tea balls are marked \$5. Suitable for a first prize is a dainty little leather case containing a tea caddy and tea-pot ball, which is marked \$16. Then there are combination sugar cutter and tongs for \$4, a lovely little lemon dish for \$13, or sandwich tongs for \$4.

For the athletic girl there is a new style brassiere that will be highly appreciated. With it there is absolutely no necessity to wear a corset. It is well boned, and in such fashion that it can be readily washed. This athletic brassiere fastens in front with ordinary dress hooks that will not rust. It comes in all sizes, and laces under the arms, so that it can be readily adjusted to fit the figure as snugly as desired. Worn with a hip confiner, this athletic brassiere will make an ideal garment for summer wear by women generally, for the combination of this brassiere, with a hip confiner, does away entirely with the necessity for a heavy corset during hot weather.

Many women have gems that they would like to dispose of, yet if they take such jewelry to the shops where it was bought they find they will only be allowed the value of it on a new

GAGE MILLINERY



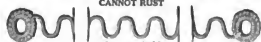
Send 2 cents for our Booklet of Spring Styles, ready March 1st, showing Gage Trimmed and Tailored Millinery. Address, Dept. "Y."

GAGE HATS are known throughout the country for style and originality of design. For sale by all leading milliners. Ask your dealer for Gage Hats.

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White or Black
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Absolutely
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THE CUSHIONED ENDS ARE EASILY SEWED THROUGH AND CANNOT SCRATCH THE NECK

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INA Queen of Face Powders

Enhance and protect your beauty. The stunning reason here for using the soft skin of those who use INA, the most perfect and longest of all face powders. It sits adheres, yet remains so visible. It gives a natural, fresh, youthful appearance to the complexion, which never gets discolored. Its delicate scented oil is so light just as the other oil of roses, lavender, perfume. A luxurious toilet necessity of beauty women the world over. It costs only 10c. White or pink, or by mail, get a box.

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This big, generous bottle of Meximol

Shampoo, sent practically free to prove that it is best for your hair. Not a preparation—just made from pure extract of nature's Mexican Amla Root, as used in the ladies of Mexico, renowned for beautiful hair. Makes hair fluffy, silky and naturally wavy. Three free bottles a year for 60 days' use. Send for the cover shipping cost for four free Shampoo.

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Mrs. Adair, on visiting her New Salon, liquidated her original GANESH Treatments for acquiring and preserving beauty of face and form had not been strictly adhered to. She has therefore accepted the resignation of her New York manageress. To assure her American clientele the same treatments as practiced in her London, Paris and Nice salons.

MRS. ADAIR HAS PLACED
HER LONDON MANAGERESS IN
CHARGE OF NEW YORK SALON

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No Metal Can Touch You

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They are the standard of to-day.

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Fit the Leg

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.50 (Canada \$2.00, Foreign \$2.50) for which please send me the Motion Picture Story Magazine for one year beginning with the..... issue, 1912.

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Town and State.....

purchase. So you may like to know of a jeweller who will dispose of it for you, and only ask you a commission when a sale is consummated. If the price you demand for your gems is too high, this man will quickly tell you, and decline to undertake the transaction. But very naturally he endeavors to secure the best price he can for you, since by so doing his commission is the greater.

A corset made to order for \$5 is a decided innovation. Yet a thoroughly reliable corsetiere tells me she can do this, if the customer takes her own measures, according to the given directions. Made to order corsets are an excellent investment, because they fit better, and, therefore, last longer than those ready-made. It is because this corsetiere does a mail order business only, and thus eliminates the cost of elegant showroom and fitting-rooms, and the expense of taking measurements, that these corsets can be had at the small cost of \$5. She guarantees a perfect fit and perfect satisfaction, or refunds the money when the corset is returned. All which is perfectly fair and just, and therefore makes me able to recommend that you give this corset a trial. The material is a narrow satin striped coutil, and the boning is light, compared to many made to order corsets. After the first corset is made, you may select a higher priced material, among twenty or more dainty imported fabrics in all white or delicate colors. For these the price is \$12. Of course, you have the choice in your second pair of keeping on with the \$5 material, but I venture to say that when a customer sees the sample she will want one of these lovely fabrics.

Seed pearl jewelry, the kind our grandmothers wore, has taken the town by storm. Jewellers are wondering how the fad got a start. But whatever the origin, it is here, and here to stay, since all the jewelers are making extensive displays of it. The pearls used are genuine, but much of the cost is in the workmanship, for the tiny pearls are strung on horsehair in the desired designs. I came across a jeweller the other day who because he makes his own ornaments, and because he maintains no expensive establishment, is able to sell seed pearl jewelry considerably cheaper than his competitors. For example, neck chains are from \$15 to \$25, according to the number of rows of pearls. These have the strands twisted together. Earrings in several styles are \$14. Festoon necklaces are \$25. Then he has seed pearl festoon necklaces in novel designs, set with opals, that are also \$25, while *lavalieres* of silver, in antique designs, ornamented with seed pearls, are only \$4 and \$5.

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CONTENTS: MARCH, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

COVER: Portrait in colors of Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise"	PAGE
TITLE PAGE: Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Patricia"	
THE NEW PLAYS: "Lydia Gilmore," "Elevating a Husband," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "White Magic," "A Slice of Life," "Officer 666," "The Pearl Maiden," "The Rose of Panama," "Making Good," "The Opera Ball," Weber and Fields	74
THE LITTLE THEATRE—Illustrated	77
AT THE OPERA	78
A SLAVE OF FATAL ENCHANTMENT—Illustrated	81
BILLIE BURKE—Full-page plate	83
BOSTON'S TOY THEATRE	84
SCENES IN "OFFICER 666"—Full-page plate	85
THE WIFE OF MAETERLINCK—Illustrated	87
ROSTAND BEFORE "CYRANO"—Illustrated	89
INTERVIEWING A RUSSIAN ACTOR—Illustrated	92
ELSIE FERGUSON IN "THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND"—Full-page plate	93
BESSIE CLAYTON—Full-page plate	95
FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN DRAMATIZED—Illustrated	96
SCENES IN "ELEVATING A HUSBAND"—Full-page plate	97
WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS—Illustrated	98
GRACE GEORGE—Full-page plate	99
OTIS SKINNER—America's Leading Romantic Actor—Illustrated	101
NINE YEARS YOUNG AND A NEAR STAR—Illustrated	104
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	xxi

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THE THEATRE

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MARCH, 1912

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MRS. FISKE IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Hall

From the left (seated) are: Mla Lewis, Helena Collier Garreck, Law Fields, Fay Tompkinson, William Cotlier, Lillian Russell.
From left (standing): George Rehan, Joe Weber, John T. Kelly

A REHEARSAL OF THE WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE COMPANY AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

LYCEUM. "LYDIA GILMORE." Play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced February 1 with the following cast:

Lydia Gilmore.....Margaret Anglin	Tom Rendle.....Walfred Draycott
Mrs. Stracey.....Jane Trevel	Ned Gilmore.....Maudie Daniel Burns
Maude Gilmore.....Gertrude Hiltz	Mr. Stallard.....T. C. Hamilton
Delia.....Margaret Johnson	Mr. Stallard.....Malcolm Owen
Agnes Kenzie.....Winifred Arthur Jones	Jarrod.....William Sampson
Richard Benham, K. C.....Lee Baker	Truscott.....Frederick Powell
Dr. Clement Gilmore.....John Blair	The Judge.....Halbert Brown
James Stracey.....John Milners	Mr. Sharbrook, K. C.....Henry Vaughan

Henry Arthur Jones has contributed many plays of the highest distinction and some of faultless form to our stage. We do not count it severely against him that he has fallen short in his latest one, "Lydia Gilmore." It would be something in the nature of ingratitude, at least, not to acknowledge that many of the scenes in this play are contrived and executed with a skill that excites admiration; but, on the whole, the piece was unsatisfactory.

The theory of the play was wrong. Its problem would seem, at first, to be worth the while. To what extent will a woman go to shield her child from the stigma of being known as the son of a murderer. In some countries no one of the family is required to testify in a case of crime involving a member of it. A wife would experience a sense of self-protection in shielding her husband who had killed a man, not out of sordid motives, but in circumstances that might be called accidental. Lydia Gilmore is horrified on the discovery of the plight of her husband, to whom she is faithful, but not emotionally devoted. The situation is one of perplexity. She must think of herself, of her imperiled social position, and when she thinks of her child and his future, it is natural enough that she should determine to go to any length to protect all these interests.

We can readily assent to the reasonableness of her conduct, but lively sympathy we cannot grant. What is the result? The play becomes a detective story and reaches its highest interest, of a kind, in a trial case. Lydia has sent away her boy, whose testimony would convict his father if he told the truth, and when the judge orders that he be produced, she cannot meet the ordeal, and her efforts to clear her husband fail. There is abundant emotion, and of a complex kind, in her struggle with the circumstances, but we can only follow that struggle with the interest of curiosity. We witness the torture of a woman, little more. Such

THE NEW PLAYS

interest as there is consists in doubtful expectation as to her success or failure in carrying through the lie agreed upon

between her and her husband. She swears that he did not leave the house or her side on the night of the murder. He had killed the husband of the woman with whom he was having an intrigue, and who caught the guilty couple together. Lydia Gilmore could not consider the unfaith of her own husband. She is controlled by her love for her boy. Her motive in trying to defeat legal justice was strong enough, but the audience was not disposed to make it their business.

And yet as a detective story there were plenty of thrills. The visits of the detective to the house and the incidents leading up to the arrest and trial, the two principals being hunted and at bay, are surely not uninteresting. It may be granted that a detective is not a new character, and certainly no actor can be found who can play the character in any distinctly new way. Mr. Frank Keenan might do it; Mr. Sampson, as Jarrod, did not. But all the work, that of the dramatist and the actors, was thrown away on the case of a woman who was simply working out the theory of the dramatist that it would be exceedingly interesting to see what a mother would do to protect the future life and happiness of her boy. It simply did not work.

Henry Arthur Jones does not lose in our esteem for his ability, but he does lose on the side of mistaken judgment. As a detective story, the play is extremely interesting up to a certain point, but that point happens to be the vital point. No further interest is possible. The play at once fails as a whole. To tag on the sentimental prospect of Lydia's finding a better husband in her old lover, the lawyer who had tried to help her at the trial—a rather improbable circumstance—is too tame to be drama.

Miss Margaret Anglin, as Lydia, was at her best. Her acting alone made the play worth witnessing. Her adoration of her boy was most tenderly expressed, and if the situations were essentially theatrical, we have never seen her less so. She, at least, filled her part and accomplished Mr. Jones' theory to the fullest extent. Mr. John Blair was the unhappy husband, and, no doubt, was rendered more unhappy by the brevity and paucity of his

scenes and with the knowledge that he had to kill himself off stage. The play was a disappointment and was withdrawn.

LIBERTY. "ELEVATING A HUSBAND." Domestic comedy drama in four acts by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. Produced on January 22 last with the following cast:

Charles Sample.....	Louis Mann	Mrs. Muhlen.....	Mathilde Cotterly
Herbert Duncan.....	Conway Tearle	Prof. Benson.....	J. Homer Hunt
Frank Forsythe.....	Lester Kenyon	Prof. Cole.....	Howard Scott
Prof. Tooper.....	Charles Hutton	Prof. Del'Or.....	Edward E. Horton
Florence Edwards.....	Jessie Carter	Henry.....	Mervin H. Chesedine
Letty.....	Emily Ann Williams	Alice.....	Clara De Witt
Mrs. Sample.....	Marion Holloman	Bessie.....	Beatrice Bentley

Mr. Louis Mann is a must capable stage manager and an actor of very marked individuality. He is one of the few American players on our stage to-day who is able to completely submerge his own identity in that of the character he chooses to impersonate, which, of course, is the only real test of good acting. He is an artist in the best sense, not a mere walking gentleman, compelled to count largely on his tailor and his personal popularity for success, as do too many of our so-called "stars." Mr. Mann has the true histrionic gift. He breathes life into a part. He can make us cry as well as he can make us laugh. That is why the public likes him, and it explains also why, when in making a new production he is always sure of a *succès d'estime*, no matter what faults his vehicle may have. His new play, "Elevating a Husband," is influenced too much by the expedience of the stage. The authors depend too much upon momentary and trivial incidents; and finally they are not entirely successful in the concluding scenes in persuading us that Charles Sample has reached the highest elevation of an elevated husband.

Mr. Mann is seen as Charles Sample, who thought the world of his mother. He was also highly successful as proprietor of a lengthening chain of five and ten-cent stores. In the flush of his middle-class prosperity and comfort he married Letty, a poor but

virtuous young music teacher living at the same boarding-house. Letty's head became turned with so much money, so she built them a beautiful home and entertained a number of snobbish social spongers therein, even venturing to criticize Charles for his boorishness, and heartlessly insisting that his poor old mother wear corsets. In due time Herbert Duncan, the spurned and ungrateful rival for Letty's hand, who had been befriended by the generous Charles, appears upon the scene as the usual "tame cat," trying to solicit the wavering Letty from her duty. Charles returns from a business trip to find that Herbert has falsified accounts at the stores and ruined him. Learning that Letty has loaned Herbert some money, he imagines the worst, and gives Herbert his choice between suicide and exposure. Herbert tries and then declines to do either. Charles drops everything and runs away. Two years later he returns to find Herbert has gone to England, while Letty has sold the house and with the proceeds purchased a third interest in the chain of stores, which has been taken over and revived by a new company. Letty tells Charles that she never responded to Herbert's advances, anyway, so Charles takes her to his arms.

The aim of the authors was to tell a story, and a very unconvincing story it was. It might look very pretty in a magazine, but as a dramatic piece, even the Liberty Theatre could not make all things free and equal. In the first place, people will not sympathize with a husband who lets his wife elevate him to snobishness, even if he does plead press of business as an excuse. When you expect things to quicken up and hold interest, the characters irritate by doing nothing.

The biggest thrill of the piece is a disappointment, because after working us up to painful intensity by the clever acting of Sample, Herbert refuses to kill himself.



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JOHN AND ETHEL BARRYMORE IN J. M. BARRIE'S "ADVANCED DRAMA," "A SLICE OF LIFE"

Louis Mann did everything possible to make an outline live. Emily Ann Wellman rose to every meagre opportunity in the cramped part of Letty. Charles Hulton made the secretary believable. Marion Holcombe made a personal impression as the little old mother. Mathilde Cotrelly tried hard to fit the impossible pattern of the caricature landlady, and Conway Tearle sneered successfully as the villainous Herbert. But in spite of the united efforts of the very capable company, despite most of the little points of interest that plainly were interpolated by them, things would persist in going around in circles back to the starting place, until, by the time the play was half over, authors and characters were swept off their balance.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter, founded on the novel of John Fox, Jr. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

June, Charlotte Walker; John Hale, Byron Churchill; Bob Berkley, Richard Stearns; Uncle Billy, George Woodard; Ole Han, Lillian Dix; Judd Tolliver, W. S. Hart; Dave Tolliver, Willard Robertson; Lorety Tolliver, Alice Lindahl; Cal Henton, Cyrus Wood.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a beautiful and effective production in the matter of scenery; it is filled with the atmosphere of the mountain, and its characters are, for the most part, to the purpose, but the play lacks cohesion and definiteness of story. The scenes are definite enough, but the result taken altogether is unsatisfactory. Many of the characters are true mountain types; but June, the mountain girl, is neither in the line she speaks nor in the acting of the part remotely true to the actuality of mountain life.

If there is a romantic aspect to light among the moonshiners and feudists, it is not of the kind that speaks in poetic language or indulges in sentiment of the kind found only in books. It is no injustice to Miss Charlotte Walker to say that her acting does not fit the part. Her art is there, but it does not apply to the case. Her beautiful hair afloat in the breezes is not mountain hair. Her comeliness is not of the mountain kind. She is not the mountain girl. Indeed, it would be impossible for her to be the girl of the Lonesome Pine, as seen in the beginning of the play, subject to the refinement of the schooling provided by the "foreigner" who comes to bring prosperity to these rude and simple people. It is proper enough and possible to idealize such a character, but we must see her in her true original state.

The story of the play provides many thrilling scenes, but only for the moment. The principal advance over the old gunplay melodrama is that no shots are fired on the stage and no smell of gun powder asserts that this is melodrama. The play as a study of character is too much of a refraction. Too many things are left undone that should be done in order to make these figures, true enough in themselves, true to their life. The lovely scenery

helps to prevent it from giving the full impression of the old melodrama, but many of the incidents of it are there.

Within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain, old Judd Tolliver is suddenly seen standing on a ledge of rock at the top of the

trail with a gun leveled with deadly firmness of nerve at John Hale, the newly-come engineer at the gap, he who is to render homage unto June, the daughter. Old Judd takes him for a revenue officer, but there are explanations which end in potations of moonshine whiskey, June drinking the raw stuff with alacrity. John Hale has June educated at the school at the gap. Dave Tolliver, in love with her from boyhood, does not like him. He, too, in the first act, draws a gun on John Hale with characteristic native deadly nerve, without a tremor in the leveled gun, and with theatrical impressions. These are good bits of acting. Dave comes to the gap to demand that June go home with him and marry him as she had promised. He again levels the gun at his rival, but John's companion, Bob Berkley, comes around the corner of the house, gets the drop on him and makes him throw his gun to the ground.

Is this saved from absolute and familiar melodrama by the beautiful scenery? Almost, but not altogether. We dwell upon this element in the play because it is extraordinary. We comment detached parts of the play as extraordinary, and that it all

misses completeness in effect is to be deplored. The story is irregular. The feud breaks out and John's friend, Bob, is wounded, as he supposes, by Dave. The big scene is where John bursts in the door in Judd's cabin and demands that Dave be delivered to him. What he is going to do with him is not clear, but it promises a strong bit of melodrama. It means that murder is at hand, but there is no murder, for Bob recovers his senses long enough to say that Dave did not shoot him, that he saw the man who did, and so the situation is relieved. We have no flash of shots. Dave's life is saved by an amiable lie, it seems, for the next act is left open for peace, with Dave giving up his claim on the girl and getting ready to emigrate West. In point of fact, mountain men rarely make way for a rival without forcing conclusions to the fighting point, and they rarely emigrate. They may move further up troublesome creek or cross the ridge to another valley, but they do not leave the mountains. The play, with reference to exciting situations with guns that never speak, has a certain interest—and there is the scenery.

CRITERION. "WHITE MAGIC." Comedy in three acts by David Graham Phillips and Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced Jan. 24 with this cast:

Beatrice Richmond.....Gertrude Elliott
Roger Wade.....Julian L'Estrange
Hector Richmond.....George Le Cour
Mrs. Daniel Richmond.....Ruth Chester
Allie Kinnear.....Florence Brian

Mrs. Kinnear.....Suzanne Sheldon
John Capulet.....Alexander Scott-Farley
Daniel Richmond.....Ben Johnson
Butler.....Charles Dowd
Valentine.....Suzanne Perry



ANNA WILEATON

This clever singing and dancing comedienne, who is appearing this season with Sam Bernard in "He Came From Milwaukee," met with her first real success in "Madame Trenchard." She made her debut on the stage with James A. Hiron in "Big Harbor," and for one season she appeared with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

The inevitable arrived even sooner than was expected. With less than a two-weeks' run to its anticipated credit, "White Magic" fluttered out, the Criterion went dark for a week, and Gertrude Elliott began rehearsing a new part.

The late David Graham Phillips as an author is still one of the best sellers, and his numerous novels have been accepted by the critical fraternity as strong and vigorous phases of contemporaneous American life. But they apparently will not serve as fundamentals for the acting drama. This is the third attempt that has been made to fashion plays out of his novels. One produced some years since at the now demolished Madison Square Theatre had a brief run. James K. Hackett did not find "The Grain of Dust" a profitable medium as far as this city is concerned,

and now "White Magic" shares even more emphatically the fate of its predecessors. It is useless to discuss the piece at any length. It depicted the adventures of a strong-willed, independent daughter of a multi-millionaire, who fell in love with a poor but still more independent artist and married her in spite of himself. To detail the exciting story a plethora of words was used. It was altogether a futile and depressing venture, lacking in interest and substance.

Miss Gertrude Elliott did as much as was possible with a stupid rôle, and Julian L'Estrange struggled with equal effort to make interesting the socialistic artist. Father and mother of the girl, perfectly conventional parts, were respectively enacted by Ben Johnson and Susanne Sheldon.

(Continued on page 21.)

Mr. Winthrop Ames and the Little Theatre



WINTHROP AMES

THE first performance at the Little Theatre, the playhouse for the presentation of intimate drama, which Mr. Winthrop Ames has built at 240 West 44th Street, will take place the first week in March. The opening play is "The Pigeon," a new comedy by John Galsworthy, the author of the dramas, "Strife," "Justice" and "The Silver Box," and of a number of novels and short stories.

The Little Theatre is the smallest playhouse in the city for the production of dramatic attractions, its seating capacity being considerably under 500. A special and very unusual

feature of the construction of the house is the doing away with boxes, balconies and gallery. The fifteen rows of orchestra seats have been so arranged that the view is just as good from the outside seat in the fifteenth row as from any other seat in the house. A feature at this theatre will be a series of special matinee performances, at which Mr. Ames plans to present some very unusual plays of varying lengths. These special matinees will probably be given four or five times a week. The first of these plays to be given afternoon performances will be produced about the middle of March.

Special attention has been paid to the building of the stage, in order to secure the best scenic and lighting effects. The house will be supplied with a revolving stage, the only one in New York, aside from the Century (formerly the New) Theatre, in order to do away with the long waits between acts. The stage is large in proportion to the auditorium, and is ample for the presentation of large scenic effects.

"In spite of its small size," said Mr. Ames to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "the Little Theatre will not have the effect of a hall or lyceum. It is a complete theatre merely reduced from the average dimensions—no smaller, indeed somewhat larger, than many a theatre of the same type abroad, as, for instance, the Little Theatre in London, Reinhardt's Kammerspiele in Berlin, or the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. All of these were built with the same idea in mind—the close connection between actor and audience, that all the subtle shades

of voice and expression, so important to the effect of modern plays, may reach the spectators. But there are to be no galleries, no balconies and no boxes. Every seat in the house is an orchestra seat, and every seat is as good as every other. The spectator in the last row (the fifteenth) can see and hear quite as well as the one in the first. Sight lines are perfect, and the seats are the most roomy, and the widest between rows, of any in New York.

"One short flight below the auditorium there will be a large Lounge, to which, I hope, the audience will resort during the longer intermissions. Coffee will be served in the Lounge evenings and tea afternoons.

"I am convinced people enjoy a play more if they don't attempt to sit still throughout the length of an average performance.

"But these are externals. The

(Continued on page 21.)



NEW YORK'S LATEST THEATRICAL LUXURY, EXTERIOR OF THE "LITTLE THEATRE," WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET



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M. Jadowker

Mme. Gadski

Mme. Matfeld

DISCLOSING THE SECRET OF THE SEALED WARDROBE

"Versiegelt" at the Metropolitan Opera House



LEO BLECH
Composer of "Versiegelt"

expressed it, "Under Seal."

There is one curious thing about the present season's novelties, they have all been of a happy nature. Usually grand opera deals with death, poison and duplicity; the end is usually a funeral ceremony in the minor key, and sometimes there are scarcely enough characters left for the composer to finish, so violent has been the onslaught of the librettist.

Whether the choice of novelties this season reflects Mr. Gatti Casazza's placid nature, or whether it just happens by chance that they all mirror happiness, that cannot be determined. Still the fact remains that "Lobetanz," while having its lugubrious moments, ended in a waltz, and that "Le Donne Curiose" was operatic champagne. And now comes "Versiegelt," which is a comic opera.

Its first performance in America occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House on January 20, 1912, with the following cast:

Braun, Burgomaster, Hermann Weil; Elsie, his daughter, Bella Alten; Frau Gertrud, a young widow, Johanna Gadski; Bertel, her son, Hermann Jadowker; Lampe, Constable, Otto Goritz; Neighbor Knoke, Marcel Reiner; Champion Marskman, Basil Ruysdael.

The libretto is by Richard Batka and Pordes-Milo, after a story by Rauppach. The music is by Leo Blech, first conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera House, a German of forty. This opera has been performed time and time again in Germany. While its

humor is typically Teutonic, it is so amusingly handled and so well "sent across" the footlights that the work promises to take a permanent place in the Metropolitan repertoire. It will probably cause a divorce in one opera family, the "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci" family so long wedded; now "Versiegelt" will probably be allied with one of these each time it is given a hearing.

The plot revolves about a wardrobe owned by Frau Willmers, which the Burgomaster, Braun, has "attached" for taxes. This is an act of spite, for Frau Willmers' son, Bertel, is in love with Elsie, daughter of the Burgomaster. Now this old wardrobe is a highly cherished piece of furniture. To save it from the hands of the Constable, Lampe, Frau Willmers asks her neighbor, Frau Gertrud, to give it house room. The latter consents, and the whole action thus takes place in Frau Gertrud's living room, some time about 1830, the locale being a German village.

Here is where the plot thickens. Gertrud, a widow, is in love with the Burgomaster. He is a widower and has a tender spot in his heart for Gertrud, but has never been lured to the point of declaration. Now, with all the traps set for German comedy, the action begins. Lampe, constable, comes to Gertrud and discovers the "attached" wardrobe of Frau Willmers. He dashes forth to tell this news to the Burgomaster, but in his absence



Copyright Dupont
LOUISE HOMER AS ORFEO

the Burgomaster himself calls on the Widow Gertrud. He indulges in tender speeches and is about to seal his love with a kiss when Lampe's voice is heard. With no chance to escape, the Burgomaster hides himself in the wardrobe. Lampe comes in, claims the wardrobe and puts the seals of state on it, making the Burgomaster a prisoner. Then Lampe hears a noise in the wardrobe, and putting his green cotton umbrella through the crevice arrives at the conclusion that a man is concealed within. That is scandal of the choicest order, so he races off to the Burgomaster to tell him the news. Elsie and Bertel now enter, are told that the stern parent is caught captive in the wardrobe, and they offer to release him only after he has given the young couple his blessing and a handsome dowry. Then he is set free, and for a joke he locks the young couple in the wardrobe. The end is happy—the Burgomaster pairs off with Gertrud, Elsie and Bertel are engaged, and Lampe and Frau Willners loom up as prospective bride and groom. That is all of this simple tale, which has "Made in Germany" stamped all over its fun and sentiment. The music is really delightful, though it seems to lean pretty heavily upon Wagner's "Meistersinger" for mood, and the orchestration also suggests Wagner at times. But there is more in it than simply a borrowed Wagner inspiration, for it is really very pretty—not a great work, not one that shows the master hand of genius in themes or in workmanship, but an honestly made score that in moments really sparkles with the fun of the story.

The Metropolitan performance was one of the best imaginable, and its star was Otto Goritz, who



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EMMA DESTINN IN "TOSCA"



Minkus

MAURICE RENAUD IN "RIGOLETTO"

acted and sang Lampe initially. His mask was excellent, his uniform was finely rendered grotesque by the green cotton umbrella, and his singing was shriekingly funny. He had a "patter song" that was a joy. Galski was Gertrud, looking charming in a quaint costume and singing admirably. Her humor appeared a bit heavy at moments, but possibly it was so intended for the "period." Jadowker, as the loving swain, Bertel, was delightful; and Bella Alten as his beloved Elsie was capital. Weil acted the Burgomaster with much dignity, and Mattfeld was in the mood as Frau Willners.

Alfred Hertz conducted the work delightfully, voicing the comedy and the delicacy with a light hand, and also giving the sentimental episodes their full Tontonic value.

Another new, old novelty of the season was the year's first performance of "Das Rheingold"—one of the best ever given here. It all went with the spirit of reverence and tradition, singers and orchestra covered themselves with credit generally. There were some exceptions, one being Alina Gluck, who left much to be desired as Freia; and another being Weil, who sang Wotan as carefully attired as though he had patronized the latest Walhall tailoring establishment and bought a pair of cunning khaki puttees. His beard was also carefully marcelled. But there criticism ceases. Matzenauer, as Fricka, was admirable; Homer was an impressive Erla; and the three Rhine Maidens were Sparkes, Alten and Wickham all adequate. Goritz, as Alberich; Burrian, as Loge, and Griswold and Ruysdael as the Giants—they were all commendable.



Copyright Miskin
ELIO SLEZAK
Well-known Metropolitan tenor heard recently in recital

and not until little Hester Makepeace Homer was old enough to be entrusted with a substitute did Mme. Homer again perform operatic duties. She returned in unimpaired voice and made a lovely and sympathetic picture again as the boyish Orfeo.

"Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" was revived for the season—one of last year's novelties, this exotic opera by Paul Dukas. There were no changes in the cast from last season's productions save that Matzenauer sang the part of the Nurse and made much of this rôle, almost dominating the scene in the first act. Farrar, as Ariane, was in one of her best moments vocally on this occasion, and her acting was a vast improvement over last year's work in this difficult part. Rothier, as Bluebeard, was admirable, and Jeanne Manbourg was excellent as Selysette.

Signor Toscanini conducted with care and devotion, but the music scarcely gripped its hearers. It is so tardy in inspiration, its features of modern dissonances and vagueness of theme are so disappointing. The ear is kept tense listening and hoping for what really never comes.

There was a new Elsa one night—Emmy Destinn singing this rôle here for the first time in an unusually good "Lohengrin" performance. Destinn is not an ideal Elsa, so far as the eye is concerned.

She suggests nothing ethereal; she does not even attempt to do so, happily. But she sings it with vocal beauty and hushness that quite silences all criticism. Jadowler's Lohengrin was a beautiful bit of work, and Homer was a dramatic Ortrud.

Another new feature of the month was the first time here of Maurice Renaud in the rôle of Valentin in a gaudy "Faust" performance. He dressed the part artistically and simply, abandoning all idea of trying to resemble a carnival mad chap, bedecked with plumes and ribbons—which always looks silly. And Renaud acted it, too, just as one would expect this great artist to disport himself. But Valen-



Copyright Miskin
JOSEF HOFMANN
The distinguished Polish pianist whose recital in New York drew a vast audience at Carnegie Hall



ARTHUR NIKISCH
The great orchestra conductor who is coming to America at the head of The London Symphony Orchestra



ELENA GERHARDT
Great German Lieder singer recently heard at Carnegie Hall

tin is sheerly a lyric part, and Renaud's voice is not equal to it.

Renaud had made his re-entry of the season earlier, in the title part of "Rigoletto," which he acted superbly, with all melodramatic force required by this old-fashioned part. No one has any illusions about his voice, and his splendid acting makes reparation for many sins of singing.

Tetrazzini, who sang Gilda again, has continued at other times to let her vocal shine that her hearers may be dazzled by them. Another visitor was Alice Neilen, who sang Mimi in a "Böhème" performance, and showed improvement over former years. Smirnoff was the Rodolfo, and he shed no lustre over the evening, nor did he arouse feelings of joy in the bosoms of his critical listeners.

Leaving the Metropolitan at this point, and turning the humble ear to concert halls for the moment, may not bore the reader. First of all, there is to record the initial American appearance of Elena Gerhardt in recital. In Germany she is regarded as a great Lieder singer, and at Carnegie Hall she proved her claim to this position of eminence in short time. She has not an exquisite soprano voice, save in the lower register, where her tones are simply luscious; nor does she pretend to act her songs. Yet she brings to bear on her interpretations a rare intelligence that makes her a wonderful artist. Notable were her Brahms songs, but she proved herself mistress not of any single school—

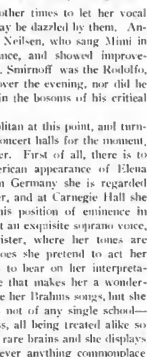
Schubert, Franz, Hugo Wolf, Strauss, all being treated alike so far as brains and skill went. She has rare brains and she displays this fact in every song. There is never anything commonplace in her singing, it is all of an exalted high order. And her accompaniments were simply exquisitely played by Paula Hegner, a jewel among accompanists.

Edmond Clément, that rare French tenor, gave a song recital, too, and had his hearers at his feet again by his exquisite singing. He sang the "Manon" aria like an angel—so, too, was the Bizet "Pastorale" done wonderfully. He is a delightful artist, and it is a pity that he is not numbered among the Metropolitan roster of artists.

Still another tenor recital was given by Bonci, famous Italian singer of *bel canto*, and he again evoked storms of applause by his delicate phrasing.



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EDMOND CLÉMENT
The eminent French tenor who was heard recently in song recital



GERTRUDE RENNYSON
Well-known American soprano recently heard at a Symphony Society Concert



Copyright Miskin
SIGNOR BONCI
Famous Italian singer of the Bel Canto school, recently heard in recital



FRAÜLEIN LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN, WHOSE ART AND STRIKING PERSONALITY HAVE FASCINATED NEW YORK

FRAÜLEIN LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN, of the Reinhardt players, **A Slave of Fatal Enchantment**

has established the fact that even on the stage "actions speak louder than words." While words fail one in describing her wonderful art, they are not necessary to understand every line of her acting. As the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment in the wordless play, "Sumurun," now casting its Oriental magic spell over enthusiastic audiences in the Moorish Casino, Fraulein Konstantin gets over more real lines without words than it would be possible for anyone to do with words, even if specially arranged by such a triumvirate of word painters as Shakespeare, Maeterlinck and Arthur Wing Pinero. *She acts!*

As Richard Ordynski, general stage director for Max Reinhardt, who came here to stage "Sumurun," said while we were waiting outside Fraulein Konstantin's dressing-room for her to take her "make-up" bath before going on:

"It is to bring back acting in its pure state to the modern stage, instead of over-emphasizing the poetry of acting—the words and their arrangement as literature—that Professor Reinhardt puts stress on the acting. For instance, in his productions of 'Sumurun' and 'The Miracle' he did not select pantomimists, but actors

of speaking parts—some of the best trained of the modern German players.

They act the rôles; they do not pantomime them."

In proof of Herr Reinhardt's theory that the poetry of a play and the diction of the actor must give way to acting as an art, when "Sumurun" was first constructed, it was not written like other plays—there was not any such rôle as *The Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment*. At the first rehearsal Fraulein Konstantin was just an ordinary slave girl, like the others who are hartered for. Sumurun was the principal rôle. But Reinhardt, like our own Belasco, has eyes with which he sees, and he caught a glimpse of powerful, subtle acting in the wonderfully plastic movements of his young pupil, who, he was afraid, "could not act!" He beckoned to Fraulein Konstantin, and told her that he wanted her to be "such and such" a slave girl.

"Just think over how such a slave girl should act," he said, "and then act as you think she would amid these surroundings."

That was all that was said by master to pupil. Fraulein Konstantin straightened up her beautiful, lithe figure, flashed her wondrous hazel eyes, and then let herself loose in a series of fiery, passionate Oriental movements. With her wonderfully



Moffett

HARRIET STANDON IN "WHEN SWEET SIXTEEN" AT DALY'S

plastic art, the tremendous fire and passion of the movements of her body, and her fluidly expressive facial play, she "told the story" far better than it could be told with words, of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment. At once this became the principal part instead of the rôle of Sumurun in the piece.

This incident in the making of "Sumurun" shows how this play was built up. The piece was never written. There is no manuscript of "Sumurun," not even a book of the "business." All there is in the way of a book and plots of the play is carried in the heads of Reinhardt and Ordynski. It happened like this: Friedrich Freksa, the author, went to Reinhardt with his scenario. In five minutes it was accepted, and Freksa, as he was about to leave the manager's presence, elated over his good fortune, jubilantly said that he would have the complete manuscript ready soon. Reinhardt told him not to bother about it, but to return to the Kammerspiele, Berlin, the next day for the first rehearsal. Then Reinhardt posted a call for the players. The same principals were in the original production as are appearing

here, with the exception of Fräulein Wiesen-thal, a Viennese dancer, who first acted the part of Sumurun, and Rudolph Schildkraut,—now acting in Yiddish in the Bowery,—who created the rôle of the Hunchback.

With the company assembled, Reinhardt read to them Freksa's scenario of "Sumurun," and, after assigning the parts, told the players that he wanted them to first try to feel their rôles, and then to express those feelings by their actions. Further than that, he told each player to build up his own part, being careful, of course, to keep it in harmony with the general thread of the story. Victor Hollaender, the composer; Ernst Stern, the scenic artist, and Herr Ordynski, the stage director, also were present; and, in this co-operative method on the part of author, producer, composer, artist, stage manager, and players, "Sumurun" was made into an acting, but wordless play.

"That first rehearsal of 'Sumurun' was very funny," said Fräulein Konstantin. "The way we each went along with our own parts and our own business, as if the whole plot centered about each and every one of us, was ludicrous in the extreme. Every now and then Professor Reinhardt would break in with suggestions, telling us to accentuate this and subdue that, until everything was—well, natural, and true to life. All the time Professor Hollaender was composing the music, while sitting at the piano. Herr Reinhardt would shout to him to enliven up a certain scene with music, or to calm down another with a different musical motif. The scenic artist, mixed and mingled with us for ideas, all the time making little sketches on a pad he carried in his hand. It was the funniest rehearsal!"

This first rehearsal lasted for six hours, and they rehearsed "Sumurun" the same length of time each day for four weeks before the opening night.

"Herr Reinhardt suggested the spirit of the part, and then told me to act it," continued Fräulein Konstantin. "He does not tell his 'people' how they must play their parts, but he tells them to feel the part and play it. He draws out the emotions of the players by putting them into the situation the rôle calls for, and they cannot help but do as he wants them to do. He tells us always to act from within out. We must feel the part first, then we

cannot help acting it. Before putting on the Slave's costume, I did not feel the part; but the minute I put on the costume I now wear in the play, I felt that I was the Slave. I sent the part back to Reinhardt two or three times, though, and told him that I wouldn't play such a bad part. I'm not bad, but when I put on the Slave's costume I feel 'bad'!" This Fräulein Konstantin said earnestly, reiterating it in English after it was translated to me. "You know," she said, with an appealing look in her beautiful brown eyes, "I'm not bad like that Slave. I only act bad in the part because I have to! I play good parts as well as bad ones. With Schildkraut, in Germany, I have acted Puck in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; Cordelia in 'King Lear'; Gretchen in 'Faust'; Louisa in 'Kabale und Liebe'; by Schiller; Amalie, in Schiller's 'Die Räuber'; the leading part, Mutter Maria, in 'Gawann'—an impersonation of the Virgin Mary—and other parts vastly more spiritual than the Slave."

She likes speaking rôles, but says that in "Sumurun" she does not miss the words.

(Continued on page 12)



Servey

MISS BILLIE BURKE, NOW APPEARING IN "THE RUNAWAY," ON THE ROAD

Boston's Toy Theatre

IN a narrow little street on the slope of Beacon Hill, in Boston, there stands a three-story building, with a mansard roof, which for many years was a stable, and now is a theatre. The street is so obscure that multitudes of born and confirmed Bostonians could not locate it, yet it is almost under the shadow of the gilded dome of the State House. The playhouse is so diminutive that it seats but 130 persons, yet the opening of what has been named "The Toy Theatre" was a society function of no mean dimensions.

A representative company of Boston's most exclusive literary and society people are giving time and toil to make this unique American theatre a successful venture—successful not in the box-office sense, for there is no box-office, but successful from the viewpoint of dramatic and artistic excellence. Miss Dorothy Jordan, daughter of the merchant who is the Wanamaker of Boston, a dancer who is hailed as an amateur Isadora Duncan, will dance in the Toy Theatre. Miss Amy Lowell, sister of the president of Harvard, will translate Alfred De Musset's "A Caprice" for production in this transformed stable. Among those who appeared on the opening night of this Boston adaptation of the "Little Theatre" of London, were Hazel MacKay, sister of the poet, who has performed on the professional stage; Eugenia Frothingham, a writer who bears a very distinguished Boston name, and Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., grandson of the former president of Harvard.

The lure of the Toy Theatre was strong enough to bring Oliver Herford and George Middleton over from New York to see their own plays produced on that opening night. Three short plays were then given, and the third of the group was George Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings." Most of the actors who are to appear behind the very excellent footlights of this stable-theatre, and upon its professional looking stage, are amateurs of more than local renown. The authors who will have to come before its curtain to bow their thanks to its critical audiences will include several persons of international reputation, among them Josephine Preston Peabody, the writer of "The Piper," whose other play,

"The Wings," is in preparation. "The Angelus," by Ralph Adams Cram, is also to be produced. Mr. Cram is the architect chosen for the completing of New York's Cathedral St. John the Divine.

A long list of names might be cited to show that this nugget of a theatre starts off with prestige aplenty. Beulah Marie Dix is a member of the play-reading committee. Beatrice Herford serves on the advisory board. Lorin Deland will take an active part in the planning of the "seasons" of this smallest of theatres. The enterprise has the interest and support of Professor George Pierce Baker, who teaches dramatic literature at Harvard, and of

Professor Louis Alard, of the same university, who is at home with the classic dramatic writers of France.

The Toy Theatre was planned, founded and named by Mrs. Lyman W. Gale. She gathered the people and the money that made it possible. She states her motive thus: "Toys that people make themselves, toys made of string, and wool, and anything that comes to hand, mean more to the children, and are far more valuable, both in educating and amusing their owners, than the finest ready-made toys the shops afford."

But the idea of the Toy Theatre came across the ocean, and its founding was due in part to the interest in playwriting that has sprung up in Boston. A Radcliffe girl won the John Craig prize, and her "End of the Bridge" had a long run at the Castle Square Theatre. Other plays by Radcliffe girls have been produced this winter in Bos-

ton. "The Piper," written by a former Radcliffe girl, won an international competition, and was produced at Stratford, England. Then Boston, too, has its full share of amateur actors, some of them of very unusual ability.

There have been "little theatres" before, but none in America so small as the Toy. Abroad there have been the *Kammerspiele* of Max Reinhardt in Berlin, the *Théâtre des Arts* in Paris, and the *Little Theatre* in London. These owe their vogue to their ability to produce exceptional plays in surroundings and under conditions that alone make possible the success of such dramatic works. Many plays are impossible on a large stage and before a big audience because of their delicacy. Other very meritorious plays appeal to so small a public that they could not fill an ordinary theatre, and the treasury would be put to it to find the



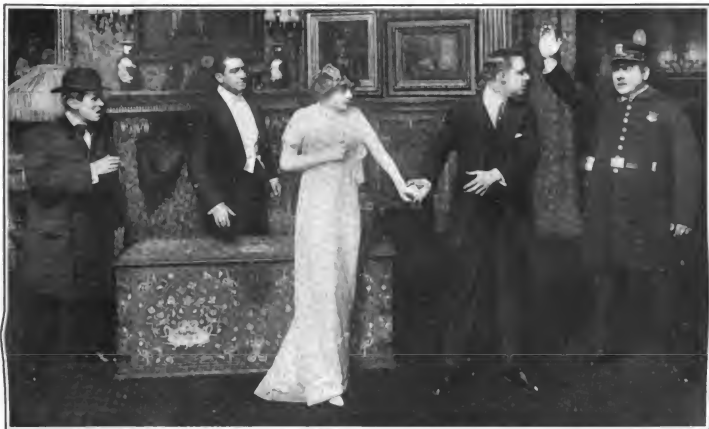
From the Illustrated London News

SCENE IN "EDIPUS REX" AS PRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

The drawing shows the special arrangement of the Opera House for the production. A number of stalls were taken away so that much of the action takes place on a level with those seated on the floor of the house.

A passage-way for actors runs down the centre of the auditorium

SCENES IN "OFFICER 666" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE



White M. W. Rale George Nash Ruth Maycliffe Wallace Eddinger Francis D. McMan
Act II. Travers Gladwin (Mr. Eddinger): "Wait a minute, officer, until I see this lady to a cab"



Vivian Martin Percy Ames Camilla Crume Wallace Eddinger Ruth Maycliffe
Act III. Mrs. Burton (Camilla Crume): "Oh, you're Mr. Gladwin!"

money to pay expenses. Many such plays, however, will give great pleasure to an audience in the intimacy of a theatre which seats but a small number of persons, and, staged at a small expense, they pay their way. It is this intimacy which saves the life of such a playhouse as the Toy Theatre. It is said that to the close proximity of audience and actors the "little theatres" of Europe have owed their success.

No corps of chorus girls will frolic about the stage of the theatre in Lime Street. Twenty persons would be a jam on that little platform. The word "auditorium" seems a rather large name for the small audience room. It's a pretty room just the same, with gray and unadorned walls and an oblong box at the end, which frames in the stage. There are thirteen rows, each with ten seats, and a middle aisle divides them into blocks of five.

Draw back the curtains, and the stage is disclosed, small but deep, and set with scenery that no great dividend-paying theatre can excel. The scenes were designed by artist friends of the venture, and they were painted by a good professional decorator. There is a good deal of apparatus overhead for so small a theatre. The gridiron has many ropes, and they are arranged with a system of parallel bars little used on most stages, because of the necessities of size. There is a good switchboard in one corner, with "dimmers" and all the technical requirements for getting good lighting effects.

All the upstairs space of the old stable had to be pressed into use for actors, managers and spectators. The dressing-rooms for the women of the cast are upstairs, and the property room, the make-up room, besides an office and a very handsome but most diminutive ladies' cloak-room. The men have to go up one more flight to reach their dressing-rooms, and in the mansard story also are the lodging places for the caretakers.

Passing the door of the theatre the visitor enters a hall as small even as the halls in the suites of apartments which are familiar to all who have to live in big cities. At one side is a coat-room, where perhaps a hundred coats may be hung, and at the other side a white stairway leads to the offices above.

The entrance itself is simple and handsome. No one who turns into the block-long lane, which unexpectedly opens out of River Street, not far from famous Louisburg Square, can miss it. The doorway is large and square, shining in new white paint, with a

dozen small panes of glass to admit light to the "lobby," and this light is softened by the dainty hangings inside. Over the doorway runs a line of incandescents. What would the ordinary theatre think of an entrance made brilliant by just eight electric bulbs?

And on one side of this former stable, to which on play nights limousines bring loads of gaily dressed society people, there are the shops of a carpenter and a painter, and on the other is an ordinary stable unrelieved in its ugliness.

The program for the first season of the Toy Theatre calls for eight sets of fortnightly performances, for which only course tickets will be sold. Of each bill there will be four performances; on Monday evening a special invitation performance for students of the drama at Harvard, Radcliffe and elsewhere; on Tuesday evening and on Thursday afternoon and evening regular subscription performances. The pieces produced will be those alone which have not appeared on the professional stage. No old dramas will be revived. But many a small play by a standard dramatist will quite likely get its first production here.

To indicate the nature of the programmes, here is the first bill, produced on January 1, 2 and 4:

"TWO OUT OF TIME," BY OLIVER HERFORD,
Corydon, a Shepherd.....A. S. A. Brady
Madeleine, a Leading Lady.....Mary Gray
"IX HIS HOUSE," BY GEORGE MURDOCK
Volney.....Henry Goodrich
Claire.....Eugenia Frothingham
Judith.....Hazel MacKaye
"PRESS CUTTINGS," BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
General Mitchener.....Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.
Orderly.....Waldo Glidden
Balsquith.....William C. Safford
Mrs. Farrell.....Mrs. Lyman W. Gale

The first of this group of short plays represented a modern actress and a fifteenth century shepherd, amid the woods of a picturesque forests. The second is taken from the volume of plays called "The Embers." The third is a topical skit by "the only Shaw," in which there are much farcical fun and biting sarcasm aimed at present-day political and social foibles of England.

The production of this little drama was prohibited in London owing to the names given the principal characters and the words put into their mouths, for Balsquith seemed to suggest Asquith and Mitchener appeared to point to Kitchener. The plays given in the week of January 15 were: "Between Engagements," by Franz Hellberg, translated from the Swedish by Mrs. Karl Andern and Mrs. Gale, and "The Wings," by the writer of "The Piper!"

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

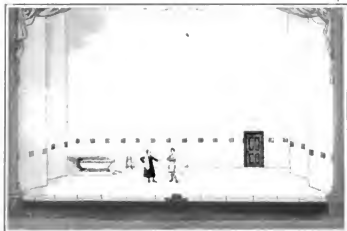


White
JOSE COLLINS
Daughter of Lotte Collins, seen in "Vera Violeta"
at the Winter Garden



From Sketch

As given at the Gigantic Theatre, London: The great Derby Day scene from "Doped by Dorothy," as presented at the Bijou Theatre, Piquette.



As given at the Miniature Theatre, London: Bathroom scene from "The Man Who

took the Wrong Shaving Stick," as presented at The Colossus Theatre, Ripport



GEORGETTE LEBLANC (M^{lle}. MAETERLINCK) IN HER LEOPARD SKIN COAT

IF only it were less unlikely that a French composer could ever have fallen under the spell of English verse, one might have said that Debussy, in writing the score of "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," was striving to express that sweet unearthly music of which Keats speaks when, in his "*Ode to a Nightingale*," he invokes the haunting strain

"that oftimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Maeterlinck would have us believe that this land of the *cerie* music is mediaeval Normandy, and the sumptuous and intelligent mounting given to his piece, as recently produced (with his co-operation) at the Boston Opera House, skilfully reinforces this idea. The rooms, the galleries, the candles and *prie-dieu* within them; the forests, the park, the old well; the terraces, the grottoes and the towering battlements were all superbly and strikingly mediaeval. Yet it was, none the less, only a "faery land forlorn" in which *Mélisande* lived out her short, sad life, the life itself being, to paraphrase Wordsworth, a thing

"that never was, on sea or land."

Which is to say that, in spite of its distinctly tangible setting,—

The Wife of Maeterlinck

the kind of setting never before seen in America,—this opera, because of its text and because of its

strange, unearthly music, belongs to no time and to no place; remains, in a word, what Maeterlinck must ever have meant it to be: a tragedy of the spirit, a symbol of the inevitable suffering which must come in a world of sense to certain fine natures who, though they themselves know not sin, become the victims of sin working in others.

Madame Maeterlinck's own conception of *Mélisande* is that she is a child, a child when found by Goland in the forest, scarcely less a child when she thrusts her unbound hair out of the castle window for *Pelléas*, standing below, to caress; still a child when in the bosky park she naively tells her husband's brother that she loves him, and above all a child,—though just become a mother,—when, about to die, she answers her husband's brutal and insistent "Do you love *Pelléas*? Tell me, *do you love him?*" with the beautifully direct "Oh, yes, I love him; where is he?"

That a grown woman, and a French woman at that, could "get over the footlights" this conception of a character which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at any rate, regarded as very far from innocent in passion, called for art of the finest, highest kind. It also called

for pellucid purity in the personality behind the part. Madame Maeterlinck has this. Hers is the translucent soul of an exquisite child, and this, notwithstanding the fact that she has been made to say ridiculous things to many who have interviewed her in Boston. Few women are at their best in interviews—especially when they must be conducted through an interpreter—and that young journalist who told me (quite honestly) that the wife of the great Belgian poet said things so outrageous his paper (a yellow Sunday sheet!) could not print them, simply failed utterly to understand this woman of fine intelligence.

Only a very good-natured person would have endured indeed the haggardness to which this lady has been subjected in Boston for publicity purposes. This seems as good a place as any to say that if the Boston Opera House wishes to be sustained as a "civic institution," having its taxes remitted because of the cultural advantage an opera house is to a growing "port," it should speedily purge itself of vulgar sensationalism. Fancy a poet of the Maeterlinck order being cabled please not to deny that he is in America, because the belief that he is here, *incognito*, is proving good for business. If the public of our good city of Boston cannot be persuaded to attend the opera because wonderful music dramas are there wonderfully put on, let the enterprise fail, and the modern Athens remain opera-less. To exploit a woman of Madame Maeterlinck's type as if she were a variety stage performer is too cruel and too crude!

On the stage Madame is a figure out of a stained-glass window, or, better still, an embodiment of the illuminated border of some mediæval missal. The way in which, by carefully planned posings, she deepened this suggestion, shows her to be an actress thoroughly well grounded in the technique of her art. Yet when she became less self-conscious and, in thinking about the effect of her voice upon the auditor, forgot for the moment the appeal of her lithe body-line, she was more pleasing and approximated much more closely, of course, the real woman.

One of my first questions when I met her was, "Do women in France read Maeterlinck?"

The poet's wife hesitated perhaps a second before replying. Then she said tactfully, "They do read him, the women of France, oh yes. But not in so great numbers as do the women of your

country—those intelligent, sympathetic women of whom I have seen so many since coming to Boston."

"Not this play," I pursued, "this '*Pélléas et Mélisande*,' with its insistence upon truth, its constant recurrence to *la vérité*—was that intended by M. Maeterlinck to be a reproach to what other French dramatists have taught us to regard as a trait of the French woman—the tendency to deception?"

"Oh, no," came the quick answer. "Maeterlinck (she always speaks of her husband as Maeterlinck) had no intention of moralizing in this play. It would then have been a sermon, and not art, you know."

She smiled confidently, and drew about her the loose, clinging gown, all amber and pearly white, which she had worn in the last act of the poetic drama we were discussing.

"But," she continued, "perhaps this play says to you what it says to me; that first, always, and on every occasion a woman must speak the truth, not so much because to lie is wrong, as because not to be truthful is unintelligent. Intelligence is the first quality for a woman of to-day. Sometimes I say that she needs only intelligence to be attractive. Let her have intelligence, and all else will be added unto her. It makes no difference to what race a woman belongs, from what class

she comes, nor what features she possesses. It is only what she herself is that counts, only her intelligence that is of any importance. This feminist movement that is attracting so much attention everywhere—in France, mind you, as well as in England and here—means just that, does it not, the awakening of women to the realization that she is, first of all, a human being and, as a human being, can be satisfied only with truth, with work, with responsibility, and with self-expression."

"To be consciously happy a woman must have a lifework, and perform it with joy. Do you think I could be happy without my work? No, indeed, I should be miserable. I love my work, I love to sing, to talk to people, to paint, to model, to design beautiful clothes, to act.

"Which part in M. Maeterlinck's plays do you like best?"

"As a character, as a rôle, Ariane; Maeterlinck wrote that out of my own sayings, you know. He kept a journal of things that I had said for a long time, and then one day he told me that he had collected enough, and was

(Continued on page 1x)



White
MARGARET ANGLIN
Recently seen in Henry Arthur Jones' play "*Lydia Gilmore*," which proved a failure and has since been withdrawn.



EDMOND ROSTAND'S COUNTRY PLACE AT CAMBO, BASSES-PYRÉNÉES, FRANCE

AN author's beginnings have their unfulfilling interest for amateur and critic alike, and it is so essentially true that "a bird

will hop before it learns to soar," as Roxane says in "Cyrano," that one wants to observe the hopping as well as the soaring that may—or may not—follow. That is not all, however, in the case of Edmond Rostand. There is more charm, if less power, in the first work, compared with the later. Without lacking mannerisms—personal and stylistic—the Rostand of pre-Cyrano days is distinctly a less distasteful personage than the Rostand of "Cyrano" and "Chantecler"; the Rostand whose next play of heroism is to be "Roland à Roncevaux"; the Rostand with a country place at Cambo, Basses-Pyrénées; spoiled child of fortune and puffery.

For that matter, the preference, on the whole, of the younger and less pretentious plays is nothing eccentric. Even these are, to be sure, sufficiently sophisticated. And, speaking of "La Princesse Lointaine," Rostand himself said, in 1890, "that is the work I am happiest to have written." It is always more or less diverting to know a poet's private preferences, even when one cannot altogether share them. It was Tennyson himself who took more delight in

"The mellow orle fluted in the elow," than in any other line he ever wrote. As for Rostand, his choice is no more preposterous than Tennyson's. And this year we New Yorkers hope for a chance to see his "Princesse" on our own stage: an English version of its gossamer verse, that is: the work of Mr. Louis N. Parker, with Madame Simone (ex-Le Bargy), wife of M. Casmir-Périer, in the principal rôle.

The poet whose "early work" is the subject of this paper is still youthful, as celebrities go. He is the youngest member of the French Academy. He was born in Marseilles, April 1, 1868, the son of an economist and journalist. (Note, please, the atavism.) He passed through the usual experience of collegiate life; then studied the law. As a schoolboy, he set a shocking example for his classmates. One of these has lately declared as much. "In the drawing class," he writes, "Rostand read a novel; when we were translating Greek, he

Rostand Before "Cyrano"

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

sketched fantastic figures on the margin of his Thucydides; he constructed Egyptian temples with his books and note-books while, on the blackboard, our old professor of mathematics traced geometrical lines; he never knew his lessons." Yet he took high rank, above all in composition, history and geography. This was partly due to his nascent talent, partly to his clever "cramming" before examinations. With several school-fellows, he founded a little magazine—*Le Faifadet* ("The Sprite"). Says one of his comrades of the first issue:

"The novel was Rostand's, in collaboration with one of our classmates, Victor Weyl, to-day a distinguished barrister at the Court of Appeals in Paris; the title was "The Green Wolf," and it was signed "Carlowitz-Palanka." I haven't much idea what it was all about . . . but the style was alert, imaginative, easy."

And forty copies of the magazine were sold. "It's a success," said Rostand, who sells rather more than forty copies of his works nowadays, and who without signing them with a Balkan pseudonym.*

It was in 1890 that the youth, who had begun by writing prose, published his first volume of verse: *Les Musardises*—"Idle Thoughts," as we may English it. The book was never reprinted until this year. His chifflon poetry did, however, win its author the praises of at least one critic. Augustin Filon proclaimed the verses "both impertinent and engaging, a mixture of carelessness and precocity." I do not know whether M. Filon would agree, but to me that characterization of Rostand's slightest production seems to fit astonishingly well the more recent, more familiar work. And I do not think that M. Rostand himself would quarrel with anyone holding such an opinion—in his heart, at least; he has lately said of this early volume that it came to be for him "a pretty complete journal of his youth." And youth is poetry, poetry youth.

After the little book of poems came the first play. Even as schoolboy, the future academician was a stage enthusiast. So was Flaubert, whose mature efforts at stagecraft



EDMOND ROSTAND

*See "Les Premiers Débuts d'Edmond Rostand," by M. Jean Puyrredon, in *Les Années littéraires et politiques*, August 6, 1911.

were, none the less, no more profitable than Balzac's. Rostand, however, has the theatric imagination. Always exacting in matters of *mise-en-scène* and costuming, he attains, always, a certain degree of dramatic effectiveness. He attains it overpoweringly, of course, in "Cyrano." He attains it in slighter degree in "L'Aiglon." He commands it even in "La Samaritaine," his "gospel in three tableaux, in verse."

Whether or not true dramatic significance attaches to "Chantecler," no one questions the effectiveness of the piece, granted a lavish production. I cannot doubt that there was effectiveness, of its sort, in "Le Gant Rouge" itself: a collaborated vaudeville, produced years ago at the Cluny. And, dainty as it is, the earliest piece of his work that survives, the Ilanvillesque comedy, "Les Romanesques," is, essentially, a piece for the stage: the stage of the Comédie Française.

"Les Romanesques"—"The Fantasticks," it has been translated—was performed on a May evening of sixteen years ago. Next day, the author of the little play found himself described by Sarcey as a "new Regnard." It is worth noticing, for once, what the critics found to say about a début at the Français. Some spoke of Musset—as Filon had done in reviewing the *Musardises*; others named Mendès, and even Verlaine. (Their suggestion that here was one who had cut him an entire suit from a corner of Victor Hugo's mantle came considerably later.) Here was, at any rate, a turning away from the influences of Augier and Dumas fils—predominant for Hervieu and Lavedan and Donnay, even; and for many another besides. But it is noteworthy that both eighteenth century and nineteenth century playwrights were cited as Rostand's progenitors; poets living and poets dead. It is significant that there were these comparisons with predecessors, rather than vaunts of a new poet discovered for France; it is no less significant that poets of more than one age and school were named. For Rostand has been, from the first, a wonderful mixer of inspirations. Add that, in reading his verse, one is tempted, one minute to denounce him for a *précieux*, the next to complain of his neologisms. For all that, he who cannot taste the comedy of "The Fantasticks" is, somehow, wanting.

Yet like all that is Rostand's, the comedy is singularly uneven. Somebody has written—not Mr. James?—that one is entranced by the first act of "Les Romanesques," rather pleasantly diverted by the second, and bored by the third. And M. Faguet has suggested that the first act alone be produced: a procedure by which the best of the comedy might be indefinitely preserved in the Français' repertory. Certainly no one could wish to see the piece on another stage. It is as with the comedies of Marivaux, too seldom revived.

The personages are Sylvette and Percinet—and their fathers. "The scene is where you will, provided the costumes be pretty."

The fathers, neighbors, know the romantic inclinations of their offspring. Therefore, they have feigned a feud, as the surest

means of bringing about a union of their families and estates. They play, the old rascals, at Montague-Capulet. The children, taking the cue, play Romeo-Juliet; in love with one another—with the mossy wall that separates them ineffectively—with love itself. They kiss and recite the *beaux vers du grand Will*.

All is beauty, innocence, and youth. Are the lovers indifferently absurd at times in their endearments? One remembers the love-making in "Feverel," if not one's own. That, also, was slightly ludicrous.

To relate the fragile plot of "Les Romanesques" in mere English prose is to deflower the daintiness of it. To tell the truth, though, its greatest daintiness lies in Act I. There is humor in later acts; Rostand frankly and tellingly satirizes his romancers. But one does not so much enjoy the reverse of the glass, and the lovers' disillusion on learning of their fathers' ruse—and learning, too, that the forced elopement from which Percinet saved his Sylvette was a mere trick, executed by one Straforel, dealer in

"The rape by cab—it's little in request;
The rape by day—the rape by night looks best;

The pompous rape with coaches of the court,
With powdered lacqueys, wigs of every sort

(The wigs are extra)—eunuchs, slaves, and mutes,
Blacks, bravos, brigands, musketeers—as suits;

The rape done by postillions, three or four,
And half a dozen horses, less or more.

The rape Venetian (item: blue lagoon);
The rape by moonlight, or without a moon;

The rape emphatic and the rape polite;
The rape with torches (*that's* the prettiest sigh!);

The rape in sedan chair, so new and gay,
The latest thing of all—and *distingué*."

Brilliant nonsense—with sound sense for substratum. And, of course, all "ends happily"—for, if there is satire here, its tissue is so gossamer that tears at the conclusion would be dreadfully out of place. In the epilogue, Percinet sums the piece up as

"A Watteau picture, month of June,
An honest play that endeth soon,
A wall—two fathers—lovers two . . ."

To which Sylvette adds:

"Clear costumes—rhymes as fresh as dew."

It is another "Mid-summer Night's Dream"—only it is a dream about a dream. And Rostand, last of the romantics, makes his first play a bit of jesting at romancing; there's the point for your critics.

Besides the "Romanesques," there is another play of Rostand's, earlier than "Cyrano," well worth knowing. That is the four-act piece first produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in April, 1895. "La Princesse Loïtaine" is dedicated to Madame Bernhardt, who played the title part. The piece may, indeed, be said to have been written almost directly "at" the great Sarah. Yet there is more to it than a mere vehicle for a *tragédienne*, and its



White Laurette Taylor as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise"

fate in America will be interesting to observe. For it was not an unqualified success even in France, this lyric "Princesse Lointaine." Still, it is of the utmost importance as being, in a sense, Rostand's half-way house. He toyed with romance in "Les Romanesques"; he achieved it in "Cyrano." At the intermediate step, he is wholly serious in his romancing, and writes just such a play as Sylvette and Percinet would have enjoyed. Only, symbolism being in the air, and much talk of Maeterlinck, he abandons somewhat his vein of fantasy—for the moment—and practises mysticism. Therefore, he deploys personages of the twelfth century: corsairs, troubadours, princes, and one dazzling princess. The legend he revivifies is that recalled by Browning in his "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli." It is a story dear to all the poets. Petrarch in his "Trionfo d'Amore," the Germans' "Uhlend und Heine," Carducci, Swinburne in "The Triumph of Time"—these no less than Browning have found inspiration in the legend, if not in the verse of Rudel. We may read the legend in the old Provençal biography. It is poetry in prose—or poetry in life, if you prefer to phrase it so:

"Now, Joffroy Rudel, of Blaye, was a very noble man, the Prince of Blaye. And he fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, because of the praises that he heard of her from the pilgrims who returned from Antioch; and he made many songs about her, with good melodies and few words. And, for the sake of seeing her, he took the Cross and set out to sea. And on the voyage a grievous illness fell upon him, so that those who were on the ship with him thought he was dead, but they brought him to Tripoli and carried him to an inn, thinking him dead. And it was made known to the Countess, and she came to him and took him in her arms, and he knew she was the Countess, and recovered consciousness, and praised God and thanked Him for having let him live to see her. And so he died in the lady's arms. And she had him honorably buried in the Church of the Templars, and on that same day she became a nun, through the grief she felt by reason of his death."

Rostand's telling of the legend is not in all respects that of the mediæval biographer. In his dramatic poem, Rudel yearns to set eyes upon the princess for whom he has written verses of admirable *facture*,—verses reminiscent, however, of the sixteenth rather than of the twelfth century. He would make a pilgrimage of love. But—even in the twelfth century—he is laughed at; misunderstood. Bertrand, however, who is no less poet than Joffroy Rudel, understands, and aids him in taking ship for Tripoli. They sail, "to the East—the East." At first their voyage is the plainest and pleasantest of sailing. Later, they are



Photo Thurst and Sanford

MISS ANN MERRIKER

Lately seen as Marjorie in Rupert Hughes' comedy, "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety Theatre

attacked by corsairs, by storms, and by disease. They lose their reckoning. They are in rags. They are hungry. But the rough crew has been fired with the idealism of the leaders. These seamen, fed on songs, long to see the Princess Far-Away for themselves. They are transformed from rowdy sailormen to mute, inglorious poets, one and all.

Rudel, alas! lies dying. And when at last they reach the port of Tripoli, he cannot leave his mattress on the bridge. So he sends Bertrand as ambassador. And Bertrand promises to bring the Princess, that the dying Rudel may satisfy his yearning for an earthly vision.

The Princess is but mortal, and falls in love with the brave ambassador of the dying Prince. (So did Isolde sin with Tristan, sent to fetch the bride.) Bertrand fights against his own passion, as he had battled against the Knight (Continued on page 121)

RADOST ZHIZNY! The joy of life! The present writer had seen

Interviewing a Russian Actor

of the stage, we won't talk of myself—some other time."

Interpreting this as a gentle

Orleneff in many rôles a few years ago, when his company included Mme. Nazimova. It was not, however, until I had heard him in Ibsen's "Ghosts" cry out Oswald Alving's passionate, uncontrollable longing for *Rádost Zhizny* that this talented Russian actor made a definite impression.

Determined to become better acquainted with a player whose methods are so unconventional and interesting, I returned several times to the dismal, dranghty, uncomfortable playhouse on Fourth Street, a few doors from the Bowery, where Orleneff gives Ibsen's plays and dramatizations of famous Russian novels, with scenery which looks as though it had been set up wrong side out and properties. . . . ! Finally between two acts of "Crime and Punishment" I picked my way to Raskolnikoff's dressing-room. Beaming smiles, an outstretched hand with a ferocious grip, a sonorous welcome. My diagnosis was confirmed.

—Would he see me on the morrow?

—*Konieshno; s'bolshim oodovolstviem!*

Forsake all hopes, ye who enter Orleneff's dressing-room, of carrying on the conversation in near French, mongrel German or tourist's Italian. Nothing goes but Russian. Orleneff once played "Ghosts" before Ibsen, with a Danish cast, but he read his lines in Russian. The great Solzky organized a "ghost" performance for him in Warsaw. Orleneff answered in Russian the cues given him in Polish. And now he is gathering an English company to tour the States. He himself will act his rôles in Russian.

I betook myself, then, on the morrow, to a home on the borderland of old Greenwich village, where Orleneff has taken up temporary quarters. At three o'clock I rang the bell. Orleneff was expecting me, and declared himself ready to give as many hours of his time as might be required. But he was in no hurry to begin. He seemed to avoid discussing his art. I began to feel uncertain about another appointment I had made for four-thirty.

"There is plenty of time for everything in life," he added. "Just think. Once we started down the Amoor River. The stream was very shallow in places, and we finally stuck fast in the sand.

The only thing to do was to wait for rain. And wait we did . . . nine days!"

"Oh, well, life is long!" This with a cheerful laughter from Lina Koroleva, who in private life is Mme. Orleneff. We sat down, and then, as I was laboriously preparing my first question, the actor began to wind up a huge phonograph, and announced a Moosorgsky aria, sung by Shaliapin. Then came personal reminiscences of Shaliapin, and then another aria, and again another. . . .

When the interviewer feebly endeavored, in his broken Russian, to lead the conversation back to the motive of the visit, the actor answered abruptly:

"No, we won't talk of anything to-day. We won't talk

intimation that the visit had lasted long enough, I rose.

"No, no; don't go," he insisted. "Sit down; we will smoke and have more music, and we will talk of cheerful things and enjoy life."

And we talked, and every minute Orleneff lighted another one of those long thin cigarettes, just a pinch of blond tobacco at the end of a card-board mouthpiece. One or two puffs, and in the exhilaration of passionate speech and gesture, the actor lets the little "papiros" die out; impatiently he drops it into the ash tray and sets the match to a fresh one.

"And now Herr B— (a weeping-willow-maned pianist who had dropped in on his Russian friends meantime) will play for you some beautiful Russian melodies."

It was five o'clock. A Russian maid appeared in the doorway.

"Come, we will have dinner."

We were swept into the dining-room. About seven o'clock the Russian maid brought in two French-looking bottles with towels around their necks. I went to the phone and broke a few more engagements. Yes, the joy of life—*Rádost Zhizny!*

The next day I called again, and also the day after, and I have never yet interviewed Orleneff. Still now I know him better than I know some men who answered methodically every question I put to them, and even volunteered some information that was not asked for.

The Russian actor well symbolizes in private life, as well as on the stage,—the joy of life! Short of stature, but amazingly strong, with a healthy, pink skin, dazzling teeth, large gleaming eyes, a splendid head of silky, wavy, chestnut-colored hair, he is physically the Dionysian according to Nietzsche's heart. One must hear his musical, well modulated voice in order to realize what a splendid language

Russian may become, bristling as it is with hostile groups of consonants.

Of the various parts he plays, Brand, Karamazoff, Raskolnikoff, Tzar Felor, Oswald Alving, the last named is probably the

one with which the general public is most familiar, and this is probably the reason why I found Orleneff's formula while witnessing the performance of "Ghosts."

His Oswald is undeniably Mrs. Alving's son. Married to an incompetent profligate. Mrs. Alving has all her life long assumed the part which the conventional world describes as the part of a true wife. With the exception of one short attempt at revolt she has borne her burden silently, not even allowing her associates to surmise the heartrending truth. Now she suddenly reveals herself an insurgent against her past. Her son shall live: he shall know the joy of life, whatever that joy may consist in.

Oswald comes home with



PAUL ORLENEFF



LINA KOROLEVA (Mme. Orleneff)



ORLENEFF AS KARAMAZOFF



ELSIE FERGUSON AS DOLLY MADISON IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"



White

WILL PHILLIPS AND SOLDIERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S THEATRE

his death sentence in his heart; but youth, strength, hope against hope are seething within him. He is in revolt against the future as his mother is in revolt against the past. His young, virile organism is struggling fiercely with the germs of dissoluton.

Pictorial beauty, sunlight, the sparkle of wine, Regina's voluptuous physique, are the component elements of the joy of life for which he was born. He does not bemoan his hereditary taint; he wants to fight off the doom foretold by an outspoken physician; he does not allow the dullness of his home to oppress him; he demands from his mother the means of warding off cloying monotony; he does not yield to the temptation of brooding introspection: Regina, with her butterfly soul, must detract his mind from the contemplation of his doom.

Others have visualized a sullen, despairing, defeated Oswald. Orleneff gives us a determined, hopeful, defying Oswald. And this Oswald is by all means the most artistic of all. He does not

drag himself to his foreshadowed death. He falls struggling, overwhelmed by a fate insidious and irresistible.

Reticent as Orleneff may be about himself and his past, there is one incident of his career over which he fairly gloats: Once during the summer he whimsically decided to invite all the peasants of a little Russian hamlet to witness a performance of "Ghosts." The next day, a mouzhik presented him with a lengthy document to which were affixed some 200 signatures,

crosses, fingerprints. The document was a letter indited by members of his rustic audience. "Never before," it read, "had we realized how beautiful life was!"

Orleneff keeps no scrap-book, and he could not supply me with any printed biography clipping, or other ready information, but this letter he treasures and shows willingly. That he could clearly convey his interpretation of Ibsen's thoughts to a band of unsophisticated tillers of the soil, he considers as undisputable evidence of his histrionic abilities.

In the course of our desultory afternoon talks, Orleneff passed severe judgment on Russian playwrights of the present hour.

"The pornographic and the sensational are holding sway," he said bitterly. "The censor follows in the path that has been blazed by the policeman. Study clubs conducive to advanced thinking are not encouraged, but shows of low moral standard are not interfered with. The kind of spectacle which corresponds to suggestive musical comedy on your stage is never suppressed. You can imagine what fruits such a policy has been bearing. Besides these unspeakable 'psychological' plays, the old-time burlesque, rough and vulgar, is also flourishing. The intellectual awakening of the revolutionary years seems to have been followed by a still heavier slumber."

Gloomy as the outlook appears, Orleneff would not for a minute take a hopeless view of the situation: "It's never so dark as just before daybreak. . . ."

ANDRÉ TRIDON.



Moffet

CHRISTAL HERNE

Appearing as Mrs. Clayton in "As a Man Thinks"



Moffet

JANE GRAY

Playing Flora Dallas in "The Concert"



Dover St. Studios

BESSIE CLAYTON

The well-known dancer who, after a long stay in Europe, has returned to New York and made her reappearance with the reorganised Weber & Field's Company in the ballet "Le Clair de Lune"

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 2. Nell Gwyn

NELL GWYN seems to be immortal. She came from nothing, rose to dizzy heights of royal favor, and finally became practically nothing, although she seems to have exercised an almost magic influence upon people. Even now, close to three hundred years after her birth, she is kept alive by numerous dramas written around her meteoric career. No less than nine successful plays have been written about her. Pious pilgrims see to it that, when they visit London, they pay a moment's visit at least to the old church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—where she is buried, and while many theatres have been erected since her time on the site of the old Drury Lane Theatre, few visitors can visit that historic spot without at least a thought of Nell. She was a King's mistress, a child of the coalyards, an orange girl, with whom the beaux of the period thought they could take any liberties, and she was the founder of the aristocratic family of the Duke of St. Albans. There was "color" in her career. She exercised a power for good, did much to relieve the suffering of the poor, made the profligate King attend more religiously to his royal duties than any other influence, so that after she had passed from favor, and her place was taken by other women, Charles, who was stricken by apoplexy, remembered the one good influence in his life, and, just before he breathed his last, the King requested that they would not let "poor Nelly starve."

Nell was born February 2, 1650, in an alley near Drury Lane. Her parents were hucksters, and were not only poor, but belonged to the lower dregs of society. Her mother, who lived to see Nelly's triumphs, was drowned, after a drunken spree, in a pond. Nell had nothing in her girlhood to make her at all refined or gentle. It is even said that she could not write, from the fact that her initials "E. G." were signed to a bill not long ago sold at auction. But this, like so many stories that have grown up around her, was doubtless untrue—one who was capable of learning the long parts played by her must have had at least some knowledge of writing.

She was christened Eleanor Gwyn. Her name is variously spelled Gwyn, Gwin, Gwinne, Gwynne and Gwyne. The people always preferred to call her Nelly, and while the programs of Drury Lane, in accordance

with the custom of the period, call her Mrs. Eleanor Glyn, poor Nelly had no legal right to the coveted prefix to her name. After a period as an orange girl, during which old Pepys records that he kissed her, and Sir Walter Scott comments that it was a fortunate thing that Mrs. Pepys was present, Nell found an "angel." She passed from the aisles of the theatre by virtue of "her figure and the smallness of her feet." It was quite a triumph for the daughter of the coalyards, and she seems to have had quite early a certain distinction.

She became the acknowledged mistress of Lord Buckhurst, and even that fact, widely gossiped about, rather served to increase her favor with the crowd. It is said that in company with Buckhurst she went out to supper with a party of friends after the theatre, and there attracted the attention of Charles II, who immediately gave Buckhurst a position in the royal household, and finally sent him to France on what someone has called "a sleeveless errand." Now, Nell was known as the King's favorite, and as such basked in the sunshine of royal favor. She retired from the stage, and although Charles fell in love with a lady of honor, and a pretty fight ensued for the bestowal of royal favors, the other mistresses of the King are practically forgotten, and Nell is known to every schoolboy. She was prob-



After the painting of Sir Peter Leys
NELL GWYN

ably no better than the others, and yet she had many qualities that endeared her to the people. After she was dead, people wanted to see her life-story re-enacted. From the days of Jerningham's "Peckham's Frolic," printed in 1790, and Jerrold's "Nell Gwyn," seen on the stage in the same year, she has lived before the footlights, and perhaps Nell herself would have had it so. She loved the stage, and devoted the best years of her life to it, although, strangely enough, it is not the theatrical portion of her life that is important in the reviews that are offered to the public.

After the fact came to be generally recognized that Nell's life furnished the dramatic episodes of romance, tragedy, intrigue and royal favor, which are usually dependable qualities on the stage, she became the central character of a large number of operas, musical comedies and dramas. Most of them had historical fact for a background, and (continued on page 100)

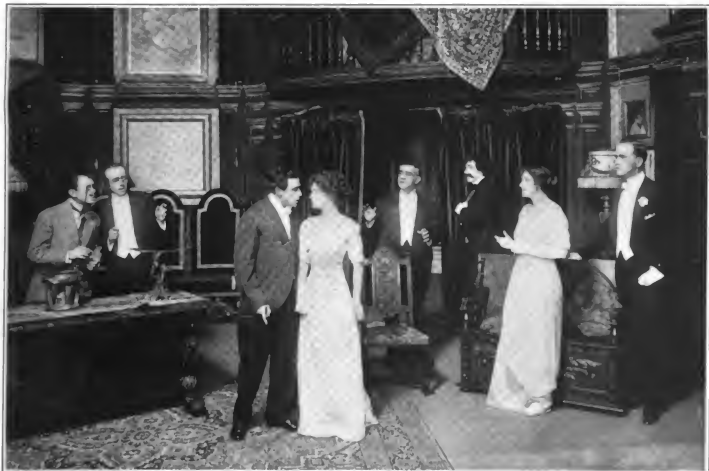
Scenes in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty Theatre



Photos White Emily Ann Wellman Louis Mann
Act II. Charles: "Letty, are you glad I'm here?"



Louis Mann Emily Ann Wellman
Act III. Charles: "You want to elevate me down, and not up."



Charles Halton Homer Hunt Mr. Mann Miss Wellman Leslie Kenyon Howard Scott Jessie Carter
Act III. Charles (Mr. Mann): "I would prefer a child to your Schopenhauer philosophy and swell people"

Conway Tearle

I AM, or rather I was, a dramatic critic—a modern Brutus in my special field. I

have been a prominent and much feared member of the dreaded theatrical "death watch." I have assisted at many dramatic obsequies, and with Brutus I have repeated those immortal words: "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."



THE CRITIC

were withdrawing their financial support because my criticisms had opened their eyes to his many blunders.

To-day the dramatic art is becoming a serious matter with the public. Business men, who formerly opened their morning paper at the stock quotations or European cables, now eagerly seek their favorite dramatic critic and swallow his article with their coffee. And as to their wives, before the dear things thrust their dainty feet into their slippers, and put their warm bodies into breakfast negligées, even before they look for the latest underwear sale, they eagerly seek the notice of the new "show." The drama has come into its own. It has won its place in the hearts of the people. "Allah be praised!" There is but one god—the Show. And the critic is its prophet!

One afternoon I was sitting in my private office, writing my regular *feuilleton* on the week's failures. I had asked for a little place for myself, for I have not the courage to designate that dimly lit corner a room. The editor and sub-editors were beginning to treat me with deference. My star was in the ascension.

A card was handed to me. Upon it was the name of Manager S——, the despot who was under the ban of my displeasure. For a moment I was startled. What could he want with me? Greatly perturbed, I told the attendant to show him in. My embarrassment was not unnatural. At that time I was still young; my conscience was not so hardened as it became later in life. Had I done this man an injustice? Guiltily I thrust my "copy" into a drawer. I was writing, for the Sunday paper, a "roast" of his plays and his company, which everyone, who might have overlooked my earlier attacks during the week, could not fail to notice. My heart beat tumultuously with pride. Was I really, then, so important that this great theatrical Caesar should come to me? Yes—I was the tribune!

Quickly I outlined in my mind what my attitude should be, and what I would say. I would be very dignified, very stern, very aggressive. I must continue to be the Brutus—who artistic and does not praise.

He entered. To my utter astonishment, his manner, instead of being hostile, was—well, have you ever seen a poor old father welcome his long-lost son believed to be dead? Thusly was I greeted by Manager S——. There were even tears of emotion in his watery eyes. He gave me no chance to speak. He poured out effusively how incomprehensible it was that we two congenial souls could have lived so long in the same city and not gravitated to each other before. He had felt irresistibly impelled to take the first step. He spoke of my family,—he had known my father casually, as a boy,—of my great talent, and my greater future. Not a word about my attack upon his theatre!

Now, I am not such a vain ass as to be taken in by five minutes of fulsome flattery. No! It took at least ten minutes, and after that, I must confess, we—theatrical manager and the critic—were life-long friends! He went on to confide to me the difficulty he experienced to get suitable plays, and he begged me to spare

Why I Don't Write Plays

him, to "let him down easy" until he could lay his hands upon the proper material. Suiting ac-

tion to word, he placed a fleshy hand softly upon my shoulder, and, fixing me with his watery eyes, said coaxingly:

"Why don't you write a play?"

Taken completely aback at this unexpected proposal, I stammered and choked, but no words came. He saw his advantage, and followed it up. He was sure that I had the dramatic instinct strongly developed. The man who could so completely tear down a play, as I had done, would, he said, find no difficulty in building one up.

At last, by great effort, I found my voice. I thanked him fervently, but it was out of the question. My "activity as a critic," my "limited time," my "higher profession as a journalist," *et cetera, et cetera*. Everything that a man says when he has nothing to say I said, and I ended by thanking him profusely, and defining the honor as modestly as I could. Then I was sorry, for I dislike to hurt the feelings of anyone, even though they be those of a commercial theatre manager. I saw portrayed in the flexible lineaments of his countenance such deep distress, such utter hopelessness, that it cut me to the quick. With the greatest amiability I tried to console him—in vain. The one single thing he desired most in this world was a play,—with my name attached to it,—and that was denied him!

Did you ever see a deer shot? Neither have I. But I have read many moving descriptions of the poor animal's last moments, how the eyes speak with such reproach before the last breath gives out with a sigh, that it is positively heart-rending!

The manager gazed at me with those dying-deer eyes. Then he turned and, speechless with emotion, staggered out. I tried to continue my attack upon him for the Sunday paper, but the gall (familarly known as ink), into which I had dipped my pen, gradually turned white, and before long the milk of human kindness was flowing in optimistic prognostications of a dramatic renaissance.

Some time after the call of my managerial friend, I happened late one night to drop in at a café well known in the theatrical district. There, around a table in a corner, with foaming glasses of beer before them, sat some of the leading members of Manager S——'s company. I knew them slightly, but hesitated to join the group, feeling that they would naturally resent my recent severe criticisms of their acting. Nothing of the kind. Being then naive and inexperienced, I could not understand why they should greet an avowed enemy so cordially. There was a unanimous shout of welcome when they saw me. They took me at once into their circle, and each fought the other to treat me with the best the establishment had to offer. The comedian, whose stage humor I had designated as sad, flung his arms around me, quite overcome with happiness at meeting a man whom he had admired for many years. The character-actor or character-dancer, as I had called him, heaped coals of fire upon my head by calling me "dear, gifted boy."

How stimulating—for a *raconteur*—this witty, artistic circle! When I told them my worn-out old newspaper stories, which had never failed to send other listeners to sleep, they held their sides, splitting with laughter. Then unanimously, as one man, they cried out:

"Why don't you write a play?"

That settled it. The world waited. I owed it to the world.

A few days later I sat at my desk, a heap of cigarette ashes in front of me, up to the neck in a great play. It was only a matter now of throwing off my confounded laziness. That I had



THE MANAGER



Baker Art Gallery

GRACE GEORGE, LATELY SEEN IN "JUST TO GET MARRIED," AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE



White HAMILTON REVELLE AS THE WAZIR MANSUR IN "KISMET"

great talent as a dramatist was no longer a matter of doubt. Suddenly I heard the *frou-frou* of silk, and inhaled the odor of an unfamiliar perfume. It was Miss F——, for many, many years a great favorite in ingenue parts in Manager S——'s company, and whom I had secretly adored from my earliest youth. What could she want of me? Were her jewels stolen again, or had she secured a divorce from her fourth husband? No, that had already been used in our paper with fine sensational effect. Was she going into vaudeville, to play her old successes—denure young girls of twenty years ago? No, none of these familiar and pathetic subterfuges to revive dying interest. She spoke of nothing but my *critiques*, my great and complex insight into things dramatic. She said I was perfectly wonderful. Then, as she rose to leave, she asked in her sweet, elusive, caressing voice:

"Why don't you write a play?"

If a man has a heart, such an earnest appeal cannot fall on deaf ears. One owes duties to others as well as to one's self. With great sincerity, I answered:

"Very well, since you wish it, I will write a play. Here's my hand on it."

An expression of such unbounded delight came into her face that words fail me to describe it accurately. It was the grateful look of a human being who felt that she had not lived in vain, and was now going to begin to really enjoy life. It reminded me of the last act of a bad play I had once "roasted," and in which she had played the leading part. The only good thing in it had been the expression on her face when the villain, who had led her astray years before, came back to "make good." Going to left upper entrance—I mean to the door leading downstairs to the street—she threw me, over her shoulder, the very same sweet glance with which she had made her exit every evening, and she spoke the same line, which, as Fate willed, fitted the situation perfectly:

"I count upon you."

I wrote the play, and, as might be naturally expected, I put into it all the keen, satirical and ironic wit for which my critical writing had long been famous. Of course, it was a comedy!

It is not necessary to give the theme. I was too old a hand at the business to try to force upon the public any new complications. It was the Old Story freshly handled. I had no "message." What I was after was box office receipts. My colleagues, the other critics, would stand by me. They were all very kind, many of them sending me clippings from European and native comic papers to help out with my dialogue.

The rehearsals went magnificently. We all laughed ourselves sick; even the stage manager sat with me and chuckled. We really amused ourselves. The great night of the *première* also came. My colleagues, the critics, were present in great array. The house was packed—with deadheads. The paying public was kept out. I did not want any wet blankets. No, no. I knew my business!

The next morning the papers heraked a new dramatic author, "*The Great Comedy at Last*," "*Audience Convinced by Clever Play*," and so on. But—the public stayed away. By the end of the week the theatre was closed from want of spectators. We tried to save the situation by raising a snow-storm of "paper," but even the deadheads wouldn't come.

I did not lose my self-respect. Oh, no! And my friends of the theatre stood by me so close that the actors continued to borrow of me—always a sign of great confidence in a man, and his exchequer. I had many talks with the manager about raising a syndicate for my next play. Everybody gave me advice. I listened modestly to all they said: "Your mistake" (Continued on page 101)



Sarnoy

"OTHER MEN MAY WORK, BUT NONE RECEIVES THE INSTANT REWARD THAT THE PLAYER DOES"

Otis Skinner—America's Leading Romantic Actor

ACTORS have been likened to torch bearers, flinging light into the future, and casting their beams into the dark corners of the past. They have been compared to looking-glass holders, holding up the mirrors to Nature. They have been dubbed artists or artisans, according to their merits, or the view of the beholder. It was one of their own craft, one of our foremost players, who has said that they have the properties of blotting paper, or of sponges.

It was Otis Skinner who made this comparison. "An actor," he said, "is a thermometer, but a self-registering one."

This summarizing of the actor occurred in the red-walled tea room of a Fifth Avenue hotel. The star of "Kismet" was temporarily playing the rôle of a bachelor. Bryn Mawr, where the family home is, was too far from Broadway for our afternoon foregathering. The largest and finest of star dressing-rooms is small and mean to a man who hungers for the outer air. The household gods had not been transported from Bryn Mawr to the pleasant apartment near Madison Square, where they are now set up. The tea room was the solution, and there, flanked by a curving table with a samovar, whence fragrant steam issued,

china crushable as eggshells, and a basket of hot-house grapes nearly as large as eggs, and with a girl in a pale blue broadcloth gazing at him from the table on our right, and a woman in autumn leaf velvet sending glances of delighted recognition at the star from our left, and the glimpses of the Avenue's five o'clock kaleidoscope distracting us, we talked generally of actors, and specifically of Otis Skinner.

Much of the vigor of Hajj, the Oriental hero of "Kismet," was missing from its chief actor. The man with the strong, well-knit figure, in the fashionable brown overcoat, the strong face that might have belonged to a man in any successful sphere of life, but for the eyes, womanly in their occasional softness, and always with the far vision of the dreamer, framed in hair, black in some spots and grizzled in others, kept short to restrain its refractory curling, walked in with none of the swagger of Hajj, the strut of Lafayette Tower, nor the terrifying stride of Brideau. He seemed a bit tired, and he confessed he was. The daily cooking, to rid himself of the last brown stain of Hajj's beggarly personality, was exhausting. It was much harder to get Hajj out of his system than to get into that wily beggar's skin. It required



White Hajj recognizes his old enemy at the door of the Monque

three-quarters of an hour to scrape the outer layers, so to speak, of Hajj's coloring off his face and body, no square inch of which is not represented in brown, and a daily Turkish bath to remove the remnants of Hajj that lurked in his pores. The work of the bath attendants had been effectual. No trace of Hajj remained except the profound eyes, dark and bright, yet dreamful, that belong only in the face of artists.

While he played with the thin little sandwiches, that plainly he detested, and sipped the tea, which he tolerated, Otis Skinner overturned the idols of the public which has accepted him, and a large part of which loves him as the leading American actor, with the same cruel indifference with which Hajj strangles his victims in "Kismet."

No, he hadn't the student temperament. No, he wasn't a student. Down crashing went the idol his public had erected of this most studious actor. No, he was not an assiduous worker. He was lazy. Although Mr. Skinner said this, and Mr. Skinner is a gentleman, and gentlemen do not lie, let me reassure his tender public. Mr. Skinner believed what he said. I don't believe it. Nor do you. There is no deception so thorough as that we practice upon ourselves. He said:

"I study in the sense that every actor studies. He is constantly alive to impressions of the persons he sees, of their acts and the motives that prompt them. He is acutely sensitive to his surroundings. He takes something from them all. He soaks up impressions as a blotting paper or a sponge.

"An actor may be too greatly a student of books. He cannot be too much a student of life. Every true actor is a person of impulse. He is at the play of every wind that blows. He is not governed by rules."

"Then an actor may be excused for doing things and thinking of them afterwards?"

The eyes surveying the kaleidoscope of Fifth Avenue at tea time, and looking impersonally at the gay plumaged bird women preening and pecking at their tea, came back to me in startled protest.

"Oh! no. An actor may, and should, reflect his surroundings. He should be sensitive to them. He should be a thermometer, but not a wild one. He should be a self-registering thermometer."

"Is it worth while, the actor's career, compared with that of other successful men?"

Mr. Skinner is a man of unexpectedness. Never before had I talked with a man about his

vocation, who did not tell me that in the background of his life was another vocation which he would have preferred, and which had lost much in failing of his distinguished and profitable services. But the exception returned.

"Very much worth while, as is every man's work to him, but the actor's reward is more tangible and pleasurable. Other men may work, and succeed, but none of them receives that instant and intimate reward for his work that the actor does from his audiences. Creating a part is like painting a picture and hanging it on the wall, and hearing people praise it. That reward comes to an actor from his audiences. Besides," he broke off, "I wouldn't have been worth a continental at anything else in the world."

"Most men and women think they would. They mourn the work they might have done."

He nodded. "Yes, I've heard them. But take everyone of those complainers back to the beginning of the road on which he has started, and he would take the same one again.

"The actor, like everyone else, has found his work if he is successful in it. It is not a life of unvarying peace and plenty. I have known all of the misery, and sounded all the despair it can offer. I have borne the jokes and jealousies, the plays that are not quite right, all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; but the compensations are a satisfying equivalent. The compensations are those which any other man has for work that has been well done, and he has besides the praise for what is well done. The actor has the satisfaction of feeling that he is giving the people out in front, his audiences, something they want, and that they are giving him in return their sympathy and support. The audience gives him the joy of the fine glow of collective friendship."

He looked up from the golden shallows of his unenjoyed cup of tea when I asked him what the audience, who always exacts the price of its friendship, must have. He replied:

"Many think it must have strong, human love. A good love scene is desirable, but not indispensable. Gentle, infectious humor permeating the play, reflected by the actor, will always win."

How did this man, who denied he was a student, learn so thoroughly the characteristics of the Orientals? He told me:

"I have watched Orientals at Gibraltar, and my blotting paper took up some of their ink," he said. "and when I had to play Hajj I, of course, read several authoritative works on the Orientals. One was Sir Richard Burton's. I read these to



White

Hajj enters the Harem by a secret trap door

acquire knowledge of the externals. For instance, an ordinary gesture, to command attention, would be like this": He raised his hand sidewise, his fingers slightly curved. The gesture was effective. It arrested my attention, also that of the girl in pale blue broadcloth and the woman in autumn-leaf velvet. "But the Oriental gesture is this": The hands outspread, the palms turned upward, the fingers closed.

Still with the weary man and the disillusioned woman in mind, I asked the interpreter of Hajj how he forgot by day the beggar he portrayed at night. Again the exception:

"I don't want to forget him, and don't try," he said. "Unconsciously I am always thinking of him, how to better him, what should be done to perfect him, and these thoughts, drift thoughts though they seem, lead to an improvement here and there in the evening's work."

There was no golf, there were no long walks, no light reading, as a counter-irritant to the strenuous, adventurous beggar in "Kismet." "I haven't come down to brass tacks," he said. "I'll adjust myself to normal living as soon as we are settled in the Madison Avenue apartment. Meanwhile my twelve-year-old daughter's monthly school reports are a means of distraction, to her mother at least, and I measurably share them. But Hajj himself gives me a great deal of physical exercise. You have noticed he commits three murders. And the part is the longest one ever written. We accept Hamlet as the longest part. It is proverbial that anything of great length is 'as long as Hamlet.' The lines in 'Hamlet' can be read in an hour. It keeps me busy spitting out the words as fast as they can be uttered to read Hajj's speeches in an hour and a quarter. It is a taxing part, but I've learned since I've been playing it longer, that there



Photo White
CHAPINE AND FORREST HUFF IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S

are times when I can let down physically for a moment. For instance, the murder scene in the prison is one of the climaxes of the play, yet part of it is a rest period for me. I let the muscles relax for a considerable time before renewing carnage."

"Your admirers sometimes ask why you remain in romantic parts. They think you can play anything well, and would like to see you now and then in modern parts."

"I should like to play modern parts," he replied. "I did in 'The Duel.' I would be willing to play the character of a business man if he were not like all other business men. I want to play a part that has strong characteristics. Many modern persons are like other modern persons."

Every actor, like every other man, is a product of evolution. I asked Mr. Skinner to name the periods of his evolution into Hajj, and the contemporaneous Otis Skinner.

"There was the period when I was with Lawrence Barrett and took a wrong turn, and became a dreadful little Barrett. I don't know what ailed me, but I was becoming a wretched ranter. The angel of deliverance was Augustin Daly. Not an actor himself, he encouraged what was in the player himself, and taught him to express himself through the part. There were five years of this valuable tuition. For two years I was with Modjeska, absorbing all that I could of good in her art. There were several years with Booth that were years of inspiration. After that I set out for myself, and have had a long course of self-tuition."

It is not easy to define acting at its best, nor was it easy to say what it is that reproduces the picture in the actor's mind clearly and forcefully in that of the audience; in other words, when the thermometer effectively registers. "It is something not yet named,

(Continued on page 111)



JULIET SHELBY, THE CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS WHO SCORED A HIT IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL"

"WHO taught you to act?" **Nine Years Young and a Near Star**

A plump

little girl, with a round, firm muscled face, a round little body, and candid blue eyes, which reminded me of my last and biggest far-away doll, looked up from the playhouse in her dressing-room, and considered. While she is considering, let me explain how a playhouse can be in a dressing-room, while the reverse is usually true. The chief object of her attention was a playhouse within a playhouse. Playing now, she was about to play. At the moment she had an audience of two—her grandmother and me. A quarter hour later she would be playing to an audience of twelve hundred persons, or the capacity of the Liberty Theatre.

The playhouse of her greater interest was a square table, not quite so high as her shoulders; in fact, at the height which Shakespeare prescribed for a loving maiden, "as high as the heart." There were a tiny bedstead, a miniature sofa, some minute chairs, several infinitesimal platters, and over them presided a wee black doll named Sally Ann, in honor of Mamie Lincoln's Topsy-like part in the play. Between the question and answer an order, in a piping, childish voice, was sent over the toy telephone in the little playhouse for "some good meat,—and cauliflower,—and sugar."

Her household duties finished, Juliet Shelby, standing within arm's reach of Victoria, a doll that looked herself, and Hal-lowe'en, a rakish looking male playfellow, and Katherine, the disreputable remnant of what was once a doll, whose stage name is Susan Jennima, but whose title in private life is Katherine, and who sat in a row on the long table in her dressing-room, made answer:

"Everybody in the companies begins to teach me to act. Then they stop, as Daddy—that's William Farnum—did, and Mr. Al Woods—that's my manager—did, and say, 'Go ahead, Juliet, and play in your own way.'"

"Oh, yes, I like being an actress. My sister Margaret is an actress. She's blacker, I mean she's a brunette. She has black eyes and dark hair, and she's two years older than me. I wish they would take Margaret into the company, and let her play 'The Littlest Rebel' one night, or one week, and me play it the next. Then sister and I could always be together, and play as much as we like—play keep house, I mean. I told Mr. Woods that, and he said: 'Not such a bad idea for a kid. I'll think about it.'"

"My days are just like any other little girl's. I go from here with mamma—that's what I call my grandma. My mother is with

my sister—they've been playing in an awful failure. We go home

to our flat at One Hundred and Twelfth Street as soon as the play is over, eleven o'clock. I have a cup of chocolate and a cracker, and go to bed. I get up next day about eleven and have a light breakfast. My mother makes it for me when she is at home—French toast with hot milk over it. Then I play with my sister, if she's there; if she isn't, mother or mamma play with me until luncheon. My lunch is some soup and a piece of beef, because they make me strong. Then I go out on Riverside Drive, and walk, and run, and play for two hours. I come back and spend two hours with my governess, studying reading and writing, and geography and arithmetic. I'm going to study French. After my lessons I have my dinner, any kind of a dinner that any other little girl would like, except that I don't care for candy, nor pie, nor cake. That's at five. Then it's time to come to the theatre. I like to get here early, about six, so that I don't have to hurry, and can play house a long time before the curtain goes up."

She looked as grave and reflective when I asked her what she had played before "The Littlest Rebel," which Edward Peple had expanded from a sketch for her, as any adult actress recounting her conquests, season after season.

"I played first in 'Cameo Kirby,'" she said. She lifted the tiny gold locket, with a hint of a diamond at its centre. "The star, Mr. Goodwin, gave it to me. I was with 'The Master Key' and with Mme. Kalich in 'The Woman of To-day,' and in stock companies out West, and with Mr. Hilliard in 'A Fool There Was.'" A tender glance at the bald and disreputable doll remnant. "And Katherine has been with me in all of them. Two of the plays were failures, and between them I went to school."

Juliet has a brief record. You can't unroll many events in nine years, if you happen to start as a baby. She was born in Shreveport, La. Her grandmother, Mary Miles, is an actress. Her mother, Charlotte Shelby, is likewise. That is all, except that she has accumulated fifty-nine dolls, and her sister has fifty-six. The overwhelming doll family occupies a room in the One Hundred and Twelfth Street flat. Her stage name was Mary Miles Minter, until at family council it was decided to return to her own name, Juliet Shelby.

"I don't think I would like to play Juliet, though," she said, thoughtfully. "You know where she says, 'He has left no poison for me,' and stabs herself. I wouldn't like to stab myself. If I were dead, what would my dollies do?" A. P.



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Why I Don't Write Plays

(Continued from page 100)

was, that you took an old story and treated it in a modern way. Take a new story and treat it in the old way. That will be a sure success."

Golden words! I did it. I sat down and wrote another comedy. In the third act there was a great surprise. It looked all through the play as if Miss F.—— would marry the leading man, as she always did, but she didn't. In the fourth act she married the old fool—the comedian.

We all wept at rehearsals, it was so touching. No one smiled. It was a good omen.

At the first production—the only one—the public laughed so much where they should have cried that it came to a scandal. My friends, the critics, not wishing to attack me, wrote the briefest kind of notices. The piece was the worst kind of a failure, and there was no way of disguising it. Things now began to happen very quickly. When I went down to the office the next morning there was a "curt notice" from my publisher that my services would be dispensed with at the end of the week, and so I quit at once with lofty contempt and indignation. I sought the friendly café, where the theatrical company were wont to receive me with open arms. The table was empty. The old comedian whom I had turned into a Romeo in the last act was about leaving as I entered. He gazed at me reproachfully, but forgave me. He said, "You're a mistake. Don't try to educate the public. Old story treated in the old way—that will make a success."

I rushed home illuminated and followed his advice. It was easy—so many examples in the old comedies. I submitted it at once to Manager S.——. It was my duty to give him the first chance at it. He had lost money with my other plays. But the atmosphere of his office was icy. I was frozen out so quickly I skated over the sidewalk into the mud. Looking up I saw a large placard on this beautiful temple of art:

This Theatre Will Re-open Shortly as a Continuous Performance and Moving Picture Show.

Manager S.—— went out of the business. He took my place as dramatic critic, receiving better pay than I ever did. He was happy. It was better to "read" than to "roast" than to know the inside workings of the theatrical machine, he quickly became a power and eventually was made editor. Being a business man, the newspaper thrived under his management as never before.

I had reached that point in a man's career where he is forced to put pride in his pocket—the thing he has lost. I turned to my old humbly to the office of the editor and asked to be put back on the staff as reporter. The ex-theatrical manager, now editor, answered that they were filled up, but if I turned in a good story he would print it. Then, looking me over with commiseration, he said, with a pitying shake of his head:

"If you do write plays?"

For a reply I took out of my pocket a roll of manuscript and handed it to him, saying:

"Here's a good story. Print it."

He opened it and read the title:

"Why I Don't Write Plays."

That was my answer—and he printed it.

—From the *German of Theodor Herzl*.

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OTIS SKINNER

(Continued from page 103)

or at least not well named," said Mr. Skinner. "It isn't temperament, for I recall some years ago playing in 'Francesca di Rimini' with an actress who had intelligence and beauty and many requisites, yet who didn't register as Francesca. Her audience and her critics thought she did not feel the part, that she had no temperament. Yet, when I took her hand, it was quite cold. She did feel the part, but she had failed to register."

"What is the relation of the actor to the author? What part is he of the play's success?" "The author places the actor's hands the figure of his brain. If it have sturdy qualities, the actor can breathe into it the breath of life. But the actor is helpless in a hopeless play."

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"If I thought I had indeed reached the top of the ladder I should want to jump into the East River," he said. "The joy of life is in reaching farther to better things. When that ceases, one is ready to die, and should die. I am not looking forward to rest, but to work. I consider that I have only worked my way up from the Battery to the Bronx."

"Did it what would you hope to work?" "To Yonkers," replied Otis Skinner, pushing back the teacup, that was still full, but cold.

ADA PATTERSON.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 77)

main point is, what kind of plays are to be presented—that is to be the policy of the Little Theatre. To phrase it in one sentence, I shall try to make it a place of entertainment for intelligent people. I hope such a policy will allow me to produce not only plays of wide appeal, but plays of essential novelty and plays that would be barred from larger theatres because of needing a rather special audience, but only plays in which there is some appeal to intelligence, refined humor, imagination, or the literary sense.

"A clearer view of the aim may be gathered from plays I have already planned for production. 'First, The Pigeon' by Mr. John Galsworthy, author of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' The Pigeon is in quite a different vein from the grim power of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' It is a charming, humorous, whimsical, yet with all Mr. Galsworthy's skill in construction, vivid character drawing and drama, and there is a very unusual idea for the smiling audience to take away. This will be followed by a new play by Mr. C. Rann Kennedy. Author of 'The Servant in the House,' called 'The Terrible Meek.' This is really startlingly original in idea and treatment. Then there is 'Anatol,' by the famous Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler; a plain novel in form, because instead of a continuous plot it develops a character by a series of episodes all held together by the same delightful figure of Anatol, a man to whom to be in love is life, but to whom constancy to one girl is quite impossible. Some people may think Anatol a bit lacking in morals, or immoral. Schnitzler never intended him to be so considered, but one can imagine him to be pretty much what one chooses. Then 'The Electra' of Euripides, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthisson as Electra. The staging of 'Electra' is to be in a new form, which I hope may suggest the effect of the Greek conventions, and at the same time not hamper the great emotional sweep of the play. Then a modern satirical comedy of New York life called 'One, Two, Three' and 'Goes She,' by Mr. John T. Hayes, a new American author. It is Mr. Hayes' first play. Then a hill consisting of three one-act plays by Maurice Maeterlinck, author of 'The Blue Bird.' Another novelty for 'The Little Theatre' will be a play for children, given only afternoons, a dramatization by an American playwright of Grimm's fairy tales of 'Snow White,' set in picture book scenery. The children have never had a real theatre of their own. Such plays as 'The Blue Bird' and 'Peter Pan' have delighted them beyond measure, but this was because they found sufficient to entertain them in a play written primarily for grown-ups. With 'Snow White' I propose to reverse the process. It is to be written, staged and acted primarily for the delight of children. And so amusing does the little drama seem to me that I can imagine many borrowing a child as an excuse to see it again."



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Rostand Before "Cyrano"

(Continued from page 91)

of the Green Armor; but loses in this second contest. Finally, and none too soon, he leads the Princess to the ship where Rudel lies. There, she kisses his fading eyes and showers largesse upon his ragged crew. When Rudel has breathed his last she bids his followers follow her hand to the hilly Sepulchre. After love, the Cross. As the friar Trophime puts it:

"Oui, les grands amours travaillent pour le ciel"—Which happens to be the last line of the play.

Plugging holes in poetry is poor sport, at best. Why, then, emphasize the weaknesses of this piece of romantic symbolism; part of whose lesson seems to be that an enthusiasm—that an ideal—is the most important thing in this life; it mattering very little what the enthusiasm, the ideal, is. Perhaps the point must, all the same, be made that here, as elsewhere in Rostand's work, are blemishes of taste. In robust geniuses, in world-poets—even in Hugos and Whitmans—one forgives this fault. In an exquisite, it is unforgivable. And Rostand is, properly, an exquisite. Is it because he came out of Marseilles that his Arcady is rococo? And why must he, in his vision of a Princess Far-Away, willfully confuse earthly love and religious fervor? That certainly, is one of the things Anglo-Saxon readers resent in "La Princesse Lointaine." They dislike it as much as they dislike his rhyming the "Paternoster, dramatisant St. John, and dandifying the words of our Lord. Please do not blame these performances upon "French genius." In France, as here, his extravagances and indiscretions grate on trained ears.

How French he is, notwithstanding! His earlier work, like his roster play, is thoroughly and unmistakably Gallic; nationalism pervades his semi-historical pieces—"Cyrano," "L'Anglais." No less French will his "Roulet" be; and unless I am greatly mistaken, his "Faust," that he has been working at now and again for several years, and that is likely to be put on one of these days at the Porte-Saint-Martin; is also an advertisement. It is, all the same, read from one end of the world to the other: read in South American salons and Turkish harems and English country houses no less than in Yankee boarding-schools; and, up to a certain point, in Paris. It is a dramatic poet fertile in antithesis—a facile versifier—a lyricist not wanting in tenderness—a narrator commanding, at times, humor as well as native wit. Without deep literary conscience, he has sentiment; he has fluency. Presently, he has the crowd.

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Famous Women Dramatized

(Continued from page 96)

a few of the well-known details of truth that everyone is accustomed to associate with Nell's life. But each author allowed himself dramatic license and added anything and everything to the story that suited his purpose. In this way, during the past century, a large number of tales and myths, having not the least reliability, have attached themselves to the name of Mistress Gwyn, and it is now a difficult thing to separate truth and untruth.

Probably the first play built on the romantic features of the love of Charles II for the actress, treating of the embolism of her two sons and other incidents in her life was Jerrold's *Frolic* which was seen as early as 1799. Jerrold's "Nell Gwyn" made its appearance in 1831. Read and Taylor's "King's Rival" was first seen in 1854 and G. A. A. Becker's "Charles II" in 1872. Farnie and Celler's "Nell Gwyn" was produced in 1876 and the same year saw Farnie and Planquette's "Nell Gwyn." Will's "Nell Gwyn" did not make its appearance until 1878. Hope and Rose's "English Nell" in 1900 and Frankfort Moore's "Nell Gwyn" in same year.

The present generation of theatre-goers knows the theatrical story of the actress principally from Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which was performed in England by Julia Neilson and in America by Ada Rehan.

—ARCHIE BELL.

New Opera by Damosch

Walter Damosch, the well-known leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has written a comic opera entitled "The Dove of Peace." The libretto is by Walter L. Irwin. The opera has been purchased by a syndicate and will be seen next October at the Broadway Theatre.

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A Slave of Fatal Enchantment

(Continued from page 82)

"Words are not necessary in this play, eh?" she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but, I want to play in English here some day. I want so much to learn your language, and speak in words to American audiences. I have been on the stage four years, all of the time in Reinhardt's companies. First I played small parts, and then the chance came to play the leading role in 'Gawann'. Up until this, Reinhardt did not think I could act, and did not want to let me have an important part, but after I had played in 'Gawann' he changed his mind, and gave me better parts. But he insisted that I had no temperament, until I created the rôle of the slave in 'Sumurun'."

Fraulein Konstantin said that she had never studied the art of the dance nor music, but that she always wanted to be an actress. When a little girl she had played in school festivals, but aside from that she had never had any experience in acting before joining Max Reinhardt's companies.

While acting her rôle of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment, Fraulein Konstantin says she thinks only of her own part, and not of the other players and their parts, nor of the story of the piece, except in so far as it affects her own part. She says, however, that she watches the others intently, just to get the right expression of her face for the different scenes. She and the other actors in "Sumurun," take their cues from the music motif, which is the rôle; and from the actions of the others, when they happen to be in a position to see them.

The Beautiful Slave's dressing room at the Casino looks more like a modernized Harem bathroom. There is a real, regular-sized bathtub opposite to the large electric light-framed mirror. This is Fraulein's make-up table! She is not a dark-hued maiden off the stage; on the contrary she is the fairest of fair-skinned. To get under the skin of the beautiful Oriental Slave Girl, she takes a "copper bath." With her own secret formula for the right copper hue, she makes up for the Slave with a liquid preparation consisting principally of burnt sienna and ochre, which she applies all over her body with a sponge. As soon as it is rubbed over the skin it dries, leaving her face and body a wondrous dark Oriental tint.

When the "Sumurun" company reached the Casino, among Fraulein Konstantin's "props" was a real bathtub—the regular Continental bath. But when Mr. Ames learned what it was to be used for, he immediately had a real American bathtub set up in her dressing room. Now, before each performance Fraulein Konstantin takes her make-up bath, and after each performance she takes her makeup-off bath. She says it takes her twenty minutes to make-up in the bathtub with a sponge, and after the performance she is out of her dressing room in twenty-five minutes, after taking a sponge bath. She removes her bathtub make-up in the bathtub with soap and water.

While the rôle of the Slave is very fatiguing, because it has to be made so fervent, still it does not tire Fraulein Konstantin as much as one might suppose that it would. She possesses a remarkable well-knit physique, though as womanly and graceful a figure as it would be possible to find anywhere, outside of the Garden of Eden. The idea that she goes in for physical culture to keep her wonderful grace of body amuses her. She says she likes to ride and walk, and to fence; but as for doing any set form of exercise, she considers them useless. She is just like an innocent young girl playing over the hills and valleys amid the birds and the wild flowers.

Fraulein Konstantin was born in Brinn, Austria, in 1885; but I must not tell the exact date. That would be betraying a trust, and a secret. She told me, though the question was not when, but where she was born.

"But, my dear men, don't let them my age. It is enough to say that I'm young, is it not so? Yes?"

WENDELL PHILLIPS DORGE.

The Lamb's Club, that well-known organization of leading actors, is preparing to give another all-star gambo in May, when the majority of star "lamb" will be at liberty. Two performances will be given in New York, to be followed by single performances in other cities throughout the country. The proceeds of the tour will be devoted to enlarging the present club quarters in Forty-fourth Street.

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The Wife of Maeterlinck

(Continued from page 88)

going to write a play about me. So, of course, I like that play. Moreover, Ariane contains the soul of the modern woman; it is the expression of what we, of to-day, want and desire and need. "But as drama, as scenic opportunity, I adore Melisande. She is so helpless, so much a creature of circumstances, so tragically the victim of life, of love, of herself. I prefer the Melisande of the play to her of the opera, however, for in the play she is more real, more alive. But I like her in opera, too, don't you?"

Smilingly, I admitted that I liked her very much, as I had just seen her on the stage against that mediæval romantic background, and I liked her off the stage, too! It was peculiarly fascinating to hear this Melisande with her long tresses of molten gold discoursing vividly of that twentieth century woman who is tugging at the brain-cells of us all. So, taking a desperate plunge, I asked her if she knew and liked Bernard Shaw's women. The question chanced to touch the spring of one of Madame's pet enthusiasms. "I love Bernard Shaw," she said, making her only sally into the pitfalls of the English tongue. "Let me tell you how I went to his rescue in France (she was now back in the language she knows best). One of his plays had been given in Paris, and the critics all attacked it unmercifully. They could not make anything out of it and so they declared there was nothing to be made out of it. I said to me it means much—that play. I will give a Conference on it. And I did, if you please. At the tenth performance, I gave a Conference which helped Paris to understand the play."

"Which play was it?" I inquired, searching my memory to see if, by chance, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" had been given in Paris, and thinking that it was the finest irony if that city of all cities in the world needed to have Shaw's social sermon interpreted to it in a Maeterlinck Conference.

"The play was 'Candide,'" replied Madame. And she seemed surprised when I told her that even I should not easily understand this piece.

Madame expected to give some Conferences on the plays of her husband during her stay in America. In her rich golden voice she beautifully enunciates the thoughts of her luminous mind. The diamond on her forehead she wears "because my husband wants me to and because it is becoming"—and the leopard skin coat, which has so successfully hypnotized the American imagination. It is a fetching coat, too. It was impressive even hanging by one sleeve on a hook in the div's dressing room. How much more impressive must it therefore be, when emmantling the sinuous lines of her lovely figure!

Madame Maeterlinck is not really tall, but all her gowns are cleverly designed to give the effect of considerable height and of extreme slenderness.

Similarly her eyes at first glance seem unusually large, but when you look at them intently you see that it is just their size that their baffling color which makes them so compelling. Sometimes they are grey and then again they are blue; but always their depth and brilliancy is enhanced by artistic shading of the lashes. Nor does Madame—who thus shows herself to be a true French woman—scorn to use a pink wash upon the face, and red upon her lips, even when for the stage make-up there has been substituted that of the street.

Yet I think it is less how this woman looks than what she is, which keeps true and loyal to her, the greatest poet of our time. It was while she was singing at the Opéra Comique in Paris that they met, the tie between them, being, I am told, her deep appreciation of Emerson as Maeterlinck had translated him! No common woman, this actress, but one who, in sympathy and in mental equipment, could be an inspiring wife to a Symbolist.

Madame Maeterlinck is the sister, it is interesting to add, of Maurice le Blanc, the author of "Arsène Lupin." She herself has done considerable writing, mostly of a philosophical nature; for nowadays she acts only occasionally, the greater part of her time being spent in close comradeship with her husband at St. Wandrille, the picturesque old Norman Abbey, which they are pleased to call their chief home.

MARY CAROLYN CRAWFORD.

Death of Alexander Bisson

The death is announced in Paris of Alexander Charles Bisson the distinguished French dramatist. He was born in 1838 and was the author of innumerable plays. Perhaps the play the best known in this country, and the one to which he owed his greatest fame, was "Madame X."

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 77)

LIBERTY. "THE OPERA BALL." Musical comedy founded on "Les Dominoes Roses." English libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld and Clara Kummer. Produced February 12 with this cast:

George Darnell, Harry Fairlight; Paul Ashler, George Lydecker; Germain, Howard Pascal; Palmyra, Evelyn Larier; Carington, Thelma Bonham; Harry Connor, Angelle, Olive Ulrich; Marguerite, Alice Gestlin; Calista Teremy, Miss Cahill; Kate, Leasham, Burrell; Barbaresco, Lette, Hazel Kinsden; Coquette, Dorothy Arthur; Babette, Viola Carr; Coquette, Marjorie Beecher; Philip, Frank Tierney; Federico, Mayna Colonne.

It is worth an entire evening at the theatre to hear Marie Cahill's response to the condolences of an attentive admirer amid her recital of the distressing (or diverting) circumstances of her husband's death. The admirer says, "Poor husband!" The widow, with every appearance of innocence of intent, retorts, "He was a poor husband." It is not at all impossible that not one actress in a hundred, trained and rehearsed as she might be, could get the same effect with that sentence. It is uttered artlessly, loaded heavily with an accent that is wholly hidden, and is a completely delicious bit of drollery. It is in moments of this kind when Marie Cahill makes you forgive and forget the vacuity of a story that is old, not continuously interesting and without good craftsmanship in the construction. However, as is customary with modern comic operas, with or without a story, it is patched with color and music and dancing. At intervals the specialty work is attractive and irregular entertainment for an evening is provided. The story has some coherency, and is consequently a little better than those operas that are entirely without form. That it has form is something to be credited to its original. If the work had been entirely original here, presumably it would have been without form.

A ball room scene gives occasion for the introduction of things belonging to the American method, and these scenes were very spirited and pretty. Marie Cahill is a wise young widow who opens the eyes of two young married women to the flirtations and perspective habits of their husbands. In order to open their eyes wider she persuades them to go to a masked ball, where, of course, the complications and necessary proof follow. The widow, sagely flirtations herself, finally brings peace to the disordered families and gives advice that dignifies even comic opera. The impression that she is a wise widow and knows how to handle men is confirmed in the epilogue which she speaks and in which she, with a persuasive smile, advises women that the way to hold a man is to keep him guessing. That's what she has been doing all through the play. The idea is a good one for comic opera, and if this piece were a little better handled as to its action it might even be worthy of Marie Cahill. There is a remarkable woman—a humorist, an artist. Perhaps her art is a bit wrong in her first appearance in such a frumpy gown. It is hardly necessary to have the audience centre its admiration in her expressive face. The whole of the ample Marie should be in the picture. She is hardly a song bird, but her resourcefulness in expression comes to her aid in the few numbers that she has, "What Are We Coming To?" "Sometimes" and "Listen to Me." The songs, done singly or in duets or in trios or quartets, and even the quintet, are in themselves uncommonly good. Mr. Harry Connor, a husband dominated by his wife, and he himself not a dominating figure with other women, always trying to get into the game, but never succeeding, manages to get a little humor in his own peculiar way out of the part as dry as a remainder biscuit. The scenery and costumes are fitting and handsome and the production generally of a high standard of artistic excellence.

GAIETY. "OFFICER 666." Melodrama farce by Augustus Macflugh. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

Butano, M. W. Hale; Officer Phelan, 666, Francis D. Malone; Walter Barnes, Percy Ames; Travers Gladwin, Wallace Edinger; Helen Burton, Ruth Mayfield; Sadie Small, Vivian Martin; Mrs. Burton, Camilla Crum; Alfred Wilson, George Nash; Watkins, Chas. K. Gerard; Police Captain Stone, C. W. Goodrich; Detective Kearney, Thomas Fencliss.

This piece is a novelty, and this, no doubt, accounts for the very favorable reception it has received at the hands of the theatregoing public. We have had melodramas by the ton; farces by the cart-load, but seldom do we see such a whimsical combination of both styles of entertainment. It is all nonsense, of course; the situations are preposterous, but it is diverting

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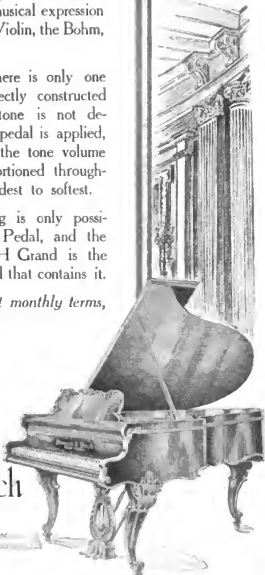
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come with emotion, fell upon each other's waist-coats and wept.

The entertainment they give is a potpourri of Weber and Field reminiscences, having no plot to speak of, but permitting Lillian Russell to wear some ravishing gowns; Wilke Collier does some clever character acting, ably assisted by his sister, and George Belan, as a fiery Frenchman; John T. Kelly, and others, were well worth seeing. Fay Templeton sings some songs with her old-time artistic finish, and gracefully. Benson Clayton is a delight in the ballet, "Le Clair de Lune." But the chief attraction, of course, is the clever clowning of Messrs. Weber and Fields, who, as mirth makers, have no peers. The entertainment was followed by a parody upon the popular success, "Bunny Pulls the Strings," in which Weber plays the Scotch youth who won't learn his catechism, and Lew Fields the love-wick carpenter. Ada Lewis is capital as the stout spinster, and Fay Templeton is seen as Bunty. William Collier plays Tammas.

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FULTON, "MAKING GOOD." Drama in four acts by OWEN DAVIS. Produced on February 5 last with the following cast:

Morton Lawrence, Charles Lane; Tom Lawrence, William Courtney; Dan Regan, Griffith Evans; Bradley Harris, P. F. Barry; Fots, S. B. Jones; Mrs. S. B. Jones, Mary Jones; Judge Deane, Frank Hatch; Bishop, Robert Lawler; Costigan, L. C. Phillips; Lady, C. Wilson Hummel; Anderson, Paul Harris; Clifford, Fred Herby; Beronda, Dransy, Doris Kane; Lila Regan, Alma Bielick; Mrs. Lawrence, Leona O'Madigan; Widow Leigh, Ada Gilman.

"Making Good" was an example of the slipshod work which a dramatic falls into when he customizes himself to writing melodramas, necessarily of an inferior order, for the cheaper circuits. Mr. Owen Davis is a playwright of more than ordinary ability, and his desire to get out of popular prices into popular favor of a higher kind with better plays is entirely justified. That in "Making Good" he has failed to enter the class for which he wished to qualify is not conclusive proof that he will not mend his ways. It so happens, however, that his melodrama produced by Mr. Brady was in no manner a reformation of his methods of work. It had no finesse. Its attempted refinement was tawdry. Its emotions were cheap. Its machinery was old. Its characters were crude. All these things can be cured. The old can be rejuvenated. It is simply a question of skill in other words, "Making Good" would have been an acceptable play if it had been worked out in the right way. Not having taken pains with his work, Mr. Davis gives us a play that is, for the most part, merely sketched in and without light and shade. The mistake in the work is evident in that many of the scenes are reminiscent of other recent plays and are much inferior to them. The idea of "making good" is the same idea that it is to be found in "The Country Boy" and "The Fortune Hunter," but while the comedy scenes fitted into the scheme of the play, they lacked comedy. The characters, in appearance and in the acting, were types, but they were not characterized in reality by anything they did. They and everything in the play were incomplete.

Half the action, if it could be so called, was off the stage. The locality of three of the acts was at or near a lumber camp, among rough customers. The play begins with a fight and reaches a sort of a climax with another fist fight, both of them absurd in their execution. An old story in new surroundings, properly worked out, might easily pass muster. The son of a rich father, never having made a dollar in his life, and recklessly spending the paternal supply with which his father supplies him, reaches a lumber camp. He suddenly falls in love with a "good" girl of the camp. Suddenly his father appears and demands the marriage of the daughter. The rich man, his rival in business, telling him that this was necessary to save him from financial danger. The son refuses and is disinherited. With about \$100 in his pocket, he starts out on his own. Nothing in particular bearing on the development of the story happens there, except that he learns of an opportunity to help his father out of his troubles. He takes the money, marries a woman worse than ever by refusing the proffered marriage, and then returns to the lumber camp and blows up a jam of logs, thereby saving his father from bankruptcy.

Even as a story this is nothing, and it is impossible to relate it so that it might sound like something. The author no doubt attached much importance to the scene of the logs hurrying down the river, but the big scene, but it was a placed confidence. Mr. Brady had provided everything essential for the success of the piece, but the possibilities of success did not lie in the play. Mr. William Courtney was the son, who finally made good. Miss Doris Kane, of the puzzlingly attractive face and with a certain lack

of force, was the good girl of the camp. Mr. Frank Hatch gave us a study of a more or less amiable old reprobate after the manner of Old Eccles.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "THE PEARL MAIDEN." Musical play in three acts. Music by Harry Auracher. Libretto by Earle C. Anthony. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Anaka, Davis Wheeler; Veritas Sharpe, Charles J. Stone; Jack Sharpe, Richard Taber; Loraine, Elsa Ryan; Pinkerton Kerr, Jefferson De Angelis; Bob Noyes, Bartwell Bartlett; Peg Leg Jakes, F. Holmes; Geckere Morgan, L. J. de Boid; Vincenzo, Walter Lyman; Billie, H. Bergman; Kavin, Flora Zabelle; Kaino, Charles Pruser; Talah, Daisy LaRue; Alfons, Henry Bergman; Gideon Sims, Jerry McAuliffe.

"The Pearl Maiden" is one of those indefinite things that produce small impression at the time of performance and hold no place within the memory in an incredibly short space of time after being witnessed. Perhaps even if there were sufficient coherency in the story to enable us to remember it, it would not be worth remembering. Jefferson de Angelis is always amusing, but in "The Pearl Maiden" his antics are to little purpose. In one scene his activities are circumscribed by a cage. The cannibals are about to eat him. He escapes through the loving service of the Cannibal King's daughter. Material of this kind, it may be observed, although more or less amusing at times, is not new to come opera. It is new that Pinkerton Kerr (De Angelis) controls a wireless station on an island in some distant sea, and is thus enabled to shape the plot of the plotless story just as he wants to. The lonely wireless operator is visited by friends from the United States; he contrives to unite his particular friend, a young man with the daughter of a millionaire, who opposes the match. Nothing would be easier. The humor of the play is intermittent, and nothing about the play has any continuous interest. Mr. De Angelis deserves a better medium, and will have to have it. The music and the songs are agreeable and vigorous. There was the usual variety in the dances, which was supplemented by some girls who skipped the rope and disported themselves with that eager animation peculiar to the familiar Pony Ballet. Flora Zabelle and Elsa Ryan were attractive enough to atone for many of the deficiencies of the inadequate opera.

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DALY'S. "THE ROSE OF PANAMA." Opera comique in three acts. Music by Heinrich Berte. Libretto by John S. Simon and Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Remy de Valmore, John J. McGowan; Angèle, Anna Baroni; Sever, Mortimer Wilson; André Royan, Carak Majari; Lucille, Chagrin; Clotilde, Tom Hallaway; Hiram Quigley, Will Phillips; Major de Nolima, Joseph Parrott; Captain Arin, Gerald White; Major Arimato, William R. Reed; Second Lieutenant Guisano, William C. Reed; Captain John, John J. McGowan; Mariano, Forrest Huff; Anita, Reido Lazar; Céline Marinter, Fay Bainter; Uncle Billy, Teddy Lee Due.

"The Rose of Panama" has an idea that has been proved available for comic opera these many years, but it is worked out badly. The piece is based on a German operetta, written with adherence to form that has not been abandoned abroad, and the performance is freer than usual from specialty interpolations; but the apparent purpose to have a production after the decent manner of the continent, artistic and not sensual in intent, for some reason fails. Possibly the adaptation is not good. The incidents at times were too much in the nature of burlesque. A Central American revolution affords ready-made material for comic opera, for what is done or attempted to be done in the politics and wars of these irresponsible people is in the nature of the comic. The plot of this piece turns on the plan of the President to bring about a successful revolution which will send him to France in exile plentifully supplied with money. His plans are frustrated by feminine jealousies, and after certain complications, some of them amusing, his forces win, and he has to reconcile himself to remaining at home. The music is decidedly good, some of the waltzes going with a great deal of swing. Chapine, the prima donna, was piquant. The other principals were capable, but not brilliant.

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MARCH NUMBER.

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MEMORIES OF A MANAGER. Reminiscences of the Old Lyceum and of Some Players of the Last Quarter of a Century. By Daniel Frohman. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Company. New York.

Mr. Daniel Frohman disclaims literary pretension for his book, but it is written with high qualities, clearness of expression, and simplicity, and with a sense of values that make it extremely entertaining and valuable. Naturally, the record of any management or any limited theatrical period must incidentally give some account of people of very fleeting importance, but most of these people are of interest to readers of to-day. In any event, the book has a permanent value, its information and instruction being authoritative and of value to the student. For Mr. Frohman has himself made a study, a very close one, of the conditions of the stage as well as of the technical requirements in playwriting. Some of his most interesting chapters concern the composition of plays and discuss the failures of plays which were expected to succeed and the success of plays the success of which was decried.

He gives an account of Dion Boucicault's efforts to write two plays for the Lyceum Theatre. It is pathetic to read the final confessions of the old dramatist that his powers had left him. It is recorded that Boucicault was attending the first performance of a play was to leave after the first act. The veteran playwright saw in his mind's eye the entire structure of the work, and was satisfied. Boucicault was always ready to see suggestions while at work or at rehearsing—no matter from whom.

The manager writes with friendly appreciation of Bronson Howard. Mr. Frohman's activities brought him in personal contact with actors and dramatists of the greatest distinction. Unquestionably the career of the old Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Frohman's management was notable, and constitutes a fine chapter in the history of the New York stage. Some of Pinero's very best plays were brought out at this little house, and some of the most popular actors of the day were first employed there. Among the distinguished foreign actors under his management were the Kendalls and Madame Modjeska. David Belasco was the first stage manager at this notable little theatre. Appended to the volume is a history of the Lyceum Theatre by dates of the production of plays and casts of famous first nights.

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Training School for Actors

In the *New York Times*, Adolph Klaber writes interestingly of the growth of the popular stock company. Under the star system, he says, the young actor has no opportunity.

"An actor, having proved satisfactory in a light comedy part, for instance, is doomed to play light comedy for the remainder of his life. Had the opportunity presented itself he might have made just as great a success in a character rôle. He might still do so, but the manager does not like to make experiments. He is sure of his actor in the line in which he first arrived. And so the actor—hampered, handicapped, cramped—had thus become merely a minor detail in a big machine. If he gained individuality it was at the expense of his growth. He became a personality rather than a player, and lacked the versatility of players of the older generation. All these things the palmy-dayer will argue, and argue with conviction.

"But it is a truism that where the need exists a means of supply will be found eventually. And, curiously enough, without any actual initiative on the part of either the actor, the manager, or the public, a great national training school for actors has slowly developed out of the apparent chaos. It bids fair, moreover, to revolutionize the conditions, to replace with an excellent system the temporary inadequate provision for the training of the player. I refer to the popular stock company. In some cities these companies are merely maintained throughout the summer season, giving employment during that period to innumerable actors who have hitherto been idle. In others the experiment has succeeded so well that the companies are maintained all the year around, and the theatres which support them keep open doors long after the painters and decorators have taken possession of the combination houses in anticipation of the regular winter season.

"As a result of this newer activity, about 1,000 actors were kept employed during the present summer who, a few years ago, would have been in idleness as soon as their winter's work was done. At one time this summer there were, by actual count, 149 stock companies playing.

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OUR SPRING EXHIBIT of imported and original crinoline models will open on Monday, March 4th, and will continue for several weeks in our Fashion Salon.

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



A beautiful gown by Bechoff-David, in orange velour, entirely covered with Maline lace. The girde is of silver tissue finished with pearl tassels. The panel is embroidered in pearls and straw. The picture hat by Lewis, is of black velvet, entirely covered with white plumes

Simplicity is the Keynote of Smart Spring Styles

By HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES

The limits of our fashion department make it necessary to confine this article to subjects of general interest. Those readers wishing more detailed information, or who have individual problems to solve, may receive suggestions thereon by sending a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

H. E. F.

IT is surprising how quickly a radically new style will take hold in this country. Last month I mentioned tyl-tyl as the most novel French fabric suited to the construction of the tailored suit. It is a rough-surfaced, yet soft, pliable all-wool material, which for the sake of brevity may be said to be the aristocratic cousin of Turkish toweling. In reality, it is cousin germane to ratine.

Something similar in silk has just been shown by the makers of R. and T. silks, who have just opened a retail silk department with the idea of permitting women to get all kinds of fashionable silks at much less cost than they are to be found in the general stores. If there is no retailer in your town who carries the R. and T. assortment of silks, this firm will send samples direct to you of any kind you desire, and I can assure you that their range of shades and colors is wonderfully good.

Eponge is the French name for this new material when it is made of linen. The tailored suit made of it was first shown in New York by Gimbel. It is a light-weight linen fabric, which looks as though it would launder beautifully. This particular eponge had only a slightly rough surface, and was made with a two-piece skirt, the seams at the left side of the front and right side of the back, and of irregular outline, for near the belt the cut showed three blocks. The jacket was made with three-quarter length sleeves, trimmed with black satin cuffs, which also formed the facing of the revers, and the narrow crushed girdle, which tied in front with two short ends. The principal feature of this jacket was that the skirt was cut separate from the body, and the joining was concealed by the black satin girdle. The back portion of the skirt had a slightly rounded top that gave a high waist line.

A smart style in a separate skirt made of Turkish toweling was seen in a Davidow model. This was a two-piece skirt with the over-lapping edge cut in irregular outline. Another model, also in Turkish toweling, was prettily trimmed with pearl buttons. The Davidow models are always well cut, and great attention given to the smallest details of finish, so that they seldom require alteration to suit the figure, taste and requirements of the average American woman.

Among the well-known D. & J. Anderson ginghams you will find the most lovely assortment of fashionable colors. These are especially admirable in the plain colors. I think I have never seen anything quite so lovely as these exquisite colors in wash goods. They are such dependable wearing quality that it seems to me they will make up well, not only in dresses for house and street wear, but will be equally adaptable for coat suits for those who do not care to invest in linen coat suits, either on account of their cost or their weight. Certainly a good quality of

gingham is better for this purpose than a poor quality of linen.

An admirable fabric which I forgot to mention last month is the Migel Quality Pussey Willow taffeta. This is a pure dye taffeta of quite a new finish, which is exceedingly attractive. I do not know how to tell you about its lustre, but I am sure that pussey willow taffeta has only to be seen to be appreciated. It is well adapted to the construction of suits, street dresses and those dainty little evening frocks of the Directoire type that we shall, no doubt, see much of the coming season.

Speaking of taffeta, a great deal of this silk will be used for the early spring hats. Some of the milliners are even now showing plain-covered hats of changeable or plain taffeta, the kind of hat so generally called suit hats or tailored hats. These do not appeal to me at all when made of taffeta. Somehow or other taffeta when used for hats seems to require draperies to give it style. On the other hand ribbed silks, such as faille and ottoman, are well suited to the construction of a plain-covered hat. I saw recently a French model made of black moire and faced with old gold faille that was most attractive. Then, too, taffeta is certain to be much seen in the cheaper, ready-made hats, which is certain to spoil its vogue for fashionable wear. A cheap taffeta soon loses its gloss and lustre, and, therefore, in the end is an expensive investment.

A great many flowers and quite a little lace will be used on the hats made of soft, pliable straws. These will be exceedingly picturesque, whether they are large or small hats. For the small, close-fitting shapes, that are so immensely comfortable to wear, will be even more popular for most occasions than the large Gainsborough and Rubens shapes. The latter styles will be used by the best-dressed women only for formal occasions, while the small shapes will be selected by them for wear with tailored suits and street dresses.

The parasols with deep curved ribs should be great favorites this summer on account of the height of many hats. Some of the latest French umbrellas take on this same shape, and are quite dressy in appearance with their covers of green, red, plum or blue.

It is really astonishing how few women carry parasols in this country, where women are supposed to be so practical. A parasol is not only a most coquettish and picturesque addition to the toilet, but it adds weeks, even months, to the life of a hat, which, unless shielded from the too ardent rays of the sun, soon becomes faded and shabby. There are colors in parasols that go well with a costume of almost any color. It is a good plan to select the parasol to match the high color on the hat. A black moire or satin parasol looks well on almost any occasion.

There is some tendency towards simplicity in costumes and street dresses. This is very noticeable in the dresses now being worn



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A graceful model in white charmeuse, combined with Ivory Venise and Black Chantilly lace

by society women when invited to some function where fancy dress is required. One of the great successes of the season for this purpose is the Quaker Girl Dress. This is an extra copy of either the russet brown or the silver gray costume worn by Ina Claire in the musical comedy of that name. The chief ornament of the brown costume is the white mull fichu draped gracefully over the shoulders, while the fichu of the silver gray costume is made more in the form of a collar. Already some of the enterprising makers of ready-made costumes have copied this latter collar and call it the Quaker Girl collar. So it is easy to be seen that when a really smart style is worn on the stage it quickly becomes popular with many classes of women.

Mary Manning, in "The Garden of Allah," wears in the scene in the desert a grayish green cloth costume of the button front type that is now such a great favorite of general daytime use. Miss Manning's taste in dress is unusually good. This gown is of extreme simplicity with excellent lines. Some critics insist that this charming actress has taken on too much *avoids*; if this be the case, then she has found a dressmaker who thoroughly understands the art of concealing the fact.

Nazimova, in "The Marionettes," wears two gowns of gorgeous brocades, which, while they are of extreme cut, are at the same time most picturesque. They are cut to hang from the shoulder and barely indicate the waistline. They are the sort of gown that artists would immensely admire, yet which are becoming to only the most slender and girlish type of figure. Aside from the beauty of the material the gowns are of extreme simplicity.

Heavy laces and embroideries are to be used on the sheerest of materials this season. There are the heavy Cluny and Crape lace, so generally denominated under the name of guipures. The embroideries are of the cut-out variety in many instances. The most novel have the openwork designs in squares, but the ovals and round designs are quite as fashionable. This form of embroidery, generally spoken of as English embroidery, is used on the finest of lingerie gowns, and often have a band of black or colored chiffon set under the embroidery in order to bring out more effectively the design.

One exquisite French gown had the bottom of the skirt bordered with a wide band of black velvet, over which fell the larger portion of the fifteen-inch band of embroidery. The waist of embroidery was draped in surplice effect over black chiffon, and there was a delicate touch of pink in the girdle and at the neck opening. The same idea might well be carried out with embroidered net, and if velvet seemed too heavy for summer wear, a satin finished *crêpe* could be substituted, but it must be remembered that velvet trimmings will be quite as smart the coming summer as they were last year. Then, too, this idea is well adapted to the new embroidered tunics, whether in black or color.

There are many beaded tunics among the lately imported ones. These often show a combination of beads and ribbon work. The small flowers of the designs are generally worked with shaded ribbons of the narrowest width. There are also black and white and white and black effects in these tunics. Another new trimming is the beaded fichu. It is quite a cape-like affair, being caught up between the shoulders and falling well over the arms, and then simulating a tied effect falls in two narrow ends to the vicinity of the waist. Such a fichu will be all the ornamentation required on an evening gown if the gown itself is simply yet fashionably draped over one hip.

Net forms the foundation for most of the new tunics and fichus. Those which introduce color show a combination thereof, or else are all in one shade of a color. Among the combinations are such as rose, yellow, blue and lavender, outlined with fine lines of black. Among the newest trimmings for white suits and costumes is wool banding with a Mexican drawn-work pattern. A lot of ball fringe will be used on cotton and linen costumes and suits. These include Irish crochet balls and tiny drops, braid and plain crochet balls. They are just the thing to outline the simulated tunics of tailored skirts and costumes, as well as for edging the wide, flat collars, tops of cuffs and lower parts of the bodice and coat.

There is immense variety in the styles shown in tailored suits. They are distinguished by some oddity of cut that, while it may be termed fantastic, is generally refined. The severe tailored suit seems to be a negligible quantity this season. Yet the new styles do not in the least



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Photo Talbot

A gorgeous evening toilette by Paquin, lavishly embroidered with pearls and mock jewels

resemble the old-time fancy tailor-mades. There is a richness and elegance about the new models that makes them seem nearer kin to the plain tailored suit than to that of over-elaborate aspect.

For example, one French model is made with a plain black satin skirt with a seam down the centre front. Over this is a long redingote of basket weave serge with collar and cuffs faced with

black satin. The coat parts in front in a rounded movement from the waist-line, and thus descends towards the back, where it reaches within a few inches of the bottom of the short skirt. Such a suit would be lovely with an écu tuck net waist, having a side frill edged with black net for afternoon occasions, while with a black satin bodice with transparent sleeves and yoke it would make an attractive frock for evening occasions.

Skirts for tailored suits are to be quite as narrow as ever, from one and three-quarters to two yards being the accepted widths. The narrower skirt can only be cut by an artist, else it becomes a caricature and a travesty of good taste. Lines are all straight in the skirts; if anything they tend to curve out rather than in. Too often the past year, in the hands of the inexperienced cutter or designer, the skirts sloped in below the hips, whereas they should have been perfectly straight from the greatest width of the hips to the bottom of the skirt. The skirt with invisible plaits, set in at either side of the front and back, will continue to be a favorite with those women who like to follow the fashion for narrow skirts, yet wish to present a graceful appearance when walking.

Women have learned to appreciate the practicability of the narrow skirt, the fact that when well cut it gives them sufficient freedom when walking, and at the same time does not blow about in a disconcerting way on a windy day. The short skirt for street wear has undoubtedly come to stay. There is too much to be said in its favor for women ever again to submit to the tyranny of the trained skirt. Moreover, this season the more refined women will adhere to the skirt that clears the ground, that is, the instep length, some two inches from the ground.

Facts Worth Knowing

(Names of shops from which articles mentioned may be purchased will be furnished upon request and the enclosure of a two-cent stamp.)

The new mohairs brought out for the spring and summer by the manufacturers, Joseph Bann & Son, are a revelation. In weave, coloring, weight and suppleness they meet all the requirements of fashion.

There is a growing demand for this practical fabric, and many of the leading couturiers are using it freely, not only for the strictly tailored suits, but for the more dressy afternoon costumes as well.

"Mohair Rahlante" is one of the entirely new effects which this manufacturer is introducing this spring, and would sell at the counter for \$2.00 a yard, if not more, while direct one pays but \$1.35. It comes in exquisite colors and is 54 inches wide.

Many of the striped mohairs will be used in suits and gowns, showing ingenious arrangements of the stripes, thereby forming sufficient ornamentation.

Black taffeta mohair is a handsome material, which sells direct for \$1.60 a yard.

Samples of these new fabrics will be sent to you upon request, and the prices attached will show a great saving by buying direct from the mills.

Tucked away in a huge Fifth Avenue building I have found a bit of Paris where all sorts of dainty hand-embroidered underwear can be purchased at wholesale prices.

The clever man at the head of the business imports direct from the manufacturer these garments, which are cut on the correct French lines, but to

American measurements. It would be impossible to describe with success the many attractive garments seen here, but a catalogue, I believe, would be mailed upon request to one living at a distance. Not

only hand-made lingerie is to be seen here, but some machine-made garments that excel in cut and finish. I noticed particularly the smart lines of a petticoat, which measures just 60 inches at the bot-

tom, and has a deep flounce of lace medallions and edging. This was only \$4.00, and would bring all of \$6.00 at the larger shops. A great saving may be made by patronizing this little establishment.

At the renowned house of Haas Brothers, of New York and Paris, I was permitted a survey of the new materials for spring and summer, which are to be presented in sets of sample books for leading tailors and dressmakers.



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1085 (as illustrated). Maternity Dress, with new crush plating at sides and shoulders. Lace yoke, with or without standing collar. Soft folds of lace at sleeves and bodice.

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A fascinating gown by Doucet. The lower part of the skirt is of black satin. The upper part and the bodice are of white satin veiled with exquisite white lace.

The latest novelties and most exclusive designs, the smartest weaves and newest colorings, are here shown for the development of the tailor-made to which the French couturiers are giving so much attention this spring.

In fact, it is known that at least three of the leading establishments of Paris are preparing their new models on tailored lines, which promise the greatest variety of styles seen in years. Some of the most ravishing trotteur frocks are being developed in "Faïlle Marveilleuse," one of the new and distinctive silks shown by Haas Bros. This comes in charming color combinations, black and King's blue, black and magenta, black and turquoise, or the new blonde shade.

The assortment of diagonal silk suitings embrace new shades as well as the still fashionable black and white combinations.

Particularly novel is a diagonal silk suiting of white with stripes of black, brown or grey, the reverse side showing a Persian design.

Possibly few women realize outside of New York City what a wonderful assortment of silks in exclusive weaves and colorings are to be found at Vantine's. Woven by hand, as they were centuries ago, under the supervision of Vantine's silk experts, these fabrics of the purest silk will neither crack nor slit, but will stand the test of time. This not only applies to the soft Oriental pongee, which may be seen here in stripes, diagonals and novelty weaves, but also to the habutai silks which Paris is using so much this season, under another name probably.

These soft Japanese habutais are so practical, similar to foulard, and are obtainable in a wonderful variety of new colors and patterns—stunning white and black effects, white and Russian blue, Paquin red and white, are some of the combinations—the fact of these silks being waterproof is another advantage. For the little knock-about dress, as well as the smart afternoon frock, these silks will be in high favor. The black habutais come as low as 50c., and are also spotproof.

The Japanese suitings are washable, and come in all the new stripes and figures on dark ground or white. These range in price from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a yard.

It is worth while for a woman to visit this store and see for herself the exquisite materials always to be found here. If this is not possible, one can secure samples by simply writing for them.

Women of New York are fast learning the way to a specialty shop, recently opened, which is devoted to the sale of Irish laces and neckwear. Really remarkable bargains can be obtained at this place, and the designs are all new and original. Beautiful collar and cuff sets, Dutch collars, yokes, jabots of the most approved designs and tiny tabs are all represented in real laces and cost much less than the price charged in the larger shops. Real lace edge and insertions are sold at ridiculously low prices.

But a few weeks ago Rogers, Thompson, Givernand Co.,—for years recognized as leaders of this country in the manufacture of silks—opened their doors to the buying public.

This big firm, always keenly alive to the demands of fashionable women, have amazed thousands who have visited their handsome show-rooms in the heart of the city, by the great assortment of silks in the unlimited variety of weaves and exquisite colorings shown.

What woman will pay retail prices when she may buy at manufacturers' prices? In many cases the retail shop will charge nearly double the price quoted at this new store.

Chiffon taffeta, which is to be so fashionable this season, may be obtained here in 36-inch width, and of beautiful quality, for \$1.38; elsewhere the same fabric will bring from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a yard.

A rich quality Satin Fontre sells for 98c., which brings \$1.75 at other places. Striped chiffon taffetas, satins, and messalines, which are all to be worn by fashionable women, sell at 98c., and would bring double that price elsewhere. The colors are uncommon, and will only be shown by the most exclusive shops.

Incredulous women, who call at this store with samples of silks for comparisons, are amazed and convinced.

Exquisite bordered silks, voiles, etc., which sell for from \$3.00 to \$4.00 a yard, may be obtained for \$1.28.

A beautiful Bulgarian bordered silk voile of 42-inch in the new Parchment shade sells for \$1.28. Crepe Meteor and Crepe Charmeuse in every known color are on hand. The new silk Turkish toweling you will also find here away below the price charged elsewhere, and scores of new and unusual fabrics just from the looms, and known as yet only to Paris, you will see when visiting this store.

Exquisitely dainty and entirely new is a perfume just brought out by a manufacturer whose name carries with it a guarantee of excellence both here and abroad. Some of the very best bath chrystals are also put up by the same house, who offer to send out samples on receipt of 10 cents. So necessary have bath powder and chrystals become, that many women would not use water on the face without their softening influence.

Personally I have never found anything more effective in the way of a



A striking model in black straw, faced with American beauty shade of taffeta, with American beauties massed on the side.

THE certainty that has prevailed, during the past few months, that Fouldards would again be pre-eminent among Spring and Summer silks, is sustained by the present popularity enjoyed by

"Shower-Proof" Fouldards

among fashionable folk in the sunny Southland. "Shower-Proof" Fouldards for 1912 are beautiful, indeed—the colorings and patterns more varied than ever.

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A stunning assortment of chevron diagonal silks is shown in grey with an overstripe of lavender, dark blue with a fine stripe of magenta, and many other beautiful color combinations.

"Gros de Londres" is still another Haas fabric of distinction. This silk has somewhat the character of taffeta, with slightly more body, and is particularly adaptable to tailored suits. It comes in monotone effects. An equally novel array of worsted suitings is to be found in these sample books, and women of taste who love distinctive fabrics cannot afford to overlook them.

The greatest variety of white suiting is obtainable here, one of the very newest being "tyl-tyl," which is very soft, very pliable, and very nobly. The pure white serge, and, in fact, all of the white goods, are softly woven with a delicate surface sheen, which renders them particularly becoming. You will find that the Bernard whip-cords from this house will stand all tests of rubbing, and therefore will be particularly serviceable. Self-striped whip-cords and diagonal Bedford cords come in pure white, and are used in many ways, both here and abroad.

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No greater assortment of linens can be found anywhere else, which includes the double-faced linens for motor coats, etc.

It is a well-established fact these days that a cream of some sort is necessary if a woman wishes to look her best and keep her skin in a healthy condition, not only the woman of years who sees many signs of approaching age, but the young woman as well needs and uses face cream, realizing that it is much easier to hold youth than to woo it back again. In many cases women make the mistake of selecting a cream without due consideration. Some creams contain injurious ingredients, and many cause an unwelcome growth of hair. Creams with a basis of glycerine are efficacious in curing rough or chapped skin, but a perpetual use of glycerine would cultivate wrinkles, so it is the least in doubt as to her particular needs to consult one of the several conscientious and reliable specialists here, who have made a study of every means of correcting blemishes and cultivating beauty to the highest degree of perfection.

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more nor less than a specially treated piece of flannel, which is to be rubbed on the parts desired to be tinted. It is put up in a box small enough to be carried in the purse. It has the advantage of not flying over the clothing as rouge powder is so apt to do, and is much easier to carry than liquid rouge. The originators guarantee it to be harmless. For a light shade the cloth must be rubbed on the parts very lightly, for a deeper shade it must be used more freely. It gives a lasting color, which can only be removed with soap and water. It is easier to wash off than liquid rouge, and, of course, lasts on the skin longer than powder rouge. Altogether it is a very desirable form of rouge for the tourist, or the women who desire to touch up their complexions while at the theatre, receptions, etc.

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L. H. H. 1914
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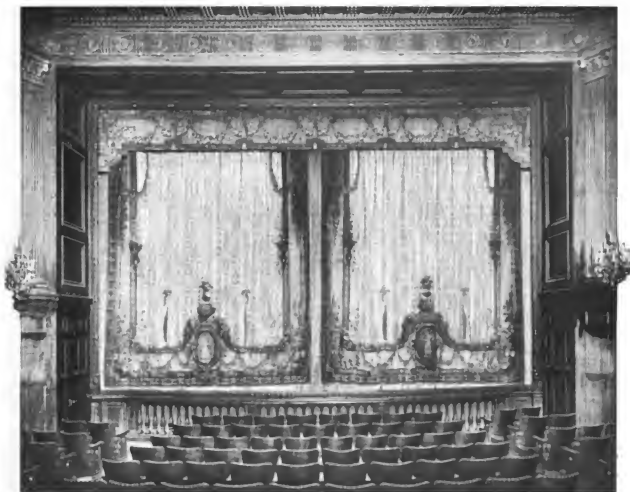
her face; indeed, I think her complexion looks better than it did before. This salve simply has to be rubbed into the skin wherever there is superfluous flesh, and gradually that "too, too solid flesh" melts away. There are no ill consequences to this treatment. The effect of the salve may, indeed, be heightened if a good massage is employed to do the rubbing. The ugly cushion of fat at the back of the neck quickly disappears with the daily use of this salve, and even large hips and busts succumb to this treatment after a few weeks' treatment. There is actually no reason now for any woman to suffer from the disfigurement of a double chin, when she can rub it away so easily in a few evenings.

Improvement is the line of progress that makes for success. I have frequently told you of a spiral collar support that gives with every movement of the neck. Now the inventor has so improved it that it cannot rust, and is easily sewed through. This is accomplished by means of cushion ends that are simply covered with a simple crochet, so that even the tenderest and most sensitive neck is thoroughly protected. These supports come either in white or black, three on a card for ten cents, and are made in several sizes.

One of the daintiest beauty parlors in New York has recently been opened by Mrs. Mary Grey, a woman of charming personality, who numbers among her patrons a long list of well-known American women. Mrs. Grey is thoroughly experienced in the art of beauty culture, and has equipped her establishment with the latest and best electric devices invented for the face, neck and eyes. Moreover, Mrs. Grey gives personal supervision to each case, though the actual manipulation may be done by one of her able assistants. Her consultations are free of charge, and I am sure that any one who tries her method will become a convert thereto. Mrs. Grey also makes a specialty of making up the face for evening entertainments, and things which in this day of glaring electric lights becomes absolutely necessary for the most famous beauty. Mrs. Grey understands the art of make-up, so that there is no artificial appearance; the subject simply looks her best; in other words, is the epitome of youth and health.

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CONTENTS: APRIL, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Alice Lloyd in "Little Miss Fix It"

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Proscenium and Curtain of the Little Theatre

TITLE PAGE: Scene in "Baron Trenck"

THE NEW PLAYS: "The Pigeon," "The Lady of Dreams," "Lady Patricia," "The Typhoon," "Oliver Twist," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Baron Trenck," "The Rainbow," "The Greyhound," "Preserving Mr. Panmure," "The Truth Wagon," "The Fatted Calf"

THE \$10,000 PRIZE OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN—Illustrated

"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"—Illustrated

A DUAL INTERVIEW WITH WEBER AND FIELDS—Illustrated

SCENE IN "THE LADY OF DREAMS"—Full-page plate

PRESIDENT TAFT AS A THEATRE-GOER—Illustrated

A MODERN MASTER BETTY—Illustrated

ELENA GERHARDT—A PAINTER IN WORDS—Illustrated

THE OPERATIC BEGINNINGS OF GERALDINE FARRAR—Illustrated

GERALDINE FARRAR—Full-page plate

THE MORALS OF CARMEN—Illustrated

A TRIBUTE TO DAVID BELASCO—Illustrated

SCENE IN "DIE WALKURE"—Full-page plate

IS A REVIVAL OF PANTOMIME AT HAND?

SCENES IN "OLIVER TWIST"—Full-page plate

SISTERS WHO HAVE WON OUT ON THE STAGE—Illustrated

PLAYS OF YESTERDAY—Illustrated

SCENES IN "LADY PATRICIA"—Full-page plate

TO OTIS SKINNER IN "KISMET"—Poem

A VETERAN DRAMATIST ON PLAY MAKING

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

PAGE

105

106

109

110

113

115

117

118

119

120

121

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

133

134

135

XIX

Ada Patterson

Karl K. Kitchen

Arthur Swan

William Armstrong

Karlton Hackett

Jeanne Gerville-Réache

Robert Grau

Harry P. Mauson

D. M.

Warren Wilmer Brown

Emilie E. Hoffman

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THE THEATRE

Vol. XV

APRIL, 1912

No. 134

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White

FRITZ STURMFELS AND BLANCHE DUFFIELD IN "BARON TRENCK" AT THE CASINO



Photo White

Ginevra
(Pamela Gaytherne)

Christopher Wellwyn
(Russ Whytal)

Timson
(Sidney Valentine)

Act II. Christopher Wellwyn utilizes the flower girl as a model.
SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S PLAY, "THE PIGEON," AS PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE PIGEON." A fantastic comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced on March 12 last with the following cast:

Christopher Wellwyn..... Russ Whytal
Ann..... Louise Seygnor
Ginevra Migan..... Pamela Gaytherne
Bery Migan..... A. M. Bedford
Ferrand..... Frank Reicher
Timson..... Sidney Valentine

Edward Butler..... Walter Howe
Aifred Calway..... Thomas London
Sir Thomas Hoxton..... Arthur Barry
A Police Constable..... Wilfred North
A Humble Man..... Reginald Barlow
Another Humble Man..... Albert Eardale

The Little Theatre, at 240 West 44th Street, which opened its doors most auspiciously under the able direction of Winthrop Ames, on March 12th last, is New York's latest playhouse *de luxe*—the last word in all that is artistic, elegant and up-to-date in modern theatre building. The New Theatre, of regretted memory, suffered from the sheer weight of its opulent magnificence. The Little Theatre, while it caters to the same cultured public, starts on its career with no such handicap. The tiny auditorium, chaste decorated and accommodating only 209 persons, with no balcony or boxes, gives the effect of a private *salon* to which the lucky playgoer has had the honor to be invited, rather than a public place of amusement to which he has paid the price of admission. From the red-bricked, green-shuttered colonial exterior to the graceful electric candelabra bunched on either side of the Gobelin tapestried walls, the place is a veritable gem of exquisite taste, daintiness and simplicity. The ceiling of the auditorium, very lofty, is in white, bordered with old ivory. The curtains are of blue and silver brocade with tapestry borders, and the drop curtain is of gobelin blue. The carpet is mouse gray and the seats, far more comfortable than in most of our metropolitan theatres, are upholstered in a rich brown leather. Downstairs in the Lounge, to which, between the acts, the audience is encouraged to repair and discuss the play, coffee, tea and pastries are provided *gratis* by a liberal management.

The opening bill was "The Pigeon," a new play by Mr. John Galsworthy, one of the most distinguished of the English-speaking writers of our day. An ardent Socialist, or at least an enthusiastic advocate of every measure tending to improve the condition of the unfortunate, Mr. Galsworthy regards his business as a dramatist seriously. He is not content to merely amuse his audiences. His plays, while they entertain, usually contain a message, a message

THE NEW PLAYS

which, at least in one instance, bore good fruit. This was his drama, "Justice," which created such a stir in Eng-

land that a Parliamentary inquiry into conditions in English prisons followed, and many abuses were abolished. This author is all the more convincing in that he is never preachy. He never bores his listener. He presents only the facts, dispassionately yet mercilessly, and in a masterly way that compels attention. He creates real human types and presents pictures of life as he sees them through the spectacles of a philosopher; pictures often whimsical, but none the less poignant and tragic.

"The Pigeon" of the title is Christopher Wellwyn, a good-natured artist, who, without the slightest pose, tries, as he goes through life, to do what good he can. He empties his pockets on all the beggars that chance along, and when he has no more coppers left, he gives the tramps his visiting card and tells them to call and see him. His daughter, a matter-of-fact young person, thinks it is all perfectly ridiculous, but protests in vain. It is Christmas eve, a snowstorm is howling outside, and the daughter, after an angry argument, goes off to bed. The artist is about to follow, when there comes a knock at the door. Mr. Wellwyn opens and sees on the doorstep a ragged, forlorn flower girl, who seeks shelter for the night. The artist is embarrassed, yet cannot turn her out in such a night, so he shows her a corner where she can sleep, and gives her a rug. He says good night, and is about to retire, when there comes another knock. Another social outcast appears, half frozen and faint from starvation. This time it is Ferrand, a French philosopher of the gutter, who admits that he can never be anything but a rolling stone. He also is accommodated, and then comes along Timson, a drunken old caddy, who hates "furriners." To all these waifs of life Wellwyn acts the rôle of the good Samaritan. He feeds them, and clothes them, and shelters them. He tries to save the girl from a life of vice; he does everything possible to redeem the caddy from drink, and to make a man out of the French vagabond. But all is in vain. He cannot do anything with them. The caddy gets drunk again, and the flower girl runs away with the Frenchman, and finally attempts suicide. The philosophy of the play seems to be

that it is folly for society to make any set rules for conduct, that there will always be certain individuals who are unable to control themselves, that the smug Pharisee has not the right to criticize conditions which he himself cannot understand, and that the best philanthropy and real charity consists not in criticizing, but in helping all you can without asking awkward questions.

The play is beautifully acted in every part. Perhaps the most notable performance is that of Mr. Frank Reicher, who plays the French vagabond. It is a splendidly rounded out portrayal of the reckless, yet unhappy, wastrel who, by reason of his temperament, drifts along on life's current powerless to stem the tide. Mr. Sidney Valentine gives a masterly impersonation of the drunken cabby. No more affective bit of character acting has been seen on the local stage for a long time. Mr. Russ Whytal as Christopher Wellwyn is sympathetic and lovable. Miss Pamela Gaythorne was excellent as the flower girl, giving throughout a consistent performance true to life and artistic in every little detail. Mr. Wilfrid North deserves more than mere mention for a capital and lifelike impersonation of the typical London constable.

The small dimensions of the theatre, and the nearness of the stage, bring the actors so close to the spectators that a delightful intimacy is established, and not a line of the dialogue is lost. If Mr. Ames' future productions keep up to the high standard of this opening performance, the Little Theatre is likely to be a permanent feature of New York theatrical life, and a potent factor in the development of the American drama.

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE LADY OF DREAMS." Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Produced on February 28 last, with the following cast:

Melissinda, Mme. Simon; Sorliamonda, Margaret Wycherly; Bertram of Allamano, John L'Estrange; Geoffrey, Rudel, A. E. Atwood; Brother Troubadour, George Farrow; Erasmus, Charles Francis; Squarciafio, Geoffrey Sidney; The Master of the Ship, Charles E. Bunnell; The Fish, F. L. Davis; First Pilgrim, Johnstone May; Second Pilgrim, Herbert Grubb; Niccoloso, Joseph Valtin; A Sailor, Horace Weeks.

In stage chronology "La Princesse Lointaine" comes between "Les Romanesques" and "Cyrano," and those competent to judge fix its literary status at the same place. Charles Renauld, Professor of French at the College of the City of New York, describes it as "an animated picture of an undaunted pursuit of the ideal," but in spite of its imagination and high-strung verse, is fearful that these qualities so appreciated by the French may lack a corresponding response on the part of the English.

Flamed by reports of the beauty and goodness of Melissinda, Princess of the Orient, to whom he has indited verses, the dying Geoffrey Rudel, Prince of Blaye, sails in quest of her, accompanied by Bertram of Allamano, his friend and fellow troubadour. Opposed by pirates and the elements, they finally reach the shores of Tripoli, the spirits of the sailors meanwhile sustained by descriptions of the beautiful lady of dreams. Bertram



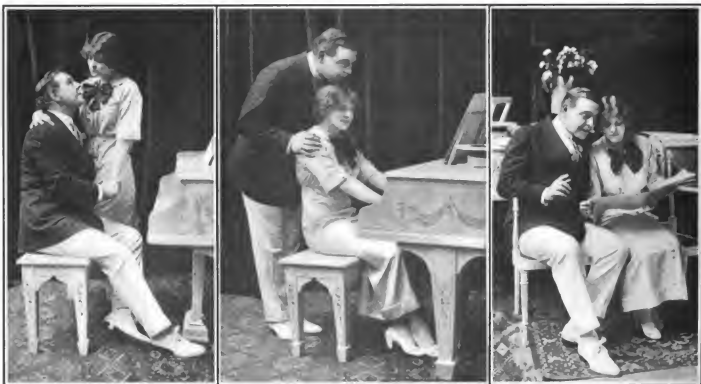
Photo by Arnold Gentler, N. Y.

LYDIA LOPOUKOVA, THE RUSSIAN "SOLO DANCER"

Lydia Lopoukova is one of the highly trained dancers of the Imperial Russian Ballet who have come to delight us this season. In her special field Lopoukova is a successful rival of Pavlova, Gellner and other celebrated Terpsichorean artists. As a critic puts it: "She is a winged fairy, dainty as a white violet, light as mistletoe, the very embodiment of the joyous spirit of youth." She entered the Imperial Ballet at the age of eight and graduated at seventeen with the rank of "solo dancer." Her parents are of the Russian middle class, her father being a government employe. Her first appearance was Schumann's "Caraval," in which she created a furore all over Europe. She was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, but was prevented appearing there. Later she was seen at the Winter Garden. She loves America and wishes to make it her future home. Her impresario, Mr. Joseph Mandelkern, is now negotiating with a firm of prominent American managers with a view of having her appear here next season in an American play written especially for her.

goes ashore to bring Melissinda to Geoffrey, and has to fight his way to her presence. Mistaking the messenger for the author of her adulation, the Princess falls in love with Bertram, and like their prototypes, Tristan and Isolde, struggle fiercely with their respective consciences. But duty and the spirit prevail, and they go to the caravel, where the Princess, in appreciation of his marvelous faith and devotion solaces Geoffrey's dying moments with the assurance that she will immure herself in a convent, while Bertram, to mortify his flesh, will make a holy pilgrimage.

It is a very rich, sumptuous and handsome setting which has been provided for Louis Napoleon Parker's adaptation of the Rostand verse. The stage management is capable and effective, and every aid utilized to give imaginative warmth to this glowing picture of idealistic faith. It cannot be said in perfect truth, how-



Photos White HENRY MILLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN A. E. THOMAS' COMEDY, "THE RAINBOW," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE. Miss Chatterton, a singularly sympathetic young actress, made a great hit as Cynthia, the charming little daughter who, after a number of pathetic and delightfully acted scenes, brings about a reconciliation between her father and her mother.

ever, that Mr. Parker's help has been as valuable. His verse is serviceable, but too frequently colloquial. It lacks the fineness of the original, but its vigor is healthy and its flow rhythmical.

It was an uneven interpretation which Mme. Simone gave of the far-away Princess. If wanting in the sweet and innate dignity which the rôle calls for in the opening scenes, there was true poetical beauty and spiritual exaltation to the pathetic meeting and farewell with the dying Geoffrey. That elusive part was skilfully cared for by A. E. Anson, who read with elocutionary distinction and feeling, while the errant but repentant Bertram was played with manly fervor and intelligent earnestness by Julian L'Estrange. Margaret Wycherly's spirited and gracious rendering of Sorismonda lent weight and balance to a production of admirable purpose and genuine accomplishment. The others in the cast were competent.

EMPIRE. "LADY PATRICIA." Comedy in three acts by Rudolph Besier. Produced on February 26 last with the following cast:

Dean Lesley, Harry Stephenson; Michael Conway, Leslie Faber; Bill O'Farrell, Shelley Hall; Bakewell, Ernest Stallard; Ellis, Lewis Howard; John, Cyril Young; Robert, Frederick Boland; Lady Patricia Conway, Mrs. Faber; Mrs. O'Farrell, Emily Fitzroy; Clare Lesley, Maud Gilbert.

Rudolph Besier, in his plays, resolutely seeks the unconventional and the new. While wholly unconventional in "Lady Patricia," he is frankly artificial and, with the impossible characters and happenings, he is mechanical as well. It is only by accepting it as fantastic satire that one may enjoy it. The fantastic does not sustain itself consistently and unremittingly throughout, but its first act entertains, and its last act is deliciously droll in that the topsy-turvy complications are resolved on a basis of common sense, everybody being brought back to their natural relations. Lady Patricia holds out to the last, but saves herself

by a neat bit of pretense that has in it such sincerity that the farce, the artificiality, the satire and the fantastic are converted into real comedy.

The occasion for the play in any present conditions of life anywhere is not obvious. Up to the last act the play is as much up in the air as anything of the most extravagant kind in dramatic literature. Molière's ridicule of the affected misses of his day was directed at real conditions and counted. What was real satire in his day is just as enjoyable now when regarded as impossible and fantastic. Besier's play cannot be seriously regarded as having the purpose of reducing platonic love to an absurdity. In no community at this day are any people playing the game of platonic love. The world knows that platonic love between the sexes, in the terms of love, is impossible, and no one looks upon affairs of the kind as harmless. No husband and no wife is blinded to the dangers of it, and no one accepts it as a theory with the facts before his eyes. The consequence is that only the foolery of it in a play can be enjoyed. To give it any semblance of reasonableness everything has to be extraordinary. Lady Patricia must be a person of wealth in order to indulge in such an uncommon pastime as carrying on an affair with a boy years younger than herself, and trying to convince herself that she still loves her husband and is dutiful towards him. The scenic arrangements throughout must be extraordinary. A platform and a small house have been erected in the branches of a tree, and we there see this new Lady of Dreams, gowned in the fashion appropriate to dreams, in cloth of the finest texture and of the most beautiful tints, indolently reclining and reading passages from her favorite poets. Surely a sense of utter irresponsibility to the ordinary concerns of



Act. II. Tokoromo strangles the woman he loves rather than betray his country. WALKER WHITESIDE AND FLORENCE REED IN "THE TYPHOON"

(Continued on page 21)

The \$10,000 Prize Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House



From left to right, Riccardo Martin, Louise Homer,
Rita Ferra, Albert Ross



Horatio W. Parker, Composer



Brian Hooker, Librettist

At the Metropolitan Opera House on March 14 last was given the first performance of the prize opera, "Mona," music by Horatio W. Parker, libretto by Brian Hooker. The scene of the opera is laid in England during the Roman invasion. Gaym, son of the Roman governor and a British captive is in love with the British princess Mona. She loves him and yet hates him because he is a Roman. The tragedy ends with the death of Gaym at Mona's hands and her subsequent remorse. The opera will be reviewed critically in the next issue of this magazine.

The genesis of this competition for an American opera is interesting. Somewhat over two years ago, as the result of a suggestion to the Board of Directors by the General Manager, Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York announced a competition for a prize of \$10,000 for the best Grand Opera, to be written in English, and composed by an American. The competition was to be closed September 15, 1910. The operas submitted were to be passed upon by a jury of musicians appointed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the successful opera was to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. Twenty-four operas were submitted. The jury selected to decide the competition was composed of Mr. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the Metropolitan, Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. George W. Chadwick of Boston, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music and Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was the work of several months to examine and consider the twenty-four scores. Two of them were at one time lost while being sent by express from one of the judges to another, but were soon recovered. Finally, on the 2d of May, 1911, the jury decided unanimously in favor of an opera entitled, "Mona." The envelope corresponding to the winning opera was opened, and it proved to be the work of Professor Horatio Parker (composer), of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Brian Hooker (author), of Farmington, Conn. To them the prize was accordingly awarded.



Louise Homer, as Mona



Riccardo Martin Putnam Greenwald



Herbert Waterspoon

Louise Homer

William Hinchaw



Photos by Matrone, Chicago. SCENE AND CHARACTERS IN "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"
 Mme. Berat and Signor Bassi as Mother and Son. In right upper corner, Carolina White as Mabella.
 In lower right hand corner, Signor Sammarco as leader of the Camorra



SIGNOR WOLF-FERRARI
 Composer of "The Jewels of the Madonna"

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA

JUST at the right time in the Metropolitan Opera season, at a time when repetitions are the order of the day, and when almost every season settles down for a leisurely but artistic lull, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company has given new life and interest to opera here. By sending over their forces once a week, French opera has been injected, though in homeopathic doses, into the Metropolitan repertoire. Massenet's "Cendrillon" was thus given its first performance in New York, the same composer's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was repeated, and Bizet's "Carmen" was given a hearing. But more important than these was Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's newest opera, "I Gioielli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna"). It was given its first performance, on any stage, in Berlin, December 23d, while its first performance in America occurred in Chicago, January 12, 1912. New York first heard this work at the Metropolitan on March 5, with this cast:

Gennaro, Amadeo Bassi; Carmela, Louise Berat; Mabella, Carolina White; Rafaela, Mario Sammarco; Basso, Francesco Daddi; Cicello, Emilio Venturini; Stella, Jenny Dufau; Concetta, Mabel Riegelman; Serena, Maria Witkowska; Grazia, Rosina Galli; Totono, Edmond Warnery; Rocco, Nicola Fossetta.

As dramatic and as swift in action as "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," "The Jewels of the Madonna" is certain to strike popular appeal. It is a tale of the nether world of Naples, a poor blacksmith falling in love with his foster sister,

who is really the daughter of a woman of the streets. She loathes him, but he is madly infatuated, and to win her love he steals the jewels from the madonna figure and lays them at the girl's feet. She is dazzled, and succumbs to his love pleadings. When she awakes from the horror of it all, she rushes to the man she really loves, the leader of the Camorra, and tells him all. He rejects her, and when he sees that she is bedecked with the jewels of the madonna is horror stricken. His men find the poor blacksmith, who is given a dagger and told to kill himself "like a dog." The girl flees, the poor devil places the stolen jewels on an altar and, praying forgiveness, drives the dagger into his heart. That is the skeleton of tragedy which stalks interestingly through three acts of a well planned and cleverly made libretto.

Where Wolf-Ferrari betrays his greatest cleverness is in seizing every possible legitimate opportunity to introduce contrast in order to relieve the strain of tragedy, and also in order to heighten the effect of the stirring story. So he seizes upon dancing incidents, one in the first act and a still better one in the last, where Naples is seen dancing, first on the streets and then in the den of the Camorra. There is also fine contrast of pomp in the first act on the occasion of the passing of the procession on the feast day of the madonna; while in the second act there are some appealing love episodes. It is all musically well knit and effectively expressed. The music is modern and brilliant, yet he finds room for long-breathed melodic phrases. Probably the most interesting bits are the two intermezzi, each of which had to be repeated at this performance.

But the music is so totally unlike Wolf-Ferrari's other two operas known here: "Le Donne Curiose" and "Il Segreto di Susanna," that it is difficult to believe the same brain conceiving this



Mtazene
Maria Witkowska
(in "Il Trovatore")

Mtazene
Hector Dufranne
(in "Samson et Delilah")

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Mme Fremont
(in "Tosca")

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Mme Desbott
(in "Pagliacci")

Mtazene
Charles Dalmores
(as Samson)

Mme de Pasquall
(in "Rigoletto")

"Jewels of the Madonna." There are in the latter, as in the two former works, traces of reminiscences, but not nearly to so pronounced a degree. The mood more than the melody suggests certain other operas, but there is little more than that. The orchestration is at times as brilliant and dramatically brutal as is that of Richard Strauss; at other times it is as frankly melodious as is Puccini's instrumentation. It would hardly be fair to say that this is a "great" opera, but it is really one of the most interesting and stirring works that has appeared on the horizon for years.

The performance was generally spirited. The best of the principals was Carolina White, who played the drab Maliella finely, never idealizing the part, never touching the dregs of vulgarity. She was best in the moment of spying the jewels that have been stolen for her, when she became as one hypnotized by their glittering surfaces, and thus logically explaining why she throws herself into the arms of the man she loathed. She sang dramatically well, too. Sammarco, as the lover Rafaele, and leader of the Camorra, acted finely, giving a realistic picture of this captain of Naples' band of murderers. As Gennaro, the blacksmith, Bassi was not nearly so good as the rest, his voice never forsaking the bleating quality, and his acting lacking convincing sincerity. Particularly ineffective was his death scene. Campanini conducted with old-time spirit and skill, making most of the brilliant episodes. The three scenes were very attractive in color and mood, and the numerous smaller parts were well taken, particularly that of Torrenno, sung capably by Warnery.

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was well worth hearing; more than that, it promised to be interesting at repeated hearings—if these be granted to New York operagoers. It is so brilliant and clever a score that its beauties are not nearly exhausted with a single presentation.

That other novelty, Massenet's "Cendrillon," was first heard in New York, at the Metropolitan, on February 20th, with this cast:

Cendrillon, Maggie Teyte; Mme. de la Haltiere, Louise Berat; The Prince, Mary Garden; The Fairy, Jennie Dufau; Noemie, Mahel Riegelman; Dorothee, Marie Cavan; Pandolfo, Hector Dufranne; The King, Gustave Huberdeau; Dean of the Faculty, Francesco Daddi; Master of Amusements, Desire Delerere; The Prime Minister, Constantin Nicolay.

The work proved a grave disappointment to those who admire Massenet's cleverness and skill in his musical treatment of stage situations. It had none of the tunelessness of "Thais," none of the spirit of "Jongleur," none of the charm of "Werther." Its sentiment scarcely got across the footlights, its brilliancy was pomp and bombast. Probably no other opera by this famous Frenchman that has been heard here exerted so little fascination for his admirers as did this opera, with its singularly frank display of lack of inspiration.

The libretto, fashioned after the well-known Cinderella tale by Henri Cain, offered enough opportunities, which the composer seems to have missed.

The whole first act, with its contrasts, went for nothing; and the gyrations of the fairies looked like the Loie Fuller family on a holiday. The only scene which exerted any spell of romance and near mystery was the one of the great gnarled oak—beautifully presented, by the way, in this production; and even here it all turned out to be opera instead of make-believe fairy tale. And the thin thread of "Once upon a time" spirit vanished.

Nor was the performance one to display this visiting opera company at its best. Maggie Teyte was then heard here for the first time in opera, and she was clearly hampered by mood or circumstance, for her acting and singing of the title part left much to the imagination, and even more to be desired. Mary Garden as Prince Charming, was a statuesque, blond person, more like a musical comedy character than an important figure in grand opera. Dufranne, as the henpecked husband, was excellent; and Louise Berat carried off honors as the stepmother of Cinderella. Jennie Dufau, as the Fairy, did not sing



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MILA ROSINA GALLE
Premiere danseuse with the Philadelphia Chicago Opera Co.

this florid music adequately, and Campanini conducted his forces with customary brilliancy, but the playing of the orchestra was ragged—according to Metropolitan standards.

"Carmen," sung by these forces, offered as a novelty Mary Garden in the title rôle. In theory it argued that she would have been ideal for this part, but her interpretation of the Bizet-Merimee heroine lacked just exactly those features necessary for a vital and interesting presentation. Mary Garden was her old self just once during the evening—when she first entered, a crimson carnation in her hair. Then she had brilliancy, dash and abandon—but after that she settled down into a groove of uninteresting conventionality. The query that tacitly flew around the audience was: "What had happened to Mary Garden's personality?" Nor was she the only blot on the operatic escutcheon that evening, for Dalmores, the Don José, and usually so admirable in the part, was vocally and histrionically quite disappointing. His voice had little of that famously dramatic ringing quality, and it even broke in the Flower Song. Renaud, again a sterling artist, was Escamillo, but a more sleeper interpretation has seldom been seen here. The brightest spot in the cast was Zeppilli, who sang Micaela with brilliant voice. Campanini conducted well. Rosina Galli earned success by her clever dancing.

On another evening this company presented the familiar operas of "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Familiar principals peopled the cast of the latter, Mary Garden, in the title part, appearing to much better advantage than she had on any earlier occasion this season. Renaud was admirable as Boniface, while Dufranne and the rest of the cloister crew were excellent. In "The Secret of Suzanne" there was heard a new baritone, Alfred Costa, who had a pleasing voice, but not a large one. Carolina White as the Countess was in bad voice. A new conductor, Ettore Perosio, led the performance, but most of the sprightly spirit of the dainty opera disappeared under his baton.

During all the rest of each week of the speeding month the regular Metropolitan artists have fed opera to the opera hungry masses in huge but highly artistic doses. New York really seems opera mad, for enormous audiences have crowded the Metropolitan each night. For the most part the performances have been repetitions, but new interest has been given familiar operas by the introduction of different artists in the casts. So, for instance, Caruso, for the first time in two years, sang Rodolfo in a repetition of "La Bohème" so exquisitely that the work sounded

new. He, too, after a lapse of years, was the Duke in "Rigoletto," and had his audience shouting itself hoarse at his singing of "La donna è mobile." This particular "Rigoletto" was an all-star special performance, the singers being Caruso, Tetrazzini, Renand and Hauer, and if the Metropolitan has ever held more

people at a single performance, then the record of such an event has disappeared. "Rigoletto" was repeated later with the same stars, but minus Tetrazzini. Bernice de l'asquali in her stead, and the latter soprano, after two years' absence from the Metropolitan cast, distinguished herself by very delightful singing of Verdi's florid music.

The really important revival of the month has been "Otello," which marked the return to these forces of Frances Alda—in private life, Mme. Gatti-Casazza. She sang Desdemona in a manner that showed vast improvement over her former work here. She did not force her voice, as a result the natural beauty of it became apparent, and her "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria" of the last act were really delivered with exquisite pathos. Slezak, in the title part, was not quite up to his own standard in the reading of this heroic rôle, yet he was impressive. As the serpentine Iago, Mr. Scotti was simply superb, giving a dramatic performance and indulging in illuminating facial gestures that, quite apart from the singing

even, would have been a credit to any stage presentation of this play. Signor Toscanini conducted really an inspiring performance.

Another revival was "The Bartered Bride." Smetana's melodious, merry, Bohemian opera, ably and spiritedly sung by Destinn, Jörn, Reiss and Didur. Meanwhile, Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" cycle has run its successful course begun last month with that excellent "Rheingold" presentation. "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" were given performances on the highest artistic planes, making Wagnerites ask themselves, "Why go to Bayreuth?"

And still more notable was an additional performance of "Die Walküre," in which Margarete Matzenauer sang Brunnhilde for the first time here. This contralto has surprised everyone by her versatility, having sung about all the rôles that fall to the lot of a contralto. Now she broke into the realm of dramatic sopranos with a very admirable performance of Brunnhilde. She looked regally imposing, this daughter of Wotan, and she acted it with rare intelligence. There were moments when the music seemed to lie pretty high in range for her voice, but these were details that entirely disappeared in the judgment of her entire reading.



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MME. EMMA CALVÉ AND HER HUSBAND IN "CARMEN"



Hall
JOE WEBER AND LEW FIELDS LOOKING OVER THE MANUSCRIPT OF A NEW BURLESQUE

A Dual Interview with Weber and Fields

THE first time I remember seeing Joe I admired him. There was a reason—he was smoking a cigarette, and he got away with it. I tried, but it made me sick. That made me admire Joe more than ever."

It was "Lew" Fields who spoke. I speak thus familiarly of him because he had said: "If anyone called me 'Mr. Fields' behind the scenes I think I should faint." I determined to save him from swooning when he reads this interview. If he had not thus spoken I should have been strongly moved to use the forbidden title, for the tall comedian has a most serious face, and in his brown eyes there is the sadness we see in the eyes of a Newfoundland or Saint Bernard. Natural dignity is writ all over him. He has said that "Joe" is funny off the stage, but he bottles his humor for business. He was sitting in a straight-backed chair at his flat-topped desk in "Lew" Fields's office above the Broadway Theatre. He looked across the desk and smiled at his small, blue-eyed partner, who was half lost in the depths of a huge upholstered green chair. A return smile sped across the flat-topped desk. It was Joe who spoke first:

"Lew always wondered why I stood on a street corner a long way from home when I smoked. I'll tell him now, at the risk of losing his admiration, that I didn't dare smoke around home. My mother believed that to spare the spank was to spoil Joey, and she always did her duty, as she saw it. I was six months older and half a foot taller, and 'Lew' had to look up to me. That's the way we looked then."

Above the desk hung an old newspaper print of "the boys" at the time of the beginning of their friendship. Both were pudgy urchins, and both looked as though frightened at the camera. "Joe" was sitting.

"They always made the shorter one stand," he said. "My first recollection of 'Lew' was when he bragged that he could dance on a plate."

"I had said it so often that I made myself believe I could," was the defense.

"I told him I was willing to see him dance on a plate," said Mr. Weber.

"And, of course, when I came down on the plate I broke it," smiled his partner. I kept on trying until I had broken six. Then my mother heard the noise and led me away."

"We heard him get his licking," laughed "Joe."

It is good to hear grown men laugh at the days when they were boys together. The laughter of these two, the Field laughter from deep in his chest, the Weber jubilation in higher, lighter tones, had something about it that was irresistible.

"Joe was a dapper little fellow, neat and trim," was the serious comment of the taller comedian.

Joe Weber grinned. Quickly with a humorous gleam in his eye he retorted:

"I thought 'Lew' was young, and I patronized him. But I always thought he was a good-looking fellow. He had fine eyes and teeth, and a warning kind of a smile, a regular heart-breaker, so to speak."

"We were seven then," broke in "Lew," "and were going to the same school on Henry Street. We were going to the Allan Street School when we were nine years old, but were turned out."

"Because we were comedians at recess, and couldn't stop fun-making when we got into line," prompted Joe Weber.

"The children would keep on laughing," continued Lew Fields.

"Because we made faces at them," added his partner.

"Did they have corporal punishment in the schools?" I asked.

"Did they?" The Fields' smile bespoke mingled reminiscences. "But their touch was light. We backed up to it."

The smaller of the partners sadly shook his head.

"When we were turned out of school we went on the stage. We had a pickanniny act. My father made us little white linen suits. We had a black make-up."

"No." The Weber tone was ringing and positive. "It was a leopard make-up. Awful!"

"We were very bad. Our mothers were in front, and had brought an old-fashioned bouquet. You know the kind, with paper scallops around it, and wrapped in tinfoil? We were to come on the stage and do a turn, then come back and do another. When we came back the second time the bouquet was to be sent up. It wasn't sent up. I was to hold my hands so and turn a somersault. Instead I fell, and they rang down the curtain."

"Several men standing about the stage door told us our act had been a big hit. They said the managers would all be after us next day, so we went in front to our mothers, like conquerors. 'Why didn't you send up a bouquet?' we asked. 'The curtain



LILLIAN RUSSELL AS SHE APPEARS AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE IN THE NEW WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE PRODUCTION

came down so quick we couldn't," they answered. "Give it to us anyway," said Joe, and we went strutting around the hall, he carrying the bouquet part of the time and I the rest."

"That was one of the four or five big events of our thirty-four years together," said the senior partner.

"The next was when we opened on Broadway," said the junior. "No. It was when we hung over by the bridge and expected to be shaken down by the train. It was while we were with the New Robbins Circus. We jaunted about the country from one coast to the other. I, being the smaller of the two, was doing 'leaps' in the circus. I saw one man fall to his death. I pretended to be sick, so that I wouldn't have to do another leap in the air. We left the circus, and, while we were walking behind it, we came to a deep, narrow cut in the mountains. We were crossing a bridge when we heard a rumble of the rails that told us a train was coming. We looked down the stream and the rumbling grew louder. Big fir trees on both sides of the stream shut off our view. There was no smoke to show which way the train was coming from, and as we were only half way across, we didn't dare take a chance and run for it. We did all that was left for us to do, swung down over the stream, hanging to the beams of the trestle with both hands, and waited; hanging there we made final disposition of our effects.

"If I fall and am killed, give my clothes and the twenty dollars I have in the savings bank to my mother," said 'Lew,' with a sob in his voice.

"Yes, and you do the same for me," said I with tremolo.

"We tried to shake hands, but we couldn't reach. We nodded good-bye. The train swung around a curve and was on the bridge. It shook it as a dog does a rat. Then it was gone. I looked across and saw that 'Lew' was still hanging to the beams. He was looking to see if I was safe. We climbed back, hand over hand, and hurried off the bridge. It was a shave. That night

when I combed my back hair I found three white hairs."

There are as many gray as brown hairs in the thatch of the senior partner to-day. The dome of the junior-by-six-months is covered with sleek brown hair. Covered, did I say? Yet there is a decided thinness on the crown.

"The next big event was the night we decided not to take Oscar Hammerstein's advice. We were playing in the New York Theatre, then his playhouse. He was a great man. We measured his greatness not only by reputation but by the fact that he paid us three hundred dollars a week. He had heard of our ambitions to be at the head of an organization. He knew that two years before we could vote we had induced some old-time and famous actors to join us. About that time every actor who was prosperous wore a ring with a big diamond in it, and a stickpin with another. We outfitted ourselves in Boston, and paid for them by the week. The next week the rings were gone. We had to pawn them. And the next week the stickpins had gone to the same place. Mr. Hammerstein said: 'You boys are doing well on the road, aren't you?' We admitted it. 'Then drop this producer business and stay on the road,' he said."

"The boys" were deeply impressed by the great Hammerstein's advice. They would have considered it good and final, had it not been for the fact that children by the scores followed them on the street. "That means popularity," said Lew Fields.

"And popularity means money," said Joe Weber.

"Well, let's try it," said "Lew." And the Weber-Fields Music Hall came into being.

"That opening was a big event to us," said they both.

"The night of our separation, our last appearance together, as we thought, was another." It was "Lew" Fields who spoke.

"It was as sad as the time we hung over the railroad bridge, and as dangerous," said "Joe" thoughtfully. "We felt as we did when we hung from the bridge."



Photo White

Melisenda
(Madame Sennec)

Bertram
(Julian L'Estrange)

Act II. Bertram appears to Melisenda as Rude's emissary
SCENE IN ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," AT THE HUDSON

"The opening night of the jubilee we didn't know how we felt. We were walking in a daze. I heard the people laugh, but I couldn't think what we were doing to make them laugh."

"There was a lump in my throat all evening. It was because we missed Pete Dailey and Louise Allan Collier. And when David Warfield surprised us by coming on, after twelve years, I

"That's it," replied Lew Fields. "If there hadn't been a little pathos underneath the fun, I would have failed."

"Burlesque must be played as seriously as 'Hamlet.' We know," said Joe, "that there are no two such persons possible in real life as we play. We realize that more since we have been managing our separate productions and playing other lines. But



White

Bertram
(Julian L'Ettranger)Brother Tevichus
(George Farnes)

Act I. Bertram recites to the sailors the poem about the Princess Fataway
SCENE IN EDMOND ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

thought I would choke. It was like a voice from the dead."

"But they were only with us part of the time. It was the wonderful reception the people of New York gave us that broke us up. It proved that the people of America are loyal to old favorites. We hear they are not, but that proved it."

"But if the production hadn't been good?" I queried.

"They didn't know when they gave the reception whether it was good or bad. They welcomed us for old time's sake as the English do," said Joe.

"What is burlesque?" I looked from one to the other.

"It is the highest form of dramatic art," returned the tall partner promptly.

"It is caricature," insisted the smaller.

"Suppose you tell the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE the difference between imitation and burlesque."

"Anyone can do imitations," returned Mr. Fields. "They are nothing. Burlesque requires imitation, acting, a sense of humor and big reputation of the burlesqued and the burlesquers."

"And sincerity," insisted Mr. Weber, with quiet forcefulness.

"That is the reason one feels a little sorry for you when your partner is bullying you on the stage," said the writer.

we are serious in the silly bullying and the being bullied while it lasts. You can't fool the public. Audiences are wiser than they were when we began playing, and one nian's kicking another as he was about to sit down, they called burlesque. The critics have taught the public, as it teaches the actors."

"We can say without egotism that we are alone in giving burlesque as we understand it."

From Mr. Weber: "A Slice of Life" is burlesque.

"No, it isn't," said his partner.

"Have you seen it?" pursued the smaller and quieter man.

I described the Barrie whimsy.

"It isn't burlesque, because they're not burlesquing anyone. It's never been played before," objected partner Fields.

"But it is burlesquing the way such parts have been played," responded partner Weber.

"What is the funniest line you've spoken in your thirty-four years on the stage?"

"The fun in the lines generally grows out of the situations. Only a few lines are funny in themselves."

"Which do you depend upon most for laughter, lines or business or make-up?"

(Continued on page 2)

PRESIDENT TAFT as a Theatre goer

BY KARL K. KITCHEN



Copy's Harris & Ewing
Major Archibald Butt,
Aide to the President,
who always accompanies
him to the theatre.

WHEN President Taft seeks relaxation from cares of State, his favorite recreation is theatre-going.

He is the greatest theatre-going President this country has ever had. He attends two theatres every week, from the beginning of the season in September until its close in May. Not infrequently he attends three performances in a week.

There are two reasons why he is such a frequent patron of the theatre. In the first place, he is really fond of the drama, and in the second place, an evening at the theatre gives him at least three hours when no one can talk to him.

Theatre-going for him is not only pleasure, but a very necessary relaxation. After a strenuous day, nothing rests him more than an evening at a good play.

Nearly every Monday evening during the season President Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, Major Archibald Butt, his military aide, and two guests, can be seen in the President's box at one of the three first-class theatres in Washington. Each theatre has a stage box, which is set aside for the President's use whenever he decides to attend.

Sometimes he is invited by the managers of the companies that come to Washington, for his presence is always desired. Quite as often he pays for the box himself. He usually selects the more important of the three first-class offerings for his Monday night visit.

Then on Wednesday or Thursday he attends one of the other theatres. If there are three meritorious offerings, he will see the third on Friday night. He rarely attends the theatre on Saturday night, and never two nights in succession.

There are three types of plays that he enjoys—Shakespeare, romantic dramas and modern high-class comedies. It is not generally known that he is a Shakespearian student, but there are few men in America who are more familiar with the Bard of Avon's works. He attends practically every Shakespearian production made in Washington, no matter whether the company is second or even third rate. For the other types of plays of which he is fond he demands competent actors, or he prefers to remain away.

Of the romantic dramas of which he is fond, "If I Were King" is the best example. Indeed, if one could name his favorite play it would be Justin Huntly McCarthy's drama, in which E. H. Sothern starred a few seasons ago.

It would not be discreet for the President of the United States to express preference for any particular actor, but those who attend the theatre frequently with him know he has a high regard for the histrionic abilities of E. H. Sothern and Otis Skinner.

Of the modern high-class comedies of which he is fond, Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" is one of the best examples. Next to Sothern's performance in "If I Were King" he enjoyed Miss Maude Adams's performance in the Barrie comedy.

He talked of both of these plays and their stars for many weeks after witnessing them. He saw "If I Were King" at Daly's Theatre in New York about three years ago, and shortly after saw Mr. Barrie's clever comedy in Washington.

Another play that made a profound impression on him was "The Twelve Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie, in which Miss Ethel Barrymore appeared last season. He was anxious to see it a second time, and was greatly disappointed because important affairs of State interfered.

Rarely does the President see the same play twice. However, last December, when "Kismet" was produced in Washington, he attended two performances of the Arabian Nights' drama. The fact that one of his favorite actors was the star of the piece was, no doubt, responsible for this unusual action.

The high-class comedies in which John Drew appears always appeal to the President. He does not like problem plays of any kind, for the reason that they never solve the problems they present. He goes to the theatre only to be entertained, and he finds the greatest entertainment in the types of plays already mentioned.

Musical comedies and comic operas bore him. Naturally he sees a good many of them during the course of a season, but if a "straight" play and a musical piece are in town, he invariably selects the former.

Nevertheless, the President is fond of good music, and he always attends several performances of the Metropolitan and Philadelphia-Chicago opera companies when they appear in Washington. He has a wide acquaintance among the more prominent operatic artists, and every year a goodly number of them are presented at the White House.

Last season the President was so charmed by the singing of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, that he invited him to luncheon. Whenever he attends a play in which an important star is appearing, he asks to have him or her presented between the acts. He has many friends among the older stars, and he always gives them a few minutes when they call at the White House to pay their respects.

John Drew is one of his old friends. Miss Ethel Barrymore, too, can boast of his friendship and admiration. At a recent per-



THE PRESIDENT'S BOX AT THE BELASCO THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Copyright Fash Bros.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT

formance of her play, "The Witness for the Defense," in Washington, the President sent for the actress to come to his box, where he presented her to his guests, and complimented her on her performance.

No actor could ask for a more enthusiastic patron of the drama than William H. Taft. He "feels" what is taking place on the stage. In fact, Mrs. Taft frequently makes fun of him, because he makes such little effort to conceal his emotions. He is visibly affected by strong scenes, and he is vigorous in his applause of good ones.

While he tolerates musical comedy, he will not sit through a performance if it is at all off color. If he hears that a play has a broad theme he stays away, and if he does not make this discovery until he reaches the theatre he does not hesitate to leave. Fortunately, this has happened only once since he became President.

When President Taft goes to the theatre in Washington he dines at quarter past seven with his family and two guests. He leaves the White House promptly at quarter past eight, in order to be in the theatre before the curtain rises. Major Butt always accompanies him, and, of course, several Secret Service men guard the front of the theatre and the approach to the box.

He enters the Belasco and Columbia Theatres through the lob-

bies, but at the National Theatre there is a special entrance from the alleyway direct to his box. As soon as he enters the theatre—unless he is late—the orchestra plays *The Star Spangled Banner* while the audience stands.

He always waits until the end of the performance before leaving, and it is the etiquette in Washington for the audience to allow him to leave the theatre before any one else.

When he attends the theatre in New York—as he does frequently—he leaves a few minutes before the final curtain falls, as the etiquette is not observed here. He is usually the guest of his brother, Henry W. Taft, who, of course, pays for the seats.

Beyond the fact that he is more carefully guarded here, there is little difference between the Executive's theatre-going in New York and in Washington.

The President never goes to a restaurant after the theatre. Nor does he eat supper afterward. In Washington he returns directly to the White House, where he sits around for half an hour with his family and guests, and discusses the performance they have just witnessed.

Before going to bed he eats a little fruit, a banana or two and perhaps an orange.

He always has a busy day ahead of him, and must retire early.

DAVID WARFIELD has been called, perhaps justly, the most popular actor in the United States. It was but natural, then, that as a star of such magnitude, making his first appearance here in a new play for several seasons, he should receive, even at the hands of New York, a so-called "warm reception." And upon Mr. Warfield's first entrance on the stage on this evening he was bountifully applauded.

But at the end of the "big scene" of the drama the hero was not Mr. Warfield. The applause then was such as to rouse even the most historically satiated of "first-nighters." It was not a thoughtless, gallery-god applause; it did not once interrupt the tenseness of the scene; but when it broke forth, after the eloquent pause at curtain-fall, it swept through the house—boxes and balconies became one. And a first-night audience in New York is generally conceded to be sophisticated and blasé. The cause of this unusual approval was a mere slip of a lad. His name is Percy Helton.

It is rather the rule than otherwise that children on the stage, when they are called upon to express any emotion by themselves, are a pitiful bore to the regular playgoer. It is a wholly different affair when they appear in groups—to look, listen, smile, sing, or dance. Any one at all versed in the psychology of the actor's art, could see upon the first entrance of Master Helton that there was a boy of unique personality—no ordinary "stage-child."

When he begged and cried for money to go to the circus, he begged and cried for all the world as if he were in dead earnest. He didn't overdo it, and his emotion was in no wise factitious; he

A Modern Master Betty

seemed to be apparently quite unconscious of the unreality of the situation. When this little fellow was happy he laughed so engagingly as to make any but the most hard-hearted of spectators feel glad at his happiness; and when he sobbed, it was so spontaneously, so poignantly, that it may be safe to fancy that the women (if there were any such) who sat dry-eyed watching him were only those that had never known the "pleasure-pain" of motherhood.

The part of Willem, a lad of eight years, in "The Return of Peter Grimm," is not an easy one. It is somewhat long for a child's rôle, though not unduly so, and it embraces many complexities in its working out, such as the creator of little Fauntleroy never dreamed of. At one moment Willem is convulsed by the song of the clown, the next he is sobbing because he is forbidden to attend the circus, and then he is smiling and laughing, as he runs off to buy his ticket. He has a peculiarly difficult dialogue—or rather, monologue—with the spirit of old Grimm; he acts as a medium at a séance—and it is largely through the compelling power of his art that the audience becomes engrossed in this scene, which might so easily be rendered ridiculous; and he dies of a fever. Such a death, I dare say, has not been seen on the stage before. The playwright's ingenious device may not strike all observers as possessing verisimilitude; but, as it is performed by Master Helton, surely no one could wish it written or stage-managed otherwise than it is.

It is not difficult, when one is of the mind, to find fault with the performance of a child actor. This boy is hardly what one would call handsome; I remember I said so to myself upon his first appearance; but in the second and



Byron, N. Y. PERCY HELTON AND DAVID WARFIELD
In "The Return of Peter Grimm" at the Belasco Theatre

(Continued on page vii)

TO have heard Sarah Bernhardt recite **Elena Gerhardt—A Painter in Words**

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

The Last Rose of

Summer, or the now dead and gone Wolter, of the Burg Theatre in Vienna, give *The Two Pigeons* in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," meant the realization of songs without music.

We all recall the artist who calmly explained that the thousands he demanded for a portrait were not for the picture itself, but for the years he had taken in learning how to do it. The frank lady in her assertion that no woman could play Marguerite until she was too old to longer look the part, expressed something of the same sentiment. Yet once in a way, a very long way unfortunately, a woman may spring up who, either through reincarnation or some other accident, comes into full bloom so early that nipping frost consequent on years and on routine remains still far in the distance.

Such a rarity is Elena Gerhardt, the German lieder singer, who lately came to us; hers is the face of a Marguerite, with the freshness of youth still in her heart and on her lips, and together with this freshness a knowledge of the greatness held in little things which go to make them big ones, a knowledge built up through experience by a Bernhardt, a Wolter, or a genius in painting.

In the German lied music exists to heighten the effect, music of such subtle value that a misplaced nuance will mar it, but behind and above it all is the paramount value of the word. With only the slender support of a piano accompaniment, without the aiding illusions of scenery, costumes, lights, voice and intelligence alone remain to supply the picture.

When the folk song, passed on from heart to heart by tradition, merged after centuries into the written lied, it still held in its simplicity, condensed perhaps within two printed music pages, the firm outline of a comedy or of a tragedy. Most modern composers, in seeking for effect, have ended in distortion, far from the spirit of the form. But alone with a Schubert, a Schumann, or a Brahms to draw upon, if we had no more, the literature of the lied would remain eternal. The main difficulty lies in finding its interpreters. Charlatans, poseurs, reciters laboring heavily as with an antique tragedy, we have in plenty, and the innocuous, untroubled by thought, who prattle their lines as a babe does proverbs. These the advent of Elena Gerhardt does much to set aside, making way for a genuineness of which the present generation of music lovers has had sparse example.

It was in Leipzig that Mme. Gerhardt spent her years up to twenty, years susceptible to stronger impression than are any coming later, and Leipzig, as everybody knows, is a town in which pretty much all else than music has gone to sleep. The lieder singer, like the poet, needs just such an atmosphere of calm, of green, spreading trees, of snow-covered spaces, of gentle, uneventful human intercourse to arouse ideals and cherish them. In Leipzig there is little of the material to prove disturbing, one concert after another, one artist after another, arouses the inhabitants from serenity and starts them towards the Gewandhaus, to emerge duly and go home to dreams again, saturated with what they have listened to. The family of Mme. Gerhardt has for generations been among these listeners, until, at last, in her there seems crystallized the fruit of all their listenings.

In the little town there is poetry of a kind that one never gets in absolute isolation of the country—the poetry of human contact

can fade out. No true singer or actor is without strong responsive feeling to these same memories. Difference in locality means nothing, for though incident of one section is not incident of another, the sum total of a memory of it and its effect on the emotions is identical. To one it may be a chorale played on a German church tower at midnight on Christmas eve, when all windows are thrown wide to let its sound drift in through quietly falling snow, or to another it may be the drowsy tinkle in the dark of a banjo down the street. Yet to either hearer in years that follow, sound of chorale or strummed melody will arouse a something so tender that no words could tell it all, even if they would. Such memories it is, first awakened by the sight or hearing of the dear familiar human things of life in a little town, itself long passed from their experience, which make so subtle a part of

the emotional equipment of singer and actor. Things that have been are of infinite suggestion to things that are; it is in youth that such impressions, keenly aroused where feeling exists, must be stored up. In later life indelible emotions come only in crises of great joy or grief. In the case of Elena Gerhardt, her whole youth in the old town of Leipzig was crowded full with vivid poetic impressions, and being one of feeling and temperament, they sank deep. Words have become the pigments with which she paints moods against a beautiful background of melody.

At six years old she started in at school, and to her teacher's first question, "What can you do?" promptly answered "Sing," then and there giving a folk song in practical proof. Later, when her small colleagues had left, she was asked to prove it once more, all the teachers being called in to hear. That programme, impromptu and unstudied, made her first success. She sang all the way home that day, and every other following, dawdling along in snow or sunshine, for to sing makes one go slowly, so slowly

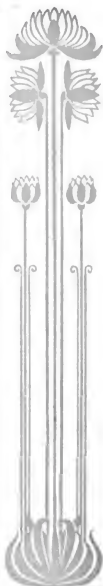
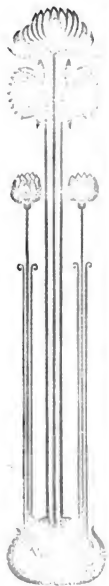
that older heads were vexed to see her trapesing in at an hour when bread and butter before prayers and bed should have been the thought inspiring her. Singing as usual one afternoon, swinging her books in time with the melody, a strange man, smiling at the sight, asked what she would do when she grew up. "Be an opera singer," she stopped long enough to answer, then went on with her swinging and her melody.

The only sister in a family of six brothers, blue-eyed, blonde-haired like she, the girl lived only partly in their sturdier moods, the greater share of life meant song to her. Her father went with her finally to a teacher, when music seemed the thing inevitable. With canny sense for practical things, he wanted to find out the wisdom or unwisdom of the wish. Rehling, a noted instructor of Leipzig, was chosen as judge; the girl was sixteen. To pay out money for nothing was not her parent's aim. After she had sung he asked bluntly, "What do you think, can she become something?" "That is a dumb question," was the tart retort. "She can become anything." He died, poor fellow, six months later, and Elena Gerhardt turned her steps toward the Leipzig Conservatory, where in those days only mediocre vocal teachers, of which Rehling had not been one, predominated. Presently, by good fortune, Mrs. Heilmann, a Bohemian, and the wife of a Canadian, was added to the faculty. To her is due the excellent vocal training of

(Continued on page 12)



MME. ELENA GERHARDT



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GERALDINE FARRAR IN "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE"

"YOU can't get ahead of a Yankee girl!" as Geraldine Farrar once remarked.

It was in the early days of the present régime at the Metropolitan Opera House, before

the various artists knew each other well. A rehearsal of "Mme. Butterfly" was on. Toscanini was conducting, Miss Farrar singing her famous rôle, and there had been a little friction all the morning, for Toscanini is by nature and training an absolute dictator, while Miss Farrar was the "star," with all the term implied, under the old management. Finally they came to a place where, for a special effect, Miss Farrar made a big retard, ending with a long hold, while Toscanini carried the orchestra right along without a pause. Miss Farrar stopped singing, and in a moment Toscanini halted the orchestra. There was a second of silence, while the two artists glared at each other, then Miss Farrar walked slowly down to the footlights and said: "Mr. Toscanini, the people come to the Metropolitan Opera House to look at the front of my face, not at the back of your head," saying which to an operatic autocrat of Toscanini's standing was nothing short of *lèse majesté*. Of course, the rehearsal was dismissed.

For nearly all that season Toscanini refused to conduct when Miss Farrar sang, but each of them was too fine an artist to permit any such condition to continue, so with one thing and another, first one taking a half step, with the other coming forward to meet, it was all patched up, a sort of artistic lovers' quarrel, mak-

The Operatic Beginnings of Geraldine Farrar

ing life all the pleasanter thereafter. So a short time ago Mr. Gatti-Casazza said that the Metropolitan had just two really economical artists, Caruso and Miss Farrar. "I never begrudge either of them

a cent they get, for they earn it every time. I have to pay them

the most, but they bring it all back to me."

Geraldine Farrar's position on the operatic stage is unique, a tribute to a personality fairly radiating that most illusive quality called—charm. In the world of art, as of men, the overmastering force is personality. There must go with it technical powers of the finest kind to do the work, but no technical skill ever obtains the hold on the great public which brings success without those qualities of heart and temperament which the world has always fought over, sought to analyze, and been forced to recognize under the baffling term of magnetism. Whatever this may be, Miss Farrar has it in unique degree. The critics may point out weaknesses in her technical equipment, which she will admit most freely, yet when her name is on the bills a crowd of people always rushes to the opera house, and there must be a reason. People do not spend five and six dollars a seat, night after night and year after year, except for cause.

To us it has always seemed as though this peculiar charm came from Miss Farrar's essential womanhood, the appeal which the "eternal womanly" has for all our finer instincts. There is nothing of the dominating force of the conqueror compelling our



White

GERALDINE FARRAR IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

admiration, no strident note imposing its claims on our attention, but the winsome grace of girlhood that touches the ever-welling springs of feeling in the heart of man and woman alike. She has never been associated in her art with psychological studies in degeneracy to titillate the jaded appetite, but has brought to us again the old story, renewed with each rebirth of mankind, of love and honor.

"My first appearance! Why, I never had a qualm. I was just crazy for the time to come, no more nervous than I am this minute, nor have I ever been since, which is the reason why I have always believed that I was intended for the stage. The thought of the audience has been a joy and an inspiration to me; I love them, so the idea of stepping out on the stage is like meeting many dear friends. I first went to Berlin from Paris, because I found that I could not do the serious work in Paris that I knew I needed. I love Paris very dearly, so I wish to make my meaning clear, but Paris is not the place for study. It is for the finished article. Then you cannot win Paris, she must be conquered, and the spirit is in the air that does not make for quiet work. In Berlin there was an Italian Russian who in his sane moments could give you enough to pay for missing nine other lessons out of ten, but though I got a great deal from him, I wanted most to work with Lili Lehmann. She would not hear me. After I was turned away from her house I went home to think what I would do, and I made up my mind that she was the one with whom I was going to study. So I began bombarding her with letters and postal cards, telling her that I had come to work with her, that I was an American girl, and that as she had had experience with Americans she might as well give in first as last, for I should camp on her doorstep till she took me in. After a few weeks the strain was too much for her, so she gave me an appointment, and after she heard me she said that I could work with her. What a wonderful woman she is! I told her that above all I



White.
GEORGE RULPH AS THE WAZIR'S EXECUTIONER IN "KISMET"

wanted from her was the true feeling for the German *lieder*, of which she alone had the secret, and we went at it.

"Her home was three-quarters of an hour by car from where we lived, but I was at her house every morning promptly at nine o'clock, and she used to keep me sometimes as late as half-past one or two, but never once did she invite me to stay to dinner. She knew when she had had enough of me. I lived with my father and mother in a little house out in the suburbs, just as we used to live in Boston, and when I was not at Lehmann's I was at home studying. I could not understand then, nor can I now, how parents will let their girls go over to Europe, live anywhere, eat anything, spend their time as they will, and expect anything but trouble. If you are going to do serious work you must have a quiet home to do it in."

"One day Mme. Lehmann said to me, 'Geraltine, don't you ever let anybody persuade you to anything contrary to your instinct. You are a queer child, with a personality such that you will have to work out your own salvation, but this I know, you will never develop yourself by copying others, nor seeking to guide yourself by the advice of others. So you make up your mind to go your own gait, and trust to your own instinct.' This has been true. Sometimes I have tried to follow other models, have sought to imitate that marvelous tone of Melba, but every time that I lost the sense of my own individuality I got so confused that I knew I should go all to smash if I fooled with myself in this manner. What I am of good or bad, it is I myself.

"Once, in the midst of the morning's lesson, Mme. Lehmann said:

"'Geraltine, would you like to sing this afternoon for the intendant of the Royal Opera?'

"'What for?' I demanded in surprise.

"'For an engagement, of course,' she answered.

"'Why, nonsense,' I spluttered. 'I am not ready for anything of that kind.'

"'Well, will you sing any-

(Continued on page 140)



MME. GERVILLE-RÉACHE AS CARMEN

IS Bizet's heroine a selfish, treacherous, faithless creature? The majority of people think so. Some call her capricious; some only see in her a moral pervers.

I consider her as a perfectly frank, honest, lovely and lovable young woman, with a morality and a point of view all her own, of course.

Now remember that the loveliest pet cat is bound to strangle your pet canary without feeling any remorse for it; the loveliest fox-terrier will, if given a chance, break your pet cat's back, and the loveliest river may drown you unless you know how to swim.

It's all a matter of point of view. If we imagine a middle-class Carmen, with a high school or college training, brought up in a set where regard for other people's feelings and opinions generally regulates one's conduct, her actions could not be censured too severely.

Even if Carmen had been born in a poor workingman's home, her behavior, contrary to the current conventionalities, would appear rather loathsome. If we remember, however, that she was a gypsy, nobody's child, with the complete lack of principles and ethical beliefs characteristic of roving tribes, that she had never been taught the difference between good and bad, between what is moral and what is not, we can view her character from an entirely different angle.

The Morals of Carmen

By JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE

Bear in mind that she may have principles and ethical beliefs, and is probably very conventional in her application of them. Only they differ from ours. She also knows the difference between good and bad, and so does the fox terrier, according to whom cats are bad, and breaking cats' backs is good.

Were she endowed with any powers of psychological analysis, her fickleness would be cruel; were she not a wanderer on the face of the earth, the thoughtlessness with which she drags José down to a smuggler's and highwayman's life would appear unpardonable. But being what she is, every action of hers is natural, simple, I would almost say "honest," in a primitive, uncouth way.

The wandering life of the gypsies being, in her estimation, the only life worth living, she cannot feel that José is sacrificing anything of import when he forsakes his career, his home, his bride and his family to follow her. She cannot feel any remorse when he is obliged to associate with her shady companions.

A child of Nature, she does not reason, but follows her instincts, and her instincts, being those of a healthy young animal, lead her to attachments



Jeanne Gerville-Réache (Mme. Rambaud) and her son Paul when a baby



Paul Rambaud, now two years old

into which she never puts a particle of her soul. After all, it is all José's fault. He, the civilized man, has failed to realize that Carmen's love for him was a passing fancy, could not be anything, in fact, but a passing fancy. He has a complex soul, which admits of duties, of responsibilities, which conceives faithfulness as a corollary of mutual love. She, the wild bird of the fields and forests, cannot linger with the same lover any longer than her tribe would tarry in the same village.

She forsakes José for Escamillo, without even a thought of there being something wrong in the act. She takes a new lover

with the same ease with which she pins a fresh rose in her dark hair. This implies no cruelty to the wilted flower. She breaks no moral law, since she knows nothing of our morality; she is, as I said before, a graceful young animal without any devious ways or thoughts, blurring out her likes and dislikes, absolutely irresponsible, an elemental force that must not, and cannot, be judged by conventional standards, by the iron-bound rules of civilized communities. The visualization and the interpretation of such a type is, to my mind, the most fascinating of artistic and psychological experiments.



White James Wilson George Mack Chas. D. Clark

Frank Sheridan

Max Fugman

Edwin Arden

Muriel Starr

Act 2. The boss finds he had been tricked.
SCENE IN HAYDEN TALBOT'S PLAY, "THE TRUTH WAGON," AT DALY'S THEATRE



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DAVID BELASCO

A Tribute to David Belasco

THE production of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," founded on David Belasco's play of the same name, at the Metropolitan Opera House in December a year ago, marked an epoch in the local music annals. In the past people had been content merely to listen to grand opera. All that they expected was that it should be superbly sung. Now they demand that it be not only superbly sung, but well acted. For that reason, if for nothing else,

this famous première became a precedent, and the man whose distinction it was to set that precedent was David Belasco, who, at the invitation of the Metropolitan management, rehearsed the singers in their various rôles, and lent to the production generally his genius as a stage-manager.

The recent presentation, therefore, on the part of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House of a memorial to Mr. Belasco, the same being a formal expression of their appreciation of his services, had unusual sig-

nificance. On the afternoon of January 9th, in the library of his beautiful studio in the Belasco Theatre, Mr. Belasco was waited upon by a committee consisting of Mr. Otto Kahn, Chairman of the Board of Metropolitan Directors, Mr. Robert Goetz, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop and Mr. John Brown, the business controller of the organization. On behalf of the Directorate, Mr. Kahn made a speech expressing their admiration for Mr. Belasco's talent, and thanking him, in formal terms, for the services he had rendered, at the end of the speech presenting the dramatist-manager with

a rare and sumptuous album, on an illuminated page of which was the inscription seen in the accompanying cut.

The other illuminated page consists of a reproduction of the programme used on the occasion of the opera's première. The remaining pages contain autographs of Giacomo Puccini, the composer of the opera; of Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House; of Arturo Toscanini, the conductor; of Mme. Emmy Destinn, who sang the part of the girl and Enrico Caruso, who sang Johnson.



Illuminated Inscription on the Memorial Album presented by the Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to David Belasco



Photo White

HERMANN WEIL AS WOTAN AND MARGARETE MATZENAUER AS BRUNNHILDE IN "DIE WALKÜRE," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.



Photom Muffett

KATHERINE HARRIS

Lately seen in "Uncle Sam" at the Gaiety

Copyright Muffett

EMMY WEHLEN

Seen in "Marriage à la Carte" at the Casino

MARY JOHNSON

Seen in the musical comedy, "Little Miss Fix-It"

In theatricals, the taste of the public for particular subjects seems to

Is a Revival of Pantomime at Hand?

By ROBERT GRAU

career was not a particularly happy one. He aspired to serious work, and

come and go in cycles. Thus in recent years we have had the college play, represented by "Brown of Harvard," "The College Widow," etc.; then we had the Indian play, represented by "Strongheart," "The Squaw Man," etc.; later we had the morality play, represented by "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc. Still more recently we have been literally deluged with dramas of Oriental life, as seen in such productions as "The Garden of Allah" and "Kismet" which, closely followed by Professor Reinhardt's extraordinary wordless play "Sumurun," would seem to indicate an impending revival of the art of pantomime.

The younger generation of present-day theatregoers has, of course, no recollection of pantomime as it once flourished on the American stage. Hopes were entertained with the advent of our present splendid Hippodrome in New York that pantomime which, a generation ago, was a most popular attraction, would be revived, but year after year passes without the least effort to give this special style of entertainment which, in the days of George L. Fox, drew vast crowds to the theatre.

Poor Fox! When he died he took pantomime to his grave with him. He was the ideal Grimaldi of the era in which he lived. When he produced "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre (then at 618 Broadway), it had the prodigious run of 600 nights, and this was only surpassed in America once, by "The Black Crook," which had a run in excess of 700 nights. But Fox's

indeed was a most talented actor, but when the audiences, who were wont to hold their sides at his gyrations as a clown, were asked to applaud his "Hamlet," they laughed so that it broke the pantomimist's heart.

All of the clowns in Fox's day—James S. Maffitt, Robert Butler, Robert Fraser and Tony Denier—were fine actors. They all profited as long as Fox lived, but at his demise a gloom was cast over this superb art, and until the last year or two there has been no attempt to revive it in this country, although in London and throughout Great Britain pantomime is as potent as ever, and during the holiday and Easter seasons the majority of the theatres present modern, as well as old-fashioned pantomimes.

It is to Ruth St. Denis, Maud Allan, Gertrude Hoffmann, and other "art" dancers that we owe the present renewed interest in plays without words, yet none of these artists have been able to draw the public very long. Even that exquisite masterpiece, "L'Enfant Prodigieux," when originally presented here, at Daly's Theatre, with Mme. Pilar Morin in the title rôle, met with only a lukewarm reception, and the superb art of Mme. Morin has gone begging ever since for want of a vehicle with which she could conjure the public.

At present there is little indication that the real old-time pantomime will ever be revived, though it is probable that if "Humpty Dumpty" were done again, it would create a furore among those new theatregoers who would thus see it for the first time.



Photom Muffett

ESTHER BISSETT

Lately seen in a musical play, "Dear Old Billy"

ELSA RYAN

Seen in "The Pearl Maiden" at the New York

HELEN LACKAYE

Appearing in "The Blue Bird"



Photos by White

SCENES IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

No. 1. Act I—Oliver at Mr. Brownlow's house. From left to right: Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow, Marie Dore as Oliver Twist, Jane Wilson as Mrs. Bedwin, Fuller Melhous as Mr. Grimsby, No. 2. Oliver and Nancy (Constance Collier). No. 3. Act I, Scene II—Scene in Fagin's den. Percival Vivian as Charles Rodgers as the Artful Dodger, Constance Collier as Nancy, Nat. C. Goodwin as Fagin, Marie Dore as Oliver, Lynn Harding as Bullseye, No. 4. Nat. C. Goodwin as Fagin, No. 5. Act III—Hotel near Hyde Park. Suzanne Sheldon as Mrs. Maylie, Oliver Wyntan as Rose Maylie, Courtenay Foote as Harry Maylie, Howard Gould as Meeks, Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow

Spectacle and pantomime go hand in hand, and both seem to be hurried for all time. It is strange how public taste asserts itself; there has not been a spectacle on a large scale presented here since "Den Hur," yet that production is now in its twelfth year, and has enriched its producers to the extent of over one million dollars. In a city like Altoona, Pa.—a one-night stand—it has twice had a week's run, and in each instance has played to gross receipts in excess of \$12,000.

The next two years will witness a period of revivals of old plays and grand opera in English. Why may not some intrepid *entrepreneur* tempt fate with pantomime? Perhaps in modern times a spectacular setting would be necessary, but that nowadays presents no difficulty.

The New Theatre had its greatest success—in fact, its only public response—with "The Blue Bird," a production not wanting in the very elements that go to create a vogue for what in olden times we called pantomime. There is a fortune awaiting the manager who will have the courage to give the vast public of women and children of this big metropolis a glorious revival of pantomime, with its clowns and pantaloons, its wonderful tricks of harlequins and columbines that delighted our own early childhood. What would some of

us give to see once more the transformation scenes with which the pantomimes of other days were wont to close the evening to the delight of both young and old?

In the vaudeville theatres, where producers seem to obtain more encouragement than is theirs in the distinctly legitimate theatrical field, there is at this time a seeming inclination or tendency toward the introduction of plays without words. Will the modern theatrical manager realize that among our ninety millions of playgoers there must exist a public for the real trick pantomime? Can it be possible that with the millions of new theatregoers created by the vogue of the silent drama, as portrayed on the moving picture screen, that an effort to revive the glories of the Fox era would fail of a public response? After all, we may have to depend on the camera man to create a new epoch. The men who now prosper amazingly in the field of cinematography may not possess the public spirit credited to their colleagues in the field of the theatre, but they are not without a certain discernment, and it may be that the indefatigable Vitagraph Company or the wondrous Kinemacolor Company may awaken to the call for a revival of genuine pantomime, and then will be recorded a still further encroachment on the realm of the play by the means of science and artifice.



Miss Grace Emmons
Seen recently at the Broadway Theatre as Candide in "The Wedding Trip"

mime, and then will be recorded a still further encroachment on the realm of the play by the means of science and artifice.



Florence Nash



Mary Nash

Sisters Who Have Won Out on the Stage

"COLUMBUS 4737"—Hello, mother; I'm starting for home, and do have something good for me to eat, for I'm famished."

Mary Nash had stepped out of the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator, left her switchboard at the Republic Theatre for an instrument that was in good working order, and disregarding the appeals and invitations for supper at "anywhere you might suggest,"

said her good-nights and, accompanied by her maid, was off for the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Nash, of 1690 Broadway, where she passes the greater part of the time when she is not at the theatre, for this remarkable girl loves her home better than anything else—except her work.

Mary Nash holds a unique place on the theatrical stage this season, for as the telephone girl in "The Woman" she has created a new rôle. She has come into her own without any theatrical traditions. Hard work and cleverness are the basis of her success, and a strong desire to go on the stage ever since she was a little girl living in Albany, where her father, now assistant manager of the Keith circuit, was connected with the business side of the theatrical profession.

Mary Nash spent most of her childhood and girlhood in Albany, and the thoughtful, dark-eyed little girl who would sit in one of the boxes of Proctor's Theatre on North Pearl Street, week after week, looking with intentness upon what was taking place on the stage, is well remembered by many of the theatre-goers of the capital city.

After studying at the Albany High School and the Academy

of the Holy Names, she went to Canada, where she completed her education at the Convent of St. Ann Le Chene. In 1901 she entered the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts in New York, from which two years later she graduated. During the summer of 1903 she became a member of a stock company, playing the ingenue parts, and then joined the company headed by Ethel Barrymore. She played in "Captain Jinks," "Alice Sit By the Fire," and other plays in Miss Barrymore's repertoire, and also with Mary Manning and in "The Girl from Kays," but it was in her creation of the rôle of Cicely in "The City," played last season with Tully Marshall, that Miss Nash made her first big hit, followed this season by her success as Wanda Kelly. She is not only a clever actress, but has a fine soprano voice and dances very well.

While Mary Nash was a member of the stock company in 1903, her younger sister, Florence Nash, used to accompany her back and forth from New York to Jersey City, where the company was located. The younger girl had never thought seriously of going on the stage, but one day the leading woman was taken ill and her place must be filled, and Florence Nash, with no time for consideration, said she would fill the breach. That was all the training she had in dramatic art, and she was the little girl that created the rôle of The Lipping Girl in the "Boys of Company B." She had the second part in "The Darling of the Gods," with Percy Haswell as the lead; she was in "Miss Hook of Holland" and in "An Every Day Man," which had a long run in Chicago. Her work has been character parts and comedy.



SCENE IN "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET"



SCENE IN "LOST IN LONDON"



SCENE IN "MARY STUART"



SCENE IN "NOBODY'S CHILD"

Plays of Yesterday

ONE hears a lot of talk about the "palmy days" of the drama. It would be difficult to define just what this means, except that the era that is now having its day looks back with regret to the age that is buried in the past—with sorrow and maybe a large share of envy. Not the envy that corrodes, but one that yearns for those good old days. All old days are good—probably because we did not have to live in them. And among those "good things" was "Lady Audley's Secret," dramatized by C. H. Hazlewood, from the novel of the same name by Miss M. E. Braddon.

Lady Audley's "secret" means that the lady in question has

another husband who thinks her dead. The early union was a love match, but the marriage to Sir Michael Audley was for money and position. Of course, husband No. 2 turns up at the psychological moment, which modern critics are prone to call the long arm of coincidence. This is the scene which occurs at the end of a long soliloquy:

LADY A.: "Why I have only just begun to live—to taste the sweets of wealth and power. If I am dead to George Talboys—he is dead to me. Yea, I am well rid of him, and on this earth we meet no more." (*Enter George.*)

GEORGE (*touching her on the shoulder*): "Yes, we do."

LADY A. (*turning with a shriek*): "George Talboys!"

GEORGE: "Aye, your husband! The husband of her who now calls



SCENE IN "THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN"



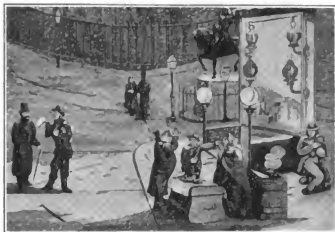
SCENE IN "THREE FAST MEN"



SCENE IN "THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE"



SCENE IN "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"



SCENE IN "STREETS OF NEW YORK"

herself Lady Audley! Really, for a woman who has been dead and buried you look remarkably well, my dear."

LADY AUDLEY (with consternation): "I am lost!"

She pretends a great faintness and calls for water, and as Talbot's back is turned she seizes the iron handle off the well. Ladies did not carry guns in those peaceable days, and cyanide of potassium as a destructive agent was not yet fashionable.

GEORGE (stooping down to well): "It is the last service I shall render you." (Lady Audley creeps up behind him.)

LADY A. (striking him with the iron handle): "It is, indeed—die!"

(Pushes him down the well; the ruined stones fall with him.) He is gone—gone, and no one was a witness to the deed!"

LUKE (Gamekeeper who has entered unperceived. Aside): "Except me!"

LADY A. (screaming): "Dead men tell no tales! I am free! I am free! I am free! Ha! Ha! Ha! (Raises her arms in triumph, laughing exultingly. Luke looks on, watching her as the curtain falls.)

Of the actresses who exploited their art and temperament

as Lady Audley, Miss Maria Daly in England, and in this country Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mrs. McCauley and Rachel Johnson were prominent.

"Lost in London," another "thriller" with theatre-goers of a generation ago, is a play in three acts by Watts Phillips. This old-timer, produced at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre in Liverpool about thirty years ago, is a story of Lancashire miners.



SCENE IN "THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN"



SCENE IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS"

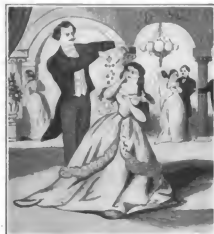
There is also a scene in a mine. The piece tells the story of a miner's pretty wife, Nelly, who is lured to London by the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing, one Gilbert Featherstone, the owner of the Bleakmore Mine.

The scene shown in the accompanying cut is in Act II. Nelly is living with Featherstone in London. The house is brilliantly illuminated. There is a party going on. Guests are coming and going. Enter Job Armroyd, the wronged husband. The stage directions say: "He is much changed; hair gray and long, nearly to his shoulders."

Business intended to convey that grief has prevented him from cutting his hair.

Jon (Pauses on the stage, leans on staff, listens to music inside house): "That be a merry town, anyhow! played by light fingers an' danced to by merry hearts. An' between them an' Oi thee be on'y a wee bit blond an' a pan o' glass. (Sighs.) Six months o' weary wanderin' an' all comin' to naught. . . . But I wull—I wull! (Striking staff firmly on the ground.) I'll niver g'e up th'—th' search! (Moves slowly across the stage, when the light in the darkened room goes up and the shadow of a woman—Nelly—is sharply outlined against the blind. Job's eyes rest on it, utters a cry, the staff drops from his hands; he staggers back, hands outstretched.) Merciful powers! (The shadow moves.) Nelly!"

(A man servant enters and is about to enter the house. Job seizes him.) "Lad! lad! who owns that house? (The man servant turns; there is a mutual recognition. Job fiercely brings him down stage.) Thy



SCENE IN "CAMILLE"



SCENE IN "GRIFFITH GAUNT"



SCENE IN THE FAMOUS PANTOMIME "HUMPTY DUMPTY"

master! Is he there?" (They struggle; the man servant escapes from Job and rushes into the house; other guests enter talking and laughing. Job, exhausted, falls face forward on the steps, while a man with a torch holds it over Job as the scene closes.)

The dénouement of the play is that Nelly, repentant after her wrong-doing, dies, and at her death Job declares very solemnly:

"Though 'Lost in London' (he indicates the great, slumbering city, now bright with moonbeams) I shall find her there!" (He points upwards with a bright and hopeful look, and the drama is ended.)

Although old-fashioned in its language, there is a lot of appeal in the story, and many worse plays of to-day are called great.

In Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's delicious comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," played at the old Lyceum by the lamented Mrs. Chas. Walcott, Mrs.



SCENE IN "THE COLLEEN BAWN"

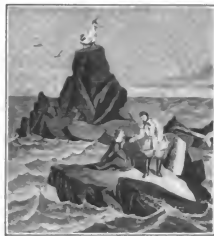
Telfer has the line: "I have played thirteen queens in my time, and not one was worth a tinker's oath." Just what the public would think of either Elizabeth or Mary, if the tragedies about these two royal ladies were performed to-day, is hard to determine. A curious anomaly exists about these two plays—"Elizabeth," by Giacomo, and "Mary Stuart," by Schiller—in that the propositions are inverted. The Italian dramatist made Elizabeth his heroine, and Mary her *ex machina*, and Schiller made Mary his heroine and her red-headed sister Elizabeth, a jealous fury bent upon revenge of her beautiful but frail sister. Both of these plays have long since passed into the discard. Both are



SCENE IN "THE CHILD STEALER"

best remembered in the repertoire of Madame Janauschek. Both were uncommonly homely women, and in this Janauschek was easily first choice. Mrs. Scott-Siddons used to play Mary, because black was very becoming to her, so also was the coif. It seems to be her head on the executioner's block, as shown in our illustration. Janauschek was a massive, masculine woman, and not the graceful lady over whose head the property axe is held aloft. Just as the headsman raises his axe there is a quick curtain. The rest is left to the imagination of the audience.

If ever there was a famous old melodrama it was "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," by Tom Taylor, first produced in this country at the Old Winter Garden in 1864. In the cast were W. J. Florence,



SCENE IN "THE SEA OF ICE"

who played Bob Brierly; Mrs. Chanfrau as Mary Edwards, and Mrs. Florence as Emily St. Evremond. A Mr. Hagan (father of Clatue Hagan, the well-known stage carpenter and machinist), played Hawkshaw, the detective. One might say that this part made the play famous. Since then all detectives have been called Hawkshaws. Our illustration shows the famous scene in Act IV between Hawkshaw and Brierly (the ticket-of-leave man just out of Portland jail). Brierly learns of an intended robbery of an office and determines to frustrate it by warning the owner. Hawkshaw, disguised with wig and beard, feigns sleep. Moss, the rich receiver, goes down a trap that leads to a sewer. Brierly closes



SCENE IN THE FAMOUS BALLET "THE BLACK CROOK"



SCENE IN OLD-STYLE PANTOMIME



White LULU GLASER IN HER NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "MISS DUDELSACK"

the trap and stands upon it. Quick action is necessary.

BRIERLY: "Now's the time. (Seizes pen, writes rapidly.) 'To Mr. Gibson, Peckham: The office will be entered to-night; I'm in it to save the property and secure the robbers. B. Brierly.' But who'll take it?"

HAWKSHAW (Who has got up and read the letter over his shoulder): "I will."

BRIERLY: "You!"

HAWKSHAW (Pulls off his rough cap, wig and whiskers and speaks in his own voice): "Hawkshaw, the detective. (Gives a pistol.) Take this—I'll be on the look-out."

Oh! how the gallery used to yell and whistle and stamp when they saw this!

"Nobody's Child," another one of Watts' Phillips' plays, was produced at the New Surrey Theatre, London, Sept. 15, 1867. The "nobody's child" is a boy called Joe, who has been washed ashore twenty years before, and is looked upon as a sort of half-witted vagrant. He is described as a fine grown man, but ragged, unkempt and timid. The scene reproduced is "The Ravine." Joe goes down to the bottom of the ravine after a will which is supposed to be in a tin box, buried at the bottom of it. Once down there he can't get up. Enter the leading lady whose name is Patty. You see what is coming. Joe calls for help. Patty seizes the rope and hauls away, with Joe and the box on the other end. The heroine is exhausted just as Joe reaches the top. The stones fall down and the heroine faints in Joe's arms.

Of the plays entitled "Three Fast Men" and "The Marriage Certificate" there appears to be no record. Even the oldest "old timers'" memories fail them about these, except that Fanny Herring, in her day a "Protean Star," used to play one of the "Three Fast Men" in the old Bowery Theatre. This word, Protean, is also reminiscent of the long ago in the theatre. In former days the Protean star was quite a personage. It means an actor who assumes, as evidence of his versatility, a number of characters in one play. They are out of date now, but survive in vaudeville and musical comedies.

"Le Grande Duchesse," by Offenbach, is chiefly memorable because it founded a school of light opera, or, rather, revived an old one in modern dress. The "book" satirized the then prevailing kingdoms and grand duchies of South Germany. It has inspired many notable books and plays, as, for instance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and a million alleged comic opera librettos. It also introduced to the modern stage the *can-can* of the Jardin Mabille of Paris. It led up to the *couchie-couchie*, the "turkey trot," the "Coney Island wobble," etc., etc. Famous duchesses were Schneider (the original), Tostee, Aimée, and others.

"The Streets of New York" (sometimes called "The Poor of New York") was brought out at Wallack's Theatre as far back as 1857. In the cast were the elder Sothern, A. H. Davenport and Mrs. Hoey—all names to conjure with in those days. In a sense, it was a Wall Street play, because the rise of curtain shows the office of a banker, who reveals that he has gone broke on the market. And what is more, he is going to abscond. As a matter of fact, the play turns on the panic of 1857. Several good old New York family names are used, among them being Bloodgood and Livingston. Bloodgood loses all his money in the crash, and he and his family are reduced to penury. The scene shown is Union Square. The figure in the foreground is selling the libretto of the opera. Another boy is selling roasted chestnuts. Here is his speech:

"Lord! how cold it is! I can't sell my chestnuts. I thought if I posted myself just here, so as to catch the grand folks as they go to the opera, they might fancy to take in a pocketful to eat during the performance."

SCENES IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Byron, N. Y.

Baldwin
(Ernest Stafford)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. I. Lady Patricia: "I've always thought, Baldwin, that your futility disguised an unconscious pose"



Sir Michael Conway
(Leslie Faller)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You see, dear, the planets—how wonderful they are!"



Sir Michael
(Leslie Faller)

Clare
(Maud Gilbert)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You are so young—so beautiful—so adorable!"

We are not acquainted with the habits of the opera-goers of 1857, but we believe that the chestnut sellers knew as little of society's ways as the author of the play. We have up-to-date evidence in plays of to-day as to that.

"The Corsican Brothers" is a drama from the French of Dumas, by Grange and de Montépín. Associated with the portrayal of the twin brothers, Fabien and Louis dei Franchi, are such famous actors as John Wilkes Booth, Charles Kean, Edwin Eddy, Lawrence Barrett, Sir Henry Irving, James O'Neill and Robert Mantell. Charles Fechter was the original in Paris in 1850. The curious idea about this play is that these brothers came into the world as Siamese twins, and that the scalpel was employed to separate them. But living on, they remain one entity, and, although separated, one feels what the other feels. They have the same body, the same heart, the same soul. The deduction from this is that both fall in love with the same woman. This leads to the tragedy in the play, as shown in our illustration. Our picture is a vision shown to Faëben in French of the death of his brother Louis in a duel in a clearing in a forest of Fontainebleau. At the end of Act II we see the tableau enacted, and then the scene shifts back to Corsica. It was a fine old romantic play and immensely popular years ago.

"Henry Dunbar" is also one of Tom Taylor's plays, founded upon a novel by Miss Braddon. It has a sub-title, "Or a Daughter's Trial." This gives an inkling to anyone with an imagination of what is coming. In the original cast in London was H. J. Montague, who later emigrated to the States, and who became a famous matinee idol. Miss Kate Terry was also a member of the cast. The piece is what would be called to-day a "crime play." It is full of murderers, burglars, forgers and detectives. Our illustration shows Wentworth, *alias* Wilnot, brought in on a stretcher. He is or was an ex-convict—who held the secret of another man's life, i. e., Henry Dunbar. The latter (who is or was the real forger) returns from India, having made his pile, and is confronted by Wentworth, who intends getting square. What really happens is that Wentworth did kill Dunbar and then assumes his personality, calling himself Dunbar. The latter has a daughter, and so has Wentworth, and all parties to the issue are

constantly eluding each other throughout the play. The big scene, or the "punch," as Broadway producers call it, is where Wentworth's daughter, believing it is Dunbar, discovers that it is her own father, and that he killed in a quarrel the real Dunbar.

And here is our old friend, "Camille," not the Sarah Bernhardt variety, but rather a healthy and substantial-looking person.

Not at all consumptive looking and wearing a crinoline. This is the scene where Armand denounces his mistress for her mercenary peridy, and scornfully throws at her the money he has just won at play.

"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme l'avre" is a play from Octave Feuillet's novel put into English by Perrepoint Edwards and Lester Wallack. In spite of its old-fashioned sentiment, it remains a fine play. Just recall some of the old favorites in its first New York cast: Messrs. Wallack, Brougham, Walcott, Dyott and Baker; Mesdames Vernon, Hovey, Gammon, Walcott and Reeves. To-day this would be called "an all-star cast." The picture shown is where Mar-

guerite Laroque (Mrs. Hovey) and Manuel Marquis de Champcey (Lester Wallack) meet in the tower of an old ruin. When they start to leave they find the door locked. Night is falling, and the Marquis, to save the lady's honor, jumps from the tower. Do not, gentle reader, turn your eyes away in horror. The actor fell very comfortably upon a pile of mattresses, placed there by an obliging stage manager, and lived to marry the lady at the end of the play. From the jump he is taking he might be likened to a "bird-man."

"Griffith Gaunt" is the Wilkie Collins novel made into a play by the late Augustin Daly. Jealousy is the key-note to the plot. You will notice that one gentleman is stamping on another gentleman's stomach. If it happened just after dinner the consequences might have been fatal. Gaunt is jealous of Brother Leonard, a priest, and finds the good brother with Kate in what he thinks is sweet converse. But we cannot do better than to give the text of the scene:

GUEST (*Pushing Kate and Leonard apart*): "You vile wretch! So you buy your own dishonor and mine! (*He raises his hand at her; she does not wince.*) But for my oath, I'd lay you dead at my feet; but I'll not hang for a wanton. So this is the thing you love and pay to love you. (*Gaunt tears purse from Leonard's hands and* (*Continued on page vi*)

Co Otis Skinner in "Kismet"

What a fiendish, gloating villain,
Full of wild and wondrous schemes
Like a figure of our fancy,
Like a strange, exotic dream.

Here's to Hajji, the King of Romance
Eastern passion in your heart;
Here's to you that brings before us
All the richness of your art.

D. M.



White

GERTRUDE ELLIOT IN ROY COOPER MCGRIE'S DRAMATIZATION OF DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' NOVEL, "WHITE MAGIC"

A VETERAN DRAMATIST ON PLAY MAKING

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the well-known English dramatist and author of "The Middleman," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and, incidentally, "Lydia Gilmore," in which Margaret Anglin recently appeared, does not entertain the supercilious disdain of most Englishmen for American interviewers, for, when the present writer called to see him, he submitted graciously enough to the ordeal.

I found him a man past middle age, small and slight in physique, and very English, although not exaggeratedly so, in both manner and accent, with sandy hair and close-cropped beard to match, and blue eyes—of course. Later I noticed that when he becomes enthusiastic, as he frequently does, his complexion has a curious fashion of lighting up, as it were, like his eyes.

"One of the chief reasons I had for giving 'Lydia Gilmore' an American *première*," he said, "was to have Miss Anglin create the title part. I cannot say that I had her definitely in mind when I conceived the rôle—or anybody else, for that matter. But when the story had taken definite shape, and before I had begun to write it, in casting about for an actress, I thought of Miss Anglin. By happy chance, she was in England at the time, and when she heard the outline of the story she was delighted, and accepted it at once. Then, too, she had done such excellent work as 'Mrs. Dane' that I felt especially grateful and knew that we might expect her interpretation of 'Lydia' would be a fine one. Indeed, I am very happy to be associated with Miss Anglin; she is a charming woman, very sympathetic and sincere, while as an actress, in her equally able rendering of either tragedy or comedy, I put her beside our Mrs. Kendal.

"Personally, I never allow myself to feel doubtful after rehearsals have been commenced. It is too late then to entertain anything like uncertainty—the time for that is when the piece is in the making. If I find while writing a play that I cannot get what I want, I stop short, put it into a drawer, or the fire, as the case may be. Perhaps I should have adopted such heroic measures with 'Lydia Gilmore.' I am sorry the play did not please the public. We must hope for better luck next time."

"Are you a painstaking worker, or a quick, impressionistic one?"

"That depends. In some scenes my method, I suppose, is, as you suggested, impressionistic. But as the time goes on I take more pains, especially in correlating the plot. This I always lay out very minutely before I begin to write.

"How do I get my 'stories'? Sometimes out of the papers. Sometimes out of something I happen to hear; oftentimes just out of my head. But neither theme, characters nor situation, however clear-cut alone, makes a play, not by any means. The idea



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

is formal, or, rather, suggests itself, and is put away, remaining in the subconscious field and undergoing, I suppose, just the same sort of process that happens in a dream, until it appears, perhaps suddenly, in well-founded enough shape to start work on. After that, it is entirely a matter of conscious and voluntary action. For instance, the third act of 'The Liars' came entirely as a whole—as a complete concept that needed no additional synthesis; the mechanical putting together, of course, I except.

"I try to know my characters thoroughly before I make them talk and act; play-writing, in fact, demands more constructive power than any other art. Architecture is nine-tenths of dramatic composition, characterization and the other elements constituting the remaining nine-tenths. Don't be alarmed; it requires fully eighteen-tenths to make a play.

"The scenario I have found of great preliminary assistance; I generally carry it in my head, but when working always have before me an outline jotted down before the start is made on a new act or scene. 'Lydia Gilmore' has four acts.

"Fourth acts are the *bêtes noires* of the playwright. It takes mighty careful handling to make them successful. Neither the English nor the American public to-day cares much for the tragedy of real life, and has to be coaxed before even serious drama is accepted. You see, we dramatists have ever before us that baggy, 'the tired business man.'

"Despite my realization of this fact, I made 'Lydia Gilmore' quite serious, and possibly this had something to do with the failure of the piece. When one is writing sheer tragedy, one can go straight ahead to a smashing end, whereas if one is working up to a happy ending, one must slow down constantly. I thought the play had the proper, the logical ending. At least, it is an ending in which I endeavored to avoid anything like a forced effect."

What sort of life should a present-day dramatist depict; should he stick to contemporaneous men and events, or should he go to the past or look ahead for his subjects and is types? Your own experience will, no doubt, enable you to answer these questions.

"A playwright should by all means deal with the life he knows, and nothing else," came the quick reply. "His own national life, I mean, and that of his own time. Nor should the fleeting absurdities, the fads, of the moment be taken as material. Because in ten years they will stamp a play old fashioned. A dramatist should paint local character as he sees and knows it—the life that throbs at his elbow—and if he gets down to the heart of that, what he does will necessarily be permanent and universal, so that anyone coming to his play in the future, no matter how remote, will find it a faithful picture—a picture of human nature,



White THE CABARET SCENE IN "OVER THE RIVER," SHOWING MONSIEUR MAURICE AND MILE. MADELINE D'ARVILLE IN THEIR EXTRAVAGANT DANCE, THE GRIZZLY BEAR, THE TURKEY TROT, ETC.

true to human nature at all times. Shakespeare did not attempt to represent the Romans of Caesar's time when he wrote a Roman mob-scene. He simply did an Elizabethan mob, and by doing that as he knew it, he showed human characteristics and drew thereby the universal aspect of a mob."

"And how about form? What chance has the poetic drama, for example, in this day and generation?"

"The supreme works, of course, will always be in poetry; but, nevertheless, I do not think that this age is suitable for such drama—admitting always the possible advent of the genius. Life both in your country and mine is too hurried to take readily to poetry, especially on the stage. While it is doubtless trite to say that this is a prosaic age, it is, for all that, a truism that cannot be disregarded; I am even of the opinion that blank verse is as hazardous as any other metrical form."

"And the American drama—to be? Is this land a rich and fruitful one for the inspiration of great plays? What are the prospects of a national school from your British viewpoint?"

All of these at once, and they were received with a smile. "Certainly there is a field here, and a big one," was the reply, given with great assurance. "Your new civilization may produce a new drama—in truth, I think it is on the way. And I mean, further, drama as distinctive as the Elizabethan, and in as marked contrast to other schools as that was to the ancient Greek. No one can describe either the American character or the American life as well, or as absolutely, as an American. I mean that an author has to have the comprehension of the people he selects, that is possible only through his association with them as fellow-countrymen before he can make them big, vital figures in a play. He must, so to speak, be bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. To save my life, I could not draw an American properly. As soon as I get an idea for a play, immediately I fix the locale in England, with an entourage of English landscape and custom, which is, after all, perhaps merely a matter of apprehension—of interpretation in the terms I am most familiar with."

Mr. Jones has been for some time a ring-leader in the English movement against play censorship, and when the matter was broached to him, he fired up immediately, complexion and all.

"It is one of the most absurd of modern institutions, this thing of having an individual say what shall, and shall not, be produced on the stage," he declared with much vigor. "If a censor could be present at all the plays he passes upon, to see just what is improper and what proper; or, if he were a person infallible in his judgment as to what is moral, there might be, possibly, some reason or excuse for his existence."

"But where is such a man? Decency should be the test, for it takes only ordinary qualifications, commonplace intelligence, to detect that. When a play is indecent, let the police come in and shut it up. But where morality is concerned, it is another question. Who can tell what is moral or otherwise? No man has the right to assume such a position. Why, the very mention of the plays the Lord Chamberlain condemns is sufficient to condemn him. Just think that such things as the 'Oedipus,' Shelly's 'Cenci,' Maeterlinck's 'Mona Vanna' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' are forbidden on the English stage; and that these are only a few from a long list of noble dramas. Isn't it preposterous? But I think a change is coming, and I am hopeful that it will not be long before we, in England, will be rid of that incubus of dramatic art—the censor."

"Won't you tell me something about your early life, and how you got into play writing?"

"Well, I seemed to drift into writing naturally. I think I was about fourteen when I did my first play—a masterpiece that, of course, never had a chance to become a success—and curiously, I had never seen inside a theatre when the feat was accomplished. In fact, I was forbidden the theatre as positively as I was cards and dancing, my parents having been strict Calvinists. But, do you know, I would not have my early training changed for anything in the world. It was fine discipline, and then"—this with a twinkle—"think what material I gained, and how satisfactorily I have been able to 'get back' at some of the customs I was forced to bow to. My first success was the 'Silver King' in 1882, and since then I have been getting along pretty well."

Mr. Jones is accompanied on his American trip by his daughter, Miss Winifred Arthur Jones (Mrs. Leslie Faber), a lovely young woman, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage, and whose first American appearances were made in "Lydia Gilmore."

WARREN WILMER BROWN.



Photo Mott Margaret MORELAND
Leading woman with Nat. C. Goodwin in
a vaudeville sketch

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Henry Arthur Jones

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PLAYS OF YESTERDAY

(Continued from page 134)

catches him by the throat.)

KATE (on her knees): "Oh, mercy! mercy! It is all a mistake!"

GAUNT (sparring her): "Don't touch me—woman! (Staggering Leonard to the ground.) Now, beautiful wanton, love, if you can love, the thing you have seen here tramp on!" (Tramples on Leonard.)

KATE: "Mercy!"

GAUNT: "Not in this world or the next! (About to strike.) God! I must go or kill! Live, and be cursed forever!" (Slow music. Griffith walks off. Leonard insensible on ground. Kate faints.)

And would you believe it, at the end of the play Kate is going to marry Griffith Gaunt? Is any one willing to bet that he will be at her?

"The Child Stealer" was an old "thriller." The scene shown is where the hero is let down by a trap, sprung to kill him, and the comedian, also a sailor, dives after and rescues him. Mr. Gordon Edwards, stage manager at the Academy of Music, has played both parts, but affirms that having the "trap" suddenly go from under one's feet and be precipitated into the dark takes some nerve.

"The Black Crook" was the first of the Amazonian March plays done by Pauline Markham and her British Monarchs. "Humpty Dumpty" was made famous by George L. Fox and Tony Dettler. "The Sea of Ice" was a "thriller" in which the Russian hero and heroine met with extraordinary adventures while escaping on the ice floes from the Czar's cosacks.

"The Golden Bawn" is generally esteemed to be Dion Boucicault's best play. In the scene shown there is no lack of action. Myles Na Coplegan, what they call in the South a "moon-shiner." He swings across from rock to rock to reach his distillery. Enter Danny Mann and Eily O'Connor. Danny wants a certain paper Eily has concealed in her bosom, which she refuses to yield to him, whereupon he pushes her off into the lake below—a tremendously sensational scene. Myles, seeing something moving on the other side, fires at what he supposes to be an otter. Mann falls and rolls from rock into the water. Myles discovers Eily in the water and rescues his sweetheart. Eily is pushed into the water. Dan falls into it and Myles jumps in to it. What a splash! In the original cast at Laura Keane's Theatre, March 27, 1860, were Boucicault himself as Myles, Laura Keane as Eily and Madame Pomini as Mrs. Cregan. Others were Eileen, Wheatleigh, Chas. Fischer and Gustavus Levick.

Of all these old plays not one lives, except occasionally a stock company manager puts it on to avoid paying royalty in what he knows is to be a week of bad business. And how crude and primitive are the wood cuts! Those were not the days of flash light, nor art posters. But in their time they filled the theatres, pleased the public, made famous the actors and, let us hope, enriched the managers and authors.

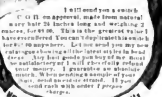
HARRY P. MAWSON.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans Dead

Mrs. Annie Yeamans, one of the oldest and best known actresses in the American stage, died on March 31 last. She was born on the Isle of Man in 1815, and made her first stage appearance in Australia. When she was eighteen she married John Yeamans, the clown. In 1868 they came to America and Mrs. Yeamans joined a stock company in Brooklyn, where she attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, who engaged her for the Grand Opera House, New York. Shortly afterwards she joined forces with Harrigan and Hart, appearing in the Irish-American roles for which she was famous.

Send me a sample of Your Hair

It will match it perfectly



Write for a sample of your hair to match it perfectly. Write for a sample of your hair to match it perfectly.

A Modern Master Betty

(continued from page 118)

third acts, I know that I was utterly oblivious of it—he became beautiful then. His voice and articulation, perhaps also his pronunciation, were not all one might desire—but this is becoming equestrian. Beside Mr. Warfield's forced laugh and tiresome twitching of the lower lip, the sincere, spontaneous impersonation by Master Helton was indeed a rare delight.

The future of this "infant Roscius" may not, however, be very clearly foreshadowed by his present phenomenal success. John Howard Payne and Thomas Burke won remarkable triumphs as boy players, but in man's estate they were not actors at all, the former became known as a playwright (and is now remembered for one song), and the latter as a violinist.

Master Betty, the English prodigy, made his debut on the stage at the age of twelve. His brief career as a boy actor is unparalleled in the history of the theatre. Parliament, it is recorded, adjourned, to see him play Hamlet at Drury Lane. No higher compliment than that, Laurence Hutton once said, "could have been paid by England to mortal man." But in maturity Betty was accounted a very inferior player. And when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he had been comparatively forgotten for almost half a century.

When Miss Ledetecq appeared at the French Theatre on Fourteenth Street, in Tom Taylor's "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," the part of Sibyl was taken by "little Minnie Madders," then but four and a half years old. "Her knowledge of stage-business," wrote Hutton, "her general carriage, and the careful delivery of her lines throughout the play were remarkable for a child of her years; and hers was considered one of the most satisfactory representations in the piece." A few years later, at Booth's Theatre, she surprised New York again, when she personated Arthur in "King John."

With the careers of Mrs. Fiske and Josef Hofmann before us, we may perhaps now, indulge ourselves with the prospect of possessing another Mansfield within a score or so of years.

ARTHUR SWAN.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—8 glass-stoppered bottles

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SIROTA—Four New Records by the World's Greatest Cantor—BENEDICTION BY THE PRIESTS; MAY IT BE ACCEPTABLE; AND BECAUSE OF OUR SINS; LIKE A SHEPHERD.

This famous Cantor, who has no equal among singers of his profession, is a Rabbi of the Temple of Warsaw, Poland, the largest and most magnificent of all Jewish houses of worship. Managers have for years sought to induce this tenor with the marvelous voice to make a concert tour, but aside from the annual concerts he gives at St. Petersburg and Moscow by imperial command, he has never sung in public except in the Temple.

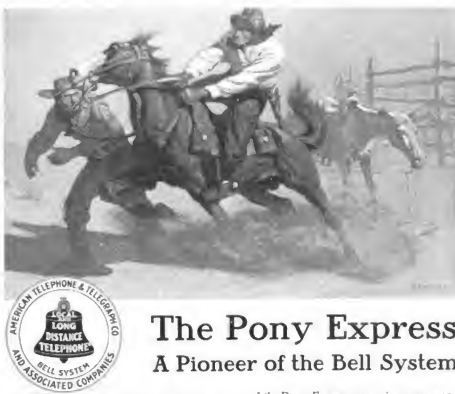
Sirota's present tour calls for a limited number of concerts in the largest cities only, and at his first appearance in New York thousands were turned away, unable to gain admission.

The Victor records of Cantor Sirota have made his voice familiar to Jewish circles in America, and many others not of the Hebrew race possess some of these wonderful reproductions in their collections. Some of these Hebrew songs of worship, with their mingled melody and wailing, seem to express the heart cry of a race which has been persecuted since the days of the Pharaohs, while others breathe a steadfast faith in the God who has preserved and prospered them through it all.

THREE NEW CARUSO RECORDS—Canta pe' me, Neapolitan Song; Buade Gatta, Baleno; (Marcello's Air, Act II); Leoncavallo; Elisir d'amore, Donizetti.

The new Caruso records are delightful ones—another beautiful Neapolitan song, a second air from Leoncavallo's *Riohine*, which will be eagerly welcomed by those who have heard the *Riohine* air from Act III; and the lovely romance, *Una furtiva lagrima*, which has always been the most famous of the Caruso records, his exquisite singing of this beautiful number being something to be long remembered. It is now issued for the first time with orchestral accompaniment.

Arthur Nikisch, who will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra on a concert tour of the United States, beginning April 8 next, is insured for \$200,000 against accident or death by his American managers during a period of thirty days.



The Pony Express A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

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There may be other fish in the brook, but there is only one cigarette.

Fatima Cigarettes maintain their superiority by their splendid flavor - a flavor due to careful blending of mellow tobacco.

An inexpensive package makes possible ten additional cigarettes.

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20 for 15 Cents



"Distinctively Individual"

GERALDINE FARRAR

(Continued from page 322)

way," she insisted.

"So, yes, why not?"
"What afternoon the intendante came and I sang for him. As soon as I had finished he offered me an engagement. I was flabbergasted, thinking for a moment he was joking, for I could not believe that I was ready for the Royal Opera in Berlin. We all went home to talk it over, and my mother said that it would be a fine experience, no matter how it came out; so I accepted, and it was decided that I should make my debut in 'Faust'."

"At that time I hardly knew a word of German, was scared to death every time I went out for fear I would get lost and never get home again, because I could not make people understand where I lived when I spoke the street and number, so how was I to sing in a German Opera house? But the intendante said that I could make my debut in Italian, and have a reasonable time, say two years, to perfect myself in the language. I knew well that I was only fitted for the French and Italian operas, and the intendante was to let me sing only the things I was suited to, which is not always the case. You see, I came at a fortunate moment, for the Royal Opera was in a rut and very much in need of a novelty, so it was just possible I might be chosen. In any case, the intendante was not to pay me enough to break the Royal Treasury if I failed."

"When I went down to the first rehearsal they thought I was crazy, and I knew they were. Everything on that stage in those days had been worked out to a system that was maddening. You had to stand exactly on one spot, then so many steps to the right, do precisely such a thing at such a moment, and never move so much as an eyelash unless it had been previously passed on by the Royal commission. Well, none of that for me! How was I to know what I should wish to do when the time came? So we had it out then and there, whereupon they threw up their hands, saying that the crazy American would only last one performance, so there was no use bothering. They had stock costumes for the artists, with Marguerite's gowns made big enough, with seams turned in a half a yard so they could be let out or tucked in to suit anybody up to two hundred and fifty pounds. So I went to the intendante, who was by that time frightened to death of me, not knowing what kind of a wild animal he had to deal with, telling him that I must have individual costumes and be permitted to pick them out for myself. He would have promised me anything so long as I did not bite him, and they all waited with fear and trembling for the bomb to explode. That was ten years ago the 15th of last October, when I was eighteen years old. I am still a member of the Royal Opera of Berlin, from which I have to ask leave of absence each year when I wish to come to America."

"The night of my first appearance does not stand out particularly in my recollection. I was too young to have any fear, for it was all a great joke to me, for I never thought I was ready for any such appearance, but if they wanted me to try, I was willing. The night that does stand out was when I made my first appearance at Monte Carlo, not at the card tables, but at the opera. It happened that Caruso was to make his first appearance there on the same night, and I had never heard him sing. The opera was Puccini's 'Bohème,' and at the rehearsals he had only hummed the leads, so I had really no idea what he sounded like. As you know, in that first scene I am sitting in a chair half turned from the audience, with a darkened stage, when he begins his aria. As he began to pour out that gorgeous flood of tone I simply lost all sense of where I was. Hit by bit I turned until my back was squarely to the audience, just gazing at him, while that voice of his caught me up and carried me off. I knew not where, only to some place I had never been before."

"At last there gradually came over me a horrible sense of silence, as though I was alone in a great wilderness, and I glanced around, when my eye fell on little Vigna, the conductor, who was fairly dancing up and down on the stand, shaking his fist at me. 'Why don't you sing? It's your turn,' he yelled. The orchestra had stopped, everything had stopped. But finally I let my bearings and started in with a feeble little peep, sounding so wee and quavery that it was pitiful. It made me feel sorry for myself. But all of a sudden I woke up to the fact that that was part of the performance, and that if Caruso had sung like that it was distinctly up to me to do something, so I went at it with all there was in me."

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ELENA GERHARDT

(Continued from Page 199)

Elena Gerhardt that followed.

The triste air of the old town and its impressions together with her temperament, made sad songs to her the most congenial; joyous ones seemed outside her life. She wept when she was forced to sing them. To-day, when she gives Brahms' "Der Schmied," a woman's song of joyous pride in the strength of her blacksmith lover, whose crashing strokes at the anvil fill the street and square, one knows that she has triumphed over a singleness of mood. But, again, to hear her in the same composer's "Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer," the harrowing tragedy of a woman vainly waiting, when even sleep becomes a thin veil against reality, and dreams bring the fancy that he is there with none to let him in, there springs firm knowledge of the depths that one may pierce, the tender insight that one may develop through calm, ideal surroundings where joy itself never reaches beyond an Indian Summer of mellowness.

It is a custom at the Leipzig Conservatory that every aspirant named for appearance in a Pupil's Concert must prove his or her ability before the Director, who, in those days, happened to be Arthur Nikisch, the most ardent of German conductors. Three songs of Brahms' Elena Gerhardt brought with her, along with the expectant Hedmondi. The girl began without a trace of nervousness, for (and she now smiles when she tells it), "I love so to sing that I thought every one would be pleased to hear me." Nikisch evidently agreed. "You sing so charmingly that I will play your accompaniments myself," was his comment when that first lied ended. To-day he keeps the printed notes of it as a souvenir. All Leipzig took the same artistic interest in her; it looked on the gradual unfolding of her talent as does an ardent lover of orchids on the blossoming of some rare variety. That spirit of enthusiastic sympathy intensified her oneness with surroundings.

Finally, she asked of Nikisch, "Do you think that I can give my own concert?" And he returned as characteristic quip, "Who will give it if you do not?" When she asked of him advice in choice of an accompanist, he smiled and said, "Won't you have me?" All that had preceded, the intimate interest of those in her daily life had seemed a natural thing, but now, on the threshold of proving herself professionally, to have the foremost conductor of Germany elevate her to his artistic level through such request, had a profound, unawaited meaning. The singer went home with mixed feelings, uncertain as to whether or not he had spoken in fun, it seemed too big a thing to loom so far out on her horizon. All of ten days and nights it took her to get up courage to put her doubts to rest by going again to see him. Of extraneous details of the visit Elena Gerhardt said, "It was a beautiful day, and my cheeks were fiery red." When she stood in the presence of Nikisch, he, seeing her girlish uncertainty, the questioning in her blue eyes, her scarlet cheeks, saved her all words by declaring promptly, "I know why you come, to remind me of my promise. Let me look up a free day?"

By odd, delightful coincidence, November eleventh, her twentieth birthday, was chosen for the debut; Wollgandt, concert-master of the Gewandhaus orchestra, and son-in-law of Nikisch, being selected to assist. All Leipzig was present, for it became a kind of musical christening of one of their very own. None there realized that night, perhaps, that it was the last time that they might call her so, for it meant the opening of the door of flight.

After an appearance with the Gewandhaus orchestra, she sang in Hamburg with the Philharmonic of Berlin, and presently in Berlin itself, where to-day people crowd up to the balcony at the concert's close, and call by name to her for this lied or that, favorites which they refuse to go home without once more hearing. Six years ago she went to London, with a result that has brought her back annually for ten weeks each spring and summer, and to sing throughout Great Britain. During King Edward's reign, she sang in private to Queen Alexandra, who came after each group of ladies to speak with her; she has sung before the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the reigning one, Vienna, Moscow, Milan, Paris and Budapest are among the cities she visited long before she came to us. At Budapest it was that enthusiasts, reaching across the foot-lights, held her gown fast, keeping her by force for encores when the regular programme ended.

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WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from page 116)

"Times and situations," replied Lew Fields.

"Make up," replied Joe Weber.

"Alas! he is good for an entrance. It gets a laugh when you come out, and that's a good beginning," protested the tall partner. "After that you must work."

"But it's a lark," insisted the small one. "When I go on the street people say, 'But that can't be Weber. He's a fat man.' It's good business."

"Lew," Fields shook his head. "We never argue," he said.

"Not about the comedy of a situation?"

"We may differ at the beginning, but we always settle it by saying, 'Well, let's try it!'"

"Not about the music?"

"No."

"Not about the principals to be engaged?"

"No," said Lew Fields.

"Not about whether the girls one selects for the chorus are pretty enough?"

"We never bother about the chorus girls. At most they are a back drop," said "Lew" Fields.

"The stage manager chooses them," said "Joe" Weber.

"We never bother about the girls; we have our own girls at home," said the first.

"But we do do that," said the second. "They are a hard-working chorus," said the second.

"We always agree on everything that is of any importance," said one.

"Ever since we went to see Tony Pastor at seven—because some comedian had told us he went to his office at seven in the morning—and waited until half past ten."

"Larry Minter, too—we went to see him at seven."

"And waited until eleven."

"Fay Templeton is a great burlesquer. So is Willie Collier and Ada Lewis."

"The junior reverted to the subject of burlesque."

"And David Warfield is wonderful. Lillian Russell has a great sense of humor. But burlesque involves make-up, and it is a shame to spoil a beautiful picture."

"The hands of the clock had swept around to half-past one. The partners got into their overcoats, making ready to depart to their crowded little dressing room downstairs, where the short partner dresses before the lower half of the mirror and the long one stands behind him and, looking into the same looking-glass, makes up over his shoulder, while Miss Russell, Miss Templeton and others are sumptuously quartered."

"Our motto is, 'We'll take what's left,'" said "Lew" Fields.

"No, it's 'We'll, let's try it,'" said "Joe" Weber.

"I asked the pair who have created something new in the theatrical world, and whose success has been unparalleled, the secret of that success."

"It's work and keeping up-to-date," "Lew" Fields spoke first.

"It's work and giving them something new," this from "Joe" Weber.

The junior member with two long strides crossed the room and opened the door. The senior stood his ground, but with a gracious bow.

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A benefit given by the Twelfth Night Club for the Stony Wold Sanitarium took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday afternoon, March 18, last.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 108)

life is thus easily converted. We see her exchanging vows with her youthful, platonic lover, whose sincerity, however, is denied by his slanginess, vagueness of expression and obvious playing of a part. The husband has a platonic love affair, he, too, imagining himself to be harmlessly in love with a younger person. The younger people, of course, finally come together.

Mrs. Fiske in this last act saves herself beautifully. Her performance is a classic expression of sentimentality brought to its senses. She is not altogether willing to throw over her part, and it is a brave struggle she makes before yielding to common sense.

The performance and the production were all that could be required for a play so exacting in these particulars. The old Gardener, as played by Ernest Stallard, furnished light comedy.

FULTON. "THE TYPHOON." Play in three acts by Menshert Lengyel. Produced March 11. Here is a play worth seeing, a drama with the genuine thrill, a cyclonic tragedy that stirs you to your very depths, a play so powerful, so absorbing and interesting that at the end the spectator, like the unhappy Tokieramo, the Japanese hero, is left in a condition of utter nervous collapse. No one should fail to go to see this remarkable play, which, for sheer novelty, strength of situations, interest of dialogue, cleverness of acting, stands above almost every other production of the present season.

Tokieramo, a choice product of the Japanese government, played by Walker Whiteside, is a refined and aristocratic success. Upon his learning and real depth the audience of one of the most important undertakings. Exactly what that scheme is is indefinite, but it seems to concern the translation of a philosophical work by a German professor, who has just completed it after forty years of toil, and as lent the manuscript to one of this coterie of Japanese. The professor's manuscript is not returned when called for, but it is kept so that it might be translated by Tokieramo. In the meanwhile he falls in love with Hiona, a young woman of Berlin of easy morals. She is playing a game with him. To gratify her vanity she has set out to destroy the ambitious young aristocrat a declaration of passion. Alone in the room with him, she does master him, and after he has passionately embraced her, and forgotten his duty to Japan, she taunts him with her victory and real purpose, whereupon in a burst of primitive savagery, he chokes her to death.

Quickly he summons his Japanese friends and tells them all. He is willing to die for his crime, but it is determined by the wise old leader that Tokieramo, whose work is still unfinished, is too important to Japan to be permitted to suffer. They have no feeling in the matter other than that of patriotism. A substitute is called for. All eagerly respond, and a volunteer is selected. Tokieramo escapes trial, and is found at his desk dead from over-exhaustion through work. He had died a martyr to the cause.

Mr. Walker Whiteside played a very unusual part uncommonly well. It required constant repression, with such outbursts of passion and ferocity and feeling as were not inconsistent with the character. He did it with very great artistic discretion. Malcolm Williams, as a disolute artist, who was jilted by the faithless Hiona, and in consequence became a moral wreck, gave a splendid performance. Henry Bergman, as the wise old leader, emphasized the character in appearance and manner.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "OLIVER TWIST." Play in five acts, founded on Charles Dickens' story by J. Comyns Carr. Produced February 26.

Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" gets as far as possible away from the crude arrangements of scenes which served to bring into fame many actors of real genius of a generation or two ago. The spirit of this version is not that of the old one. It cannot be said that the characters are not as true to Dickens. The play is certainly less brutal, and many of the old familiar scenes, and some of them not at all offensive, have been dropped. The play is now more domestic, and is very busy with all that concerns Oliver's parentage and the effort to get him secure in the harbor of home. It is true we have Fagin's den, the scene of his school for young thieves, Nancy and her pathetic relations to Bill Sikes, many scenes of the old version, and all the characters, with others added, but the tone of the play is distinctly different. Dickens is hard to dramatize, and it cannot be said that Mr. Comyns Carr has done much more than give an agreeable series of pictures.

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Mr. Nat Goodwin, as Fagin, excited interest in his venture at once. That the comedian could successfully undertake a character part of the kind was not doubted. It was only a question of how well he could do it. He played it with grim humor where required, and with denotements of character, with a wide range of expression, that were remarkable. His last scene, the one closing the play, was inartistic and a matter of authorship, but it was carried out with pains-taking skill by Mr. Goodwin, who made it artistic and effective in detail, but the artistic fault in the conception of the scene, as a scene, was fatal. The action was over. Fagin groaned on his couch, tortured by visions of his evil life, and when he rises in his delirium to affect his escape, he is met at the door by a figure in black—Death. Miss Marie Duro, as Oliver, was the gentle figure that Dickens had in mind. Miss Collier, as Nancy Sikes, was pathetic enough, even degraded, the slave of a cruel master, but she contributed to the better tone of the play by her subdued acting. Mr. Lyn Harding was also less brutal than the Sikes we have known, but he was brutal enough, giving the impression of his nature without turbulence. Mr. Fuller Melish gave a delightful performance of Mr. Grimwig.

DALY'S "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." Romantic comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Produced March 11.

Monsieur Beaucaire as a story started Booth Tarkington flourishing off on his literary career. Made into a play by the author and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, it served the late Richard Mansfield to his popular and pecuniary profit. In England it did still more for Lewis Waller, for his faithful public liked it so much that he was compelled to act the royal prince of the House of Orleans some eight hundred odd times. That the local public might have a further line on his histrionic skill than that which he evidenced as Boris, the renegade monk in "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Waller has made a revival of the Georgian comedy and staged it with elaborate richness at Daly's Theatre.

The cast is a long one, competent throughout. Frank Woolfe makes a satiric Duke of Winterset, and his friend and ally, Capt. Badger, the professional duellist, is well handled by Rupert Julian. The bumptious tediousness of Beau Nash is nicely sketched by Henry Cavill, and a very finished picture of Mr. Bickert, a first cousin of Mr. Benjamin Backbite, is contributed by Herbert Ayling. Henry Stanford is gallant and dashing as the Duke's English servant, while his faithful servitor, Francois, and the Marquis de Mirpoix are doubled by Vincent Sternord, who as is sympathetically faithful in the one rôle as he is in the other. To play Lady Mary Carlyle, the toast of Bath, Miss Grace Lane comes all the way from England.

CASINO. "BARON TRENEK." Comic opera in two acts; music by Felix Albini; English version by Henry Blossom; lyrics by Frederick F. Schrader. Produced March 11.

"Baron Trenek" is one of Nature's noblemen, provided one has the point of view that considers bluster and conceit necessary to the condition. After all, the main qualification necessary to become an operetta hero is the ability to wear a dainty moustache, in combination with a brave uniform upon a manly bosom. Baron Trenek, having become notorious through his escapades, is ordered by his Queen to marry within the year. Trenek saves the Countess Lydia, who is traveling incognito, and falls in love with her. She returns to the Court, having been ordered by the Queen to wed the aged and decrepit French ambassador, whom she naturally does not love. Trenek has not married in the meanwhile, because he has found out the woman he can love; and he has lost her. A lottery is held at Court for the ladies, and Trenek is put up as prize, the conditions being that he shall marry the one who draws the winning number. Lydia draws so the Queen releases her from her obligation to wed the ambassador, and the lovers are happily united. The music is vastly more pleasing than the rather dull libretto. The principals are generally capable, and the girls are pretty, as well as animated. The title rôle is taken by Fritz Sturmfels, who is still a little too foreign in his speech, too jerky and mechanical in his acting, and a little too insincere to touch American audiences. Little John Slavin, as Nikola, is a genuine comedian, and makes his part entertaining if its importance is not fully justified. Blanche Duffield as Countess Lydia has distinction and a very sweet voice, with plenty of power masterfully controlled; she is lovable, too, and the audience is not slow to appreciate it.

DALY'S "THE FATTEN CALF." Comedy in three acts by Arthur Hopkins. Produced February 19.



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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimental love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naively that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcov, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Most I say that well-informed people after the letters of the man, true or almost true, have arranged, were written by Gustave Flaubert?" "I do not think it is mere to be so indiscreet." One must admit, the feminine details are very well written, reinforced, if one may say this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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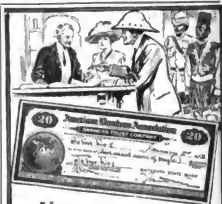
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LYCEUM THEATRE. "PRESERVING MR. PANNURE" Comedy in four acts by Arthur Pinero. Produced February 27.

So expert is he in craftsmanship, so skilled in character delineation, and so deft in the composition of witty vital dialogue, that Sir Arthur Pinero, even when not at his best, is always entertaining. Mr. Pannure is an only materialist. He is also a hypocrite, and once a week, at his saintly wife's request, delivers a sermonette to the house guests and the servants. Josephine Quarendon, governess to his very precocious child, helps him out in this task when his ideas refuse to flow, and out of gratitude, as he expresses it, kisses her. Indignant, for she loves the wife, who is a friend as well as an employer, Josephine seeks advice from Mrs. Hildebrandt, Mrs. Pannure's aunt, stating a suppositious case. Mrs. Hildebrandt suspects that Josephine is the real principal, and, as the pretty and attractive governess is a great favorite with the men, each woman in the household suspects her husband or lover, and the search for the truth, which follows, gives Mr. Pannure some awkward moments.

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Ilse used parietic decay as a dramatic theme, and, in the vernacular of the day, got away with it. Avery Hopkins has taken a less advanced stage of neurotic delirium as a theatrical subject, and has not put it across. As "The Fatted Calf," produced at Daly's, lasted less than a week, it is simply a waste of time and space to devote detailed critical attention to the piece. To prove a woman's hallucinations, based upon a very feeble neurasthenic possibility, are false, and that her brother comes up to the engine standards that his fiancée has set up do not make for either inspiring drama or uproarious farce. That is about all there is to "The Fatted Calf."

BIJOU "THE TRUTH WAGON." Play in three acts by Hayden Talbot. Produced February 26. "The Truth Wagon" is a Morisco production, and comes to us, with its author, Hayden Talbot, from the West. Los Angeles has of late become a center of theatrical activity. Mr. Oliver Morisco taking the initiative, at his theatre, with many new and untried plays. He has sent us a few failures, but they have always had in them something of detached, but marked value even in such plays. In other words, he is a stage-manager who understands values and effects. "The Truth Wagon" is a good example of his work. It entertains at all costs. On the programme it is called "a laugh vehicle." This does not indicate a very high purpose, but it is a practical one. Its action revolves around politics, and the young newspaper man who has undertaken to tell the truth in his newspaper, on all occasions, encounters in several spirited scenes the Boss, who smilingly expects to dispose of him with a suggestion or two, and defeats him all along the line. Mr. Max Figman, as the young newspaper editor, plays his part in the comedy spirit, and perhaps does the best work of his career. According to the nature of the piece, there are many character bits in it, Sammy, the office boy, played by George Mack, being particularly true to an almost impossible type.

ASTOR "THE GAY BOYHOOD." Melodrama in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Produced February 29.

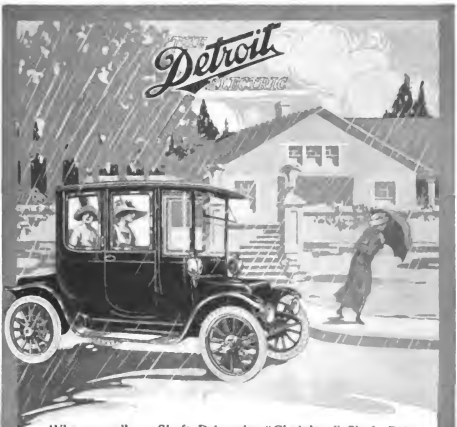
This is lurid melodrama with a vengeance, a play of the old school, with unspeakable villains, self-sacrificing heroines, hairy adventurers, and smart detectives, who turn up from nowhere in the nick of time. Yet venerable as it may be, there are enough laughs in the piece to reconcile the theatregoer merely in search of entertainment, to the rusty mechanism of the plot. The "ersound" is a crook who, in order to replenish his empty pockets, deserts his girl-wife, believing her a suicide, and later, in a scene on the "Maurentia" where, in company with other cronies, he mingles with the fashionable first-class passengers, bent on fleeing whom he can by means of a forged letter he ingratiates himself with a wealthy woman traveling with her daughter, and very neatly induces her to part with a check for \$50,000. The maneuvers of the gang on shipboard furnish good comedy. Their crooked poker games and other swindles are, however, continually balked by a Sherlock Holmes brand of detective who, having at one time loved Felmans abandoned wife, who did not die after all, smuggles her on the "Maurentia," and at the crucial moment confronts her with the crook who, horror-stricken at this unannounced resurrection from the dead, jumps overboard.

Henry Kolker, Elita Proctor Otis, Douglas J. Wood, and other favorites, all present amusing and not too exaggerated types of New York's underworld.

LIBERTY "THE RAINBOW." Comedy in three acts by A. F. Thomas. Produced March 11. Henry Miller's production of "The Rainbow" deserves the greatest possible public recognition, for it not only satisfies and entertains, but it is a sheer advance in the presentation and development of the native American drama.

Its fable is that of a divorced man and woman brought together again by their mutual love for their daughter, a girl of seventeen, who, until the opening of the play, had not been seen by the father since she was a very little child. How the purity and sweetness of her nature reveal the shallow and sordid nature of his "bachelor" life, and how he strives to shield her from the degrading influence of his selfish and material surroundings are sketched with sure, firm and convincing detail leading up to a scene which parts the father and the girl, the latter thinking it only temporary, while the father realizes it is a permanent separation.

This is a situation of splendid emotional poignancy, and it is grasped with wonderful feeling and reserve by Mr. Miller, who plays the leading role of Neil Sumner with admirable refinement, poise and pleasing dignity.



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Published and Edited
by WILLIAM T. PRICE

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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor suddenness, whether in private or professional life. It will be improved with the current purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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Students in Interesting Plays

The performances given by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts are always interesting. On Thursday afternoon, March 14 last, at the Empire Theatre, Mr. Franklin Sargent's clever young players presented among other pieces "The Legacy," a drama in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler, translated from the German by Mary L. Serpensen.

The Academy is in a dilemma when it comes to plays in which to exhibit its students. In the first place, new pieces may lack dramatic qualities necessary to good acting, while the audience in condemning them, is more than likely to misjudge the actors. On the other hand, when previously acted plays are used, audiences devote most of their time to comparing interpretations. Schnitzler's drama was preceded by a one-act piece called "Dorinda Dares," by Eleanor Maud Crane. It is a pretty little thing, romantic, and in a picturesque setting of the year 1790. Ellen Kracer as Dorinda gave a very pleasing performance. As an English lord, Guthrie McClintic was excellent, and is to be watched as an actor with a future. Marguerite Bauseon found Kitty a trifle nervous, and expected somewhat too much of her, but rendered her very well indeed.

Chief interest in the afternoon, of course, centered in Arthur Schnitzler's play "The Legacy," performed for the first time in this country on this occasion. We are indebted to Europe for most of the morbidly pathological plays. Germany has given us many of them, and the lesson from there has prolonged the record. Schnitzler can write better plays than "The Legacy." It may be an example of his early work, because translators frequently bespeak their energetic respect of merit, upon anything bearing the name of a well-known author. In any case, when Arthur Schnitzler becomes known to the American public as a whole, we hope it will be as a dramatist healthy in imagination and spirit.

A tragedy bursts into the life of Adolph Lossati, Professor of Economics, when his son Hugo, brought in dying after a painful accident, confesses that he has a mistress and a child, and makes his father and mother promise to take care of both. After Hugo's death, Toni Weber, the woman, and Franz, her child, are brought to the house. As a consequence, they are around the Professor and his family; and Dr. Schmidt, who is to marry a daughter of the Professor, demands that the woman be sent away where her sinister influence may not taint his fiancée. The child dies, and Toni loses her last claim on the Professor's sympathy. She is told that she will receive material support, but that she must go away. She finds that even her friends wish her to go. So she runs off, leaving the Professor and his satellites to make their self-satisfied impression of an obnoxious hypocrisy, and the audience to imagine very vaguely that she may find happiness with Gustav, who is a life-long friend of Hugo, and who has expressed sympathy, but never shown love. The main trouble with the play is that it is unbalanced. It does not show things in true proportions. What would endow it with living and dramatic qualities is merely sketched in. The author has not given us a play, but a story and an essay. Scenes drag to interminable length by tiresome repetition of facts that were accepted at first sight or mention. Yet the play is an undomesticated power. A brushing up here and there would make it tense with drama. The ending is not satisfactory, because it does not complete the play, and leaves a feeling that the remaining characters who at various times showed redeemable traits, are beneath contempt for not living up to them. Produced in its present form for its own merits, the play would inevitably fail. F. Seril Peck improved with his part as the father, and in the closing scenes was truly excellent. Ellen Kracer as the mother, gave a beautiful and sincere performance. Small as the part of Gustav was, Frederic Bond, Jr., is distinctly remembered for his living and likable characterization of it. Mary Petcolas as the Doctor's fiancée, sometimes anticipated her strong accents, but was unmistakable in her sincerity. Maurice Sylbert drew a strong impression of the Doctor, while, at times, he showed a tendency to become theatrical. Elizabeth Eyre made a dignified and sympathetic aunt to Hugo. Maude Eddy was pathetic, but occasionally too much repressed as Toni, the legacy. It was all done very creditably.

Books Received

THE WILDERNESS. An American Play. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darlow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Schneider

A GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN IN CHARMUSE AND BEADED CHIFFON

A CHAT ON NEW FANCIES IN MODES

JUST now contrast is a strong style-point in toilettes, and this is carried out in various ways. We are all acquainted with the contrasts in materials and color, as set forth in the present trimming vogue, but the idea is developed along most strikingly original lines. The other evening I noticed a pretty gown having one sleeve considerably shorter than the other, and then you remember that pretty pale chiffon gown of Julia Sanderson's in "The Siren," which has one sleeve of crystal embroidery to harmonize with the underskirt, while the other is of chiffon to match the overdress.

In "Rue de la Paix," a French play that displays smart gowning, the contrasts are strikingly developed, prominent among which is a gown of velvet that has the one sleeve and the corresponding side of the bodice in blue silk. Several of the costumes combine three varying materials and colors in one gown. For instance, Mme. Jeanne Fribe appears in a toilette with a skirt of black liberty, the bodice of which shows a broad band of emerald green across the front, and the unique little jacket, which, by the way, illustrates the coming vogue of frills, is of white crêpe de chine.

In this same play is seen the use of roses as a trimming, which promises to become a strong vogue. In this instance they form a double garland about the long tunic, the two being caught together at intervals by larger roses. The normal waist is also encircled by a belt of roses. This trimming idea is beautifully carried out in the little dancing dress of Ina Claire, in "The Quaker Girl." The dainty chiffon dress has a satin petticoat edged with pink roses, and the lace flounces of the chiffon overdress, as well as the short front panel, have clusters of the tiny roses set at intervals.

With the wearing of pretty silk costumes and dainty lingerie dresses, the sash is coming strongly into evidence. One can hardly go to a theatre nowadays, where the gowns are a feature, and not see a sash. They are worn wherever individual fancy dictates. For instance, the popular French actress, Mlle. Gaby Marcy, who is noted for her attractive girdles, is wearing a huge sash at the front of the waist. It has large loops, very similar to the obi bow, and long, wide ends finished off at the lower edge with squares of lace to match the tunic.

Those of you who have seen Julia Dean, in "Bought and Paid For," no doubt admired her handsome brocade evening gown. For

the benefit of those who have not seen the attractive costume I will say that it has an underskirt of metallic lace over which falls a tunic of rich brocade edged with fringe. It has the bodice extension, the drapery of which is caught together at the side by a bunch of satin flowers, and the waist is of the metallic lace. With this costume the popular actress wears a beautiful evening coat, also in brocade.

The increasing use of these heavy fabrics for evening gowns is distinctly noticeable at fashionable society functions, as well as upon the stage, all of which makes it quite probable that next season will see a universal use of rich brocades and handsome velvets in gowns, while in wraps the present veiled effects will be superseded by such materials as velvet, plush, brocade and charmeuse.

A debutante, sitting beside me at the theatre the other evening, held in her hand an exquisite cluster of pink roses tied with a heavy silk cord. Suddenly she pulled at the center, when the roses parted and a lovely fan in Dresden silk appeared to view. I overheard her explaining to her escort that it was a favor she had received at a recent dinner, and she remarked: "All of them were perfectly lovely! There were bouquets of roses, lilies-of-the-valley and violets, both in the lavender and white, and the fans were of Dresden or Pompadour silks, in shades harmonizing with the flowers."

At this theatre I also saw something new in handbags. They were simply a wide band of silver tricolored finished off with a large rhinestone buckle. The delicate, scintillating fabric was most effective, and whether used alone or veiled over a delicate shade of ribbon or malmé, it formed a very pretty head-dress.

How interesting it is to notice the novel ways in which aigrettes are worn in the coiffure nowadays. Mlle. Louise Bignon, who is now appearing in Paris in "Sans-Gêne," has a fluffy aigrette sweeping over her neck, while Mlle. Mand Gipsev, of

"Rue de la Paix," has one so adjusted that it seems to be protruding from her left ear. Sometimes they are worn erect at the front of the head; in fact, it matters little how or where they are adjusted, but aigrettes are certainly the favorite hair ornament just now.

I also saw the loveliest handbag, and it was something very new, too. It was composed entirely of spangles in a beautiful shade of purple. The spangles were arranged in a close design, and the



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effects of the lights and shadows were charming. It had a gold frame, and the clasp was composed of an amethyst surrounded by diamonds. The bag was of the flat variety, and when opened showed the new square effect. Incidentally it also disclosed to view a delicate lavender silk lining. A gold cordelière finished the exquisite bag that I admired so much all evening.

There is no telling where the vogue of artificial flowers will crop out next. One of the girls at the matinee the other day, flourished a hatpin formed of narrow Valenciennes lace, in which were imbedded tiny satin roses and forget-me-nots. When placed into position the little rosette looked very dainty among the white plumes of her hat.

Mentioning hatpins reminds me, did you know that the very small designs are now correct wear, and that good dressers will not require more than two pins to hold the chapeaux?

Oh, and I must tell you about the girl who somewhat startled a few people at the same matinee. She wore a collarless V-cut waist, and about her neck lay the cutest little snake imaginable. In the small V reposed the head of the serpent, and from the half open mouth protruded a tiny red tongue. Of course, it was a necklace, and it was composed of tiny seed beads. The girl laughingly informed a questioner, "It is lots of fun to wear it. You can get one just like it on Fifth Avenue, but be sure to select a green one, as they are the most realistic." And they certainly are!

Have you noticed the increasing prevalence of the feather fans? I saw a beauty the other evening. It was composed of natural marabout tipped with white, and you can probably imagine the charming effect.

Now that furs are being discarded all sorts of beautiful substitutes are being seen, and one I saw the other evening is really worth while telling you about. It formed a collar, but it was merely a wide bias band of that lovely soft glacé chiffon taffeta, both sides of which were edged with matching ostrich in which the blending of the pinks and blues was a charming. Broad flowing ends of the silk finished off the front. I have seen the same style in all white, and I am told a prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing an assortment of these collars in both street and evening shades, so there is no reason why you cannot have one.

Mentioning Fifth Avenue shops makes me wonder whether you have noticed the lovely negligées exhibited there in a certain little French room? Of course, the prominent colors are the pink and wistaria, the two shades that the Parisiennes are now favoring.

Among the lovely, dainty garments one was especially attractive, and as it is something decidedly novel, I must tell you about it. It

is of pink chiffon made up along the fashionable narrow lines, and has the favorite low, left side closing, which is concealed by a choux of the material.

All around the edge of the garment, as well as the kimono sleeves, there is a fringe of pink ostrich, headed by a tiny double hemstitched ruching, and I assure you it is a negligée worth having. You can get it in the wistaria shade as well as the pink.

A few days ago I noticed a good example of contrast in the development of a garment. It was in an evening wrap of coral satin. The right side of the garment had a 9-inch band of Princess lace extending from the front closing to the lower edge of the back. In passing over the shoulder it formed part of the three-quarter length kimono sleeve.

The left sleeve was the usual wrap sleeve finished at the edge with a triple shirred puff to correspond with the trimming that adorned the entire edge of the garment.

The fulness was gathered in along the front edge of the left side, while on the right side it was arranged in several pleats that met the end of the lace banding, the joinings being covered by a handsome frog in moss metallic braid. The exquisite wrap was lined with delicate pink chiffon.

Facts Worth Knowing

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Apple blossoms make such a pretty decoration, and it is now possible to have this at all seasons of the year. Artificial flowers are now quite the proper thing, and, therefore, the hostess need not hesitate to use this form of decoration which is supplied by crêpe paper. Large pink apple blossoms and single green leaves cover the entire surface. These are to be cut out and simply pasted upon branches to simulate blossoms and foliage, which is easily accomplished. And very natural and pretty does a branch look! A trellis decoration in these blossoms is most effective. The paper is 15 cents a fold, which makes about 400 flowers, sufficient for a good-sized branch.

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CONTENTS: MAY, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess"	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "The Pink Lady"	137
TITLE PAGE: Charles Hawtrey in "Dear Old Charlie"	138
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Right To Be Happy"—"The Terrible Match"—"The Flowers of the Palace"	141
A CHAT WITH MARGARET ILLINGTON—Illustrated	141
THE CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON—Illustrated	144
REHEARSING THE CIRCUS—Illustrated	146
SCENES IN "THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY"—Full-page plate	147
THE REAL STORY OF "BENTY"—Illustrated	150
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON—Full-page plate	151
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY	153
HARVARD'S SCHOOL FOR PLAYWRIGHTS	153
SCENE IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"—Full-page plate	157
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE PIGEON"	157
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON—Full-page plate	158
ON TOUR WITH ELLEN TERRy—Illustrated	159
SCENE IN "THE MIRACLE"—Full-page plate	161
FAHNER KNICKERBOCKER'S THEATRE	163
NAT C. GOODWIN—Full-page plate	164
ARABS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE	167
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	168
	218

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CHARLES HAWTREY, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH COMEDIAN NOW APPEARING AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE NEW YORK, IN CHARLES H. BROOKFIELD'S COMEDY, "DEAR OLD CHARLIE"



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



HUDSON THEATRE "THE RIGHT to Be Harry" Play in three acts by H. Kellert Chambers. Produced on March 26 with the following cast:

Audrey Van Roof.....Gare	Mr. Van Roof.....Lester Galloway
Alfred Van Roof.....George La Guere	Mr. Parker.....Arthur T. Hendon
Janet Van Roof.....Dorothy Donnelly	James Moorhouse.....Edmund Breece
	John Forrester.....Leslie Faber

The main theme in this piece is a big one, and the principal female role, a social spy in the interests of a commercial trust, offers novel and dramatic opportunities. It is a pity that the author, Mr. H. Kellert Chambers, was not better qualified to handle the opportunities his ingenious brain had devised, for his new play is an uneven piece of craftsmanship. It has moments of big theatrical content and episodes of naive inaptitude.

Janet Van Roof is the scion of a decayed Knickerbocker family. To save her embezzling brother from the consequences of his speculations, she enters the employ of James Moorhouse of the Rubber Trust, spies out the weaknesses of his business rivals through her social opportunities, and incidentally becomes his mistress. But when she is called upon to unearth John Forrester's secret—he has invented a process that will revolutionize the rubber industry—she falters, as he has entrusted his formula to her keeping, and she has learned to love him. Moorhouse's in-temperate wife dies, but too busy to tell Janet, he finds himself rejected when he makes his belated proposal for a speedy marriage. Suspecting her love for Forrester, and blocked in his business plans, he insults her in his presence by publishing their relations. But Forrester, who is an idealist, says she is an angel in his eyes, and, as the brother is now thoroughly protected, we are led to believe that Forrester and Janet will eventually be married.

A younger sister, the boy and the selfishly devoted mother are neatly drawn characters, real and human, but Forrester is a conventionally drawn type, of ineffable goodness and altruism, while Janet and Moorhouse are contradictory characterizations that defy reason and the probabilities. It would hardly seem necessary that Janet should have fallen under Moorhouse's influence, unless she loved him, and that, too, for some hidden attraction in the magnate's character, for

at no time does he reveal himself as other than a single, incoherent, masterly man of affairs. Her point of view is equally untenable from either experience or logic, and with these weaknesses in the protagonists the dominant and sympathetic interest falters and reels. As Moorhouse, Edmund Breece plays with rugged and dramatic force, while Dorothy Donnelly acts the heroine with a thorough command of external theatrical aids, and a competent and intelligent expression of its psychological necessities. Mother, son and daughter, are capably played by Louise Galloway, Grace Morrissey and George Le Guere, while the subjective Forrester is enacted with refinement and taste by Leslie Faber.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE FLOWER OF THE PALACE OF HAN." Drama in five acts, adapted from the Chinese by Louis Laloy and Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced March 10th, with the following cast:

Tchao-Kiun.....Edith Wynne Matheson	A Soldier.....Albert Eganide
Mao.....Bernard Barlow	Kahn of the Tartars.....Walford North
A Painter.....A. M. Bosford	Councillor of the Right.....Walford North
The Emperor Yawdi.....Frank Reicher	Councillor of the Left.....Arthur Barry

Popular opinion reserves the appraisal of anything that is old. The older the thing is the more universal is the veneration. But critics are usually self-appointed and self-invited, and make a business of going where angels fear to tread. Even a play dating

back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, that receives its first American performance within the month, does not inspire them with dread. Tchao-Kiun is a little Chinese girl, who has been carried away by the Minister of State, as an addition to the harem of the Emperor. Mao, the Minister, hopes to sell this flower of the palace to some one who will pay him a larger price. He has his secretary paint a picture of the girl, which grossly misrepresents her. After seeing this portrait the Emperor has no curiosity concerning her, but one day, while walking in the garden, he comes into her pavilion and finds her. He falls in love with her, and she with him. The Emperor orders the death of the deceitful Minister. But Mao escapes beyond the kingdom into the land of the Tartars. The Kahn of the Tartars has him taken prisoner. In hope of saving his life,



Cloto Sarnay Co.

EMMY WEHLEN

Now appearing in "A Winsome Widow" at the Modin Romge

Mao shows the portrait of Tchao-Kiun, which so impresses the Kahn that he declares war upon the Emperor to possess her. Mao is executed by the Tartars.

Rather than give up the woman he loves, the Emperor renounces his people, his throne, his ancestors and his gods, but Tchao-Kiun refuses to let him sacrifice so much. She will go to the Tartar chief. While crossing into the Kahn's territory with the messengers he has sent for her, she throws herself into a river and is drowned. The Emperor gains strength by the thought of her sacrifice, and makes a vow to rule his kingdom with wisdom and justice.

Probably all this has been very much modernized in its translation from Chinese into French, and from French into English. At any rate, it is very curious to see some familiar melodramatic tricks in this play that has survived after so many centuries. Conspirators plot, and villains do their dirty work, in robes of silk. It is a very simple story in a way, and practically carries itself. That is probably the secret of its survival. It would not stand a great deal of questioning, because there are many improbabilities and undeniably dull moments. It would take very little insight to discover its weaknesses; but all in all, it is not uninteresting. It is a curiosity that is intelligently acted by capable people.

Miss Edith Wymie Matthison was quite effective as the flower of the palace, and her touch of affectation at times may be forgiven in consideration of the material with which she had to work. Reginald Barlow, as the Minister of State, was very wicked, and carried off the honors of the piece by dying a deliciously violent death. Frank Reicher is no Chinese Emperor. He tried very hard to think that he didn't see the flaws of the piece, and did probably more than many another actor would under the same circumstances. Wilfrid North, as the Kahn, looked magnificent, but he jumbled his words.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE TERRIBLE MEAK." Play in one act by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced on March 10th with this cast:
An Army Captain.....Sidney Valentine A Soldier.....Reginald Barlow
A Peasant Woman.....Edith W. Matthison

One had to be good-natured to forgive "The Flower of the Palace of Han," but "The Terrible Meek" was an imposition. It is about as stupid an offering as has been presented of late years by a professional company. When Charles Rann Kennedy wrote "The Servant in the House," he evidenced his belief that the success of the play was due to its religious teachings. The success of that play was due to its sensationalism, and it was more sensational than anything ever presented in the theatres of the East Side. Mr. Kennedy must have realized this element in his success, for while he makes "The Terrible Meek" deal with religious platitudes, he makes his scene revolting to every clean mind, and his finish a shock to an audience, who can scarcely comprehend the audacity of any man in handling a subject so sacred. He takes an unfair advantage of his audience by withholding information to create suspense. It is a device that has been abused more than any other upon the stage. In this case, it is carried to such an extreme that the audience cares little about what the withheld information is.

Out of the darkness comes the voice of a woman sobbing as if her heart will break; a man's voice tries to comfort her, but she repulses him, telling him that he has the "smell of death upon him." It may be a bedroom, or a police court, almost anything but what it is. Our imagination can run as to the identity of the characters. Facts are not established.

When, after a long period, a little patch of moonlight shows us a robed figure seated near a post, and a woman prostrated at the foot of that post, it is with repugnance that we gather that we are at the foot of a gallows upon which a man is hung; we can almost see him dangling in the breeze, while his mother below treats us to such beautiful descriptions of dripping blood, and of the mangled breast, that we feel, more than anything else, like going home to forget it. We presently discover that the robed figure is a captain; this



Otto Sarony Co. BLANCHE RING
Now appearing at George M. Cohan's Theatre in "The Wall Street Girl"

information from a sentry who comes with a lantern, that for some mysterious reason fails to give any light to speak of. A little color is given by a Cockney accent upon the sentry's part. Who are these soldiers? What country do they represent? In what conflict are they engaged? Those facts are not established to the end of the piece. The Captain is conscience-stricken, because it was his order that caused this woman's son to be hung. The only thing that prevents him from converting the sentry to his way of thinking, is that killing is the sentry's business; and the sentry, if under orders, would "shoot God Almighty 'imself if 'e come out of 'eaven."

It would be to no purpose to describe any more of this rubbish; suffice it to say that the Captain begs the mother's forgiveness, receives it, and goes to his death for refusing to obey his General, who has sent him orders, by the sentry, to do some more killing. A transformation now takes place, and for the first time we definitely see who these people are; while the supposed gallows, now seen in entirety, is Christ upon the cross. Two other crosses hold the traditional thieves. The Captain is a Roman soldier; the mother a poor peasant woman, plainly the Virgin Mary, and the sentry a soldier of a non-descript type. We have come to know Charles Rann Kennedy as a man of sincere and deeply religious feeling; but this work, which can be judged only for itself, verges close on the blasphemous. As it stands, it is distinctly stupid, and with about every fault that a play could have, filled with tiresome repetition, preachments and unestablished facts. The underlying idea could be presented in dramatic form; but given so that its entire significance is clear, it would be swept from the stage by popular indignation. It is one of a large class of plays called impossible. For the information of the curious, it may be said that the title comes from the relentless power of those who are dead and gone, to move conscience and to sway destiny.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison did all she could as the poor peasant mother. Mr. Sidney Valentine was entirely sincere as the Captain, while Mr. Reginald Harlow carried off the honors of this piece as he did the other one, in his characterization of the sentry. "The Terrible Meek" really applies to the audience.

MOULIN ROUGE. "A Winsome Widow." Comedy in three acts, founded on "A Trip to Chinatown," by Charles H. Hoyt; music by Raymond Huddell. Produced April 11 with the following cast:

Mrs. Gable.....	Fawn Conway	Mrs. Duett.....	Natalie Dagwell
Mrs. Noyes.....	Katherine Smythe	Mrs. Gay.....	Jimmy Wehlin
Mrs. Howell.....	Lottie Vernon	Willie Gray.....	Kathleen Clifford
Mrs. Elwood.....	Mary Baxter	McLand Sutton.....	Harry Connor
Flint.....	Edith Kelly	South.....	Frank Timney
Slavin.....	Harry Kelly	Bryson Early.....	Sidney Jarvis
Rushleigh Gay.....	Charles J. Ross	Rover, Jimmy.....	Dolly Twiss
Wilder Dolly.....	Charles King	Le Petit Dolly.....	Mac West
Ben Gay.....	James Ford	Le McGinnis.....	Jack Clifford
Tom.....	Edith Adams	Mike, Bridget.....	Irene Weston
Edith.....	Elizabeth Riker	Progenitor of Cliff House.....	C. Mitchell

Under the producing management of Florenz Ziegfeld, the New York Theatre is now known as the Moulin Rouge. Its first piece is a musical comedy entitled "A Winsome Widow," which for its story has as basis Charles Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown,"

one of his most successful and characteristic satirical comedies, written in the fullness of his genius and of his command of effective incidents and details. The play itself is, as is natural in the circumstances, not sustained in its original compactness,

but the rare spirit of Hoyt is there. Harry Connor, the original Welland Strong, is there, too, with his appliances to test the state of his health at any moment, seeking pleasure in defiance of the admonitions of science. The Hoyt play has a right to the new music and dancing that has come up in the very latest moments of the dance of the world after pleasure. There are novelties introduced that the old piece knew nothing of. The new thing, something used for the very first time as a part of a play on any stage, was the ice palace, in which, on a surface of ice, the entire company in carnival dress and on steel runners held revelry. Miss Kathleen L'ope and George Kirner gave a wonderful exhibition of fancy skating, making rhythmical evolutions and accomplishing all the effects of dancing with an ease and grace that seemed to add something new to the art of skating as well as to that of dancing. The curtain having been lowered on the preeluding scene in order to employ the time required for the setting of the new one, Mr. Frank Timney, who had already ingratiated himself with us as the waiter, with a black face, held the audience highly entertained while he hurried matters up by frequent consultations at the wings as to the progress of the work behind the curtain. That the entertainment is better than most of its kind is largely due to the spirit of Hoyt, but Mr. Ziegfeld has

shown remarkable judgment in the choice of his people as well as considerable refinement in the means employed for the sensual, and not indelicately, gratification of the senses appealed to in comic opera. Miss Emmy Wellen, as the widow, lacking a little in the warmth that is perhaps required in the professional stage widow, is yet pleasant to look upon, and sings so well that the absence of professional amative aggressiveness is atoned for. The opera has the one defect of superabundance. Notable in any cast would have been Charles Ross, Harry Kelley, Charles King, Leon Erroll, Katherine Brice, May West and the Dolly Twins, in addition to those already mentioned. The dances and songs are of unusual quality, the transformations in costume ingenious and in good taste, while the permutations of the idea of the widow, reflected by the chorus, as in a glass, make an insistence on the supposed enticements of that particular that seems to indicate that, on the stage at least, all widows are invincible, wise, beautiful, and in every way delectable, and for stage purposes inexhaustible.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "THE FATHER." Play in three acts by August Strindberg. Produced April 4 with the following cast:

A Captain of Cavalry.....	Warner Oland	The Pastor.....	Harry Dodd
Laurie.....	Boydell Van	The Nurse.....	Luella Thompson
Bentley.....	Helen Pullman	Nepal.....	Frederic Hart
Dr. Undermark.....	Robt. Kergerlin	The Understudy.....	Joseph Boardman, Jr.

Which came first, the hen or the egg? This riddle, propounded long before Strindberg ever thought of writing plays, has been decided so many times one way

(Continued on page xiv)



FRÄULEIN GRETE WEISENTHUM.

Vinuous interpretive dancer now making her American debut at the Winter Garden, this city



Margaret

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ILLINGTON, NOW APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST IN CHARLES KENYON'S DRAMA, "KINDLING"

MARGARET ILLINGTON has achieved almost the impossible.

In three respects has this young woman, brimming with vitality and of tremendous dynamic power, overlaid with marvelous dramatic control, done what I have known no one else to do. She retired from the stage a strong and promising young actress. In three years she returned to it with such accumulation of new power, with dramatic perceptions so developed, that a seer among managers went back to pay his respects, and, grasping both her hands, said to her: "I never praised you before, for I never cared greatly for your work. Now I say to you that you are the hope of the tragic stage in America!"

She has forced American play-goers to swallow a tremendous moral lesson with their amusement in "Kindling," Charles Kenyon's drama of a young wife in the slums who stole for her unborn child, and whose husband took upon himself the blame.

A band of nineteen writers, representing many complexions of thought, seeing that a gen-like play and a brilliant player were being overlooked by New York theatre-goers, athirst for new sensations and disregarding a most potent sensation at

A Chat with Margaret Illington

their doorsteps, organized for propaganda of play and player. The organization

was effected too late, for the play's stay of three weeks at old Daly's, of classic dramatic memories in New York, was nearing the end, but the writers wrote and circularized and petitioned to such good effect that before she had been in that city a week it was declared, "Chicago has gone Illington crazy," and her success in that city and in her subsequent Pacific Coast tour was enormous. At the time the organization took form not one of the writers knew Miss Illington. Latterly she was the grateful guest at several meetings of her loyal disciples, who named themselves "The Kindling Association."

It was late in the afternoon. The damp dusk had for an hour been pierced by street lamps. In some New York homes fashionable women were finishing their beauty naps. In others they had begun dressing for dinner. But Margaret Illington, with an exacting performance an hour and a half away, and a number of the day before still taking its toll of her strength, was as fresh and glowing as a rose in a June dawn. Two women callers were gurgling happily with their hostess over a dwarf Christmas

tree, sent from her country home in Washington. She was sniffing the fragrant bit of evergreen delightedly and laughing at the childishly gaudy tinsel with which it had been decorated before it was sent on its journey to the East. When the callers had made their adieux, the actress sat beside me on the divan in a corner of the cosy drawing-room of her hotel suite. She is a chummy young person, wholly natural, and it seemed quite in the ordinary course of events that she should be rattling happily on about former times and friends in common, her hand on my knee, her face radiant as a happy schoolgirl's, until the entrance of her husband restored us to the exigencies of the moment.

"Dearest," she said to the broad-shouldered, fair-haired man with a kindly face and quiet manner, who came in with a vigorous stride, the dampness but none of the murk of the evening clinging to him, "I've been talking about friendly things, and we haven't got to the interview yet. This is my husband," she said, her hand on his shoulder. "Don't you think he's a dear, look?" She regarded him admiringly, the expression of a lasting bridehood in her eyes.

We sat down again and, with Mr. E. J. Bowes and myself conscious of the moments galloping on toward the hour for the performance, the talk grew graver. The smiling woman with the happy eyes, in her lace frock with its sky-blue silk tunic, looked like the fortunate sister of the unfortunate Maggie Schultze of "Kindling." I told her this and she said: "Maggie is a simple creature. But, then—so am I."

"But that frock," I objected, surveying its frost-like beauty with the two eyes, appreciation and envy with which women look at clothes lovelier than their own.

"That is for you," she stontly maintained. "If I were sitting here with my husband I should be wearing a simple gown."

"Then you didn't find Maggie's big shoes and coarse skirt and ill-fitting coat hateful?"

"Not at all. I only thought of the poor girl's agony of soul, not of her outward trappings. It was the inner, not the outward, Maggie that concerned me."

"You didn't mind looking plain?" I asked, much surprised. "Not a bit," she answered, as if clothes were of no consequence. "A woman's vanity—" I began in a kind of apologetic way.

"This woman hasn't any," Mr. Bowes looked with manly approval at his sumptuously handsome wife.

"No, I haven't. I wish I had," she replied. "I really think it is better for a woman to have considerable vanity. It helps her over the hard places of life."

"You make Maggie look like the original of one of the Dutch masterpieces," I reflected. "One of Rubens' women, is it?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I hark back to the Pennsylvania stock, those plain, sturdy people who live around Lebanon, where the famous bretzels are made. Light is my family name, and there are ever so many Lights about Lebanon. My grandfather was a preacher in that neighborhood of the United Brethren Church, a rather local organization. That was on my mother's side. On my father's I had a clerical grandfather. He built the High Street Baptist Church in Cincinnati."

"Oratory and the drama are near allied," we ventured. "I believe they are," she assented, "and so is writing. The writer on human topics has a great deal in common with the actress. He or she must get down, too, to the vital things of life."

Miss Illington shook her sleek, dark head, poised so attractively on a remarkably full, round throat, at the suggestion of the always interesting and often baffling subject of heredity.

"I don't know," she said. "It would be a fascinating theme if it were not so puzzling. It won't always work out as mathematics do. Whether the presence of preachers in the family accounts for the acting gift I don't know. But I believe that the tremendous feeling that enables one to understand and portray a primitive nature I owe to my dear, dead father. There was a rare sympathy between my father and me, more than existed between mother and myself, though no one has a better mother than I. But father and I saw things alike and understood each other. Most of the joy of life is being understood."

"Once he was very ill, and I hurried back to Bloomington, Ill.,



Photo James A. Bushnell

VIRGINIA PEARSON

Leading woman for Robert Hilliard in Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was"



Hall
RUTH MAYCLIFFE
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre



White
EMILY ANN WELLMAN
Playing the rôle of Letty in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty



White
VIVIAN MARTIN
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre

to see him, I feared, for the last time. But when I was taken to his sick room I grasped his dear hands and called, 'Father, come back, I need you!' He did come back, and when he was strong enough to talk he said, 'I heard you calling me. It seemed from a long distance, and I tried to come to you.' I did need him terribly, and in the long illness when my reason was despaired of he took me home. He stayed with me until he saw me happy in my own home. Then I think he felt that his work was done and he left us.

"Dear father! He taught me to be honest with myself. And that honesty clears our vision of strong, simple natures like Maggie Schultz. She was a woman who had a single idea, her home. She loved the child that was coming to her out of the darkness, because it was Heinie's child. Her affection was a terrible thing, that swept aside such slight consideration as ownership of ribbons and jewels. I never thought of her as a local type, but as a universal one. I never saw the wives of the slaughter-house employees in Chicago, big, strong, dumb, pathetic women that I have heard and read about, of course, but I looked down into my own heart to study Maggie. I studied her principally while I was taking long walks. I walk a great deal and do my deepest thinking then. But Eddie helped me in a thousand ways. For instance, I have a long talk with you to-day; I absorb ideas and impressions from you. I do not know it at the time, but next week, or month, or six months from now, they come back to me, and my work takes on some new color or tint from them. But one very definite thing he did was to teach me the vernacular of persons of Maggie's order."

"A real estate man knocks about a great deal and knows all sorts of people." Mr. Bowles took up the thread of conversation. "And I knew how the people who lived around the Barbary Coast talked. Mrs.

Bowles' diction is the purest. Henry Miller said it was not English English, nor American English, but real English. She had to be taught vernacular, but in all matters pertaining to the actual drama her instinct is unerring."

"How did you discover 'Kindling'?"

"You tell her, Eddie. My husband discovered it."

"We were touring in a French play that wasn't satisfactory."

Mr. Bowles looked pleasantly reminiscent. "A man who had seen our play asked me if I had heard of a play about a young mother who stole ribbons for the baby that was coming, and whose husband went to jail in her place. I told him I hadn't, but the idea fired my imagination. He told me it was written by a young newspaper man named Kenyon. I remembered that I had done some real estate business for his father. I began telephoning him, and finally got him.

The play in its rough draft was sent me by messenger, and I received it as we were taking a train at Oakland. I read it on the train. It had been expanded from a twenty-minute one-act play, 'The Greatest of These.' The melodrama was softened; for instance, we cut out the swinging of the axe on the cradle and cutting it to pieces. We sent for a well-known producer and asked his criticisms and directions during rehearsals. We were all willing to learn, my wife most of all, but when he had gone we drifted back into the production as my wife first directed it, and it was in that way you have seen it."

We talked of "The Thief," the young American actress' year of the Bernstein play in New York, as against the less than three weeks later played by Mme. Simone, the French woman who was in the eye of the author's mind when he wrote it.

"I saw Mme. Simone's performance and I liked it," said the original American "Thief." "Granted her conception of it, it was a flawless portrayal. Mme. Simone thought

(Continued on page xxi)



Photo Holmes & Bishop
MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES
Daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage. Her first American appearance was made in "Lydia Gilmore."



SCENE IN ACT I OF MASSENET'S OPERA, "MANON," AT THE METROPOLITAN

THE big official padlock has been hung at the front door of the Metropolitan

Close of the Opera Season

Opera House, the song-birds have flown in the directions of the four winds: some home to rest, others to Europe and South America to pick up some more coin of the respective realms. In a word, the opera season of 1911-12 is over. Instead of dawdling to its close, as has been the custom with almost every opera season since time began, the present season has gone to its end with a spurt. Surely no Metropolitan subscriber may complain of lack of novelty and interest this year. During these final four weeks there have been the premiere of "Mona," the revival of "Manon," and the Metropolitan debut of an American singer, Mme. Charles-Cabier.

First to "Mona." As knows all the world that runs and reads, "Mona" was the American opera that won the ten-thousand-dollar prize in competition offered by the directors of the Metropolitan. The libretto is by Brian Hooker, the music by Horatio W. Parker, professor of music at Yale. Both are Americans, but the story of the opera is placed in Southwestern Britain, the end of the first century and during the Roman occupation. It deals with the love of Quintus for Mona. He is the son of the Roman Governor by an English woman, and is known to the natives as Gwynn; she is a princess of Britain. The natives are rising in revolt against Roman rule, and Mona believes herself chosen as their leader—a sort of Druid Joan of Arc. Quintus follows her into the strife and saves her life, but she is so fanatic in her devotion to the cause of the people that she all but delivers him over to them as a traitor. He pleads unavailingly with her not to wage battle, but the

fight begins and the Britains are routed and many killed. Quintus again pleads with her for peace, tells her he is the son of the Governor; and she, first believing him a traitor, now thinks him a liar, and kills him. The Romans arrive, she finds that all Quintus has told her is the truth, and she is led away captive.

This skeleton of the story is enough to show that the tale has poetic merit, and the lines themselves have literary value. But—

the merit and the value are for the library more than for the opera house. There are few thrilling grand opera moments, and the climaxes are not worked up with dramatic skill.

As for Parker's music, it is scholarly, well conceived, well orchestrated and—lacking in inspiration. It reeks of the midnight oil, and is miles away from the glare of footlights. The orchestral introduction is by far the best, for it really fills the listener with hope for the cause of American opera. But the promises thus expressed in music do not materialize in the opera itself. The latter grows very tedious; its themes do not grip; its lyric portions do not charm. Such big mass writing, as the chorals at the end of the second act, is effective, as is also the march of the Roman soldiers. But Professor Parker has come a cropper in the same way that so many other composers have fallen who do not know their opera house, namely, his recitatives are uninteresting and suggest the oratorio platform far more than the grand opera stage.

"Mona" was sung in English. But it was with difficulty that the audience understood much of the text, although the cast was composed entirely of Americans, with one exception, namely, Reiss. And



Gerlach

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MANON

it was just Reiss' diction that was clearest of all.

The production was excellent. The three scenes were built by Paquereau, of Paris; the costumes were handsome, and no end of labor had been devoted to rehearsing. Homer was admirable in the title rôle, Martin sang Quintus less happily, for the music seemed not to lie right for him; Griswold was excellent as the Roman Governor; Reiss was capital as a changeling, and Witherspoon did some excellent character acting in the rôle of a brusque Briton. Hertz conducted the score with all possible pains, and let escape no opportunities to make this opera as successful as possible.

The première, first performance on any stage, occurred Thursday evening, March 14th. Composer and librettist were called before the curtain many times, as were conductor and singers, and the auditorium was crowded to its capacity. So the cause of American opera, sung in English, was started toward its goal or fate with full acclaim. Here is a complete cast of the première:

Mona, Louise Homer; Enya, Rita Fornia; Arth, Herbert Witherspoon; Gloom, William Hinshaw; Nial, Albert Reiss; Carado, Lambert Murphy; the Roman Governor of Britain, Putnam Griswold; Quintus, Ricardo Martin; an Old Man, Basil Ruyssdael.

Next in importance was the revival of Massenet's "Manon," heard for the first time in two years. It is safe to say that never has a Metropolitan audience heard so interesting a presentation of the familiar French work. Toscanini conducted it, and he turned some of this appealing, though saccharine, music into sounds of dramatic climaxes; he loosed all the lyric sweetness of the work, and he made it appear less fragmentary. This little man of the baton is a wizard, be the opera French, Italian or German.

And it was finely sung, Caruso, as Des Grieux, singing with beauty of tone as seldom heard here, even from this golden throat. Geraldine Farrar was extraordinarily fine in the title part, and Gilly was a satisfying Lescart. The big public responded to this revival most liberally, and it proved one of the most satisfying performances of the season.

Now to the American contralto, Mme. Charles-Cahier, who sang but twice. She is a native of Tennessee, has sung in opera in Nice and Vienna, and made her New York opera début as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." She fell below Metropolitan standards, although she is an intelligent artist, and her acting is dramatic and temperamental. The voice has a tremolo that mars it, and its volume seemed insufficient for this big house. Her full, upper tones were strident, but the singing of mezzo voice passages was quite pleasing. But she lacks a certain, convincing greatness so necessary for the Metropolitan.

Then there was the season's first "Die Meistersinger," which was a joy to hear. Destinn was a wonderful Eva, Weil sang Sachs very well, though he was hardly jovial enough in its conception. Goritz' Beckmesser was again a marvel of humor, and



MADAME CHARLES-CAHIER

American contralto who made her New York opera debut at the Metropolitan recently

Jörn was a lyric Walthar. Toscanini made the work sing and sparkle with life and melody.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Company concluded their series of performances by repeating their success, "The Jewels of the Madonna," and also giving the season's only "Thais," with Mary Garden again in the title rôle, Renaud, as Athanaël, and Dalmore, as Nicias. Campanini conducted, and the opera was well received, although the performance itself was scarcely up to the standards of the artists who appeared in it.

So much for the opera season—the most artistic and successful ever given at the Metropolitan.

As for concerts, there has been an unusually interesting list of offerings. The most important

(Continued on page xii)



TEACHING THE ELEPHANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL.

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

REHEARSING The Greatest Show on Earth—"the grandest and biggest, most lavish, stupendous amusement of unbelievable magnitude, whose triumphs reach the four corners of the earth; with its many new and amazing features never before seen anywhere in the world, etc., etc." in the flamboyant language of the press agent—is no small job. Finding the South Pole is not nearly so great a task as raising the centre pole and bringing order out of chaos in the conglomeration that is carried about in the train of red wagons. With the circus every day is moving day, with its attendant manifold details and hustle and bustle of the circus man to put his house in order.

And its wonders are not so much in the show the audience sees, strange though this may be, as in the working details that lie hidden just beyond the public's view. It is given to no layman and to but few circus people to realize the scope of a circus organization. No other human institution is so generally known and so little understood. And no other thing so vast in dimensions springs so quickly into existence in a community or is so slow of growth. Contrary to popular notion about its being put up by the rub of a lamp, it is built slowly and with the greatest conceivable care.

All winter the trainers have been busy teaching the elephants and the other animal performers new tricks, and rehearsing them in the old ones. To teach an elephant to dance a hornpipe, to play a barrel-organ, to play baseball, to beat a drum, to play upon a brass trombone, and, the hardest task of all, to make him stand on his front feet, while his rear extremities point in the direction of ten o'clock, are achievements which require patient hours, and

many of them; and these are given ungrudgingly by the trainers during the long winter months while the circus is at rest—and what is called "rest" with a circus is really a continuation under different circumstances of the "strenuous life" of the showman.

With the first signs of spring comes the flapping of the circus tent. After a winter of training at Bridgeport, Barnum and Bailey's Show comes to New York for its annual opening at the Madison Square Garden—this year for the last time, much to be regretted, since commercialism, in downing civic pride, has doomed the Garden, which for many years has been the scene of gala circus first nights. Here the real rehearsals begin. First, as *en tour*, the "lot" is "laid out." That is, the location of the rings and the course of the track are made with tape lines. Then a gang of circus laborers are set to work spading up the track,

levelling it, and in dumping and spreading the tanbark. The tanbark, however, is not put on until the day before the opening, because of the mess occasioned by the carpenters and others at work on the building of the show. Simultaneously with the road builders the circus structural workers begin to hang the rigging, and then the aerial apparatus—trapezes and other mid-air "props," stretch nets, etc.—these under the direction of the people who are going to use them. As soon as this work is done, the performers test their aerial apparatus, with



MAY WIRTH, AUSTRALIAN BARE-BACK RIDER, ON HER CREAM STALLION

Scenes in H. Kellett Chambers' Play "The Right to be Happy"



Photos White Edmund Breese Dorothy Donnelly
Act I. "I want to have that paper"



Dorothy Donnelly Leslie Faber
Act II. "I knew that I could trust you"



Dorothy Donnelly Edmund Breese Leslie Faber
Act III. "She was mine. You can have her now"

its bewildering wires and ropes, to make sure that everything is all right and safe. In the meantime the three rings are being made, stages built, the menagerie and side-shows laid out, and already the track rehearsals have begun with chariot and other races.

To the visitor looking on, hemmed in by a tangle of ropes and other appurtenances of the show, which litter the arena, it is all a hopeless looking jumble. How a smooth, orderly, finished performance could ever be brought out of it seems a question unanswerable. To add to the topsy-turviness of things this year at the far end of the Garden some three hundred men were hammering and pounding away on the building of a mammoth double stage for the grand new spectacle "Cleopatra," which, for the first time in the history of the circus, does away with the time-honored, old-fashioned tournament or pageant—the grand parade that always opened each performance of the circus.

Standing to one side, with hat pushed back on his head, is Alf T. Ringling, the Circus King, directing a thousand and one details connected with the circus. Over in the first ring is "Bud" Gorman, the equestrian director, who, in a theatre, would be the stage director. Encircling the ring is a fine, large, cream stallion, on whose broad back a captivatingly pretty Australian girl of seventeen years is turning from twenty to thirty somersaults backward and forward. She is May Wirth, who was born in a red wagon of her parents' "wagon show," in far-away Australia. Miss Wirth is the newest circus rider marvel—a star barebacker. Her act and that of "The Great Wirth Family" is one of the crowning features of this year's show.

In the third ring a young woman in street dress sits in a handsome trap, putting a trick *haute école* horse through his paces. At the tap of a whip the beautiful animal kneels down, lies down in the shafts, dances or paws the air, while half a dozen grimy canvasmen plunge in and out of the ring rehearsing their part of the performance, which consists in rolling out the great carpets which cover the tanbark of the rings, and rolling them up again at the sound of a whistle from the boss. The clever horse never notices them as they run in and out under his nose. His work is to stand, or lie, or pose, as his mistress commands, and he attends strictly to business. Other canvasmen in other parts of the arena are busily engaged in rehearsing, also setting up nets under the flying trapeze, and handling a

scores of "props" with astonishing and bewildering deftness. On the stage next to the ring a company of twenty-one Japanese

Strong Men are going through their extraordinary gymnastic and balancing stunts, juggling little tots who go up to the top of the tottering poles held by their father, who is all the time looking all about them. To one side of the stage the head of the "family" is carefully examining the poles and ladders used by these acrobatic wizards, and in a corner a human pyramid is in the building by others of the troupe. Above their heads an aerial acrobat of the sensational Siegrist Troupe, after testing the fastenings of his lofty apparatus, dives out into space in a most wonderful wizard-whirling aeroplane way, only to spin high over the three rings and two stages to the opposite side, and there seizes hold of a bar as you hold your breath and clinch your fists.

Another member of this troupe of human aerial torpedos is busily engaged in testing some more apparatus strung high up under the "big top"—for, even Madison Square Garden, to the circus man, is the "big top." In his mouth is a cornucopia pipe, and his clothing is protected by a pair of white overalls. He climbs around the swinging platform, throws his weight on knots and braces, and smokes as calmly as though he were on the ground thirty feet below, instead of clambering upon an unsteady affair of ropes and bars.

A team of bareback riders hold the next ring—a man and a woman limbering up for the big show. The woman does not have on the fluffy gauze skirts, the gleaming tights, or the rose in her hair, which have from time immemorial been the salient parts of a circus equestrienne's make-up. She wears a bloomer suit of flannel, black stockings and cloth sandals. The great lumbering white horse gallops amiably around the ring while the riders dance upon his broad back, rush at him from convenient angles and spring upon him, stand upon their hands, and otherwise have fun with him. And, standing in the centre of the ring, in a revolving poise, cracking the whip is Ringmaster John Ducander, wearing the largest moustache in captivity.

Miss Wirth having left the first ring, Berzac's Marvelous Mules bound into it, and stubbornly rehearse their stubborn act. All the while "Bud" Gorman is moving around and about the arena with a scenario in his hand assigning entrances and exits, and pulling the acts together. Then a whistle blows, and the track is cleared. An



JANE GROVER
Seen in Chicago recently as the Countess in "The Pink Lady Co."



HERBERT AVLING
Well-known character actor at present appearing as Mr. Buckett in "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Daly's Theatre

instant later eight horses, two abreast, are led out into the arena for the initial rehearsal of the tandem race, with women riders. Quickly, like a zephyr, eight women leap upon the horses' backs, one foot on each, and stand erect awaiting the crack of the whip to start. One of these, a little black-haired child wearing a red shirtwaist, short black skirt reaching above the knees, and felt dancer's slippers, who hardly appears to be over fifteen or sixteen years old, is standing on the back of a pair of blacks that haven't been on the tanbark all winter, and are impatiently digging their hoofs into it in their eagerness to be off. She is little Lucile King. Though littler'n a minute, she has more nerve in her little body than ten men and a couple of lions to boot.

The whip cracks, and the race is on. It is a real race—those circus people may live in the land of "Make Believe," but they do try to win those races. Around the arena they tear, each woman standing erect and lashing her horses like mad. Twice they flash around, and then the child's foot slips. Before she can recover her balance she has fallen between the two rearing steeds, her left leg thrown over the inner horse's neck. The other women, though with fear for the child in their hearts, do not stop—that isn't part of the game! Instead, they lash their horses harder.

With rare presence of mind the child checks up her horses as best she can, and in a jiffy, too, and, drawing herself up, throws her body forward across the off horse's back. Few divine her purpose—but the equestriennes all know. With a great heave she throws her body clear of the horses and on to the tanbark, clutching tightly to the reins and holding on, though dragged along the ground, until the horses come to a stop.

"No, I'm not hurt," she exclaims, "and I'm going to ride 'em, too!"

"Why did you change horses, and fall from the off horse?" she was asked.

"They were turning, and if I'd have fallen from the first they'd have stepped on me that way," she replied, carelessly, as she hastily remounted, the while gritting her teeth in plucky determination. And she did ride them, too—and for three triple stretches!

The track being left clear of flying steeds, out tumble into the arena an army, fifty strong, of clowns that look like anything but their kind, in their sweaters and overalls and without their motley make-up. The first part of the clown's rehearsal consists in pacing off the track and timing their walk. This they always do the first thing when they get under the "big top" for rehearsal. You may not think it, but many of their "acts"—stunts—are worked out with mathematical precision, and they always have to know just how many steps it will be necessary to take this way or that, and how many tumbles and rolls in the tanbark will give the proper "atmosphere" to their tricks.

But, clowns out of motley are not particularly inspiring. They would never be picked out of the big crowd of circus people as the men who light firecrackers under one another, chase a football around the ring, and roll in the sawdust for the delectation of the crowd.

Through the maze of men and horses, performing seals, and a pair of pigs, which a stolid little German is rehearsing in a new act in the centre ring, down by the performer's entrance at the far end of the Garden—pardon, "Big Top"—Mr. Alf T. Ringling, with scenario in his hand, is rehearsing a Roman mob, consisting of an army drafted from Bowery lodging houses, for the opening scene in the new great spectacle, "Cleopatra," on the huge double stage, built to hold 1,250 persons, 650 horses, a ballet of 300, a chorus of 300, 50 electricians, 50 stage hands, and 40 property men! Shades of Reinhardt and "Oedipus Rex"!

Unable to secure a new "thriller" for the circus this year, the ever alert Ringling Brothers have started out to onto Professor Max Reinhardt in the production of a wordless play. Just as "Sinnurru" was preceded by a spoken prologue, "Cleopatra" has a spoken "starter-off." And, it is not easy to drill an actor to say his lines so that they will "get over" in the "Big Top," or Madison Square Garden! It took Mr. Ringling (Continued on page xi)



Photo Maffett

MARIE DORO

Now appearing at the Empire Theatre as Oliver in "Oliver Twist"



Photo-Felix, N. Y.

SANDERSON MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Weelum in New York

KATIE MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Bunty

ONE of the most astonishing successes of the present theatrical sea-

The Real Story of "Bunty"

sister of Sanderson, originated the rôle of Bunty at the Haymarket Theatre and is still playing it there; Sister Nellie, now one of the best-known milliners in all Scotland, is the original of the character Teenie.



GRAHAM MOFFAT
Author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

son has been "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scotch play which has been presented continuously at the Comedy Theatre, this city, since October 10, 1911. The total earnings of the play in England and America, up to the present date, amount to \$1,162,000. It came to New York with the endorsement of great popularity in London, where, by the way, it is still being presented, but none of our local theatrical wisecracks anticipated any such sensation as awaited the play here. A good-natured satire on Scotch life and manners, the play caught on instantly. Not because Mr. Moffat's comedy is a great piece of theatrical workmanship, because it is not. Not because the players are artists of superlative excellence, for they are not. It owes its success to its wholesome, homely truth and the skillful, natural methods by which the characters are naturalized and made breathing human entities. It is a *genre* picture of Scottish life. While it does not hold the Scotch up to ridicule, its humor is all at the expense of inherent Scotch traits, and its plot reflects little credit upon Scotch sanctimony. If the same unbrage were taken at "Bunty" that the Irish took at "The Play Boy," we might have seen a few riots in the little theatre on Forty-first Street.

That "Bunty" is true to life is easily proven, for its author, Graham Moffat, admits that all the characters were taken from life almost intact, and that it is his own mother who was the model for the fascinating Bunty. And when you come to examine the matter carefully, you find that Bunty is in a way a family affair. The following facts in this connection are interesting:

Mrs. William Moffat was the model of her son, Graham Moffat, for Bunty; Sanderson Moffat, a brother of Graham, originated the "Weelum" in New York, where he is still playing it at the Comedy Theatre; Graham Moffat, his brother, wrote "Bunty" and played Tammas in the original Haymarket Theatre company; Watson Home Moffat, a younger brother, originated the rôle of "Weelum" at the Haymarket Theatre, and is still playing there; Katie Moffat, a

ing it there; Sister Nellie, now one of the best-known milliners in all Scotland, is the original of the character Teenie.

The action of this charming little comedy takes place at Lintiehaugh, a few miles from Interlithen, where Mrs. Moffat's father had a big factory, and where she and her children spent all the time they could when not in Glasgow. The actual scene is that of Blane Valley Church, near Graham Moffat's Scottish home in Dumfriesshire.

The real story of "Bunty," how it came to be written, and its faithful picture of a noble woman's bringing up of her children on such slender means that she herself said she had to look on both sides of a penny before she spent it, is here set forth by Sanderson Moffat, the Weelum of the Comedy Theatre "Bunty" company. One of the most interesting phases of the actual story was the forced acceptance by Mrs. Moffat (whose husband was as staunch a Scotch Presbyterian as ever attended the Kirk, and whose training had been most strict and diametrically opposed to the stage) of the theatrical in her life. Though she had always regarded the stage and its associations as the most cunning snares of the devil, all of her children but one are on the stage, and she herself is now a constant theatre-goer.



MRS. WILLIAM MOFFAT
The original model for the character of Bunty

ning snares of the devil, all of her children but one are on the stage, and she herself is now a constant theatre-goer.

"Yes," said Sanderson Moffat, or "Sandy," as his friends all call him, "my mother was my brother Graham's model for 'Bunty,' and though she is 73 years old now, she is as straight as a poker and every bit as much a manager as ever she was. My father was an elocutionist and lecturer, and one of the best-known men in Scotland. We lived in Glasgow in good circumstances until my father died, which was in the year of the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879, when a whole train went through a hole in the bridge and not a soul on it escaped. It was a sensational catastrophe, and is as much a reckoning time with us as

the year of the blizzard or the panic with you in this country.

"My father, by the way, had a very narrow escape that night. He was on the very train which went through the bridge, which is the longest in the world, almost three miles long. He got off at the station, just before the train went on the trestle, to talk to a friend, and the train went off without him. It caused my mother



Photo White

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
As Tchaoukium in "The Flower of the Palace of Han," at the Little Theatre



Photo Strauss-Peyton

MISS GAIL KANE

Leading woman in Augustus Thomas' new play, "When It Comes Home," now running in Chicago.

a terrible night when she heard of the train going through the bridge, for she expected him on that train. And it was only six months later that he died in his bed, leaving her with a family of small children to bring up on a very meagre income. Graham was eight, Nell six, I was four, Watson two, and Katie a bairn in arms.

"The way she managed to keep us all in clothes and food was wonderful; her resource was infinite and her economy an awesome thing. And she brought us up in the austere atmosphere of the rigorous Scotch fear of God, as interpreted by the Calvinists. The picture shown in the first act of "Buntie" is no exaggeration. It was accounted a terrible sin to whistle, or even laugh, on Sunday. All the shades were drawn, and we were not permitted to look out of the window even, for fear of losing forever our hope of future happiness. Sundays were terrible days to us, I can tell you.

"As soon as we got to be fifteen or sixteen, mother se-

cured positions for us with men who knew father. Graham became a clerk in the office of a liquor merchant; I was placed in the office of a calico printer, and Watson went into a coal master's office. Nell was apprenticed to a man milliner. But apparently none of us were cut out for business except Nell, who now has a millinery establishment in Dundee, and employs thirty-six assistants. It is one of the best known in Scotland. Graham took her for his model of the character of Teenie in the play. My mother lives with her in a beautiful home in Wormit-on-Tay, a fashionable suburb of Dundee.

"Graham stayed in the liquor merchant's office till he was twenty-two, and then some one was promoted to a position he thought he should have had, and he left. My father had trained him carefully in elocution, and he had done much private and church work of this kind while employed in the office. Now he took it up seriously, and took little Katie with him. They gave entertainments before church gatherings and in public halls, and soon Graham began to write sketches which he and Katie played, and he was very successful. Before he wrote 'Buntie' he had produced several plays, the best known of which are 'A Scrape of the Pen,' 'Till the Bells Ring' and 'The Concealed Bel,' the latter of which is coming to this country soon.

"Then he conceived the idea of dramatizing the home life of a humble Scotch family, and he took for his models his own home and his mother as the central character, with the changes necessary to give action and heart interest to the play. I want it clearly understood that Tammas has no prototype in our family, and is not patterned after my father or my mother's father. In the original company which produced 'Buntie' at the Haymarket Theatre, my brother Watson played Weelmu, Graham played Tammas, and Katie played Buntie. It has been playing there since last June.

"Watson was a good-looking boy, and had a great love for the theatre; in fact, we sneaked away to the theatre every time we got a chance and a few shillings for a gallery seat. He was late one morning at the coal master's office, and was fired. He made application at once to the manager of a dramatic company, which was playing 'The Lady of the Lake,' and was given a walking-on part and allowed to understudy the rôle of the bridegroom, who grabs the fiery cross from the messenger right after the marriage. This fiery cross was a big, top-heavy thing, and the man who was playing the rôle, and had to catch it when it was thrown at him, had a hard time of it, and missed it several times, so the stage manager said, 'Let this boy try it,' and Watson caught it perfectly, and got the rôle. He made a good bridegroom, for he was not stout as he is now.

"I was already on the stage, and ran away to do it, for it was very distasteful to my mother. She told me that I was a sure mark for the devil, and was on the straight road to perdition. One morning the manager of the calico printing office found a playbook under my ledger. I had been playing parts with an amateur dramatic company, and was familiar with about twenty rôles. The manager picked up the playbook as though it were a viper, and read me a terrible

(Continued on page xviii)

Yesterday and To-day

By ROBERT GRAU

THE rapidity with which the vocations of actor and manager—once most precarious callings—have grown of late years to be one of the most remunerative of any, is perhaps the most surprising development of the astonishing growth of the theatrical business in this country.

Forty years ago there were not over a half dozen theatre managers in this country who had reached the dignity which comes from the possession of a New York office for the conduct of their business affairs. In those days it was customary for the most important of the providers for the stage to parade the pavement on what was known as "the rialto"—then at Union Square. In their hands they would carry date books; and the most celebrated stars, players and distinguished musicians of the day would congregate here and arrange the business details for their respective tours. This mode of procedure prevailed with little modification until the early '80's, when two young men took it into their heads to operate a booking bureau, which had for its object the systematizing of the theatrical business. These two men were Marc Klaw, who had been the dramatic critic of the *Louisville Commercial*, and Abraham L. Erlanger, who came hither from the box-office of a Cleveland theatre. These two men had purchased the good will and office fixtures from H. S. Taylor, who was the first to conduct a system of theatre booking facilities on East 14th Street.

Previous to the advent of Klaw and Erlanger, the most primitive methods were in vogue. It was the era of the "fly-by-night" manager, many companies being organized practically on "a shoestring," without resources other than an abundance of "nerve." Salaries were paid in dribs and drabs, and tales of stranded Thespians walking home on railroad ties were so common as to occasion no comment. A manager, with more than one company was a *rara avis*, though even in this period the theatrical world had its "Napoleons," these being Jarrett and Palmer, Harry Miner, Brooks and Dickson, J. H. Haverly and Henry E. Abbey; the two last of whom died penniless.

In grand opera conditions were likewise of the most precarious description. The Academy of Music was for almost a generation the scene of turbulence, the sheriff often being an active factor. One impresario, Max Maretzek, was wont to say that the ultimate destination of his kind was either the county jail or the poor-house! And how true this statement was is best illustrated by the known fact that the late Maurice Grau was the first impresario to die leaving enough for his funeral expenses!

Time, however, has played merry pranks in the field of the theatre. Changed conditions, when they did come, came with a vigorous impetus. Klaw and Erlanger, in a single decade, became not only millionaires, but the majority of the theatres of this country passed under their control for booking purposes, while their personal equity in these houses amounted to more than three millions of dollars. Simultaneously with their meteoric rise, a dozen men closely affiliated with them became rich and potent; among the number being Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia; William Harris, who began as a black-faced song-and-dance man; his son, H. B. Harris; Joseph Brooks, Al Hayman, Jacob Litt and Samuel Harris.

Charles Frohman, while he is the most important and prolific of producers, and controls more metropolitan theatres than any single interest, is not a man of great wealth, but he has been a more important factor in bringing our stage to its present high-water mark of extraordinary prosperity than any other American manager.

Fifteen years ago a mere boy, then employed in a subordinate capacity about the theatres of Syracuse, N. Y., secured the right



Moffett, Chicago

MARGUERITE ST. JOHN

Now appearing as Lady Berenhold in Louis N. Parker's play, "Disraeli"

to present a popular play in certain territory. Success came to him at the outset, and his operations grew until one day, little more than a decade ago, he came to New York, still a boy, and he amazed his colleagues by leasing the Herald Square Theatre. That boy was the late Sam S. Shubert! In the few years that he was permitted to live and operate in theatredom, Sam Shubert displayed an aptitude for theatrical management which destined him to become a central figure in the amusement world. He also was the first of his calling to assert a spirit of independence in the business policy of his houses, a policy which was to the best interests of the stage, since it encouraged healthy competition, weakened the grip of the so-called theatrical trust, and restored freedom to the American stage.

(Continued on page 151)

Harvard University's School for Playwrights

WHEN the John Craig prize, offered annually for the best play written by a Radcliffe or Harvard student in one of Professor Baker's college courses on the technique of playwriting, was this year, for the second time, awarded to a student at the girls' college, fear was expressed by one Boston critic lest the drama, as taught by this inspiring teacher, should become unduly "feminized." It was evidently overlooked by this piquant paragrapher that Edward Sheldon, the most virile of all our American playwrights, was also a product of "English '47," and that it was probably only because the Craig prize had not been established in his time that Mrs. Fiske, and not the Castle Square Theatre, obtained the first rights to "Salvation Nell."

In a curtain speech, made by Mrs. Fiske soon after she had accepted this remarkable play, she said gracefully and truthfully of the author:

"He cannot write an insincere line." The actress might as well have added:

"And all which he has given to the public is instinct with life, and is written not only with vigor, but with immense facility in the handling of suspense and crisis." Truth to tell, Mr. Sheldon emphatically refutes any charge that "feminism" is inculcated in the Baker course. Moreover, Edward Knoblauch, whose powerful and fascinating "Kismet" so long held the attention of London, and is now attracting similarly enthusiastic audiences in New York, is one of those who was early led to a knowledge of theatrical traditions by Professor Baker. He shared with Percy Mackaye, Louis Evan Shipman, Beulah Dix and Josephine Peabody (who won the Stratford prize), the inspiration of Pro-

fessor Baker's courses in the historical study of the drama.

Out of one of these courses it was—work known at Harvard and Radcliffe as "English '39," and concerned with the study and discussion of the drama from 1642 to the present day—that there grew the unique opportunity actually to write plays now embodied in "English '47." A thesis at the end of the year was a regular part of the work in the historical course, and several students suggested to Mr. Baker that it might be better practice for them to write a play as the product of what they had been learning through the year, than to write a thesis about plays. The idea seemed a good one, and though it was not adopted in exactly that form, out of the suggestion thus made sprang the course in the Technique of the Drama which, tried out at Radcliffe before given at all at the men's college, formed the nucleus of the work as now presented at both institutions. That students, who had the germ of the dramatic creator in them, might be helped by this course to self-expression, was early demonstrated. Mr. Arliss accepted a play written at this time by one of the Radcliffe girls, and Sothorn, also, took a play by her, which only a succession of unfore-

seen mishaps prevented from proving a great success.

Hermann Hagedorn, whose one-act plays have won for him considerable recognition, has also had the benefit of Mr. Baker's historical work, and has discussed with the Cambridge professor much of his dramatic writing. Mr. Baker is particularly enthusiastic at the present time about a little blank-verse play of Hagedorn's called "Five in the Morning," published in Mr. Hagedorn's volume, "The Troop of the Guards." Two other men, whose work Mr. Baker very warmly commends, are Edwin Rauck, whose "Night Riders" was recently presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club, and David Carb, now a teacher at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose stimulating piece, "The Things We Create," was put out by Miss Grace George in Cincinnati not long ago, and is promised a New York production.

"Two or three others among the young people who have studied with me may place their plays at any moment," confided the professor, as seated in his Cambridge study, which is literally crammed with pictures, books and manuscripts, all of which are related in some way to the drama, he talked of the work which is being accomplished through his courses. "As you will easily understand, some of those who are doing things slowly may prove to have done what is best worth while. Really, this work of mine has been pushed ahead rather faster than I ever expected or, perhaps, desired, by the abilities and immediate success of Mr. Sheldon. For, while I am glad to help these young people to find themselves promptly, I naturally shrink from being expected to turn out working playwrights every year, as has chanced to happen of late. That is much too much to ask, you know. To instill in a single student, however able, a sense of the great difference between a string of episodes and a really cumulative plot, is a large order for one year; naturally, it is much larger when multiplied by 18, the number now in each of my college courses. The scenario of a student may be first-rate when he leaves the conference during which we have discussed it; but there is always

grave danger that it will have spread out into mere episodes instead of becoming more compact as to plotting by the time he and I next meet. There are not so many plays which combine, as admirably as Galsworthy's 'Strife' does for instance, the quality of the dramatist with the principles of playwriting!

"And with all due respect to the judges who cooperate with me in the selection of the prize plays, a thing we have unanimously judged good may some day fail. It happens that the public has upheld us in our estimate of 'The End of the Bridge' and 'The Product of the Mill,' but this does not, by any means, eliminate the possibility of our passing favorably sometime on a



Prof. GEORGE P. BAKER



EDWARD SHELDON
Author of "Salvation Nell," etc.



PERCY MACKAYE
Author of "The Scarecrow," etc.



JOSEPHINE P. PEAODY
Winner of the Stratford and
Avon prize play contest

play which, when it comes to be produced, will not 'measure up.' The fact is that one can never tell what real strength and real weakness a play may develop until one has seen it on the stage. The great need, therefore, which we now have here is of a small but well equipped theatre to be used in preliminary private productions as a workshop and laboratory for these students of dramatic technique, so that they can see the practical bearings and the necessity of the principles which are laid down in the course by word of mouth."

Professor Baker is deeply interested in the production of plays of several sorts at Harvard, and in this he has the assistance of Mr. Francis Powell, for a number of years identified with Mr. Sobern and Miss Marlowe, and later with Madame Nazimova, in the capacity of stage manager. There are now no less than six societies producing plays at Harvard—two of these are devoted exclusively to musical comedy, two to the production of plays in French and German, and two to the production of English plays.

The English play clubs are the Harvard Dramatic Club, founded in 1907-8, producing original modern plays, and the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, founded in 1884, reviving the Elizabethan comedies.

The Harvard Dramatic Club presents one three- or four-act play each autumn, and three one-act plays each spring. Founded by Edward Sheldon, David Carl, Allen Davis and Doane Gardiner, its aim was to give the best dramatic work of Harvard and Radcliffe initial production, the merits of the plays being decided by a committee composed of Professor Baker, Mr. H. T. Parker, dramatic critic of the *Boston Transcript*, and, until recently, Mr. Winthrop Ames, who has been succeeded by Mr. Sheldon.

As to the acting of the plays, the greatest difficulty in presenting plays successfully by college organizations is the necessity of using men in both the men's and women's parts. This is obviated at the Harvard Dramatic Club productions by the casting of the women's parts among the young ladies

of Radcliffe College. Occasionally a part is assigned to one of the successful Boston amateurs. This was done with notable success in the case of Mrs. Thorndyke Howe, whose performance in the "Medea" was an artistic achievement. Having a large number of university men and women to choose from, the director is able to cast the plays with unusual success, and the performances, as a rule, are of a high order, approximating at times the finish of a professional performance. This is particularly noticeable in the pictorial side of the production, the personal care of the director being given to its details. The scenery, costumes and properties are made and painted from designs furnished by Mr. Powell, and here is found an approach, at least, to the unity of production touched upon by Gordon Craig in his recent volume, "The Art of the Theatre." Appropriate music is furnished by an orchestra recruited from the Musical Department of the University, and used in such a way as to be in harmony with the requirements of the play.

The mechanical side of the production is unique. The stage crew is selected and thoroughly trained to do the work required of them silently and quickly. Special rehearsals of scenery and properties are held, at which a systematic plan for the striking of the scenes and properties is arranged. Each piece of scenery and every property is assigned to an individual, and for that they are held individually responsible. The scenes are then struck and reset, until the work proceeds with the regularity of clock work.

As a result, on an opening night the waits are surprisingly short, and noise is unknown. Inasmuch as successful work in the stage department is one of the requirements of admission to the club, there is, of course, great enthusiasm, and a large supply of stage hands from which to draw. Hence it is no unusual thing to see the athletic scion of some prominent family hustling "properties" and scenery with the skill of a professional and doing it well, with all the skill and directness of a trained mind and body.



AGNES CRIMMINS
Author of "She Knows Better Now" produced by May Irwin



ELIZABETH A. MCFADDEN
Author of "The Product of the Mill"



FLORENCE LINCOLN
Author of "The End of the Bridge"



Hudson Co., Boston

"You have forgotten the chief product of your mill. It is that!"
DRAMATIC MOMENT IN ELIZABETH APTHORP MCFADDEN'S PLAY, "THE PRODUCT OF THE MILL"

So far as the methods of work and production are concerned, the Elizabethan revivals of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity are virtually the same as those of the Dramatic Club. Their type of play, however, demands, of course, different treatment in the acting, and there the Elizabethan custom of having all parts, male and female, played by men, prevails. The plays have come to be given with careful attention to the purity of the text and scrupulous accuracy to historic detail. To the Delta Upsilon belongs the honor of having probably produced more Elizabethan plays than any other college society, or perhaps any other dramatic organization in the world. Their performance last year of Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West" was most interesting because of the hold which it took upon a modern audience.

Three at least of Mr. Baker's recent students have been able, within a year, to get their plays professionally produced. Just about this time a year ago the John Craig prize, in dramatic composition, open to "English '47" students at Harvard and Radcliffe, was awarded to Miss Florence Lincoln, a special student at the latter institution. The prize brings to its winner \$250 in money, and the assurance of production at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston for one week certainly, and for as many weeks thereafter as the success of the play warrants. Generous terms in royalties are made by Mr. Craig, and he also agrees to give his valuable aid towards placing the play with other managers. The whole prize is for \$500, of which sum the second \$250 goes to the Harvard University library for the purchase of books on the history of the English stage.

Miss Lincoln's play, the first to win out in this competition, had to do with a physician; a mentally unbalanced woman; a delightful boy, Peter, who acted as the physician's office boy; and a hearty man-of-the-world, one of the physician's friends, who proves to be Peter's father. Though there was one very great improbability in the play's plot—that a physician, who is a nerve specialist, would marry one of his patients out of mere sentimental regard for the affection that patient's father long cherished for his (the physician's) deceased mother—yet the Peter, as played by Miss Henriette McDaniel, was so charming that the play won a very great success in Boston, and, after running for ten weeks at the Castle Square Theatre, was purchased by Henry Miller, who has already brought it out in San Francisco.

Miss Lincoln is still studying with Mr. Baker at Radcliffe, but

she has also settled down to playwriting as a profession. In a little talk concerning her work and the formative influences which have helped her in it, she said recently: "To me Normal School

has been almost of more service than college. I regard the contact which I there had with girls from comparatively poor homes as of immense value to me. And the psychology course taught me a great deal. I never knew before that you can take the cover off your brain, as it were, and look into it. During my period of experimental teaching I learned to trace cause and effect in the action of children. I am certain that it was to my Normal School work that Peter owes his charm. Rather curiously, I never wanted to go to college when I was at the age most girls decide upon a college course. Going to college always seemed to me to be getting away from the every-day world, and I shrank from that. Yet when I had finished at the Normal School, and my teachers there pointed out to me that, since I was interested in study, and wanted to educate myself further, college was the natural place for me to go, I put my silly little prejudice behind me and entered Radcliffe. Of course, I am now immensely glad that I did so, because it is through my work there with Professor Baker that I have been able to reach the thing which I have decided to make my profession. I'm working all the time now at play-



Photo-Muffet

ANN MURDOCK

Popular young actress lately seen in "Excuse Me," now appearing in a stock company out West

writing—though not with any star in mind—and I hope I shall be able to do something good, something with meaning in it; for, of course, when all is said there was nothing substantial to "The End of the Bridge."

Thus modestly did this clever and attractive Boston girl dismiss the work which Mr. Craig and Mr. Miller thought worthy of fine professional production—an estimate which Boston folk warmly endorsed by crowding the Castle Square Theatre twice a day for nine weeks last winter.

This year's prize play, by Elizabeth McFadden, another special student at Radcliffe, is, however, very different—for it is a sociological drama, and has to do with child labor in the cotton mills of Georgia. The title of the piece expresses its thesis: "The Product of the Mill" is the stunted, joyless life of children, whose childhood has been prematurely crushed out of them by long hours of work and by harsh conditions of labor. Constructionally the piece is admirably simple and direct. The author has withstood many temptations to sub-plotting and to "talk" about the tremendous evil at which

(Continued on page vii)



Photo White

LEWIS WALLER AND HENRY STANFORD IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AT DALY'S THEATRE

An Interview with the Author of "The Pigeon"

IT was on the day following the premiere of "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre. The British author and the interviewer sat in a discreetly lighted reception room in a leading New York hotel. The orchestra was fiddling away soft strains from "Madama Butterfly." To the prejudiced ones who read in Galsworthy's writings the reformer's zealotry, or the preacher's insistence, if not the economist's love for diagrams, this setting would have appeared incongruous. Galsworthy, however, is so kind, so quiet, so courteous, so direct and so human, that on that day and on the next day (for great men should always be interviewed twice), there was a sense of perfect fitness in the discreetly lighted reception room and that industrious orchestra fiddling away Suzuki's prayer.

Galsworthy is not the type of a man that can be interviewed in his bedroom with carpet slippers on his feet. It would be quite as incongruous to imagine him strutting along Peacock alley. His scorn of conventionalities is only matched by his knowledge of them. Having, once for all time, decided to be kind, he respects them for the sake of the physical and intellectual privacy they afford. Neither tall nor short, grey-haired, with a promise of inconspicuous baldness some day, neither pale nor ruddy, neither plain nor good looking, wearing clothes which are neither careless nor stylish, the author of "Strife" is anonymous in appearance. Of mannerisms he has none, or almost none. When looking for some one he presses a monocle into service. After locating the object of his search he replaces the monocle by a pair of common eyeglasses. Then the glasses also disappear, and he looks at you with unsuspected eyes.

He welcomes visitors with the air of a gentleman receiving a social call from a sympathetic friend, avoiding carefully the patronizing kindness of the great one towards the humble representative of the press, and the overcordial eagerness of the practical artist who oils liberally the bearing of a publicity engine. He answers all questions, sometimes prefacing his answers, when they are disobliging, with the remark that he does not wish to be quoted. The writer spared his host inquiries as to his impressions of America and the beauty of American women, although, no doubt, he would have answered even that with courtesy and cleverness.

"Little theatres," Galsworthy said, "will probably be built in every large city, and will prove a successful venture. They will in no way compete with the larger playhouses. For there are two publics—the public that delights in the subtle and the public that revels in the obvious. On one side are those whose brain is reached through their ears first; on the other side, those whose brain is reached through their eyes first."

"Highbrows and lowbrows?"

"No, merely two different kinds of intellect. One more at-



Hoppe, London

JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Strife," "Justice," "The Pigeon," etc.

tracted by action, the other more given to speculation."

Galsworthy cares little for comparisons. He realizes that there always are three sides to every question. This is why he believes that little theatres will render attendance at playhouses more pleasurable to the various classes of people who represent the various sides of the question.

"To those who like spectacles, literary plays are a bore and *vice versa*. The growth of the "little theatre" idea will probably broaden the chasm which separates those two kinds of audiences, neither of which should be characterized as belonging to a lower or a higher mental type. It will also accentuate the difference between the two classes of plays. Intellectual plays will be more intellectual, spectacular plays more spectacular. One of the most desirable things in art is the keeping apart of *genres*. The mixing up of all varieties is merely an unconscious attempt at appealing to the largest possible number, regardless of artistic results."

"I devotedly wish," he went on, "for the day when realism will be absolutely realistic and when, on the other hand, an author's fancy will be allowed absolute free play. The instinct for materialistic reality and the instinct for pure dream must be satisfied separately, not at the expense of each other. What will bring about this new development I cannot tell; perhaps some unknown, untried type of theatre."

Galsworthy confessed to having delivered two or three political speeches. One of them was unfortunately unearthed and reprinted by an ill-advised publisher. The novelist, absolutely out of his element, almost forgot his English on that occasion. He told the working women that they "had raised the greatest statue to Fortitude that had ever been raised in history." How many caught the meaning of that may never be known. He also stated that "The sleeping dog, Justice, is beginning to open his eyes." He prophesied that "Before the minimum wage could be established the Machine of Labor would be jolted first in one part, then in another," and he wound up by advising the English working women to "Link themselves with the women of America, France and Germany!"

Gentleness and moderation do very well in a discreetly lighted parlor when expressing themselves to an accompaniment of soft strings. On street corners, when red fire is burned, those qualities are likely to appear ineffective. Galsworthy is now perfectly aware of all that. He is not likely to burn his fingers again. The novelist has, of course, his little pet schemes for the betterment of this world, but he fortunately lacks the approved stock phrases that whip up indifferent bystanders into riotous deeds.

The author thinks that "Workingmen and women will, in a near future, come to some international understanding, and that nations will have to make some national or international arrangements for the public control or exploitation of coal mines,



Photo Alice Boughton

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS THE PEASANT WOMAN IN "THE TERRIBLE MEAK"



Photo Rings

MISS IVY FROUTHMAN
Leading woman in James Montgomery's play, "Ready Money"

railroads and bakeries." This sounded distinctly socialistic, but when told that socialists claimed him on the strength of plays like "Strife," "Justice" or "The Silver Box," he answered:

"I believe I am generally called a socialist. This is a mistake. I am neither a socialist nor an individualist. The true path most obviously lies in the middle. The English and American communities have undoubtedly become extravagantly individualistic, and are only now beginning, almost too late, to try and pull their horns in. By one who is not a politician either by profession or nature, but simply an indifferent writer, who generally sees both sides of things, and tries to see them as they are, and to achieve

true proportions in his pictures, extravagance and excrescences naturally tend to get pilloried. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my socialism.

"I do not belong to any political party. An artist must not be hampered in the expression of his thoughts and feelings by any party considerations. An artist's only business is art. And the only mission of art is art. Critics should not ask the question, 'What did the author try to show in such and such a novel, in such and such a play?' I never tried to show anything, to prove anything, to demonstrate anything, to refute anything.

"Now and then a scene, an image will obsess my mind until I rid myself of it by translating it into black and white. It may happen that when my work is finished, it actually demonstrates or refutes something. So much the better if it does, at least from the point of view of those who wish the problem to be presented as I presented it. Personally, I am totally indifferent to the conclusion to be drawn from my premises.

"If you have a thesis to propound, there is the newspaper, there is the pulpit, there is the platform at your disposal; if all three fail you, write a pamphlet. The problem play and the problem novel are, however, most unsatisfactory mongrel types. Artistic inspiration interferes with the correct presentation of the problem. The correct presentation of the problem interferes with the artist's inspiration."

Who are your favorite writers at the present day?

"John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy and Joseph Conrad."

Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, yes, but why John Galsworthy? From the tone of Galsworthy's voice I felt that he was especially partial to Masfield. Not Masfield the poet; not Masfield, the author of the "Street of To-day," of "Multitude and Solitude," but Masfield, the playwright. Of Masfield's plays he fancies most "The Tragedy of Nan"—pure, unadulterated gloom, in which Nan, the daughter of a man who was hanged for stealing a sheep, is tortured by her aunt and her cousin Jennie, falls in love with Dick, loses him to Jennie, learns that her father was hanged by mistake, then forces Jennie to eat pie made from a sick lamb, then stabs Dick, and, after much Melisandian ravings with a Golaudlike old fiddler, goes to throw herself into the sea. What chord does this touch in Galsworthy: in Galsworthy, the kind, indulgent cynic? For Masfield's play is crude, his characterization terribly primitive, his story patchy and melodramatic, his villains unpardonably villainous, and Nan unpardonably declamatory. All these defects Galsworthy is willing to overlook for the sake of a scene in the third act, wherein Nan and the old fiddler describe, in alternate Maeterlinckian speech, the wonders of a rising tide in a moonlit night.

A mention of Maeterlinck's name only brought to Galsworthy's lips one severe judgment: "There is too much of the indoor stamp to what he writes. He does not feel, he does not suffer."

And thus does the very modern Galsworthy bring us back to Musset's theory. It is not the poet's dazzling sword-play which is the thing, but the drop of blood at the point of the sword.

This is why, of all the books he has written, Galsworthy prefers "The Man of Property," and this is why in that particular book he prefers one scene in which little June, who has just lost her lover, comes home broken-hearted but silent, while Old Jolyon, apparently dead to all emotions save those connected with the correct conduct of a dinner or the

(Continued on page viii)



Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry in the garden of her country home, England



In the Grecian draperies she wore during her recent lecture tour



Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry and her young husband (Mr. James Carew)

AS I have never seen Ellen Terry on the stage, my point of view, that of a

friend and traveling companion, is different from that of most of her admirers. On account of the illness of her young English friend, I was asked at an hour's notice to accompany her for a few weeks on her lecture tour a year ago. My duties, rather vaguely defined, seemed to consist of listening when Miss Terry felt like talking, talking when she wanted to listen, smoothing out the inconveniences of travel and, as far as possible, making her time agreeable—altogether, a delightful occupation for anyone.

It was while I was waiting to meet her before her second lecture in New York, that I heard her celebrated voice for the first

time: "This dreadful steam heat! Indeed, it is not turned off. How do you do, my dear friend? Really, you know, your steam heat in America is—devilish!" She laughed and turned to be introduced. First, however, she jerked off, with a characteristic quick gesture, the spectacles which she wears most of the time, but with which she never appears before an audience.

In the wings of the Hudson Theatre, I was then impressed with what never ceased to impress me during the weeks I was with her, the magnificent personality and remarkable energy of this woman of sixty-three. Her voice, her head, her throat, her heart, everything connected with her are so big. She then wore the Grecian draperies, grey that day, whose flowing lines and heavy folds gave her more than ever the appearance of a superb statue.

Bertha, her capable and devoted little German maid or "keeper," as Miss Terry calls her, was begging her to go before the curtain. It was already after three o'clock. Laughingly, the actress protested: "Hush, Bertha, let me have just a minute, can't you? You hurry me to death." Turning to me, she said jok-

On Tour with Ellen Terry

ingly: "Bertha is always very strict with me, as you will see."

"But, Madame," insisted the girl, "if you don't begin, we'll never get the Boston train. You know I cannot pack number seven until you dress for the street. Oh, Madame, you have the wrong look! That is your first lecture, I'll bring you the second from number six."

A word here to explain these mystic numbers. I was soon to learn that they referred to our luggage, our principal topic of conversation and anxiety. There were seven pieces, not including the green velvet curtain and theatre basket that had to be personally conducted into each baggage car, and a special cab hired to carry them behind us wherever we went, or Miss Terry would lose entirely her peace of mind. Each bag or suit-case was numbered, and had its own key, and was supposed to contain a certain class of articles. The fact that the three of us packed and unpacked constantly, and that therefore no article was ever where it belonged, and that the key of number seven fitted number five was puzzling, but never disturbed Bertha's faith in her system. The seven did not include a small green bag bulging and open, with pencils, a powder puff and a knife, suspended by strings, which Miss Terry never let out of her hand. It did not, as I at first supposed, contain jewels, but papers, letters, a comb, or whatever in one of our rushes happened to be left out of numbers one to seven. Bernard Shaw gave this bag to Miss Terry and, as she said, if she once let someone carry it, she would break her habit of always holding it herself, and therefore always be in danger of losing it. The fact that she was always losing things out of it did not appear to matter.

Her arms laden with flowers, which she insisted on carrying herself, and the porters groaning under our heavy luggage, we stepped on the rear platform of the already moving



Copyright Window & Glass
ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN

train to Boston. I was soon to learn that this was to be our usual method of leaving a city. Half an hour before time to leave the hotel I would say, "Now, Miss Terry, hadn't you better get your things together? Oh, Miss Terry, you mustn't wash your hair now, you couldn't possibly dry it in time. No, I am telling you the truth about the time the train goes." She was always suspicious of our veracity on that subject. As it chanced, we never missed a train, neither did we ever have a moment to spare.

Once on the train, our luggage counted and disposed of to make passing by possible, our next move was to beguile the porter into shutting off the heat and opening all the windows. Whenever possible we took the drawing-room because of the temperature and the privacy. Miss Terry's modesty is, however, so unusual that she seldom realizes that she is recognized everywhere. Often she would say, "I wonder where I have met that woman, she is looking at me as if she knew me." One night in Boston the porter at the station, answering her question about trains, called her by name. She seemed amazed. "How do you suppose he knew me?" she exclaimed. "He must have seen my name on the luggage." I assured her that her name was nowhere visible, and that he must have recognized her voice. She was as pleased as a child, and called him back and told him that he looked like Joseph Jefferson.

Her naivete is so remarkable that she never realizes the attraction which her name has for its ordinary persons. One stormy night on arriving in the city exhausted from her lecture and the trip, she insisted on driving around until we found a hospital where she might leave her flowers. It meant a disagreeable hour in a closed carriage, Miss Terry, as usual, gasping for breath, her head out in the rain most of the time. At the hospital I told the doorman to say that the flowers were from Miss Ellen Terry. "You foolish child," she scolded, "what do you suppose those poor suffering people care who sent them?"

We often wonder that such a celebrity, one who has been always humored, does not become more or less of a tyrant. Miss Terry has none of this attitude, her moods are uneven, but never selfishly so. For instance, just before a reading her spirits droop, she is nervous and loses her self-confidence. She is certain no one will be pleased, that the poor people who paid to hear her will be disappointed, and so on. At this time she is occasionally petulant, but is immediately apologetic and sweet, and tells us that she is a horrible old woman, and she would not blame us if we would not talk to her any more at all. The enthusiasm of her audience acts like a tonic, and she comes off the stage with the buoyancy of a young star, is ready and willing to meet everyone, and talk in her most fascinating and vivacious manner for hours, or until Bertha or a train interferes.

At a late supper after a lecture, or upon our return to the hotel, was the time I loved her best. We would send the sensible and demurring Bertha off to sleep, Miss Terry would sit Turkish fashion on the bed (I could not endure this position ten minutes and I am nearly forty years younger), and show me pictures of herself in favorite roles, her two grandchildren ("Teddy's babies"), her cottages (she has seven, six are occupied by old servants and friends), and corners of her garden. She would

tell me of hours spent with Queen Victoria, Rossetti, Henry Ward Beecher and his wife, and all the other famous people she has known. The loveliest photograph she showed me was of herself as Imogen, with the wreath of flowers in her soft hair, an expression of tender sadness in her wistful eyes, her exquisite fingers on her lips in tender farewell to her lover. In this she wears the brilliant and beautiful costume designed for her by Burne-Jones, of which he said to an English lady: "I have accomplished the impossible, I have made a woman of fifty look like a girl of eighteen."

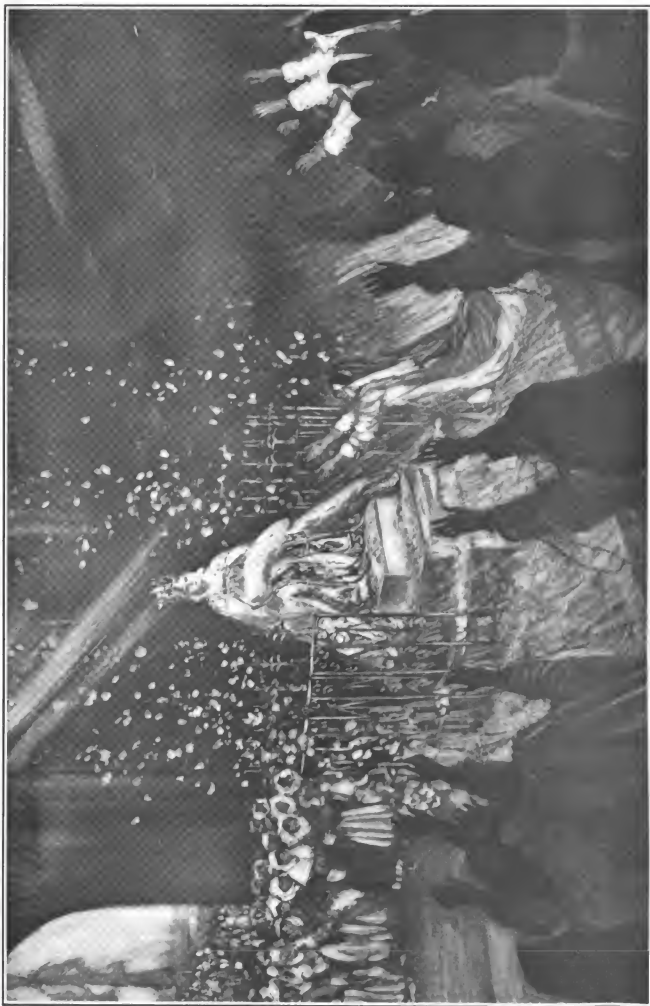
The more I saw of Miss Terry the more I realized how possible this was, and how little art was needed to efface any impression of age. Her hair, though gray, has a blond and youthful sheen, and every gesture has the enthusiasm and grace that suggests eternal youth. All of this charm is to me embodied in this photograph; I admired it so much that she has since sent it to me. Her sense of humor is exquisite, and what we in America consider most un-English. One night she burlesqued her own reading of the "Quality of Mercy" speech, as a court wit once did to amuse the Queen. She considers her knowledge of Shakespeare and old English speech not only essential to culture, but useful in everyday life. One day she and her young husband were walking in the country in the south of England when, much to their horror, a small drove of cattle came plunging down the road, led by a fierce old beast which made straight at them. The drover shouted, "Bang 'er among 'er een!" The young husband was quite at sea, but Miss Terry, thanks, she says, to her knowledge of Elizabethan English, at once "hanged her between her eyes," with the result that the cantankerous cow and her companions turned immediately off into the fields.

People wondered why Miss Terry came over here for a first-time and extended lecture tour at her age. As she often admitted herself, she hated this traveling around without her company, with none of the accessories of scenery, private cars, etc., and she strongly disliked the lecturing itself. In many ways it was more wearing than playing one part, for often she would read to illustrate her subject of "Shakespeare's Women" the most difficult scenes from four or five plays in one evening. Her reason for this tour was the same which prompts most of us to an effort—the need of money. This may surprise some, for, of course, she has made many fortunes in the past forty years, but one has only to know her to see that dollars slip through her fingers like sand. She gives, gives, gives. At one time there were nearly one hundred people dependent upon her for their whole, or partial, support: one woman for only a shilling a day. The poor creature was dragging along the street when Miss Terry saw her. When asked for how much or how little she could live and keep decent, she told her one shilling a day. From then, through the remaining years of her life, she received that amount from Miss Terry. Think of the mind, or rather the heart, that never passes by an opportunity to help a fellow-being, and not be moved only on the impulse, but keep it up for years!

One day in Hartford she bought some little books to send to some old ladies at home. She had forgotten their names, but the never-failing Bertha supplied them. "They live near one of my



Copyright Miskin
OTTO GORETZ IN HUMPERDUNK'S OPERA, "KÖNIGSINDER"
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



From the *Illustrated London News*

SCENE IN "THE MIRACLE," THE GREAT WORDLESS SPECTACLE WHICH HAS DRAWN THOUSANDS TO GAYMATH, IN LONDON.
The nun, returned from the temptations and follies of the world, paying adoration to the miraculous image of the Madonna, which came to life and took her place while she was in the care of the Spidemann



Photos Moffett

ANN TASKER
Seen in "The Spring Maid," at the LibertyEVELEEN DUNMORE
Seen in "The Rose of Panama," at Daly'sANN LAUGHLIN
Seen recently in vaudeville

cottages," she said. "Dear me," exclaimed the actress, "I shouldn't have bought that cottage! It was shockingly extravagant. Cottages," she went on, "are my greatest indiscretion, I just can't resist them—and this was such a duck of a little house, wasn't it Bertha? Besides, my old Nellie needed a home. These dear old maids next door watch for me to drive by and wave their hands, bless 'em! They call me their beautiful lady."

"Do you motor much in England?" I asked.

"Heavens! no, child; where should I get the money to keep a car? But we drive. Oh! if you could see my sweet, fat, pony and cart. Rainy days Jimmy and I put on our ulsters and drive all over the country. He loves it the way I do. Do you know, the first time I ever met my husband, at a rehearsal of 'Captain Brassbound,' Bernard Shaw said: 'Ellen, you will marry that man!' I laughed at him. When Jimmy asked me six months later, I laughed at him and told him it was a silly joke. When he assured me that he was earnest I said: 'Wait until we are in America (it was just before my last tour in this country). If, as I fear, the dear people over there decide I am too old, and should stay at home where I belong, we'll say no more about it. If they should receive me with any degree of enthusiasm—well—perhaps we'll talk about it again.' As it chanced, they were very nice to me over here, and Jimmy and I were married—six weeks before even my daughter Edie, who was with me then, knew it. One evening at the Bellevue Hotel in Boston, we were dining alone together, when a reporter burst into the room: 'Miss Terry,' he exclaimed, 'will you deny your engagement to Mr. Carew?' Jimmy and I looked at each other and laughed. 'Most certainly,' I replied, 'we are not engaged.' We had already been married some time."

Miss Terry's ideas on matrimony are very positive. She advised me by all means to marry.

"But," I said, "You wouldn't marry just for the sake of marrying, would you?"

"Well," she answered, putting her head on one side and squinting up her nose, "I don't know—if you don't marry, you're sure to be miserable, and if you do, you have a chance, at least, for happiness."

"But," I insisted, "there is always the great risk of getting the wrong man."

"There is always a right one," she answered, "and when he comes along, you be Mrs. Right as quickly as you can!" That fancy seemed to please her, and, after that, in the whimsical way

she has of calling her friends whatever she considers appropriate, I was always "Mrs. Right."

Her devotion to her only son, Gordon Craig, is unusual. She watches eagerly for his daily letter, and calls him her "lover." She is "proud as Punch" of his success, and talks of his doings by the hour, but to her he is still the precocious child. He shows her influence in her knowledge of, and insistence on, proper lighting and backgrounds for her stage even when she lectures. It was interesting to note the total disregard of this by MacLaine Maeterlinck. In her lectures in Boston, a few weeks ago, she spoke from a stage entirely stripped of any attempt at a setting. The effect of the bare boards, a kitchen table covered with a red cloth and severe reading lamp, in conjunction with her mediaeval costume of trailing purple velvet and gold cap, was startling. When she began to speak, however, one forgot there was such a thing as a stage in existence, such was the fascination of her voice and personality. Personal vanity is not one of Miss Terry's vices, but she never appears before the public until the green velvet curtain is draped to her satisfaction, the table cover of brocade at just the right angle, and the lights arranged that she may see, and be seen, to the best advantage.



Matrone

MISS ELEANOR GORION
Now playing Kotah Kahob in "Kismet," at the Knickerbocker Theatre

But to return to Miss Terry's son—she loves to dwell on his childhood, and the years she was off the stage, the happiest time of her life, she says, even though it was then that she had the difficult struggle to live and support her babies, about which she speaks in her reminiscences. At one time, she told me, they lived in one room, and on bread and milk, for weeks. For a while it seemed that even the milk supply would run low. She accepted a five-pound note as a loan from a friend. "Fortunately," she said, "we did not have to use it, but when I returned it to him I did not tell him it was the same note. He liked to believe he had helped us."

When at home, Miss Terry and her young husband live in one of her cottages in the south of England. She has many visitors, reads a great deal, and, like all cultivated Englishwomen, takes an active interest in all the public questions of the day. She is an enthusiastic suffragist and reformer. "Anything to help women," she says, "I am always on their side." But, most of all, she enjoys her home and garden. "Jimmy married me for the salads I can make," she tells with pride. We spent many hours shopping for the cottages. She is not exempt from this feminine trait. In every new town we shopped; whether the shops were attractive or not, there was always something to catch her eye and empty her pocketbook. Rag rugs, pottery, pans, and other unportable articles she considered appropriate to her home, we bought. It was only by the combined efforts of Bertha and myself that we prevented her from buying a huge mirror of great weight, and lugging it home to hang in a corner near her fireplace.



Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

KITTY CHEATHAM

The American divorcee whose charming art, shown at several song recitals this season, has endeared her to a large public

Most of the year she spends out-of-doors, driving and working in her garden. Here she wears what she calls a Japanese smock, a sort of loose, shapeless garment that on anyone less graceful would be hideous. Miss Terry, unlike many artists, is oblivious to her appearance off the stage. She excuses herself by saying that she has earned the right to be comfortable in her old age (that impossible word in connection with this charming, youthful personality). Peculiar as some of her theories of dress are, if they are responsible for her wonderful physique and exuberant health—no massage, diet or regular hours for her—we should all adopt them. Sometimes her desire for comfort is startling; as, for instance, on a parlor car, when she suddenly decides to remove her jacket, Bertha and I knowing that she wears a "dicky" (or front, back and collar of black crêpe) in place of the conventional waist, leap to her rescue with a pair of unlin sleeves, which we keep for such emergencies. She has a way all her own with each portion of her wardrobe, showing with pride the advantage of having one's skirt-bands on an elastic, so that one can breathe more freely!

She most often starts out swathed in veils, but soon she casts them to the winds in her need of fresh air. In the pursuit of this, as she believes, in America an almost unknown quantity, one day we thought we should lose her. All the way from Boston to New York she sat on the porter's stool in the vestibule between the cars. To humor me in my anxiety she waved her hand, so that from my warm, unhealthy seat inside I could see through the door-window that she was still with us.

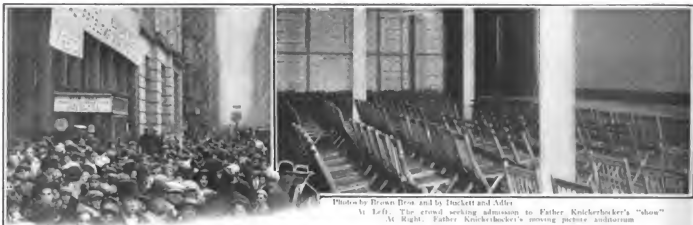
(Continued on page 171)



Copyright Charles Frohman

Terora Maxwell Conover, Gertrude Elliott, William McVay, Isabel Irving and Anne Emmott

SCENE FROM ARTHUR WING PINERO'S COMEDY, "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE," LATELY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



Photos by Brown Bros and by Duckett and Adler
At Left, The crowd seeking admission to Father Knickerbocker's "show"
At Right, Father Knickerbocker's moving picture auditorium

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S THEATRE



Health Department Exhibit

"The Spenders," though it might



Child Hygiene Exhibit

dealt with the spending, by Father Knickerbocker himself, of one hundred and seventy million dollars of the citizens' and tax-payers' money. Instead, it bore the rather flat and unselective name, "The Budget Exhibit of the City of New York."

Long before the opening hour, crowds of students and business men waited, "bread-line" fashion, to be admitted to this unique show so that they might take advantage of the opportunity there given for an intimate and thorough understanding of the municipal methods and extraordinary



Budget Exhibit

problems confronted by those who are responsible for and in charge of the greatest municipality in the whole world.

Who staged the production? Father Knickerbocker, right in the heart of the business district on lower Broadway.

The play was not called very easily have been, for Father Knickerbocker himself, of one hundred and seventy million dollars of the citizens' and tax-payers' money. Instead, it bore the rather flat and unselective name, "The Budget Exhibit of the City of New York."

Long before the opening hour, crowds of students and business men waited, "bread-line" fashion, to be admitted to this unique show so that they might take advantage of the opportunity there given for an intimate and thorough understanding of the municipal methods and extraordinary

"The cast of characters" was made up of the different City Commissioners and heads of the various municipal departments, and you can imagine the difficulties Father Knickerbocker encountered getting together such an "all-star stock company." It's one thing to dramatize human emotions and another thing, as Father Knickerbocker soon learned, to dramatize one hundred and seventy million dollars. This

was his expense account, his "budget" for 1911, and the fear of a two hundred million dollar city for this year drove him to realize that the play was "the thing."

Father Knickerbocker most usually is pictured as wearing enormous square spectacles, but it was not because he was near-sighted that the old gentleman determined to call his public servants together and in public "show" him and his five million municipal children what they, his deputies, were accomplishing with the enormous sums of money entrusted to their care, but because he is far-sighted and thinks of the future.

This is how the now famous municipal moving pictures of New York City, which are marvelled at by the inhabitants of every other city in the world, came originally to be taken. You will see them in Bermuda and in Tokio! His Water Commissioner "showed" him every detail of their progress by moving pictures on the greatest wateryway system ever projected. His Police and Fire Commissioners procured graphic films demonstrating how life and property is protected in New York City. Firemen scaling ladders, police dogs tripping up runaway criminals, were but two of the many interesting subjects that held the thousands which crowded into the "Budget Exhibit" spell-bound. Every municipal activity, so far as was possible, was shown to all in pictures that moved.

Noon times the City Commissioners gave their "heart-to-heart" talks to the citizens and the tax-payers, and from the platform invited questions and criticisms. It was a dangerous experiment, for the lecture hall was so small, so



Weights and Measures Exhibit



Fire Department Exhibit



Art Commission Exhibit



Photo White

NAT C. GOODWIN AS FAGIN IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

compact, that the Commissioners could always see the whites of the tax-payers' eyes and sometimes the reds.

The three mammoth floors of the old Tefft-Weller building, 330 Broadway, where the "Budget Exhibit" was given last October, were crowded with pictures, with charts, with diagrams and physical models, each and all telling, dramatically, some part of the tale of New York City's municipal government. Every city department had a set of booths assigned to it, in which it was required to tell its story. There were carloads and carloads of scenery. The basement, alive with flags and banners, was given up to the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments. Here were to be found fire heroes and medal winners who explained to everyone how properly to send in a fire alarm. Over there was "Brentwood," the oldest horse in the city service (who has run to more famous fires than any other horse in the world), and who welcomed, like some president or king, the long line of admirers who waited patiently for an opportunity to stroke his mane or rub his nose. Volunteer life savers gave instructions

in swimming and in "first aid to the injured," and more than all this, attendants (city employees, too, mind you) were on hand to teach you how to read your gas meter, which to most men is as easy as Arabic.

With the enterprise of an experienced circus manager, Father Knickerbocker advertised his novel experiment in municipal dramatics broadcast. Paint, paper and brush were freely used to announce the making up of the city's expense account for 1912. Assistance was asked of the various civic societies. "Constructive criticism" of the staggering amounts requested by the city officials was what the old gentleman needed. The metropolitan press was taken into his confidence, and Father Knickerbocker directed a relentless press-agent campaign of publicity in these matters. He did not wait for the newspapers' "news." He supplied the editors with news. Each night during the progress of his "show," and, for that matter, months before it was opened to the curious public, he bombarded the city editors with numerous "news bulletins."

FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER.



SHE HASSAN BEN ALI

year in theatricals, and there has been an unprecedented demand for Berbers and Arabs for dramatic productions. He has supplied the entire demand.

To be a Marabout in Morocco is more to be preferred than to be Sultan. The position of the latter, while absolute, is not one of unmingled joy, and his safety is a matter to which he has to devote a good deal of serious thought and several regiments of soldiers. With a Marabout it is entirely different. He has *per se* the respect of everyone, including the Sultan. His safety is assured, and he has wealth, honors, veneration and gifts heaped upon him. Hassan enjoys all this, and besides he has all the benefits accruing from American citizenship. He came to this country twenty-six years ago as manager of a troupe of Berber acrobats, brought over to appear with Forepaugh's & Sells

Arabs on the American Stage

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable figures in the amusement world is Sie Hassan Ben Ali, a Marabout, or sacred man of the Berbers, who, by the way, is a naturalized American citizen. Attention has been drawn to him particularly this year for two reasons: First, because he is a power in Morocco, and has had an important part in shaping the policy of the Berber tribes in their attitude toward the Germans, French, and Spanish in the recent vexed Moroccan situation. Secondly, because this has been an Arab

Bros.' Circus. He liked this country so well that when the troupe went back the following year he stayed to learn more of this wonderful land. To-day he is wealthy, and he has brought to this country almost five hundred Berber performers, whom he has booked with circuses, shows, parks, fairs, and in vandeille. He has long ceased to perform himself, but his gymnasiums in Tangier turn out from ten to thirty boys each year, and they go into the various troupes which Hassan controls in all parts of the world.

There is probably no one in New York who has not seen, particularly this year, groups of these Arabs or Berbers going about the streets, or crossing crowded Times Square, as unconcernedly as though they were in their native Tangier. Hassan has almost a hundred of them now in this country, and fifty of them are in New York appearing in the Hippodrome, "The Garden of Allah," and "Kismet." They are dressed in native costume, modified to suit climatic conditions. Most of them wear the cloaks, fezzes, turbans and the baggy trousers peculiar to Morocco, with shoes and stockings, or puttees and shirts and collars of American manufacture. But the Berbers at the Century Theatre scorn any compromise with American dress, and during the coldest weather can be seen on Broadway with bare legs, their feet thrust into

the yellow leather slippers that they use on the burning sands of the desert. The sight of them is so common as to excite no more than passing comment.

After they have been in this country for a few years, and get to know something of American customs, they pick up some unaccountable habits. For instance, most of them are inordinately fond of carrying canes, and, however inappropriate to their dress or their mission, they are sel-



BERBERS OUT ON BROADWAY FOR A WALK

(Continued on page 21)

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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

(Continued from page 135)

His heirs, Lee and J. J. Shubert, have continued this policy until to-day. They are personally interested in more than sixty theatres outside of New York, and fifteen theatres in the Metropolis are owned, leased or controlled by them.

In vaudeville the change has been equally startling. In the early '30's a friendless youth came hither from Germany and found his way into a vaudeville agency on East Fourteenth Street, where he found employment at a salary of seven dollars a week. In three years he became the partner of his employer, a man three times his age, and at the death of the latter, a year later, he inherited his own career as an independent vaudeville agent. This boy was the William Morris of to-day! For ten years he has competed with the amalgamated vaudeville managers, a group of millionaires, and he has been a constant menace to them, while he himself has become one of the most commanding figures in the growing field of modern vaudeville.

Twelve years ago Percy Williams opened a small vaudeville theatre in the eastern district of Brooklyn; then he built the magnificent Orpheum Theatre in the same borough. To-day he has seven fine theatres in Greater New York alone, all conducted on the same policy and all owned by himself. He is a millionaire, and his operations are at this time upon a growing scale. Less than five years ago, in the Harlem district, a man of middle age, who had been running a petty arcade, began to notice that the craze for moving pictures was reducing his receipts; therefore, he transformed his auditorium into a moving picture theatre. Then he opened a half-dozen similar places, all successful. Three years ago he conceived the idea of transforming several large and commodious theatres into moving picture resorts, gradually introducing a few minor vaudeville acts, but always maintaining a scale of exceedingly low prices of admission. This man was Marcus Loew, whose career has had no parallel in American history. He has a dozen theatres in the Greater City at this time, all veritable gold mines, and has built two large and beautiful theatres in Harlem and the Bronx, the cost of each of which is well over a million dollars. Mr. Loew also has twenty or more theatres in other cities, and there is no indication that he has arrived at the zenith of his extraordinary meteoric career.

In East Fourteenth Street's theatrically, a man in his early thirties, William Fox, is the predominant factor. It is not so long ago that he and Cliff Gordon used to do a "turn" at the old Clarendon Hall on East Thirtieth Street, under the name of the Schnitz Brothers; their joint salary was \$25 a week. In 1906 Mr. Fox opened the first "five-cent store theatre" for moving pictures in Brooklyn, and, pursuing the modern trend, soon had a half-dozen of the same type. Then he bought the lease of the Dewey Theatre on East Fourteenth Street and the Gotham Theatre in Harlem, paying a joint rental of not far from \$100,000 a year, and yet so profitable has been his conduct of these that he has since added three more theatres in New York and two in Brooklyn, all operated under the same policy. But the amazing success of Mr. Fox is due to the fact that he is not content to amass a fortune in these theatres. He is a part owner of the City Theatre, also on East Fourteenth Street, and last year secured an admiring intangibility by leasing the Academy of Music on the same street, paying an annual rental of \$100,000 a year for the vast edifice, which cost its owners but three times as much.

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New Dramatic Books

The dramatic version of "Thais," by Paul Willstach, published by the Dodo-Merrill Company, makes a handsome illustrated volume of convenient size. Mr. Willstach's play is an interesting addition to the bibliography of the celebrated story of the great Alexandrian beauty Anathole France was the first to rescue "Thais" from semi-historical oblivion. His romance, "Thais" was immediately crowned by the French Academy and confirmed its author in his seat among the forty immortal "Franks." "Thais" has been translated into nearly every modern language. There are three translations of the romance published by three different American publishers. France's "Thais" was the inspiration of Jules Massenet's opera "Thais," and Mr. Willstach, in publishing his play, acknowledges his obligation to the same source.



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School for Playwrights

Continued from page 1561

her play is aimed, creditably visualizing instead the effects of that evil.

"Quite deliberately," she says, "I chose for the central figure of the play a woman whose environment had not been that of the mills, a mother whose child, stolen on Christmas Eve, is nine years later found to be an exploited worker in a Southern cotton factory. I knew that the 'upper class woman,' so to speak, could express herself as a woman of mill environment could not; the poor so woman might very deeply feel the evils of the situation, but she could not 'get it over' in the way Mrs. Craig has so wonderfully succeeded in doing in my play."

Through a prophetic, which shows us a happy, luxurious home of a typical mill owner, all of whose hopes for the future are centered about the child so soon to be wrenched from the arms of his loving parents, the play brings home very forcibly the truth that it is environment and not, as some say, heredity, which makes for unhappiness and squalor in the life of mill children. Any well-born child, exposed to such conditions as obtain in this very father's cotton mill, would turn out, we are forced to believe, as stunted in mind and body as the Carman's cherished heir is shown to be when we meet him nine years later as Skinny Links. Only a woman who had seriously studied social problems would have dared to treat her theme in this very effective manner.

The Juvenile Court, in Cincinnati, was the means of bringing home to Miss McFadden the great social wrongs of our time. A Western girl, she went to Smith College in the usual way, graduated therefrom in 1898, and then for four or five years did settlement work in Cincinnati, while earning her living as a librarian. After which, for a whole year, she was constantly in and about the Juvenile Court as a volunteer protection officer, thus coming, as she herself puts it, to meet "pretty much all the grown-up problems there are."

All the while her dramatic instinct, which had made her work hard on the senior play while at Smith, he elected chairman of the Dramatic Committee, and wrote little amateurish plays for college and settlement production, was only in a negative, and as such a home, kind of way, the first possible, she enrolled for Mr. Baker's course at Radcliffe. She feels that she owes much to his inspiring leadership and criticism, especially to his constant direction to "shape the stage to life, rather than life to the stage." Happily, she possessed an intimate knowledge of a cross-section of life, which few women of her age and talents have had opportunity to study. Thus it was that "The Product of the Mill" wrote itself during the week.

Before entering the play in the Craig Contest, Miss McFadden submitted it to a New York dramatic agent, who, though she expressed no interest in the work and appreciation for its noble treatment of an ugly social condition, declared it "a tract rather than a play," and declined to have any business connection with it. Possibly the agent was right in this criticism. To my mind, however, this work is the most creditable which has yet been turned out at Harvard, and I feel, with Professor Baker, that "if Miss McFadden's play doesn't go well, playing with look a pretty discouraging profession to the young people studying here." For plays dealing earnestly with contemporary social life, plays which dignity and render more serviceable a profession which every year influences an enormous number of American people; plays, in a word, which have in them the time moral quality so conspicuous in "Salvation Nell," in "The Boss," and in "The Product of the Mill," are the kind of plays which university students may properly be expected to write.

And yet it was one of Mr. Baker's students who supplied Max with "She Knows Better Now," the play through which that actress's robust humor is now expressing itself! The very interesting thing about this play for the purpose of the present article is the direct connection its prompt production proves to exist between Broadway and Mr. Baker's study in Cambridge. The piece was originally written as part of Miss Agnes Crummins' work in the Baker course, and there were the usual conferences on it. Then Miss Crummins sailed for Europe, thence mailing back the manuscript, for final consideration, when she had worked it over to her own satisfaction. At just about the same time that this sparkling comedy, in its large envelope, was delivered to Professor Baker, a letter from Miss Crummins also arrived. She was in search of a play, and Mr. Baker with the manuscript to her, and she took it at once.

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Author of "The Pigeon"

(Continued from page 100)

acquisition of valuable property, feels sharply his little June's unexpressed sorrow, though neither a gesture nor a word betrays his deep anxiety.

"Therein resides," Galsworthy said, "the superiority of the novel over the play in the expression of moods. Subtle moods, which can be suggested to the reader by means of a few sentences, must be indicated more directly, more concretely on the stage, and lose their poetry, their lyric quality. And still I have been busy writing plays, ever since I finished my book, 'The Pigeon,' and I don't seem to be able to find a subject for another novel."

Concerning modern European literature, Galsworthy seems to have rather indefinite ideas. Sudermann, Hauptmann, Hoffmannsthal, are little more than names to him. French writers of today appeal very little to him. England is, he thinks, destined to save the literary world from its present stagnation. "English writers have more earnestness, a more definite aim than their colleagues of Europe."

"How about American writers?"

"I never read but one American book."

"Herriek's 'Together.'"

!!!

And, as there are certain stereotype queries no interviewer can eschew:

"How do you pronounce your name? Some wise ones insist on calling you Galsworthy."

"My relatives are not agreed on the point; some favor Galsworthy, some Galsworthly. Galsworthy is a purely American variation. My choice is Galsworthly."

The Galsworthlys have been in Devonshire as far back as records go, since the blood of Saxons. Galsworthy's mother was a Bartlett from Worcestershire. He was born in Coombe, Surrey, in 1867. He studied at Harrow from 1885 to 1888, then at New College, Oxford, from 1888 to 1889, and was admitted to the bar in 1890. "I read," he says, "in various chambers, practised almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroughly. Fortunately my father was not in a position to require his son to make money."

Galsworthy then traveled for several years, visiting among other places Russia, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and South Africa. In Capetown he met Joseph Conrad, then a sailor. In 1892, being then thirty-two years of age, he published his first novel, "The Silver Box," his first play, was written in 1905.

ANNE THOMAS.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case - 6 glass-stoppered bottles

The Real Story of "Buntty"

(Continued from page 122)

lecture. He said I could not serve two masters. I must choose between him and playing acting. I chose play acting. I did not tell my mother I had lost my place, but that very night I got a job with a touring company, which was playing in town. There was a chap who wanted to go to London to take a much better part than the one he had, and the manager told him he could go if he would find a man to take his place. He came to me and asked me to take it. I went to see the manager and got the job, and played the part for the length of the engagement, living at home all the time, and not telling another a thing about it.

"When the company left town, I went, too. I was afraid to tell my mother, and so I ran away and wrote to her. She was terribly upset. Eight years later I came Dundee at the head of my own company, my mother came to see me act for the first time in her life. When she came round to my dressing-room afterwards she said she had enjoyed the play, but she didn't like the fiasco that was playing my sweetheart, 'cause if she only had been a few bit younger she could 'ha' done far better herself'.

"When 'Buntty' made such a big hit at the Haymarket, she came to London for the first time and held a regular reception in the green room of the theatre, where all her family, most of them on the stage, surrounded her, and she told them with tears in her eyes of the scenes that had run through her mind by the play. It all came back to her, for 'Buntty' is full of her bravery, her management, and her wise sayings and expressions. She goes to the theatre now two or three times a week, and enjoys it the more, for she realizes the stage is the work cut out for her family, and I think she is quite proud of it, too."

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On Tour with Ellen Terry

(Continued from page 163)

Never have I met with such consideration for others; she is never too tired or too hurried to be courteous. In Newburyport we were entertained for the afternoon at a most charming home. As a rule Miss Terry refuses all invitations, and goes directly to a hotel. She dislikes to inconvenience her hostess with what she calls her crankiness—the privilege of an hour's rest before her lecture and a cup of strong coffee and a cold roll just before leaving for the theatre. She realizes, too, her social instinct and dares not put herself in the way of a temptation to "visit," as she says, with the people she meets. She must save her voice and strength for the evening. If I were asked to give the most striking trait or characteristic of Ellen Terry, I should say, without hesitation, her intense love for, and belief in, people. She never loses a friend, and she is always expecting to meet a new one. She told me once that she never had known but one bad man, and she exclaimed: "Oh, the hundreds of good, splendid men and women I have found to call my friends—how well they have always treated me!" That is an interesting commentary on her attitude towards others.

At Newburyport, her invitation was so very cordial that she couldn't refuse. She explored the grounds, was enthusiastic over the old house and its furniture, spoke of the fact that she found her favorite soap in her room, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. Enthusiasm and unflinching appreciation are other marked characteristics.

That night after the lecture, we were unusually hurried. Bertha was desperate about packing numbers six and seven; Miss Terry wouldn't take off her costume, and insisted on talking to the admiring ladies who crowded around her dressing-room. At the last moment, when we were forcibly unwinding the yards of *montré crêpe de chine*, which comprised her costume, she stopped short and said, "What shall I do for Annie?" "Who in the world is Annie?" I asked. "That very nice, kind maid at the house, who brought my coffee, and was so quiet and good to me. Shall I write her a note now, and send her a gift—some money?" suggesting a rather large sum.

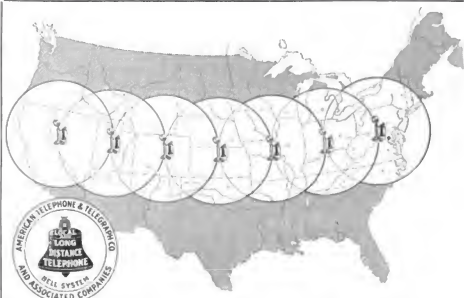
"That is impossible, Miss Terry," I said, "send her a picture of yourself and sign it—you have no time for a note now. We compromised on a photograph and a smaller sum."

Her disregard of money was so marked that I soon decided that she was not to be trusted with the tipping. She passed around dollars as we would quarters, and when in doubt she tipped twice. In the same way her giving of alms was indiscriminate—she needed watching.

Always she spoke of Sir Henry Irving with the greatest admiration and respect. Their relationship and understanding was unusually beautiful, as anyone reading her reminiscences must know. Miss Terry feels that she owes, in a measure, her great success to her association with one whom she considers the greatest of actors and most indefatigable of workers. She told me that many a night he would release his company for hours, oversee the stage settings, direct the electricians, and forget to dine or rest until, almost at the breaking point, he would return to the hotel only to study for hours. Dawn would remind him of breakfast and the return to the theatre. Miss Terry often spoke of his sense of justice and patience.

In our conversations we never touched on what so many people have called the estrangement between Miss Terry and Sir Henry. I fully believe that there never was any estrangement, certainly not from the silly cause sometimes given of jealousy on the part of his family. To me the most reasonable and natural solution is that Miss Terry, feeling no longer fitted to play the young Shakespearean heroines with Sir Henry, decided that she would have better opportunities in a company of her own, in roles more suited to her years and personality. Her lecture tour was successful from every point of view. She was received with affection and enthusiasm throughout the country, and just before leaving for England was presented with medals by the founders of the New Theatre. My own association with this beautiful woman will always be one of the pleasantest memories of my life. Her sweetness, her charity, her consideration for others, her simplicity and modesty in spite of the adulation that has always been hers, make her a more completely charming woman than Shakespeare's most perfect heroine.

CARMEN CHITTENDEN MARIE.



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Arabs on the American Stage

(Continued from page 168)

dom without this badge of honor. The Berbers are also responsible for the shoulder bags which have been so popular with women the past year. For the baggy trousers have no pockets, and each Berber carries a bag over his shoulder to hold what an American would put into his pockets.

To what the present vogue for Eastern plays is attributable is impossible to say. Such things go by cycles, and their movements are as unaccountable as the winds of heaven. But there can be no disputing the fact that this has been an Eastern year in the drama. The Hippodrome show is almost entirely given over to Eastern spectacles. "The Garden of Allah" is a story of the great desert. "The Arab" was an Eastern play, "Kismet" has Egypt for its locale, and we are promised a sequel to this interesting play. All of these plays demanded local color, and the people demand of a manager in these latter days the real thing in color. Hassan has been supplying this country with real Arabs and Berbers for years, and he only handles the real article, and, in fact, he has such strong influence in Morocco, by virtue of his high and sacred position, that it is next to impossible to get real Berber acrobats without going to him. The gentlemen who wanted the Berbers went to him, and he jumped on a steamer, let his beard grow, picked up his Arab vestment at Gibraltar, and presto! Sir Hassan is himself again. Sir Hassan Ben Ali, Marabout.

When he came back two months later he had enough Arabs to start a miniature Morocco. For the Hippodrome he brought the Bolker Troupe of sixteen and the Beni Zoug Zoug Troupe of nine. They were all playing in Europe, and he had to postpone their "time" in consequence. Nearly all these men have played in this country before, and Hargy Tip, the youth with the bushy hair carefully divided into three sections, has played and danced all kinds of dances in the "Follies of 1927." Incidentally he is worth a little over \$15,000 and speaks seven languages.

For "The Garden of Allah" Hassan brought over twenty-five Berbers, most of whom had never been outside their own country before. They do not have to perform and are not trained athletes like the other charges of this impresario of Arabi acrobats. The other Berbers were distributed with "Kismet" and the two "Mohrman Girl" companies, which Sargent and Holman have on the road.

No other race has produced acrobats who can compare with the Berbers. They are naturally fitted for it. They are trained from the time they are eight years old and trained by a master, and they show no deleterious effects in after years. Most athletes and acrobats are doomed to short life, and most of them die of consumption or heart disease in one form or another. Not so the Berbers. Their constitutions are such, and the training is so perfect, that when their stage life is over they settle down to a happy, healthy and useful life and rear their children, who in turn are sent to the Hassan gymnasium, and in due course take their father's place in the troupe.

And when they get to this country their training and education are not only continued, but are increased, and here Hassan himself takes a hand. In Tangier the instruction has been in the hands of Hadji Nasar, a very old and wise-looking man, who seldom speaks except with his eyes or by gesture. He is a Shiek, poet, pilgrim and the best trainer of acrobats in the world. In Coney Island, where Hassan's hotel, Luna Villa, is situated, he not only drills the boys every day in their athletic exercises, but he has a school in English in the afternoon with prizes. An assistant school commissioner once got after one of the boys, who was undersized, and tried to make him go to school. But Hassan took the school commissioner to the afternoon school, and proved to him that the training the boys got there is more beneficial to them than the public schools.

Before the boys come to this country, Hassan deposits with the parents a bond of \$200 for their safety, and he has to give to the Moroccan Government a bond in like amount. He also engages to have the boys send a certain proportion of their salary each month to their parents in Morocco. Each boy gets a bank book and is instructed in American savings bank methods. Most of them save up a thousand dollars or more before going back to Morocco.

Hassan himself is the most interesting character. In his face one reads shrewdness and a great good nature, and these are his principal characteristics.



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REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(Continued from page 100)

all afternoon to get the woman playing Cleopatra and the man playing Marc Antony to say their combined three lines so that they could get them over the three rings. These "prologue" lines were:

Cleopatra to Antony, who has approached her throne, gallantly saluting her by removing his helmet:

Antony rises in his chair and his eyes of Generals gather about him. Imbued with the spirit of ambitious Rome, the invincible commander replies:

"For the glory of my people!"

"Wherein lies your power to do this?" asks Cleopatra.

Trumpets sound in a dozen directions. The great armies of Rome appear in mighty phalanxes, banners flying, chariots rumbling, and the armor glistening in the sun—a triumph in circus—stage—lighting. This procession takes the place of the old-fashioned tournament, which always used to open the circus performance.

To show to what extent even a circus director will go when rehearsing a scene, in trying to get the man playing Antony to say his single line with the proper effect, Mr. Ringling, getting somewhat exasperated after hours of bounding away for the right inflection, suddenly called out to the player:

"Did you ever study United States history?"

"Certainly," replied the circus player.

"Do you remember how Ethan Allen took Fort Ticonderoga, and what he said when asked on whose authority he demanded immediate and unconditional surrender?" continued Mr. Ringling.

"Yes, I remember," answered the circus Antony.

"Well, then," said Mr. Ringling, "how do you suppose he said, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress'? If he said it the way you are saying, 'For the glory of my people!' he would have been riddled with bullets. Try it again, and think how Ethan Allen would have said it."

The performer did, and this time it "got over."

"That's it," complimented Mr. Ringling. "And, be sure to say it that way on the opening."

During all this time, over to one side of the mammoth stage for the "Cleopatra" spectacle, "Back" Gorman was busy rehearsing the stage hands, property men, and electricians in getting ready the wonderful stage devices for reproducing sandstorms on the desert—for even "The Garden of Allah" hasn't got anything on the circus this year—earthquakes, tsunamis, falling temples, fires and volcanoes—putting one over on "The Bird of Paradise!" And, up in the balcony the circus band, looking incongruous enough in civilian dress, with derby hats, fedoras, hats, caps, and every other style of headgear, was being rehearsed in the score of the spectacle by Fatis Effendi, the late bandmaster of the Khedive of Egypt, who was especially engaged to arrange the score and write the incidental music, and to come here to lead the band, because of his familiarity with the legends, the music and the spirit of Egypt of old. And, upstairs in the concert room of the Garden, Otto Karst, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, as ballet master, was rehearsing three hundred girls in a great ballet of Ancient Egypt, showing the superb elegance and easiness of the Egyptian Court of 2000 years ago.

The arena itself being cleared of the other acts, the elephants now come in for rehearsal. To circus folk they are "bells." And, if you want to feel at home on the tankard, just cut out this paragraph and paste it in your hat, to refer to when talking to one of the circus people. "Mr. Alf T. Ringling, for instance, if he called the main guy, from the main guy rope that supports the centre pole in the big top; the show ground, whether it be the Madison Square Garden of old, is always the tents; the main arena always the side-show is the *kid show*; the lecturers are *spellers* and *bullfrogs*; the men who sell peanuts and lemonade are *butchers*; the farmers are *rubbers*, *zippers*, and *zippers*; the man who forgets his change at the ticket wagon is a *walkaway*; the dressing-room is the *pad-room*, from the days when pads were used on the circus horses' backs; a trunk is a *box*; a suitcase is a *trunk*; all the women with the circus are *dames*, and circus literature is *soft stuff*."

They always clear the arena for the elephant rehearsals. Once last rehearsal, while the circus was on tour, one of the "bells" broke loose in the "big top," and in less than a jiffy about half

(Continued on page 101)

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Close of the Opera Season

(Continued from page 115)

concert event of the year occurred during this past month, namely the coming of Arthur Nikisch, famous conductor, who brought over the London Symphony Orchestra for a swift tournee of this broad land of ours. Nikisch, it will be recalled, was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for four years, but has not visited us in nearly twenty years. He is acknowledged the greatest concert conductor alive, hence the unusual stir about his coming.

To the eye Arthur Nikisch, magician of the baton, has grown older during his nineteen years of absence. To the ear he has grown greater, more mature, more poetic and more temperamental. His outward calm is a pose, for within he is temperamentally tumultuous. He is, without a doubt, the prince of concert conductors. He is the most magnetic personality on the platform to-day. Not alone does he hold his orchestra at the tip of his slender baton, but he has his audience hanging breathlessly on almost every phrase that he draws from his players.

In a word, Nikisch is a sensation. He is the most picturesque conductor, his every movement being charged with meaning. There is no end to the variety of gestures he employs. And in all his conducting there is never a moment of conventional time beating.

The occasion was also the first time here of the London Symphony Orchestra, an able organization but not a notably excellent orchestra. The strings are good, the tympani player is a wonder, flute and oboe are both excellent, trombones and horns are good—in brief, it is an acceptable, well-timed orchestra. But the orchestra itself lost significance the other night, for it became simply an instrument for Nikisch to play upon.

And play upon it he did. He began with Beethoven's "Leonore," No. 3 Overture, in which both ruggedness and poetry were finely displayed and contrasted. Then came Brahms' Monumental C Minor Symphony, which Nikisch so charged with interest and nuance that none could withhold admiration. The manner in which the last movement was conducted was simply astounding. Next, he led Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," it has never been heard here, and the final number was that concert battle horse, the "Tannhauser" Overture, which was vivid with contrasts and marked by a tremendous sweep. The program showed Nikisch's versatility as well as his mastery. He is a great man, and the pity is that America does not control his services.

Another visiting orchestra was the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, led by Emil Giebelhoff, which came East for the first time and showed New York that Minneapolis had an orchestra, and reason to be proud of it.

Then the brave Boston Symphony came here and played like so many angels disguised as musicians. It was Max Fiedler's farewell, for this conductor leaves the organization this year.

And, finally, there was our own New York Symphony Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch, which gave a Brahms Festival of four concerts, playing Brahms music, so that new interest was awakened in this master's writings.

It has been an unusually active musical season, but also an extraordinarily interesting one. Surely a complete record of it would make the European capitals raise their heads in wonder and admiration.

A Notable Work

M. B. Leavitt, who recently published "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management," has received this letter from Col. F. Allston Brown, author of "A History of the New York Stage," etc.:

My dear Leavitt—
It is a wonderful, clever book, and worth the authorship of the best of them. In fact, I have read all of the so-called reminiscence books on the stage, and can conscientiously say that it is the best of them all. You cover a great deal of ground, and must have devoted a great deal of time and attention to it. No one knows better than I do what an amount of labor it requires to get out such a book, as I have published a history of the American stage, a history of the circus in America, history of the New York stage in three volumes, from 1788 to 1905, and a history of minstrelsy. But you cover them all, and have done noble work. I have read it nearly through, and the more I read the more interesting it becomes.

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MARGARET ILLINGTON

(Continued from page 143)

she was a hard, selfish, almost loveless little creature, full of vanity.

"Viewed in that light one detests her. No mind can find excuse for her theft from the friends under whose roof she is staying. But let her be a girl of deep feeling, one who idolizes her husband, and you have established sympathy for her. Charles Frohman thought so, and I thought he was right. I always think so, even if he were wrong. I shall always be deeply grateful to him, for he gave me my chance. More than once I have heard his words coming from the wings: 'All right, let her play it her way. She is right.' And Mr. Bellevue was the same. He was most magnanimous."

Once, a little more than ten years ago, Hart Conway, the distinguished dramatic instructor, beamed his joy when this, his favorite pupil, won the diamond medal given by Joseph Jefferson to the most promising pupil of the school. All the dramatic critics of Chicago were the jury of awards, and their decision was unanimous. The girl, who was then known as Maud Light, the little unknown from Bloomington, gave six of the scenes from six Shakespearean plays better than any of the score of contestants. Thus she won the diamond medal. But a few years later she won another diamond medal, the approval of one of the most artistic of American managers. Watching her scene in *Mrs. Forster's* cellar, A. M. Palmer said of the Henriette of his revival of "The Two Orphans": "That girl will go far. She has sincerity and power."

For her dictum about emotional acting I was prepared by the echo of those words of the late manager.

"Acting a strong, emotional rôle, is feeling, something deeply, and conveying that feeling to the audience," she said, simply.

"Do you think that comedy is more difficult than emotional acting?"

"Acting a strong, emotional rôle, is feeling, something deeply, and conveying that feeling to the audience," she said, simply.

"Do you think emotional acting can be taught?"

"Very little, if at all. Certain rudiments of acting can be acquired that will furnish a foundation for any good sort of acting. But the power that flings itself across the footlights, and sweeps the audience from its emotional feet, is self-taught. It was so in my case. I owe much to dear Mr. Conway. But after that no one could help me. I had to help myself. In the sense of what I done for me, save the giving me a chance, after I was on the stage, I was self-taught."

"And this self-teaching, I think, consists in being two selves on the stage. One-half feels and acts, the other half stands back with finger of warning raised and watches. That is the critic in us. These should be of equal strength in us. But they are not in me. My feeling preponderates, and I push the critic into the background. That is a fault. I shall try to bring it more and more to the fore. For when these two are exactly equal in a performance the perfection of acting is reached."

"I know that Coquelin held that there must be no feeling in a performance, that reason must be the absolute guide. Irving held, as students of dramatic art know, the opposite view. I have worked out for myself the balancing of the two selves, the actress who portrays feeling, and the critic who guides, governs and admonishes it. That is the truth of acting for me."

"And the other two selves?" I queried.

"The black brows lifted in inquiry."

"The actress and the woman, happiness as opposed to art?"

"Then, almost as an echo, came from the American 'Thief' the same sentiment I had heard from the French one: 'A woman has, first of all, a right to happiness in her home life. If the question of choice between this and the negative happiness that stage success brings, I shouldn't hesitate for a minute. No woman with a grain of sense will.'"

Miss Illington added to the spirited reply of the Frenchwoman: "A woman must be happy to do good work. There must be the background of a happy affection. From this a woman can go to her work, but she must come back to it. That is what makes an harmonious life."

The performance of Maggie Schultz was less than an hour off, and dinner waited. But she gave a moving portrayal of the tenement house wife that night.

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 110)

and the other, and neither way finally, that the average thinking layman, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said of Zimmermann's "Treatise on Solitude," that he respected the title and let the book alone, will care little for the subject matter of this play. The riddle is merely re-stated in other terms when one tries to decide which came first, man or woman? Under the circumstances of the age in which we are living, it is safest to assume that woman is the species, and man the variation. But Strindberg is a woman-hater, so he has solved the question to his own satisfaction by making man supreme. This question, together with his solution, he has presented in "The Father"; and the final impression, it must be said, is that Strindberg is more anxious to say something than to have something to say. Here is some kind of army captain, living some place or another, who is determined to rear his daughter, Bertha, in his own religious persuasion and general mood of thinking. "The law of the land—which we may as well assume to be Sweden—upholds him in this. His wife, Laura, is equally determined that Bertha shall be brought up to her more conservative views. She realizes that if it can be made to appear that her husband, Adolph, is insane, the law will deprive him of all of his rights at the same time that his income will support her. She is so far as so far as she creates the suspicion that he is crazy, but investigation practically convinces his examiner that he is exceptionally well poised. She suddenly learns that if she can prove that her husband is not the father of the child, he will lose both right and moral inclination to dictate as to the child's education. Accordingly, she suggests this dark and insidious idea to her husband. She goads him on and on, and responds until he is nearly out of his mind. He recalls situations in which paternity might have been elsewhere. Suspicion becomes certainty, and finally he throws a lighted lamp at her, although it shivers to fragments against the doors, which she tantalizingly closes behind her. He tries to end it all by shooting his daughter; but the cartridges have been removed from his revolver. Everything is now in Laura's hands. The neighbors are satisfied that Adolph is mad; and he is bound in a strait-jacket. And the end is where a stroke of sympathy mercifully places him in unconsciousness, from which he is not likely to awaken. It would seem that much that is dramatic could happen here. Much does. But as far as accomplishing anything goes, it is about as effectual as shooting fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. It demonstrates—for its own purposes—that modern women is a witch, capable of anything, fulfilling her function to the world by providing man with children, his sole hope of eternal life; it demonstrates that another word for matrimony is strife. And like all good dramatist reformers, Strindberg shows his condition, and invites his audience to provide the remedy.

Mr. Warner Oland, who played the part of Adolph, and faithfully and rightfully made up as Strindberg probably looked at Adolph's time of life, is a very pleasing actor; but while he did not "walk into" his part, but came on the stage full grown, he did not make every touch pay in interest, make every line mean something about himself. The honors of the performance go to Louise Dempsey, who played the old nurse of Adolph. She lived it; and her tears and trembling voice reached out over the footlights, and tugged heartstrings, more than once. Rosalind Ivan, as Laura, was a veritable snake, who is to her credit here. She conveyed the idea of indomitable woman quite satisfactorily. Harry Dodd, as the pastor, was benevolent and shrewd, and stayed well within the picture. Nozd, a soldier, did not have much to do, but Frederic Burt did him passable justice.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "THE MAN FROM COOK'S." Musical comedy in two acts, book by Henry Blossom, music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced on March 25, with the following cast:

Mrs. Benton Mayon Murray; Mariette Benton, Stella (beland); Madame Leontine; Flavia Arzani; Estelle Du Bois; Eleanor Porter; Phyllis (Benton); Edith; Nonette Lyte; Paula; Josephine Harrison; Mariette; Frances Roberts; Bertha; May Leslie; Jeanne; Adele Karpus; Louise; Bessie Durand; La Belle; Terrence; Hans Hoffman; Marie; Daisy Dodd; Prince Victor; Walter Preval; "Toke"; Souther; Fred; Watson; Zachary; Ben; John Daly Murphy; Lord Fitz-Berrie; Leslie Kroyon; Scudis; Antonio Moreno; Laurence O'Donnell; John J. Dempsey; Chaffin; J. T. Chaffin.

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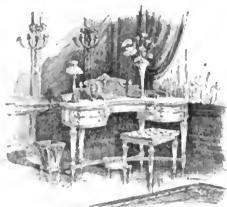
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The beautiful American heiress comes to the old place of business of Cook's Tourist Agency, in Paris, from which the signs have not been removed, although it is now a dining-room, and is taken in hand by a French Prince, who sees his opportunities for an adventure in offering to personally conduct her, with her father and mother, on a tour which includes Naples. He does not reveal his name and title, and she is being annoyed by the attentions of an English Lord who is not to her liking. It is obvious at once what the outcome will be, but the incidents are interesting, and the output of songs and dances is abundant. Miss Stella Holman, the American heiress, has a very pretty song with Walter Perovich, the Prince, that is rapturous. One of the songs had the assistance of the Hell family (Mexican bell-ringers), the scenery of the locality being exceptionally beautiful. The comedian is Fred Walton, who, amusing with no great opportunity, contradicted his best with his toy-soldier chorus. Estelle Penickson does some distinctive dancing.

COHAN THEATRE. "THE WALL STREET GIRL." Musical play in three acts, with book by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn, lyrics by Haggood Hurt and music by Karl Hoselina. Produced on April 15 with the following cast:

James Carter, Harry Gifford, John Chester, Charles Weininger, Buster Barton, William F. Carter, Paul Longman, Clarence Oliver, Rex, Dr. Leonard, Paul Peters, Jacobson, Fred Wong, Frank, Charles, Harry Walker, Jack Wellman, Sumner, Ralph Sturgesman, Harry Wilson, Jeanette, Neen, Robert Thurston, Mrs. Williams, Maude Knudson, Fred Wellman, Florence, Sharr, Lawrence O'Connor, Wellington Cook, Sunshine Kelly, Lou Josephine, Glen McCord, Helen, Charles, Dale, Ivy Page, Grace Sinclair, Catherine Hurst, Edythe Leonard, Helen Turner, Maude Knudson, Katherine Sapolio, Tracie Allen, Cleo Le May, Jimmie Greene, Blanche Ross.

With the approach of warm weather we get the typical summer show, and in this kind of entertainment Miss Blanche Ring specializes with considerable success. "The Wall Street Girl," from the expert pen of Margaret Mayo, fits her personality well, and provides this popular comedienne with a vehicle which should last her for some time. Miss Ring is seen as Jimmie Greene, a young person with a loud checked suit and a leaning in favor of the stern sex, who starts out to make things hum in the financial district. While in Wall Street she becomes attached to a Western man named Dexter Barton, and goes halves with him on a mining scheme in Goldenrod, Nevada. The girl is warned against the enterprise, but everything turns out well, and with her profits she is able to save her father from financial ruin. Miss Ring has a number of capital songs, all of which made distinct hits. Some of these which will be remembered are: "Whistle It," "The Indian Rag," "Deedle-Deedle-Dee," and "I Want a Regular Man." The star was assisted by an excellent company, of whom not the least popular was Witt Rogers, who did most extraordinary lassoing feats.

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The Victor has added another famous virtuoso to its list of celebrated players—the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist. Since Elman's appearance, no new violinist has created such a stir on the Continent, in Great Britain and in America as has this youthful artist. Born at Rostoff on the Don in 1890, he began to study the violin at the age of eight, and at seventeen completed his musical education under Leopold Auer. His debut at St. Petersburg was sensational, and his subsequent tours through Germany and England, and his present American tour have earned for him a place among the first violinists of the day.

Mr. Zimbalist's first numbers are most attractive ones, comprising the beautiful, picturesque of Tor Aulin, the well-known Norwegian composer and violinist, and two of Zimbalist's own compositions. These numbers exhibit admirably this young artist's superb beauty of tone, fine phrasing and graceful delivery.

Two numbers from a new Metropolitan Opera: Geraldine Farrar, *Le Donne Curiose*, Wolf-Ferrari; Geraldine Farrar and Herman Jadowaker, *Le Donne Curiose—Il cor nel contento*, Wolf-Ferrari.

Le Donne Curiose, or in English, *The Inquiring Women*, has been one of the novelties of the recent New York season, and was so successful that it bids fair to become a fixture in the repertoire of the Metropolitan.

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REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(Continued from page 25)

of the band players had dropped their instruments and scrambled under seats or out of the tent. A stranger, who happened to be present, remarked to "Bud" Gorman, the equestrienne director:

"You can tell the old band players who have been with the circus for years. They remained in their seats, and kept right on playing."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. "Bud." "The old band players are the ones who scrambled under the seats for shelter. They, who remained, and kept on playing, are the new ones with the circus. They do not realize what a dangerous thing it is when an elephant breaks loose!"

Led by their trainer, Harry Mooney, "the elephant man," and his assistants, three herds of elephants are brought into the rings. Three of them are taken on to the track, where a miniature baseball diamond is laid out, and are rehearsed in the cleverest novelty ever thought out by the circus man—a baseball game! Now the circus has got one of the Nationals and the Americans, and there will be circus fans a-plenty. One of the ponderous "bulls" that they call "Baker," but who makes you think more of "Casey at the Bat," actually performs the feat of sliding to base! It took all winter at Bridgeport, and hour after hour at the Garden, to get him to slide for the plate. He always wanted to roll all over the diamond instead. Before the circus pulled out of its winter quarters they had got "Baker" so that he would slide to first base at rehearsals was unique. This particular "bull" had a liking for anything yellow, and the trainers tied a grape fruit to a string, and would drag it just ahead of him as he would run for the base. At the sight of the grape fruit rolling along towards the plate on the tankard, the elephant would get down for it, and, since he was running, his own momentum would propel him along on his haunches in a regular "slide. Kelly, slide."

All these little rehearsals are preliminary and independent; every performer who feels any doubt about his suppleness, or who wants to get the apparatus used in his act, is free to practice as much as he pleases during the early hours. Then, about two days before the opening, "Bud" Gorman calls a general rehearsal for all the acts in their order. This continues until everything is letter perfect, and on the night before the opening a dress rehearsal is called. But, a dress rehearsal of a circus is misleading. It is not a dress rehearsal like those of the theatre. The performers wear any old thing, but otherwise everything proceeds just as if it were a regular performance, and the seats are all filled with peanut-eating throngs. Rehearsal costumes are the index to the performers. The foreign performers are "frights." The Americans content themselves with the costumes and trappings handed out by the management, but not so with the tumblers, the acrobats, or the gymnast from abroad. To shine in the ring is their grand ambition. But their rehearsal costumes! The men wear their ball-train underwear, their garters, and their socks, and the women anything that comes handy.

Lastly, on the day of the opening, a very important adjunct of the circus comes in for rehearsal. This is the "Butcher's square." All of the men and boys who sell peanuts and pink lemonade are assigned their places by the "boss," and familiarize themselves with the location of exits and aisles, so that there won't be a hitch in their part of the performance.

Rehearsals en route come with the morning. Each act has a certain time, and a certain space allotted to it. And, with the exception of a big show after the evening performance, and the leading of the 1,200 employees, 750 horses, 40 elephants, 20 acres of water-proof tents, 50 clowns, 400 acrobats, the giraffes, tigers, tigers, bears, monkeys, and all Nature's bipeds, quadrupeds, mammals, herbivorous and amphibious creatures from everywhere, and the 110 cages, into the 85 double-length cars, the circus may truly be said to be always in rehearsal.

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The Viennese opera, "The Doll Girl," the production of which Charles Frohman has postponed this season because of illness, will be one of two musical pieces simultaneously brought out by Mr. Frohman next season, the other being "The Sunshine Girl." Both productions will be produced in the manner of "The Siren" and "The Dollar Princess."

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the greatest dramas of real life yet related to the public. Most of us that will not believe people when the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly dream of it. 'Nameless' is a masterpiece. I do not think it is wrong to be so inebriated. One must admire the feminine desire to which the letters were reinforced. If one may use this expression, I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Juliette Clereux in the bridal gown she wears as Suzanne Walter in "Bel Ami" at the Vaudeville. It is a Burznet model in white liberty silk and chiffon. The train is over three yards long and is almost entirely covered by the art veil.

New Parisian Spring and Summer Fashions

HAVE you noticed the odd cut of jackets this spring? Some are longer in the front, and others measure considerably more in the back length. Then again the increase in length may be at the sides of the jacket.

The other day I particularly noticed the costume of a well-known society woman, who has just returned from Paris with a lot of charming gowns. It was a handsome suit, combining blue serge and black satin, the favorite French combination, the striking feature of which was the jacket. This was belted and reached to within a few inches of the foot of the skirt in the front, and the back measured only about fourteen inches below the waistline. It recalled the old-fashioned redingote, and with the present backward trend of fashion to days of yore we will, perhaps, accept this revival of the polonoise redingote.

The various historical periods play a prominent rôle in fashion's realm just now, and present indications point to a strong Victorian influence. This accounts for the popularity of flounces in the new lingerie dresses and, by the way, it is now the correct thing to relieve these white frocks with a color. This is accomplished by the girdle or sash, but quite often it is in the form of the scarf tunic, as illustrated. This can be of delicately tinted floral chiffon or net and, as here shown, the huge fringe may be finished off with tiny pendant flowers.

The newest fancy in lingerie dresses is the use of net lace flounces, and the plain foot band of last summer is now replaced by a narrow frill of plain net.

Isn't it surprising what a strong and lasting effect England's festivities have upon fashions? First there was the coronation, which introduced the rich East Indian style, and now the Durbar visit has strengthened the influence, which is apparent in the draperies, the sheer fabrics, the lavish use of beadings and embroideries, the exquisite, harmonious blending of colors, and, above all, the natural figure, which, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, still governs fashions in Paris.

The leading couturiers follow these Oriental types in all their productions, and, naturally, we fall right in line and accept their ultimatum, and hence it is that we are now surrounded by Orientalism galore.

Mentioning the influence of East Indian styles reminds me—of course, you have seen the Durbar turban of tulle that has recently come to us from Paris? But do you know that these are now the accepted evening headdress, and will be worn at the summer resorts the coming season?

At Palm Beach this swathing headgear was very popular, and effectually superseded the hat that was formerly considered smart with evening toilettes.



Photos by Manori

A striking model by Marguerite Lacroix in black satin brocade and white applique lace



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat in a lovely gown she wears in "Bel Ami" at the Vandreville. It is by Doucet in white and cream tulle, veiled with cream mousseline and lace



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Photo by Talbot

A beautiful gown of black liberty and silver headed tulle. Model by Buzenel

These tulle turbans especially carry out the prevailing Oriental idea, and a few of these should find their way into every trunk that leaves town this summer. They are also pretty made up of the gold nets. As a variation one of the new silvered plumes may be substituted for the aigrette. These silvered plumes go well with the silver nets, and the grays are very effective, while the silvered pink plumes are decidedly pretty.

A beautiful turban of cream tulle, noticed at the theatre recently, had a "butterfly" of fine creamy lace at the front, and a large jewel at the centre formed the body of the insect.

Mentioning chapeaux recalls a beautiful hat that I saw last week at a milliner's exhibit at the hotel. It is now the property of one of our favorite actresses, but the milliner assures me that it can be duplicated at \$35. It was a leghorn overlaid with the daintiest flowered silk chiffon, and it most charmingly carried out the new combination of feathers and flowers. The long French plume, fastened to the right side of the crown, had sprays of heather along the centre stem, the dainty little pink bells forming a charming combination with the pink flues of the plume. The same blossoms formed a trailing vine near the edge of the upper brim.

Another new idea in millinery has just come over from Paris. It is the placing of a small cluster of flowers at the very edge of an upward rolling brim and at the upper edge of the crown.

Another new Parisian idea in millinery is the combination of fruits and flowers. Mlle. Jeanne Lorry, the popular French actress, wears a becoming hat trimmed thus in "Le Coeur dispose." The

flowers are arranged in the upright fashion, now in vogue, while the fruit falls gracefully over the upward turned brim.

Mlle. Lorry also shows a new and novel arrangement of the aigrette that is now a popular adjunct of the stylish coiffure.

Mentioning the stage reminds me of a call I made upon one of our prominent actresses the other day. I am not at liberty to mention her name. While she is a most charming an obliging woman, she does not feel that her private wardrobe will interest the public, but I know it will, and so I am going to tell you about her new sea coat. (You know the new name for bathing suits is "sea clothes.") It is a long coat of natural crash, made up in the long, narrow, fashionable lines. The emerald-green silk lining extends at the edges to form a double fold, which gives the exquisite coat a pleasing finish. Near the edge of the garment, at regular intervals, is a row of large discs tinted in blue, and, to make the design continuous, there is a long geometrical pattern, tinted in green. All along this design, which forms a unique border, are imitation emeralds in various sizes. Drops of the same jewels, tastefully applied, still further enhance the novelty of the coat.

From the description you will perceive that it is right in line with the present Oriental demand in fashion, and this is emphasized by the turban-shaped bathing cap, embellished to match the coat. To complete the set there is a sunshade matching in material and trimming.

The lady confided to me that a friend had just brought it over from France, but listen! Now here's a secret! I saw a set in one of our Fifth Avenue shops, the other day, that so closely resem-



Photo by Talbot

A lovely evening gown by Buzenel of white liberty silk, veiled with white embroidered net, which in turn is partly covered by goldenembroidered black chiffon

bles this one that it might be a copy of the model.

The actress received me in her boudoir, as I made a morning call. She looked charming in one of those lovely lacy negligees that have just come out. It was made up of exquisitely embroidered net in the semi-fitted style, and fell in graceful, unbroken lines from the shoulder to the hem. The extremely deep collar was edged with a frill, and three tiny frills made a neat finish at the foot of the garment. She wore this over a slip of coral crêpe-de-chine, but she has several slips in various colors and materials. And that this favorite of the footlights has a vein of economy is apparent from the remark, "You see, these robes are really very practical. When soiled they are so easily laundered and look just like new. And then the tub silk slips," of which she has several, "are preferable for the same reason."

Right here I might call your attention to the beautiful lingerie negligees that are this season's new offering. I have seen some beautiful models—one in white marquise had bandings of filet lace. Another one in Princess lace, made up in simple coat style, was extremely elegant.

A particularly dainty one was made up of two deep flouncings of embroidered batiste, and the bodice portion combined Valenciennes lace.

An exquisite negligée in the wardrobe of my hostess was of satin-striped pink chiffon, in a very delicate shading, worn over a very pale pink chiffon slip. The bodice and sleeves were of rich, creamy lace, against which the pink rosettes looked charming.

I particularly admired the pink satin mules encasing the feet of the little lady and, to my surprise, she informed me that a Broadway firm makes these to order. Those she wore were exquisitely embroidered in a tiny raised rose surrounded by a cluster of forget-me-nots. She displayed several others, some ribbon-trimmed, and others finished with a simple cord, and she explained that all you have to do is to select your color and design and the firm will, in due time, deliver the mules just as ordered. She said she had been fortunate in finding some of the vamps in stock, all ready to be made up to measure.

Through the open portière I noticed, thrown over a chair in the adjoining room, the loveliest night-dress in delicate pink crêpe-de-chine, elaborately trimmed with handsome creamy Chiny lace and rosettes of ribbon. It was a beauty, and the actress confided to me that she had, "Adopted the crêpe-de-chine underwear, too, because it is so soft and clinging, and washes beautifully." And then she exclaimed, "Why, I think all women will soon adopt these luxurious garments." And I firmly agree with her. I notice all the shops are displaying crêpe-de-chine nightdresses, combinations and princess slips in increasing numbers, and they are certainly very beautiful. Pink

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ANNOUNCE the daily arrivals of new Gowns, Wraps and Millinery of the newest materials and designs.

The coat shown in the illustration is a Callot model of black charmeuse and is lined with gold colored satin. This gracefully draped wrap is characteristic of the many smart models displayed in the coat department.

The leghorn hat is a new creation by Jeanne Lanvin, designed with snug fitting inner cap of shadow lace, which is effective in holding the coiffure in place.

BONWIT TELLER & CO. have ready to be mailed a very attractive brochure—"TROUSSEAUX," which is intended to aid the Spring Bride in her selections of wedding apparel and travel wardrobe. This booklet is handsomely illustrated and contains many helpful suggestions.

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET

NEW YORK

seems to be the favorite color, and in trimmings the Cluny, Irish and Valenciennes laces share favor about equally.

And now just one more allusion to my hostess—I know this will interest you. During my call a parcel was delivered, and I wish the sender could have witnessed the delight and appreciation of the recipient as I did. And it surely was justified. It was a most ex-

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

One of the most recent importations, in the way of toilet articles, comes to us in a box containing three preparations of most



Photo by Schneider

A LOVELY HAT IN BLACK STRAW AND VELVET, EDGED AND TRIMMED WITH WHITE OSTRICH

quisite white ostrich fan mounted on a real tortoise frame. "You know these fans are so fashionable now," exclaimed the delighted woman, "and I am so glad to have it." As she waved it gracefully, we were both astonished to see a tiny bit of cardboard flutter from between the sticks, and she laughingly glanced at it and then, with a frown, remarked, "How stupid of the shopkeeper!" The little tag read \$45, which surprised me, as I had noticed one in a prominent shop only the day before that was just a trifle smaller but otherwise a fac-simile, and the price was only \$28.

unusual value to the dainty woman, who wishes to accentuate her beauty without detection. These articles are the result of years of experiment in Paris, where the cult of beauty is most consistently studied. Therefore, we should expect to receive for this fascinating metropolis our best toilet requisites.

The box contains one large tube of cream, which is a most unusual beautifier for face, neck and arms, in flesh color or white; a smaller tube of flesh or white if one wishes the two shades for use for evening; a silk sponge for application, and a most delight-



New Hats for Spring and Summer Outdoor Sports shown by A. D. Burgess & Co.

ful and natural rouge, which can be used for cheeks, lips or nails. This cream not alone improves the appearance, but actually benefits the complexion and protects it from the elements. One cannot detect the slightest trace of make-up after using, and it will not rub off; in fact, can only be removed with the aid of cold cream. It gives the skin that soft, velvety appearance so desirable, and has a faint, illusive odor.

The rouge is wonderfully natural, blending in with the flesh tints, so as to be utterly undetectable. This, too, can only be removed with cream. Never have I seen a more unusual array of toilet preparations. The box contains full directions for use, and will at once win favor with women who wish to obtain, or retain, their beauty.

Slenderness, sinuous lines and flexibility are the ideal of every woman, whether she be old or young. The woman of the willow figure retains her youthful appearance long after her more "pudgy" sister has resigned herself to the inevitable book and cup of tea. Many stout people waste time and money with futile, and often dangerous, experiments for the reduction of flesh,

when, by simply following the example of many of the leading professional people, they would not alone relieve themselves from the too much flesh, but also of any form of rheumatism or skin disease to which they might be subject.

It is an open secret that many of the celebrated beauties of the stage owe their youthful lines to the wearing of a special make of rubber garment. The firm responsible for the medicated rubber garments have received unsolicited testimony from many in proof of the efficacy of these garments, which, it goes without saying, are absolutely harmless, and not weakening in the slightest degree. Reduction can be effected anywhere desired without reducing elsewhere, for one may secure just such garments as are suited to your particular needs.

The union suit for the reduction of the entire body is made with short or long sleeves, and to the ankles or knees. The long jacket is effective where one wishes to reduce the bust, hips, back and abdomen. This is also made with short or long sleeves. The Eton jacket is for reducing the bust

and upper part of the body, while the girder pants reduce the limbs, hips, abdomen and waist. The hip belt many women find effective in reducing the hips and abdomen, and may be had in twelve-inch length for \$12.

The corsage for reducing the bust, waist and hips can be made to suit any figure with high or low bust, long or short hips, for \$20. When one wishes to remove a double chin, the neck and chin band will be found effective. This sells for \$3. The chin band alone is \$2. The garments are highly recommended by physicians to all who wish to reduce their weight and still suffer no ill effect or discomforts. Advice is given, and all correspondence is treated confidently by the head of the firm.

A wonderfully clever man he is who invented the permanent hair wave, the use of which not alone saves the hair from the injury caused by the many times curling process, but also the discomfort of knowing when encountering damp weather that one's hair is straight and unbecomingly lank. A thoroughly scientific and harmless process this is, which merely cleans the hair of a bacterial growth, the presence of which causes it to grow straight instead of more or less wavy. If the hair waved by this process should show a tendency to become straight, it is because it has become dirty and greasy, and a good shampoo will bring back the soft waves which are so becoming to every woman. For those who cannot visit the establishment, a home outfit has been arranged, and directions are sent for its use.

An interesting and instructive booklet is mailed upon request.

Dolls have become a fad as ornaments nowadays, and are often disguised as a pin-cushion, a hatpin holder, a tea cosy, and so on, but the other day was the first time I have seen one do service as a perfume case. This doll is about nine inches high and is attired in a chintz pattern (which is a very recent style note) silk dress, set off with a gold lace fichu. Her china head is covered with a quaint little Quaker bonnet, and over her arm, also of china, is suspended a tiny silk reticule in keeping with the rest of her attire. The bottle, which contains two ounces of Lubin's most delicious extract, has a neck that fits underneath into the band of the doll's skirt. These little

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CONTENTS: JUNE, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Mabel Morrison	Page
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Patience"	
TITLE PAGE: A Study Head of Alla Nazimova	(16*)
THE NEW PLAYS: "Patience," "Robin Hood," "The Explorer," "The Rose Maid," "Two Little Birds," "Hazel and Gertrude," "The Marriage-Suit," New Orleans French Grand Opera Co., Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt	170
SCENES IN "ROBIN HOOD"—Full-page plate	173
A NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY—Illustrated	Willis Steel 174
SCENE IN "THE ROSE MAID"—Full-page plate	175
THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Full-page plate	177
A NEW CARMEN—Illustrated	Aubrey Lauston 178
HOW WALTER WHITESIDE BECAME A JAPANESE—Illustrated	A. P. 180
A STAGE MANAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT—Illustrated	Gertrude Lynch 182
FAMOUS TENOR AS A HAPPY PEASANT—Illustrated	William Armstrong 185
RICHARD BENNETT—Full-page plate	187
THE PLAYERS IN VACATION SEASON—Illustrated	Aida Patterson 188
THE LONDON PIT	Anthony H. Euler 192
THE UNDERSTUDY—Poem	Evelyn Watson 192
CHARLOTTE WALKER—Full-page plate	193
FORGOTTEN THEATRES OF NEW YORK CITY—Illustrated	Montrose J. Moses 197
ARNOLD DALY—Full-page plate	199
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	Emilie E. Hoffman xvii

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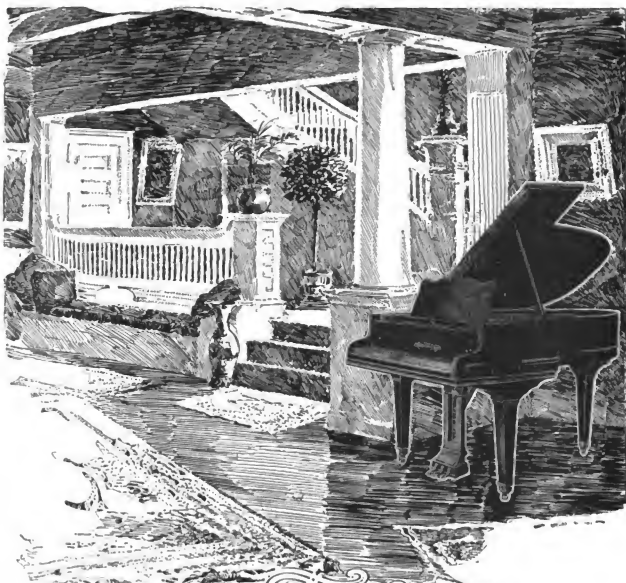
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THE THEATRE

Vol. XV.

JUNE, 1912

No. 136

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Modett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

This clever Russian actress, who each season wins a firmer foothold on the American stage, will be seen next season in a new play.



White
Lady Saphir
(Alice Brady)

Lady Angela
(Vivian Gillette)

Lady Ella
(Christine Nielsen)

Act II. The ladies follow Grosvenor's example and forsake their artistic attire
SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE" AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

LYRIC THEATRE. "PATIENCE."
Comic opera in two acts by W. S. Gilbert
and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Revived on
May 6 last with the following cast:

Reginald Bunthorne... De Wolf Hopper
Archibald Grosvenor... Cyril Scott
Colonel Calverley... Geo. J. MacFarlane
Major Murgatroyd... Eugene Cowles
Lt. Duke of Dunstable... Arthur Aldridge

Patience... Marie Doro
The Lady Angela... Vivian Gillette
The Lady Saphir... Alice Brady
The Lady Ella... Christine Nielsen
The Lady Jane... Eva Davenport

No matter how ephemeral the subject of a satire may be, if its treatment is keenly analytical and possesses the proper literary quality it is certain to endure. A point in view is the case of "Patience," now in revival at the Lyric. Certainly nothing could be deadlier than the æsthetic craze which Oscar Wilde emphasized so emphatically throughout England more than thirty years ago, and yet Gilbert's book pleases almost as potently as ever. Its polished lyrics are laughed at, the lines get responsive effects, and as a new generation of playgoers files out of the theatre there are nothing but expressions of delight that this cheerful, bright and witty operetta evokes. Which is the more important in the success of an opera, the librettist or the composer, has not and cannot probably be determined, but in the collaboration which existed so many years between Gilbert and Sullivan, the union was one of almost perfect and absolute balance. It was a wonderful combination, and the pleasure they gave in their generation to the thousands who heard them will still be handed down to and employed by the thousands yet unborn.

It is a rich and sumptuous setting which Messrs. Shubert and Brady have furnished for this revival. Melville Ellis, the designer of the costumes, saw fit to take liberties, and instead of giving the woman the clinging robes of the pre-Raphaelites, garbed his very good-looking female choristers in a pseudo-Greek conception, charming in color and calculated to show off their punctilious lines to the best advantage.

Sullivan's scores always sound easier than they are. "Pa-

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

ience" is not a simple one, but the joint chorus renders it with fine volume of tone, accompanied by

much spirited action and necessary languorous grace.

It is not necessary to compare the efforts of the present exponents with those who figured in the original production. De Wolf Hopper is a delightful Bunthorne, artistic and restrained, but funny, while his rich voice and fine, distinct diction are a delight to those who enjoy an appreciation of witty lyrics. Cyril Scott is only mildly successful as Grosvenor, but there is a splendid military trio, virile, sonorous, spirited in the persons of George J. MacFarlane, Eugene Cowles and Arthur Aldridge. As a picture, Marie Doro is Patience. Her voice is a trifle small and still for so exacting a rôle, but for amplitude of person and sufficiency of tone there is nothing wanting in Eva Davenport's Lady Jane.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "Robin Hood." Light opera in three acts by Reginald de Koven. Book by Harry B. Smith. Revived on May 6 last with the following cast:

Little John... Carl Gantvoort	Robin Hood... Walter Hyde
Allan-a-Dale... Florence Wickham	Mad Marian... Bella Alfr
Will Scarlett... Basil Rysdall	Sheriff of Nottingham... Edwin Stevens
Annabel... Ann Swinburne	Guy of Gisborne... Rodney Tracy
Priar Tuck... George Frothingham	Boy... Marie Wren
Dame Durdan... Pauline Hall	Girl... Dorothy Arthur

The task of the critic would be pleasant indeed if on every occasion he had nothing but praise to distribute to all concerned, as in the case of the present revival of Mr. Reginald de Koven's delightful operetta, "Robin Hood." In the memory of the oldest playgoer there was never a more unanimous verdict than the one heard on the opening night—an overwhelming success from every point of view. What a lesson this for the profligate manager! Here is an operetta, laid away and forgotten on the dusty managerial shelves, revived now for the first time in twenty years. Why should the beauties of this work have been hidden

all this time? Old-fashioned, out of date—nonsense! It is just as fresh, just as charming to-day as it was when it first took the town by storm two decades ago. "Robin Hood" wears well. Without doubt, it is one of the masterpieces in the field of American light opera. It is a work that will live and give delight to generations yet to come.

The present management is also to be congratulated on having found for the title rôle a tenor who can act as well as he can sing. Mr. Walter Hyde is an artist of no mean ability, and his voice, though not voluminous, rings true at all times. The respective rôles of Maid Marian and Alan-a-Dale are well taken care of by Bella Alten and Florence Wickham, two artists heard repeatedly last season at the Metropolitan Opera House. A new soprano, Miss Ann Swinburne, was very charming as Annabel, and the others in the excellent cast all distinguished themselves, among them Basil Ruysdael, George Frothingham, and our old friends, Pauline Hall and Edwin Stevens. The costumes, *mise-en-scène* and orchestra were up to the high standard of this admirable production.



Courtesy J. Strickland
Barward Lily
Trio from the original production of "Patience" in London, 1901

Undoubtedly as a tryout in the make-up of a repertory for next season Mr. Lewis Waller produced for a limited run at Daly's "The Explorer," a comedy-drama in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. In London, where the play was first presented some four years ago, it achieved a certain success, due, without doubt, to the personal popularity of the star, for the revelation of its content here went to show that the author is far more effective as a composer of light, ingenious comedies than in the construction of a serious play.

It may safely be predicted that it will not prove very successful either as a box-office magnet or as a medium for the display of Mr. Waller's histrionic accomplishments. To put it mildly, "The Explorer" is pretty poor stuff. It is even a source of wonder that he should ever have considered it worthy of production. But stars are human, and the rôle of the self-contained, long-suffering hero, brave and self-sacrificing, always does appeal to those who love the centre of the stage and the illuminating rays of the sparkling spotlight.

Alexander Mackenzie is a daring explorer. On the eve of his departure for Africa he becomes engaged to Lucy Allerton, the daughter of a convicted forger. Mackenzie agrees to take with him her brother, a weak degenerate. In the wilds, young Allerton commits a murder and places the expedition in great jeopardy. To redeem himself, he takes up a position of extreme danger, saves the command, but is killed, apparently a hero.

DALY'S THEATRE. "THE EXPLORER." Play in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on May 7 with the following cast:

Alexander Mackenzie.....	Lewis Waller	Capt. Mallins.....	Lewis Broughton
Richard Lomas.....	Charles Cherry	Butler.....	Evelyn Eaton
George Allerton.....	Reginald Dane	Charles.....	Frank Douart
Sir Robert Boulger.....	J. Malcolm Dunn	Lady Allerton.....	Constance Collier
Rev. James Carbery.....	Henry Cressell	Lady Kober.....	Susanne Sheldon
Dr. Adamson.....	Stanley Harrison	Mrs. Crowley.....	Grace Lane



White
Sir Robert Boulger
(Malcolm Dunn)

Alexander Mackenzie
(Lewis Waller)

Mrs. Crowley
(Grace Lane)

Richard Lomas
(Charles Cherry)

Act III. Sir Robert Boulger apologizes to Alexander Mackenzie
SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY-DRAMA, "THE EXPLORER," SEEN AT DALY'S THEATRE

When Mackenzie returns to England his great accomplishment is dimmed by a letter to the *Times*, which insinuates that Mackenzie sacrificed the boy to save himself. To tell the truth would make Lucy's lot still more unendurable, and so he suffers in silence and nearly loses his prospective bride, but, of course, the truth comes out, and there you are; all of which is conventionally theatrical and by no means convincing. Mr. Waller's performance of the explorer is as dexterous and pleasing as the part

sages, is not altogether spoiled by its American adaptation. The story remains, but the supplementary things would indicate that the maid herself had gone the rounds of the variety shops on some bargain day. This does not mean that the opera is made up largely of specialties, but it does mean that discretion has been made in the selection of the American variations. The adapters have augmented a rather simple original after the process of inlaying, illustrating the bare text with many pictures.



Photo White

Right to left—James T. Powers, Flavia Arcaro, Louis London and chorus
SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "TWO LITTLE BRIDES," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE CASINO THEATRE

deserves. It makes no demands upon his real skill, nor in the rendering of which can it give him much personal gratification. The redeeming feature of the play is a trio of comely scenes between a middle-aged man and woman of the world. The dialogue here is trenchantly witty and genuinely amusing. Its deft treatment is capably executed by Charles Cherry and Grace Lane. The lachrymose heroine is portrayed by Constance Collier. It is not an inspired impersonation.

GLOBE THEATRE. "THE ROSE MAID." Operetta in two acts by Bruno Granichstaedten. Lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Adapted by H. B. Smith and Raymond Peck. Produced April 22 with the following cast:

Duke of Barchester.....J. H. Duffey	Mabel Welling.....Grace Williams
Sir John Portman.....R. E. Graham	Madge Mortimer.....Jane Rock
Princess Hilda.....Edith Decker	Mamie Morris.....Ethel Kelley
Dennis.....Ed. Gallagher	Madeline Mages.....Sadie Melles
Schmike.....Al. Shean	Maude Schuyler.....Anne Raymond
Chumley.....Arthur Loebe	Countess Bertrand.....Juliette Iola
Uphine.....Adrienne Augarde	Blatz.....Harry Lambart
Angela.....Emilie Lea	Count Orloffsky.....Alfred Darling
Berence.....May Emory	Marquis Cavanaugh.....Charles Wheeler
Bertie Walpole.....Philip Sheffield	Duke d'Este.....E. L. Spencer
Isabelden Bruce.....Dorothy Edlin	Member German Cavalry.....E. McCallough
Myrtle Doolittle.....Louise Brundell	Mem. East Indian Lancers.....Philip Sheffield

There is always a story of some consistency and sanity in the librettos written for foreign operas. It thus happens that "The Rose Maid," interpolated as it is here and there with inane pas-

sages, is not altogether spoiled by its American adaptation. The story remains, but the supplementary things would indicate that the maid herself had gone the rounds of the variety shops on some bargain day. This does not mean that the opera is made up largely of specialties, but it does mean that discretion has been made in the selection of the American variations. The adapters have augmented a rather simple original after the process of inlaying, illustrating the bare text with many pictures.

The story is about something, and, curiously enough, it gives the impression of substantiality, when in reality it is next to impossible. What the people do is so natural that it is of no consequence why they do it. A rich old uncle has a spendthrift nephew who is to be his heir. On making an unexpected visit to the untamable and handsome scamp, that young man and his companions, not knowing him, offend him by their liberties and comment on his personal appearance and habits. The old man Bonifant then reveals himself and

(Continued on page 173)

REVIVAL OF "ROBIN HOOD" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM



No. 1, Act I—Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff, Sidney Bracy as Sir Guy, Pauline Hall as Dame Durdan, George Frothingham as Friar Tuck. No. 2, Act II—Ann Swashburne as Annabel, Pauline Hall as Dame Durdan, Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff. No. 3—Dame Durdan and Friar Tuck. No. 4—Bella Allen as Maid Marian and Walter Hyde as Robin Hood. No. 5—Ann Swashburne as Annabel, Florence Wickham as Alan-a-Dale. No. 6—Merrie dancers in Act I.



Photo Larcher

Alexandre Bréval (M. Lucien Guitry) Bruce (Mlle. Madeleine Lévy)
Act III. Alexandre: "I committed a theft!"

SCENE IN HENRY BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY, "L'ASSAUT," WHICH CHARLES FROHMAN WILL PRESENT HERE NEXT SEPTEMBER

HENRY BERNSTEIN, who wrote "The Thief" and other pieces of a sensational

A New Bernstein Play

order, all of which are well known in this country, has added another remarkable work to his already long list of successful plays. This is "L'Assaut" (The Attack), drama in three acts, produced at the Gymnase early this year. Charles Frohman will present the play in America next fall, John Mason appearing here in the rôle originated by Lucien Guitry in Paris.

The story of "The Attack," like those of "Raphael," "Israel," "Samson," "le Voleur," is particularly free from stage tricks and devices that might answer for subtleties. It is not so simple as those of the earlier Bernstein plays, because the most recent piece illustrates two themes, and they but one; nevertheless, it would be a befogged mind indeed that should find "L'Assaut" complex or obscure.

Bernstein, in fact, writing without much previous study, has dared from the first to present to the over-refined Parisians, accustomed to the wire-drawn ramifications of thought, plays that deal with primitive, almost primordial instincts, and he succeeded from the first. He invited them to give up their dinners of carefully compounded courses, their dainty sauces and bouquets, and sit down with him before a gigantic, bloody joint hacked off from the ox with one blow. It isn't so very wonderful that their appetites, jaded by the *entre-mets* of Scribe, Sardou, d'Ennery (not to mention the countless modern theatrical cooks) responded to Bernstein's bluff and almost brutal appeal.

Bernstein began his study of life on the Bourse. His first active participation in business was as a broker; the methods he acquired

thus—quick order, rapid deduction—he took into his second line of business, which is playwriting. He gives that early training little credit for his rapid conquest of his public, but says, and probably thinks, he owes it to his temperament, and also to his race, for he is a Jew. A capricious, tumultuous inspiration presides over his labors. He writes with a sort of madness, pacing his chamber, talking aloud, swearing, gesticulating, tearing up paper. He works in this way, he has said, furiously far into the night. Periods of calm gestation, hours of silent meditation, never come to him. Composition with him is a conflict, noisy, confused. His scenes roll like thunder from the

electric conditions which caused them. It is surprising that the noises he evokes do not drown each other; but they do not, for this writer moves adroitly through violence, sustained by a fitness for his task that can only be a gift of nature.

"We are tourists," says Bernstein, "in a feverish quest for the picturesque; we penetrate with cold curiosity into the turpitudes, the hidden griefs, the cruel batrels of men."

In the work of a man who thus belittles his literary ideal we find a singular mixture of melodrama and the epic—a combination of the common and the exceptional. The mixture is not new to France; it can be detected in certain dramas of Hugo. What lends to Bernstein an appearance of spontaneity is his devotion to modern life. Modern life, ruled by money, which makes its subjects all men equal in grief and shame, is Bernstein's constant, undeviating theme. So when this playwright exploits the manias of love, hate, vengeance, fury, he is the master of a torrential manner that is more rapid than profound. He



M HENRY BERNSTEIN
From a French caricature



Photo White

Daphne
(Adrienne Augarde)Duke of Rarchester
(J. H. Duffey)

Act II. The Duke of Rarchester is introduced to the Rose Maid.
SCENE IN "THE ROSE MAID," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE



Photo White

Laura
(Roshed Ivan)A Captain of Cavalry
(Warner Oland)The Nurse
(Louise Demsey)

SCENE IN STRINDBERG'S DRAMA, "THE FATHER," AS PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE BERKELEY THEATRE

has the primordial instincts, and is able to portray them without shades. His hero is either a bull, lowering his massive head to destroy, or an unchained lion driving, with his roar, the terrified people into their hiding places. These heroes have nothing psychological; they are simple—as simple as the circumstances their author studies them in. A "hoursier" adores his aristocratic wife who hates him. To ruin the man for whom she betrays him, he destroys his own fortune, but saves his self-respect—"Samson." In order to dress tastefully, and keep her husband's love, Marise ignobly steals from her hostess, and permits the poor young man who loves her to be accused of the crime—"le Violent." A prince, ferociously anti-Semitic, provokes a Jewish banker, only to discover that the Jew is his own father; he kills himself—"Israel." These plays illustrate the Bernstein theatre. In each of them the solution comes like lightning, and this rapidity destroys finesse; the action goes by leaps and bounds. Bernstein resembles Byron, with whom asterisks took the place of explanation.

Bernstein's style exactly suits his construction. Insupportable to the reader, this argot of the world of finesse or of intrigue marvelously, as we say, "gets across." Direct, living and common, this author's dialogue is in the tone of his drama, it "exteriorizes." And he possesses in a wonderful degree the power of compelling his audience to collaborate with him.

In "T'Assant," the author found another almost universal subject, and he handled it with his accustomed directness. It is impassioned; it strikes many notes, the audience laughs, the audience cries, and while the story is ingenious it is told simply. One needs only the ordinary quality of brain, and a heart capable of common emotions, to understand and applaud this play.

Alexandre Mèritat, 53 years old, introduced as a leader of the socialist party, and spoken of as future President du Conseil, is its hero. In the first act we see him at his country place at Dinard surrounded by two adoring sons and a daughter, and adored by Renée, the latter's intimate friend. For the four preceding summers this young girl has spent her vacation with

Mèritat's family. Admiring her noble character, Mèritat proposes a marriage between her and his elder son. Renée refuses; she does not love the son, but she does love the father, the "grand homme," who has long been a widower.

In a scene which may be described as one of the most convincing of the modern drama, Renée makes a timid avowal of her feelings to Mèritat without shocking anybody's sensibility, there is so much sincerity and frankness in it. Flattered though he is, Mèritat knows life and doubts the future. Renée, however, knows that she cannot love twice, and feeling sure of her heart, offers it to him without hesitation.

This scene "for two" is prolonged. Mèritat reasons with the girl, who is divinely obstinate. At length she convinces him that he may joyfully accept this happiness which has come to him unexpectedly. Lucien Guitry (Mèritat) portrayed a man who, expecting for his declining days only ordinary joys, suddenly gets a glimpse of a supreme happiness. He loves the girl with his whole heart, is at first distressed by her confession, then accepts with rapture this belated bliss. In this scene, the actor, always a favorite with Parisians, won more than his accustomed meed of admiration.

So far the piece pursues a happy domestic course, without a suspicion of drama. It is on the way. Senator Frepeau, political ally of Mèritat, a powerful director of the socialistic organ, *The Defender*, arrives in his automobile from Paris. He brings bad news. An obscure Paris Journal has charged Mèritat that very morning with having robbed his employer when he was a lawyer's clerk at Grenoble. Mèritat is astonished that Frepeau should have taken the trouble to motor all the way from the capital to warn him about this calumny, which he finds beneath his notice. He is still more disquieted when Frepeau explains that *The Defender* has simultaneously published a denial of the story, for he realizes that this denial elevates the obscure author of the lie to the position of insulting him—Alexandre Mèritat. Frepeau has done more; he has had the

(Continued on page 18)

SEASON OF FRENCH GRAND OPERA AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



Mimi (Mrs. Lawrence) Rodolphe (M. Cariti) Schvankar (M. Dickman) Musette (Mrs. Carter) Colline (M. Conner) Marcel (M. Montano)
SCENE IN "LA BOHEME" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



Photo C. Bennette Moore

Amorus
(M. Closs)

Aida
(Mrs. Beaumont)

Rhadames
(M. Grant)

Amorus
(Mrs. Fergus)

SCENE IN "AIDA" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



LA MALAGUENITA



A GROUP OF SPANISH DANCERS

A NEW CARMEN

AMERICANS going abroad this summer, who do not expect to extend their journeying to exotic Spain, will find in London, ready to their hand, real Spanish dancers of the most celebrated brand disporting themselves in an atmosphere more Spanish than Spain itself, while the delightful music of Bizet's "Carmen," with its Moorish strains, cloy the senses.

Never has the rivalry between the Alhambra Music Hall and the Empire, London's twin homes of the ballet, resulted in a more gorgeous feast for the eye and ear than the new Carmen ballet, with which the Alhambra is now carrying press and public by storm. The production, which closely follows the story of the opera, was staged under the direction of Herr Beger, *maitre de ballet* of the Imperial Opera House, Warsaw, at a cost, it is said, of twenty-five thousand dollars, which does not seem excessive in view of the sumptuousness of the settings and the importation of numerous high-priced Spanish artists to give native interpretation to the familiar action. Mr. Moul, of the Alhambra, following the modern custom, gathered his material and people at first hand in Spain, spending money lavishly and yet with a view to the ultimate dividends, which his ballets must, and do, yield to the promoters abroad, and which are seldom found in the credit column of similar undertaking on this side of the water.

In Maria la Bella, Mr. Moul has found a new and most ingratiating Carmen, whose grace is like that of a wild bird, free on the wing. Besides marked mimetic skill, she has youth, beauty, and charming stage presence. She not only plays Carmen, but is Carmen—a Carmen of the Spanish—with rare feeling for the nuances of the rôle, and with apparent enjoyment.

"I love this wonderful creation of Car-

men," she remarked in an interview, "because she is so vital, so passionate, so real, one is forced to live the part; to be Carmen for the time. To show you how real it all is to me, when Don José stabbed me one night, I forgot that it was a *mime* and fell so heavily that a harpin was driven into my head, cutting me badly. On another occasion, I did not yield before the blow, and the knife ran into my back, making a gash three inches long. My clothes were full of blood, and I bear the scar now, but not until the curtain fell did I realize that I was hurt; I was so excited."

In this country, we are apt to take such statements with a grain of press-agent, but none who have been thrilled by this Spanish rendering of "Carmen" can doubt the intensity and passion of the players. Maria la Bella is ably seconded in her efforts by a corps of Spanish dancers, La Andujar, La Arnapola, La Nieves, La Morenita, La Punki, La Nini, La Pilarita, La Malaguenita, and a male dancer, Real Montosa, who are a galaxy in themselves. La Malaguenita—who, by the way, is not identified with the team, Los Malaguenitos, which appeared last winter at the Winter Garden—is a flamenco dancer, the flamenco being a native variation

of our own clog dance. The name of this *artiste* is a word to conjure with in her own land, and she is indeed remarkable, not only in the precision with which she beats out the rhythm with her little heels, but also in the expressiveness of her facial play. She gives, besides the flamenco, the March Fuentes and the Zapateado, to the accompaniment of her purring, snapping castanets. Others in the cast are M. Volbert as the Brigadier, and M. Agoussi as the Toreador, who need no introduction.

AUBREY LANSTON.



MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN



MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN



Don José
(M. Volbert)

Carmen
(Maria La Bella)



The Torreador
(Emile Agost)

Don José
(M. Volbert)

Carmen
(Maria La Bella)

SCENES IN "CARMEN" AS PRODUCED AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, LONDON

How Walker Whiteside Became a Japanese

IT was a curiously fortuitous circumstance that for three years Walker Whiteside, who is the star, owner and manager of the Japanese play, "The Typhoon," had for neighbor in Denver the Japanese Consul. This representative of the most advanced country in the Orient, passed from the state of an unknown neighbor to neighboring acquaintance, then occasional caller, then friend, then intimate friend. His name was Causeri, and there were puns in plenty between the two households concerning the *causerie* of the two families.

The actor, who was then playing the dreamy young Jew in Israel Zangwill's drama, "The Melting Pot," had at that time no thought of ever playing one of the little yellow men from Nippon,

but the able actor is a negative on which all events and persons make a distinct picture. Besides this, Mr. Whiteside had the mental stimulus of a genuine liking for his small, seemingly inscrutable neighbor.

Three years of neighborly converse left in his mind a vividly complete picture of Japanese externals and Japanese character. On crossing the Atlantic he established friendly relations with two Japanese students. In St. Louis he chanced to enlarge his acquaintance with the mind and habits of the conquerors of the Russians by a friendship with the Japanese Consul in that city.

In New York the circle of his Oriental acquaintance widened to include the Consul and many of the Consul's friends in this city. The acquaintanceships were among that accumulation of experiences collected by that nomad of the arts, the player. It was one of the means that came to Mr. Whiteside of extending his mental horizon and deepening his sympathies. He felt that his life had been enriched by the addition of the knowledge he had gathered of their lives and ideals, their subtleties and their intense patriotism.

Discussing Japanese statesmanship, and the possibility of the spread of Japanese power, the actor has often said to brother Landis in the club on Forty-fourth Street:

"You talk as wildly as people do when they don't know their subject. I tell you that their reticence is admirable, and worthy our emulation. No, they do not remind me of serpents. I never caught any reptilian suggestion about them. One thing that impresses me about them is that every Japanese is a gentleman."

It was when "The Melting Pot" had carried its message of the assimilation of the races to the last corners of America, and the Zangwill drama had finished its long course, that Mr. Whiteside found himself without a play, and in that state of feverish unrest had been reading three plays a week, that a long package, wrapped in manilla paper, came to his home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and with the remark that it looked as though it had come from the meat market, although it bore a mailing stamp, he tossed it on his desk, and it lay there unopened for several weeks. Yellow and small and unimpressive, it gave no hint of the strength of what was within the unpromising cover.

When he read it, its power and novelty grasped him with

strong hands. When he had read the first two acts he feared to read the rest. "The let-down at the last that spoils so many plays" he was afraid might once more await him. He handed it to his wife. "Read the last act, please," he said in that tone of heart-sickness that reveals hope deferred. So many plays had disappointed him by their ante climaxes. He had begun to think of a good play as an *ignis fatuus*, impossible to be overtaken. His wife's verdict revived his hopes. He carried the play to a manager, who declined it. He decided himself to produce it.

Then mercifully came pouring back upon him in a flood his memories of the Japanese Consul who was his neighbor in Denver. He recalled how the Japanese students on board the

Transatlantic steamer talked to each other, the queer, sharp, staccato tones, that changed when he encountered their Caucasian fellow passengers to slower, suaver speech. He remembered the changeless calm of the smooth, yellow faces. Memory repictured the swift, pleasing half smile and the odd little duck with which they greeted their slightly superiors, the bend to the knees with which they saluted persons of consequence, the eye to eye unbendingness of their intercourse with each other. The sensitive, almost uncanny, hands fluttered before his memory vision. The short-stepped, half-effeminate gait recurred to him as though a procession of the little men was passing before the eyes of his body.

Memory developed the photograph plate to a nicety. But lest the plates had been under or over-developed, Mr. Whiteside invited two Japanese men to sit every day at rehearsals and watch every step, every gesture, listen for any possible false intonation. Here were three stage directors, instead of the usual one, an American and two Japanese. The Japanese

listened, as they always did, with inscrutable faces.

"Vera nice," they said, with their diplomatic duck and smile. "Vera nice."

But the star insisted every day at the close of rehearsals upon a minute report of every slightest discrepancy between the Japanese of the stage and the Japanese of real life. The reports were brief. The jury, after three weeks of rehearsals, pronounced the production perfect, as though it had been rendered in Japan by Japanese. But lest accustomedness cause the "letting down" that is so much dreaded by a company, the star never tired of consulting his jury.

The story of how Walker Whiteside became a Japanese is a tale with a moral. All is fish that comes to the net of an intelligent actor. The Japanese came, the actor saw and mastered.

The most difficult traits to master were the quick, high tones of their informal converse with each other and the walk so unlike the free American stride.

The yellow faces were made yellow by two coats of grease paint and the high eyebrows were set a facial story above the eyebrows, that were whitened or shaved. The moveless muscles were stilled by association, and taken on as the actor shuffled himself into the soul and skin of Tokurano.

A. P.



WALKER WHITESIDE



Photo Kajiwara

WALKER WHITESIDE AS TOKERAMŌ IN "THE TYPHOON" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

A STAGE MANAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT

THE fact that Frank Reicher has been engaged by The Little Theatre management for another year is no surprise to his many admirers who have followed the triumph he made in Percy MacKaye's play, "The Scarecrow," his first serious venture on the New York stage, with his later work in "The Pigeon," Mr. John Galsworthy's drama.

In this charming play, which has closed the season at The Little

Theatre, Mr. Reicher has a part which, while not so strikingly original as that of the Scarecrow, nevertheless gives him plenty of opportunity to prove himself one of the most finished character actors on the American stage.

As Ferrand, the French vagabond, Mr. Reicher is by turns a philosopher, exchanging dictums on life, art and manners with the artist-philanthropist who extends to him and the two other waifs, the flower-seller and the bibulous caddy, a helping hand; a facile lover to the girl; a cynical protest to the trio who represent "The Institution;" a pessimist *par excellence* to the pessimist daughter, living up to her belief, or down to it, that he is a thorough "rotter."

Each facet, in turn, is displayed to the survey of his critical audience, who can find no flaw in it, and taking his work in entirety, that of the superficially clever, cigarette-smoking, amiable, indifferent loafer, so by inheritance, destiny and desire, it is equally admirable.

"I would rather walk," says Ferrand, "a whole month of nights hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool," having stated which sentiment he proceeds to tramp again and is again locked up in the workhouse.

In that sentence is the crux of the play, the ending of which leaves the spectator quite up in the air, as did that of "Strife." To those who like to leave the theatre without taking any threads home to tie up, this may be disturbing, but even they must admit that Mr. Reicher's work goes far to make amends for any after disturbance of the mental processes, while those who merely seek entertainment owe him an immense debt of gratitude.

A long time ago Mr. Reicher announced that he did not wish to be starred, as he was strongly opposed to this system as it is now promulgated on the American stage.

At the present rate of progress of the world's ongoing, stage world and real world, it is perhaps not wise to enumerate principles of any kind as hide-bound. Let us hope that what Mr. Reicher really meant when he announced himself as bitterly opposed to the star system is that he did not believe in launching

a comparatively unknown player into the prominence that belongs only by right to those who have worked and earned their academic palms—in which belief he does not stand alone—that he is more willing to wait the natural sequence of events than many of his contemporaries, and that he will toil first and take his prizes afterward instead of reversing the process.

Let us hope that, for it certainly looks very much as if Mr.

Reicher, *willy nilly*, may be forced into the prominence he so vigorously denounces, and that, having worked conscientiously for the work's sake, rather than for the plaudits of his fellow-men, he will soon achieve that Valhalla and Twilight of the Gods which are only other names in the actor's blue book for the spotlight and the centre of the stage.

Though of German birth and education, Mr. Reicher has achieved the rare distinction of speaking the language of the land of his adoption without the slightest trace of an accent, but it was rather a surprise to hear him, as Ferrand, speak that language with a French accent, equally perfect in its way. The lack of this lingual aptness was one serious drawback to the success of his sister, Miss Hedwig Reicher, who was starred by the late Henry B. Harris in "On the Eve."

Mr. Reicher was well grounded in his art at the time of life when impressions are most easily made and a finishing off process of schooling at Wiesbaden, where many boys of many nations were his

companions, aided in giving him the facile speech of France and England, as well as the perfection of his own.

Like Pope's hero, Mr. Reicher probably lisped in numbers till the numbers came, for he was born into a dramatic atmosphere, and while there is no exact data on this important subject, judging one father by many, it is probably true that the elder Reicher stood over his son's cradle and murmured a Shakespearean quotation or uttered, with uplifted brow, rare Homeric lines.

At any rate, he himself is authority for the statement that he commenced to study under his father's tuition when he was a mere youngster.

The elder Reicher created the original rôles of all the Ibsen plays in Germany, and one of his most popular parts was the principal one in "The Emperor and Galilean," which has never, to the son's knowledge, been produced in America. Besides acting in the Ibsen's plays, he stage-managed them as well, and the son was never far from the father's side, oftentimes under foot as well, so he claims.



Photo White

FRANK REICHER
As Ferrand in "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre

The mother was a celebrated opera singer, whose brief career gave great promise of later achievement. She was a friend and contemporary of Madame Schumann-Heink and other celebrities, who sincerely mourned her early death.

If one believes in the inheritance of talent, surely a better start could not be desired by any one. In the Reicher home, as a child and youth, young Reicher heard great men talk, celebrated actors and singers, painters and philosophers, all foregrounding to expound their beliefs or relate their triumphs. To the growing

ing this, he appeared with Miss Julia Marlowe, who was giving "Barbara Frietchie" and a varied repertoire. The most important rôle Mr. Reicher played in New York City was that of Herod in Sudermann's "John the Baptist," a part played by his own father in Germany, and kept exclusively in his repertoire there.

While he played, Mr. Reicher studied his profession from unusual angles. Finally, either by the force of grim resolve or the mechanism of events—one is never quite sure of the genesis of such changes—he became a stage manager, or director, a position



White Christopher Wellwyn (Russ Whytal) Police Constable (Wilfrid North) Guinevere Megan (Vivian Gaytherne) Frank (Frank Reicher)

Act III. Guinevere Megan: "I don't want to go. They'll stab me!"
SCENE IS JOHN GALSWORTHY'S FANTASTIC COMEDY, "THE PIGEON," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

boy's admiration for his paternal relative's talent was added a general admiration for all his father's friends.

A small "bit" was his first essay, from "Timon of Athens," which, it is claimed by many critics, should be presented more frequently on our modern stage. Two weeks later—and this suggests an idea of the strenuous work demanded by the Teutonic tyros, young Reicher appeared in "Der Flittermouse" (The Bat) with Fritz Scheff, after which he immediately played Roderigo, his father playing Othello, and he was, for a long time thereafter, in a stock company where only Shakespearian productions were allowed.

Every night, in that mimic universe of the theatre, where scenes shifted and backgrounds changed, young Reicher saw a new world open to his mental vision. The germ of unrest was implanted; it was natural that it should develop in the soil ready for it by the fertilization of ideas. One day he ventured the New World in reality. He found it so much to his taste that he has remained in it ever since.

He played first in the "Becky Sharp" company of Mrs. Fiske, then with a stock company under German management. Follow-

ing this, he appeared with Miss Julia Marlowe, who was giving "Barbara Frietchie" and a varied repertoire. The most important rôle Mr. Reicher played in New York City was that of Herod in Sudermann's "John the Baptist," a part played by his own father in Germany, and kept exclusively in his repertoire there.

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ANN MURDOCK
Seen lately in the role of Marjorie Newton in "Excuse Me"

But, to balance this ideal condition, Mr. Reicher states that there is little opportunity on the German stage, for its very perfection cuts off the hopes of those who are waiting for place, and that here, where there are more ladders to climb less unduly weighted at the top, ability is sure to be given its chance.

"The Scarecrow" was Mr. Reicher's first ambitious essay. It had been refused by several managers as an impracticable problem of staging, and when Mr. Harris, willing to give it opportunity, with many actors envious to shine on his pay-rolls, proposed it to one and another, immediate objections were voiced, for a star views with dismay, it would seem, any excursion outside the safety of his particular orbit.

"The Scarecrow," a thing of shreds and patches, which finds its soul in the evolution of events, it is easily believed, might appeal to those who are humorously inclined at a first reading of the unusual, but to take those gentle cynics along and make them see the Mummer as a real man, by whom an audience would be torn by conflicting and serious emotions, was a different problem. Such an interpretation demanded infinite study, infinite sympathy and infinite patience.

One actor, on whom Mr. Harris had pinned a momentary faith, brought back the play, saying that he found nothing in it. One toyed with pros and cons several days, then stated that he would not make a fool of himself by smoking throughout the play a corncob pipe, which, in the drama, like a sanctuary fire, is supposed to exercise an occult influence on the immortality of the soul.

One of the celebrated actors of Germany once refused a part on the ground that he was not convinced by it, and, therefore, had no hopes of convincing his audience. It was this same part that made the late George Engel famous. The average American actor is not usually so conscientious, but the Scarecrow showed that there were several to be classified with the German player.

Meantime, Mr. Frank Reicher read, studied and reflected on Mr. Percy MacKaye's poem. He was convinced by the power of the unusual part if others were not. One day, present when Mr. Harris laid down the receiver of the telephone and announced that another actor had refused the rôle, he turned and said simply he would "like a try at it."

"Why didn't you say so before, Frank?" was the manager's only comment. Necessary details were forthwith arranged. Mr. Edgar Selwyn was called in to take charge of the stage direction and the play went immediately into rehearsal.

It is one of Mr. Reicher's dramatic beliefs that "once set the imagination of your audience working, they will do the rest for you." This accomplished, your battle is more than half won. "The Scarecrow" gave him plenty of opportunity to prove his faith by his work.

"Look at the color in his cheeks," said one and another on the first night when the Scarecrow recuperated from one of his abysmal lapses into unconsciousness. Mr. Reicher must have smiled grimly hearing this, for, of course, there was no color.

"Ah, the pipe has gone out," exclaimed another, "what will he do?" Expectation was tense, but the pipe had not gone out.

"Get them to the starting point," says Mr. Reicher, "and you can take them along to any desired place by the power of suggestion. There is no so-called 'business' which may be demanded by the play, however intricate it may seem, but can be overcome by a perfect knowledge of stage illusion."

The difficulties of producing Mr. MacKaye's play were many, but they were interesting ones. Most modern playwrights, admonished by tradition, keep one eye on the stage and fit their work to its argued inelasticity. Mr. MacKaye, on the contrary, assumed that the possibilities of stage craft were illimitable, or it is probably nearer the truth to say that he ignored it as a determining limitation to his art. To him it was a medium as his pen was a medium, necessary, but not controlling, and that faith on his part needed faith in his producers, which it had.

"Bosh!" said one actor, reading the lines. "How is it possible to make a creature of straw and pumpkins, of carrots and hay, of potatoes and beets, and have such a creation anything but farcical?" But the creation was not farcical.

"The audience won't stand for any more of the old-time trap doors, black case and mirror effects, temporary darkening of the stage, smoke and optical illusions," added another sceptic; but the audience did.

Thoroughly conversant with all stage

(Continued on page viii)



VIEW OF SLEZAK'S HOUSE FROM THE LAKE



LEO SLEZAK AT WORK

Famous Tenor as a Happy Peasant

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

IT was June, and none of the Bavarian lakes is lovelier than Tegernsee. Trace of spring still lingered in the fresh green of trees thrusting forth against sombre pines lining the mountains. Lilacs and roses filled the villa gardens; wild flowers bordered the highway; clouds borne by shifting winds in radiant sunshine made the lakes a prism of reflected color, and spun patterns of light and shade across the landscape.

For ten years Léo Slezak, the tenor, had been trying to buy a home in this enchanted corner, and only as many months before succeeded, for the peasants of Tegernsee cling to every foot of soil passed on from one generation to another as a something too precious to be sold. The original property, a massive old building with deep grounds extending from the lake back to a pine wood flanking the mountain, had been remodelled on his own plans the previous winter and spring, while he was singing Otello, Tannhäuser, and Rhadames at the Metropolitan. About the then

frosted grounds groups of full-grown trees had been transplanted from the forest after his carefully drawn directions; a rustic outlook tower erected, and a chapel for his wife. Her first hint of this last had come as a surprise the previous Christmas eve, when he had laid a photograph of it, and an original poem of presentation at the foot of the lighted tree in their New York apartment.

On that June morning Slezak, dressed as a peasant, in one hand nails and in the other a hammer, climbed down a ladder from the roof to welcome me and declare the present experience his very happiest. With the sound of the or-

chestra still fresh in his ears he had hurried to Bavaria to help the workmen from early until late; three blissful months remained ahead in which to dig, chop, and prune. A few days back he had had the joy of aiding to unload wagons piled with furniture made on peasant models by peasants of the district. Two thousand big trees had been transplanted to the grounds, five thousand plants set out in April, and the lawn already bloomed a bouquet of scarlet; the balcony along the second story, where twenty-four may dine and view the sunset, made a gay band of flowers against the white of the house walls. Never had Slezak strangled Desdemona in the last act of "Otello" with a greater energy than he had exerted in bringing things into order. Bills seemed flying and fluttering in the very air, "But this time I take delight in paying them," was his smiling comment, "for it means a home, a some place always to come back to."

Heinrich Knote, the tenor, associated in days gone by with the Metropolitan, lives on Starnbergersee, not far away, and has a place to study in a chalet built in Bavarian peasant style, but his dwelling proper is a modern German villa. Slezak, however, has every detail and article of furniture in the fashion existing for centuries among the humble neighbors about him.

The interior walls are of wood; heavy beams extend across the ceilings. The white outside shutters are decorated with baskets of flowers such as bloom in



MADAME SLEZAK AND THE CHILDREN



LEO SLEZAK ON HIS PORCH

primary colors only in the fancy of peasant artists. All the furniture is painted white and decorated in the same gay fashion, almost mediaeval in its elemental simplicity. St. Florian, the Bavarian patron and protector against fire, appearing on panels of the larger pieces. Wherever his image is depicted there is placed

beneath in old German text a line which, literally translated, reads: "Good St. Florian, spare this house and let burn instead another." The good saint himself, robed in blue, red, and yellow, holds in his hand an upturned pitcher and drenches with water the little church and village of Tegernsee.

At heart one with the people about him, he and his family wear peasant dress on every day of the seven, nor could Slezak be readily mistaken as a man apart from his peasant neighbors. Once, at least, this phase of things caused complications. He was lying on the lake-shore in soft grass and blazing sunshine, nearly his boat bumped against the shore with inripppling waves. Two tourists, strolling down the road, and wanting to cross the lake at that point, presently spied him. "I say," ordered one in rich Berlinese dialect, "row us over?"

Slezak only closed his eyes the tighter and mumbled "Not to-day," "But you *must* row us over," persisted the stranger, and reaching down shook the tenor roughly.

"Not to-day," repeated Slezak, stretched his full six-foot five; then sat up slowly.

"He looks almost too intelligent to be a peasant," commented the other denotingly, as his companion still persisted, "Row us over." Finally,

out of patience, he asked in exasperation, "What are you?" "Chamber singer to the Emperor of Austria," returned Slezak, this time opening his eyes wide to enjoy their dawning recognition.

"Didn't you sing Tannhauser at the Imperial Opera in Vienna last season?" was the query.

"Yes," returned Slezak, getting on his feet, "and now that I have had my joke, I'll pay for it. Get in, I'll row you over."

Both his young son and daughter are experts with the oar, and rowing their parents into midstream on moonlight nights, the tenor father will sing German folk melodies, peasant and villa

dweller along the shores listening in silence to say at the song's close with a smile. "That was Slezak."

Next door to the singer's home is that of Madame Slezak's mother, "Drachenfels," or "Dragon's Rock," as he calls it—a joke he can well afford to make, because of friendly feeling existing.

Indeed, the whole family connection is as one household, of which Madame Slezak's sister, her husband and their child are members. As for Slezak, few men used to the exotic life of an opera singer would find complete happiness in such isolation from the world in absolute simplicity. By five o'clock on summer mornings he is up and out of doors, to remain there, except for the brief space of mealtimes, until dark or later. There is inspection to do, sometimes an anxious one in the instance of big trees transplanted; flower-beds need his care; there is digging to do, and wood to chop for the kitchen and the house fires in chill days of early autumn before he journeys to Berlin, Russia, Vienna, and finally New York.

At odd hours the postman strolls up the lake bordering highway, presents a letter from some opera director or impresario, and stops to talk, while Slezak, indifferent to its contents, leaves the missive unopened. Sometimes of an afternoon Ludwig Thoma, the noted novelist, playwright, and poet of "Simplicissimus," will wheel over to smoke a friendly pipe. On Sunday mornings the combined Slezak forces march to the village church, whose white, pointed spire catches the eye at every turning. These things, with the

routine of a family life led near together, in which Madame Slezak, a Viennese of the pure Austrian type of beauty, plays a gentle, charming part, make up the sum of Slezak's days off duty.

Every season the two children accompany their parents to New York, but the coming one the tenor has decided shall be his last at the Metropolitan.

"My boy will then be eleven, and must the following autumn enter college; to be near him means more to me than any money. Besides, in America, while I receive twelve hundred a night, in Europe I command a thousand."



Photo White

JOSE COLLINS AND MARTIN BROWN
In the Cinderella Dance at the Winter Garden



Mollett

RICHARD BENNETT

A popular and forceful actor now appearing in the rôle of Peter Waverton in "Passers-By" on the road



Blanche Bates and her dumb but constant companion, FRED



May Irwin duck shooting in the Thousand Islands

THERE are as many theories of how an actor should properly spend his vacation as there are actors. I have heard them summarized according to the tastes and moods of the individual players. They all vary.



Edith and Mabel Taliaferro at Ostend

David Warfield thinks it doesn't matter particularly where the vacations are spent, if you but vary them. This summer he will spend in Canada and the Thousand Islands, fishing. Last summer he visited the chief art galleries of Europe. The year before I encountered him in the surf at Normandie-by-the-Sea, close to the city gates, where he was living in a summer

hotel under the same roof with David Belasco and his family. On the whole, though, he thinks the country is the best, because it affords a life least like that of the mummer during his long win-

THE PLAYERS IN

ter tour, or the run of the play in one of the metropolitan cities.

Nance O'Neill thinks a player should cross the Atlantic every summer, spend at least two weeks in London and Paris, seeing new plays, and studying the methods of other players, then retire to the country, preferably in France, to enjoy the beauty of nature enhanced by the background of historical association. That our own country presents a magnificence not surpassed by Europe she fully agrees. No one more fervently admires the natural splendors of Yosemite Valley, the colossal outlines of Yellowstone Park, or the majesty of the Rocky Mountains than does this native Daughter of the Golden West. But centuries of human and art development add mellowness to a sunset and soften the beauty of a mountain peak, she thinks. Wherefore when we see



Adelaide Prince in her

Miss O'Neill's name annually on the sailing lists of trans-Atlantic steamers, we know that she goes to steep her soul in the beauties of a literally Old World.

Lillian Russell thinks the place of small moment, but the manner of spending the vacation paramount. Miss Russell believes that the wear and tear of an arduous season's inevitable friction is tremendous. This, she is confident, should be repaired by resting in a retreat for six weeks after the close of the season. The term "sanitarium" she thinks obnoxious. She prefers for these places of physical re-building the term "health hotels." She wants for tired players sun parlors and wide, cool verandas, nine or ten hours' sleep at night, and a nap at mid-day. She wants rest of mind, absolute freedom from care, supplemented by electric baths. When six weeks of this re-building has been done, she thinks the player may go where he listeth for the rest of his vacation.

As Frances Starr set sail for a six weeks' jaunt in Europe last month, she observed, with a last



Henrietta Crossman in the Sierra Nevada Mountains



Robert Edson's summer home, "Strongheart House," Long Island

VACATION SEASON

homesick glance at the jagged skyline of New York roofs: "Duty takes me to Europe. Pleasure would keep me in the country in America." To the mind of this young but thoughtful star the duty of seeing European plays and studying the history of Europe on the spot is amply discharged by a journey across seas every third year.

Otis Skinner is as indeterminate as the nomadic "Harvester" he created in this country. A year ago he spent his vacation developing a brand new garden at his home "The Latch String," in Bryn Mawr, and it was only when the garden's life ended beyond hope of resurrection in October, that he made a three-weeks' trans-Atlantic crossing.

Quite unlike this was the preceding summer, when he sailed for Marseilles, made his way through the Riviera to Venice, then through the Dolomites by foot and by car-



lunch at Delaware Water Gap

riage, spent a week at Oberammergau, another in Hohenschwangau, made a carriage trip by easy stages through the Engadine, spent a month at Pontresina, a week at Regatz, thence proceeded in leisurely fashion through Germany and home. This active summer was preceded by one of *dolce far niente* in a cottage on Cape Cod, which, in turn, was the successor of a summer's fishing in the Maine woods.

The only certainty about his vacations is that they will be shared by Mrs. Skinner and their daughter, Cornelia, aged twelve and fast growing. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner make their plans late. Why worry about vacation until we have earned it? is their philosophy. There will be a vacation some time, just as we are sure to have a Fourth of July dinner, but why trouble about the menu before July third? From which one may conclude that Mr. Skinner's belief as to vacations is a broadly democratic one, that there is no best way, but that all are best ways according to the caprice of the player himself. Doubtless he would agree that the best vacation is a fine

balance between the player's tastes and needs, between which there is not always a perfect correspondence.

Against this background of theories may be thrown the clear-cut figure of actors' recurrent vacations, as indicating their habits and preferences.

Georgia Caine, with her husband, A. B. Hudson, goes again and again to Canada and Maine to hunt moose. She wears masculine attire, strides along beside her husband, bringing down as many moose as does he. The largest moose head in their Elmhurst, L. I., home is a trophy of her steady hand.

Henrietta Crossman seeks out the core of the heart of nature. When business connected with her starring required her to be near New York, she took a cottage on South Bay, and went sailing every day. But her taste for the open,



Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo) while touring Asia



Kitty Gordon at Brighton, England



Georgia Caine, husband and guide, on a moose hunting trip in Canada



The late Beronda Mayo, Harry Woodruff, Blanche Benda, Frank Colmore and Edith Thorne, at Sausonnet, Mass.

formed when she was an army girl, living at frontier posts with her father, Major Crosman, persists, and she enjoys most her summer stays in the wild region about Lake Tahoe, which marks the watershed on which transcontinental trains pause after their paming journey up the Sierra Nevada Mountains and before their breathless dash down to San Francisco. Miss Crosman lives in a cabin on the shore of Lake Tahoe, tramping every day among the pine woods, and riding up and down the dangerous slopes on the back of a sure-footed broncho.

Margaret Anglin, after a strenuous theatrical season, likes to literally try her hand at house-keeping, and when her tour ends in Nova Scotia in July, she will spend happy weeks settling in the new home at 67 East Ninety-third Street in New York, which theatrical exigencies demanded that she abandon for the road, just as she was moving into it. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo), find their house in the woods, at Harmon-on-the-Hudson, so attractive that they often linger there all



Blanche Ring at Momaroneck, N. Y.



Douglas Fairbanks spends his holiday in the country with his little son.

summer, if work requires them to be within reach of the managerial voice from the city. If not, the beaten paths of Europe possess for them little attraction. They have heard the call of the East, and the steamship that carries them across the Atlantic usually carries them through the Mediterranean and places them on African or Asiatic shores. Mr. Selwyn sought and found material for his "The Arabs" while wandering with his wife through the desert that fringes Egypt.

Christie Macdonald, in search of a well-earned vacation, may run across to Paris to take a few vocal lessons, but her choice is to loaf

the summer hours happily away at her brown villa among the trees of the Thousand Islands. Maria Baldini, on her first vacation in America, hastened to the Thousand Islands, taking Alexis Kosloff and the Russian pantomimist, Bulgakow, with her, defeating them for the croquet championship of Thousand Island Park. Mabel and Edith Taliaferro enjoy their European jaunts, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brooks and by Miss Clara Laughlin,



Rose Stahl off for Europe on the deck of S. S. Cedric



John Vindlay at his home on Staten Island



Blanche Bates and Lillian Russell taking a summer siesta



Maude Odell on the North Carolina coast



Marie Dressler's Farm in Vermont



Christie MacDonald at the Thousand Islands

but scarcely more than their visit home—home being with their mother, Mrs. Taliaferro Abell, at Long Beach, on Long Island. "Home," as the best vacation ground, has loyal advocates in Bijon Fernandez and her husband, W. L. Abingdon, who spend the summer quietly at their bungalow on Long Island Sound at Shippen Point, in Connecticut. Laura Burt

reaching his home, the attractive cottage on Wall Street, at New Brighton, in Staten Island, is to mow the lawn and climb the top of a seventy-year-old oak, to banish from its ancient trunk the devastating army of ants. "Home" for Blanche Bates is her hospitable farm at Ossining-on-the-Hudson. For Julia Dean it is the white house on the hill, so like an



Mr. and Mrs. William G. Smythe at Sausconnet, Mass.



Laura Burt in the "Garden of the Gods"



William Lackey and his son at Shelter Island

and her husband, H. B. Stanford, find absolute rest and heartease at Stanford Lodge, Great Kills, Staten Island. If tours bring them somewhere mid-continent, they hasten to Colorado Springs for restful weeks among the great boulders of that playground of the Titans, "The Garden of the Gods." "Home" calls Maude Odell to her old North Carolina home on the seashore, where she lives in the surf and on the sand. Robert Felsenheim hears the call of home and hurries to Strongheart Villa at Sag Harbor at his season's end. John Findlay's first task on

old-fashioned Southern home at Harmon, N. Y.; for Blanche Ring it is a modern country mansion at Mamaroneck. For Marie Dressler, it is a farm at Windsor, Vermont, a part of which she has generously set aside for the use of poor children from the cities, during the hot months. May Irwin's home, Irwin Castle, in the Thousand Islands, has for eighteen years been one of the objects of interest to sight-seers cruising about the St. Lawrence. The half granite, half frame, structure is the finest home owned by a player in America.

ARA PATTERSON.



Julia Dean (at right) on her lawn at Harmon, N. Y.



Julian Eltinge at his summer home, Port Salazar, L. I.



Photos White

MARGARET MORRIS

MARIE RAXTER

MARTHA WELLINGTON

ELEANOR ST. CLAIR

Four pretty girls now appearing in Charles H. Hoyt's piece, "A Winsome Widow," at Ziegfeld's new Moulin Rouge

FROM the beginning of things the word "pit" has been associated with terror, temptation and damnation. Pitfall and seething pit, bottomless pit, and pit and pendulum, have ever been invoked to fill the soul with fright and dread. In the days of Elizabethan England the word "pit" took on another and a milder function. Scorned by the gentles and sought by the vulgar, it became a place where tradesmen and servants could regale themselves with the same intellectual wine as their masters, but from goblets of pewter instead of gold. Reeking with smoke and oaths and divers stenches, the pit of Shakespeare's London must still have held much of the old-time terror of the second for the sensitive, perfumed nobility. But for the plain people, those who knew no other world, it spelled recreation, sunshine and delight.

In the to-day of nineteen hundred and twelve, the odor and the odium of the English pit have long since gone, the recreation and the sunshine and delight remain. It is by all odds the most characteristic, the most individualizing feature of the London playhouse. At a small Anglo-American gathering one afternoon, an Englishman asked what did Americans consider the most distinctly British thing in England. Promptly an American woman said, "Tea! Without tea your British Empire would collapse." "Tea is not distinctly British," said another; "we, too, have our tea in America—when we wish it; and so do other countries. To me the most British institution, the most deeply ingrained and characteristic, is your pit."

The pit is the great second-class railway coach from which you may view the theatrical landscape with varying degrees of comfort and an unvarying degree of economy. We have nothing in America which approaches it, nothing in America with which you can parallel it—the second-class coach will not do, because we haven't any. You cannot say, "Have you seen this or have you seen that? If so, why then you'll know." Nothing of the sort; the only way to explain it to an American must needs be a

THE LONDON PIT

By ANTHONY H. EUWER

definition in terms of itself: "The pit's the pit, and there you are."

But one thing I'll venture, if you hail from the States you will remember the pit long after you've forgotten about the plays—you will remember the big, clanky, Chinese-looking check that rattled over the brass sill of the little window as you put down your two-and-six, after you had wiggled through the tortuous twist at the end of the crowded way where you waited. And in the scramble which follows, the American reads to his satisfaction the unwritten slogan of all pitites—"as good as you deserve, and no man is better than his neighbor." Late-comers will stand, long-standers will sit.

As for me, I am tired but happy, for I have gained the coveted and maintain my pre-eminence in the front row. For to-night I

came early—early enough to see our predecessors getting out from the matinee performance, and just early enough to fall in behind the little slant-capped messenger boys clustered about the entrance. Although a Yankee by birth, I have learned not to try and get ahead of these miniature officials—I might as well try to surprise the guards of Buckingham Palace. I am quite sure if you were to dig up the ground before these entrances, you would find clusters of messenger-boy roots just ready to sprout. They seem to come from nowhere, but like toad-stools they spring up in a night, always appear at the psychologic moment just before the people come. I believe I said a moment ago that in the pit no man is better than his neighbor. It was done without thinking. Now that I sit here with these little gentlemen at my side, I am aware that I have made a mistake. For are they not the paid mercenaries who are here to have and to hold against all comers—until that time when their patrician patrons shall arrive and they shall be dismissed with honorable fee?

The Understudy

Bright and eager are her glances,
As she notes with tireless care,
Every pose and every action,
While the Leading Lady's there.

For a vision fair, enchanting,
Floats before her night and day—
Of a wire that shall inform her,
"Leading Lady called away."

Gowns of wondrous sort she fashions:
In her dreams her pulses thrill!
For she'll be the Prima Donna,
If the Leading Lady's ill.

Seas of eager faces haunt her:
Pleased, surprised,—they seem to say,
As they note her grace and beauty,
"Who's the Leading Lady, pray?"

But the Star is hale and hearty:
No one sends that hasty plea,
No one notes the budding genius:
Just the Understudy she!

—EVELYN WATSON.

Sweet-faced, exasperating little cherubs, sturdy, unbudgeable facts; proxies *pro tem* for those aloof few who stand for the very highest development of the pitite.



Moffett

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Who has been seen this season in Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox's novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

Just in front of me is a brass rail. As I gaze at it I try to comprehend its monumental meaning. In the whole British Empire there is only one other dividing line that approaches it in importance, and that is the meridian at Greenwich. But that line is purely imaginary, the brass rail is real. In America we have the Great Divide, a little ridge that makes the watershed of a continent. But I am wandering.

Superficially, this brass rail is the nation's social watershed, the line of acute demarcation that separates the low-neck gown from the high, the "boiled shirt and claw-hammer" from the plain-clothes man. Financially, it separates the man in front from his ten shillings and six, the one behind from his two-and-six. In the matter of artistic appreciation its separating function is of little value, and, like the meridian, becomes purely imaginary. And so I sit and view this pageant before me, happy as if I had paid ten bob to view the coronation from a four-guinea seat. This is because I know that in my own

land, where there is no pit and it's all one price from front to back, this seat would cost two good American dollars. But there,

if I chose, I could wear my plain clothes still, for an American pays his money for a specified location to view a specified performance—the rest is with himself. With him the nicer obligations which he may, or may not, owe to society are purely voluntary. He has not yet arrived at that place where these things become an unwritten law. Such things must be a gradual growth. An attempt to infringe on his liberty or to coerce his obligations would end in disaster. A brilliant example of this occurred in New York a year or so ago. A palatial appointed restaurant opened its doors in a blaze of glory. It was announced that evening dress was *de rigueur*. So generally was this resented that the dining public stayed away altogether, and in a few months the place went

into the hands of a receiver. These things are not spoken in vaunting, but are merely a statement of conditions.



Photo Mishkin

R. HELEN LANGFORD

As Madge Rockingham in "Green Stockings"



Photo Sykes

Joshikawa
(Henry Bergman)Tira Hengel
(Florence Fisher)

The police confront Tira with the alleged assassin.
SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE TYPHOON" AS PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

As for me, I am quite happy still. I am keenly alive to the joy of it all, for I love beautiful things. I love to see the audience of our Metropolitan Opera. Each London playhouse is an

opera audience in miniature. Beautiful gowns are now appearing, and they are filled with splendid types of British women. Most strikingly beautiful, I think—and striking, too, because they are so plentiful—is that symphony of glorious color, the English blonde. Rare creature she, and much to be desired. The flush of her cheek and the tawny gold of her hair, I am pleased to fancy, do hold allegiance to God alone. From America over the sea I sit and listen to those voices rich in color, mellow with their musical cadence, and the conquest of this humble pit is complete.

The stalls are now rapidly filling. Strange how I am beginning to use that word "stalls" almost unconsciously. How rapidly this British metamorphosis takes place, once it has its hold on you. When I first saw the words outside on the bills, I had conjured up a sort of tall, canopied, mediæval booth with pennants flying, until I found it was just another name for what I had always called an orchestra seat. But I had had the same sensation a

few days before, and was getting used to it—when I learned that I had been eating tarts all my life instead of pie, and had been drinking lemon-squash when I had thought it lemonade. Of course, I remembered the stalls of my boyhood—the places where horses and cattle were kept, but then I was sure it could be nothing like this, and so my imagination did its best and hit upon the canopy and pennants. Still, I know how my countryman from Grand Rapids felt when he got to the booking-office, and became so confused that he asked the price of a manager!

But back again to the pit where I belong; my patrician neighbors have rudely broken in upon my wanderings, and the three little gentlemen have dissolved into the elements as mysteriously as they took form. But how, oh! how did my enormous friend ever expect to get herself into the narrow space left by one little boy? At all events, she has done it. "So sorry," she says when she has finally settled, and I, with a half-dozen neighbors to my

right, share her grief. And now comes the girl with the programs. I take one pleasantly and begin to read. Looking up, I see the young lady waiting with an indulgent smile. "So sorry



White

LEWIS WALLER AND GRAVE LANE IN "MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE"

to trouble you, but it's suppliance, please." With a rising flush, I hand her a shilling and take the change without looking. I wouldn't care if she hadn't given me any, for I know that I've queered myself beyond redemption. Everyone within ear-shot knows I'm either a thief or a new American, probably both. But it's really not my fault, it's just my misfortune. The only other time I ever paid for one was at an actor's benefit. There I gave a dollar and got no change. The program was merely a pretext for the extraction. And now my neighbor on the right undertakes to console me by telling me that I would have paid sixpence for it in front. He doesn't understand that it is my dignity that has suffered and not my purse. Still, he has added to my store of information, and the brass rail comes again into the limelight. He tells me it is the same with sweets and everything. At this, all memory of my recent disgrace is lost in a hearty chuckle. To think that those poor, dear, good people in front must pay three times as much as we

do for the same identical things—the same identical service! The same maid carries her wares through the little gate—the little garden-gate in the brass rail, and immediately her stocks go up or down, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. But maybe this isn't so funny, either, for my friend doesn't laugh at all. Possibly it's because he's so accustomed to it, or possibly not. Possibly I'm a fool. But it reminds me of an old story, and I tell him of the farmer who was hoeing potatoes up in the mountain country. A stranger stopped and asked the price. He was told they were thirty cents a bushel. "Why, if you had those potatoes in the New York markets, you could get a dollar and a quarter for them," said the man. "Well," replied the farmer, "markets differs accordin' to locality. Take that lake over there—if I had that in hell I could get a dollar and a quarter a pint for it." This broke the spell, and the curtain went up.

The first act is over. The pit relaxes, yawns, stretches itself

and walks about. Many of the men disappear. Now there is a hubbub, followed by a general clatter. The little tray-loads of teapots, milk, sugar and sandwiches have arrived. This is all so new to me that I am several minutes taking it in. I have decided that I like it. It takes away the last traces of formality and brings us all closer together into a sort of family party. Every body passes things along to everybody else. The pit has become a kind of water-bucket brigade to quench the flames of thirst that have sprung up in all quarters. A tray-load of empty dishes has just reached me from some one in the end of our pew, and I am to give it to the maid. But there is no maid, the lights go out, and I am lost. I stoop over to squeeze it into a space on the floor at my feet, but I am too late. The space on both sides those worthy members has been pre-empted by other trays. I cannot move, I breathe circumspectly, I try to let them settle noiselessly on my lap. On the stage the plot is thickening. The moment is a tense one. The lover's lingering kiss has touched our deepest heart strings, but I feel that there is something slipping on my lap. I am a lover of the drama in its highest form. I revere it. I know it is in my power to make or mar that scene. In the darkness I clutch softly, convulsively, and save the slipping teapot. Again, as the moonlight falls over the castle wall, the lover snatches his fair one from foul, impending doom. I have always thought it noble to rescue maidens in distress, and here I want to give vent to my feelings, but I cannot. Instinctively, in a good old American way, I think to pound with my feet; but, by reason of the two trays, this, too, is denied me. At last the curtain descends in a tumult of applause. But I knew what the house in all its turbulent enthusiasm did not know—would never know. In true theatric phrase I knew that what had been enacted there was my scene—that through me alone had been preserved that uninterrupted flow of beauty and that through my heroic self-sacrifice I had kept it, together with the dishes on my lap, from literally going to pieces. And here, on second thought, I take my hat off to you, Britannia; your tea drinking is indeed a marvelous institution.

I have recounted some of my impressions of the pit on the inside. Let us now turn to the outside, where the long, patient column awaits the moment when the pit-monster shall open the doors of its mouth and gulp it down. Here in the crowd that waits you may, if you have a mind, study national characteristics; and in the little moving pageant who do their penny "stunts" for their regalement, you may study the elements of comedy and tragedy—mostly the latter.

It has always been a matter of interest to me to note the way in which Dame Nature endows her creatures for varying functions and environments. The wings of the eagle for its undisputed life of freedom, the hind legs of the kangaroo for those marvelous leaps, and that well-planted, splendidly proportioned British foot—how it seems to have been thought out and constructed with special reference to protracted seasons of tireless, interminable standing. Whether or not in this case the circumstances developed the member, or the member anticipated the circumstance,

(Continued on page 20)



Moffett, Chicago

MILlicENT EVANS

Appearing as Sadie Small in the Chicago production of "Officer 660"



The Second Park Theatre in 1820



One of the first New York Theatres, afterward known as The Bowery



Interior of Castle Garden in 1850

FORGOTTEN THEATRES OF NEW YORK CITY

IT would be difficult nowadays to reproduce the old-time theatrical atmosphere of New York—as difficult as it would be to take the theatrical centre away from Forty-second Street and transport it again to the Battery or to Park Row. In the Wall Street district, Trinity stands as guardian of the past, and around Printing House Square there are still to be seen the old-fashioned features of the Astor House and St. Paul.

But New York is a city of constant changes, and with the shift of population, together with the tearing down of buildings for the modern steel structure, theatre sites have disappeared, and busy feet now tread unknowingly over ground once dedicated to pleasure. Even people shopping along Twenty-third Street never for an instant think of looking in a nook outside of a well-known drygoods store for the bust of Shakespeare, marking the old Booth's Theatre. And soon Daly's and Wallack's will disappear in the wake of the Madison Square.

Theatres have crept up Broadway from the Battery, resting awhile at the parks, just long enough to allow business interests to catch up with them and drive them away. First came Battery Park, resounding to the voice of Jenny Lind. Then came City Hall Park, with the tradition of Thomas Cooper. Then followed Union Square with the prestige of Wallack and Palmer. Within the memory of the present, Madison Square, Herald Square, and Times Square have each gained their theatrical distinction. The unfortunate condition now is that most of the playhouses in the city are too new for any distinctive tradition.

Even the morning papers have changed in their functions, and the dramatic critics of the present are of different training from those of the past. That may be because one now fully realizes that drama-fashions alter as well as the fashions of dress. The plays put before the Broadway critic to-day, in his conventional dress-suit, are entirely different in scope and technique from the plays that used to be offered to the critical judgment of Park Benjamin, Epes Sargent, Charles Fenno Hoffman, J. G. Brooks, Theodore S. Fay, N. P. Willis, and George P. Morris, who were familiar "first nighters" at the Park Theatre. Then it was that people used to consult the columns of the *Mir-*

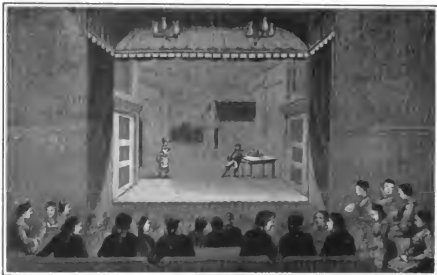
ror, *The Commercial Advertiser*, *The Courier and Enquirer*, and *The Spirit of the Times*, for the opinions of these high-stocked gentlemen of the press.

It is interesting to dwell on reminiscences; they preserve the very spirit of the past. When John Brougham first came to America, he used to drive out into the country to the old reservoir, where now stands the New York Public Library. When Fanny Kemble lived at the Astor House—the Park Theatre being just across the way—she often drove to an inn, located somewhere in the heart of Central Park. When Tyrone Power—the grandfather of the present actor of that name—was in New York, prior to the ill-fated voyage homeward on *The President*, which went down at sea, he used to parade with fashion up and down Broadway below Canal Street. New York lived downtown; that was why the theatres were there.

When the city's population was slightly over seven thousand, some actors from London took a room at the juncture of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane, where, during September, 1733, they fitted themselves with a raised platform and a few seats. Thus furnished, they set forth on a season of repertory, consisting of "Cato," "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux's Stratagem."

The *New York Gazette*, dated February 26, 1750, announced the arrival of some comedians from Philadelphia. This company took convenient rooms, with the determination to stay a whole season, provided they met with encouragement. On March 5th, "Richard III" was the bill, with Kean and Murray. Their theatre was a wooden building on the East side of Kip Street, now Nassau, between John Street and Maiden Lane. The property belonged to the Hon. Rip Van Dorn, once Governor of the Province of New York. How different that street appears to-day!

Fortunately for these strolling players, their experiment was a success; a motley crew they must have been, since a benefit was given during the course of their second season for an actor who had just served his time in prison. There was some pretension to this house of amusement; there is extant a graphic description of the chandelier, consisting of a suspended hoop, through the circumference of which numberless nails were



INTERIOR OF THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK

A curious custom in vogue at that time is mentioned on a programme of the John Street Theatre: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." The performance began at six, so for two hours and longer the front seats of the boxes were occupied by negroes and negroesses of every age, waiting for their masters and mistresses.



White
NANCY AVRIL
Playing Queenie St. Marc in "The Protector"

time and opposition. While in Virginia he had sent a Mr. Upton to New York to prepare for his coming, but that gentleman had appropriated the money, had organized a company of his own, had thrown himself upon the slender mercy of the public, and had finally skipped the country. Then Hallam found himself opposed by the magistrates of the city who refused him a license. But the actor made written appeal to the public,

driven as candleholders. This was the first Nassau Street Theatre, where "The Spanish Friar," Orway's "The Orphan," Gay's "Beggars' Opera," and other plays were presented, and Tom Kean met favor with the theatre-goers who lived under the mayoralty of Edward Holland. Clinton was Governor, and George III was King.

Hallam's Nassau Theatre, the first one to be erected in the colonies, was opened September 17, 1753, after diverse misfor-

at Cruger's wharf. This extended from Pearl Street into the East River, between Old and Genties' Slip, and near the present Front Street. Inasmuch as Mayor Cruger was of the opinion that the theatre was not the best influence for the morals of the city, Douglass had a difficult time to obtain a license, but he likewise made written appeal, and popular opinion won him his suit. The theatre was opened Dec. 28, 1758. This actor fluctuated be-



Sassy
CAROL McCOMAS
Plays ingenuit roles with John Drew

tween New York and Philadelphia, and in 1761 opened a new theatre at the southwest corner of Nassau and Chapel Streets (now Beekman). The place was very small, and during the Stamp Act riots it was demolished by the mob. "Hamlet" was here given for the first time in America, Nov. 26, 1761, and here also was adopted the rule that "no gentleman be allowed at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in



Modest
VALISKA STRATI
Appearing on the road in "The Red Rose"

therein stating that his company were not like ordinary actors, but were honest in their outward dealings, and well behaved in their manners. The season ended in 1754, "Romeo and Juliet" having met with much favor, and the players receiving shares in the profits. Thereafter the site was bought by a church.

It was Hallam's widow who married David Douglass, manager of a theatre

either the stage or upper boxes." Let the busy broker of to-day realize that while people were theatre-going in this small house, the papers were busy lauding the new St. Paul's Church which, when it was dedicated on Oct. 31, 1764, stood in the midst of fields.

The John Street Theatre, on the north side of that street, and about six doors from Broadway, opened on Dec. 7, 1767, with "The Beaux's Strata-



Modest
EMILY LEA
Appearing with "The Follies Bergine" Co.



White
DOLLE DALSSERT
Appearing at the Winter Garden



Walt.

MR. ARNOLD DALY RECITING OSCAR WILDE'S "BALLAD OF READING GAUL."

Mr. Daly gave his interpretation of this famous poem at a series of matinees during the spring. Throughout the twenty minutes he scarce's moved, but his forceful reading held his audiences for the entire time. The stage represented the dimly lighted cell. From one side a beam of light shot down, which lit the convict clothes, seated on the rough table. The version of the poem used was by Mr. Robert Ross, Wilde's friend and literary executor.



Moffett

RUTH CHATTERTON, NOW APPEARING AS CYNTHIA IN "THE RAINBOW" AT THE LIBERTY

gem," with Hallam and Henry in the bill. It will be remembered that Henry was the original Sir Peter Teazle in America. This theatrical company existed by permission of His Excellency the Governor, and presented a Shakespearian and post-Elizabethan repertory. The old wooden playhouse, set a little back from the street-line, continued in its career until the Revolution turned the colonists' thoughts upon graver topics. By suggestion of Congress, on Oct. 24, 1774, all places of amusement were ordered closed, and it is strange to say that George Washington, an inveterate "first-nighter," brought down upon him the disfavor of his associates, because he was actually seen in his stall after the governmental mandate had gone forth!

When the British occupied the city in 1777, they seized the little John Street Theatre, changing its name to the Theatre Royal, and they set Major André to work for them. He not only turned dramatist, but taking off his red coat, he painted scenery and ornamented a drop curtain. In fact, for many years after, that curtain was preserved as a reminder of past days. After the war, the playhouse opened again and Washington returned to his amusement. Hallam and Henry redecorated their place, and we are told by contemporary writers that the ladies of the period had to reduce the size of their headgear in order to enter their sedan chairs with ease. The managers ran to comedy and met success in "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals." It was in 1787, on April 18th, that Royal Tyler's "The Contrast" was given, the first American play by an American to be produced.

Thomas Wignell now joined the company, which included likewise the eccentric Mrs. Morris. Of the latter the historian, Brown,¹ writes that she was "tall, handsome, reserved to mysteriousness, and so averse to being seen by daylight that she had

a gate made from her lodgings in Maiden Lane, to enable her to get to the theatre by running across John Street, without walking around through Broadway and exposing herself to the gaze of the beaux."

An incipient riot took place at the John Street Theatre in February, 1797, when Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Hodgkinson, both being on the stage at the same time, the former accused the latter of using treacherous means of forcing her to retire. This house of amusement held prestige until 1798. In passing, we note Rickett's Circus and the Greenwich Street Theatre, near the Battery, which was opened in 1795, its chief distinction being that Cooper appeared there in "Venice Preserved."

The Old Park Theatre is perhaps the most famous theatrical centre of lower Broadway. The property was owned by John Jacob Astor, and those regularly seen in the stage boxes were Philip Hone, Mayor W. K. Paulding, Dr. John W. Francis, and Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia College. Though the house was opened with difficulty by Hodgkinson and Hallam on Jan. 29, 1798, the chief manager of distinction was William Dunlap, who was as instrumental in the effort to build the playhouse as he was in assisting S. F. B. Morse to erect the National Academy of Design, then located at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets.

Let us emphasize that theatrically those were the days of giants, when actors who sought engagements had to face the stately persons of Edmund Simpson, J. H. Caldwell, J. H. Hackett, W. R. Blake, Sol Smith, and W. E. Burton. For twenty-two years the theatre held sway. To the sophisticated present it must sound strange on the ear to hear that doors were opened at five of the clock, and that the first curtain was drawn at 6:15. Furthermore, if the quality wished boxes reserved for them, they needs must send their servants some while in

(Continued on page cii)

¹ With its acknowledgment my indebtedness to T. Allan Brown's scrapbooks, as well as to his exhaustive newspaper history of the stage in New York.

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THE LONDON PIT

(Continued from page 106)

I do not know; but the beautiful balance between them must be obvious to the most superficial observer. From one hour to two hours and a quarter is the average wait of this human column. Night after night they stand there, and I observe the national trait of patience and long-suffering in the making. In restless, idly America these things could not be. It could never grow into a habit. The lunatic asylum would be doubled in a few months. But a man has just come with camp-chairs for thruppence. A few avail themselves, but the man is ignored by the many—it is a matter of mere standing. The private motor has just stopped at the curb, and three girls step out. In another moment they have welded themselves in the end of the column where I am standing. Their conversation is most interesting, and I learn that the pit is an old story to them. Whereupon the pit assumes a new function. It is an ideal overflow place for heart-to-heart confidences, long-pent emotions or frivolous pleasantries. I have you some priceless nugget of scandal, a life's tragedy, or a gnawing ambition, come early and whisper it here. A little way over a man with a fountain-pen is using his time to write letters. Several others have brought books to read, and they are doing it with a vengeance. Now and then the crowd shifts the weight of its body to the other leg. Of course, you are not aware of the movement, for each one is a law unto himself. But all these things have to do with the inner and the subjective—the self-sufficient phase of the crowd-individual. Simultaneously there is going on a continuous run of "turns," that for ingenious individuality and infinite variety, if you have a mind to see it so, are vastly more entertaining than the hackneyed offerings of the music-hall stage. But, unlike the music-hall, you pay—if you pay—optionally and what you choose. And you pay for one of three reasons: out of pity and compassion, as a reward for a really deserving "stunt," or out of sheer curiosity that the performer has finished. No, there is another reason still—some pay because they have no will to refuse, and are bullied into it by the outstretched hand that declines to move on. For instance, I have seen a certain gaunt individual pass along the crowd with the left palm outstretched, and on it was a box of matches. He wore dark glasses, and had a mysterious habit of looking at a girl as he riveted his eye upon you. No word was ever spoken; he would gather many pennies, but seldom was the box of matches taken in exchange. I was told that when his matches were done he heightened the effect by appearing with a bandaged limb and a crutch, but could be seen an hour or so later entering a pub and swinging the crutch in his hand. This man was a noted crook, but rendered himself immune from police interference because he was never known to log in the technical sense.

A long, thin, interrogation-shaped creature now appears and says excitedly on a log in the tragedy, lingers here to a conventionalized bed-lad. She does not know these coins are pity-pennies. She feels that she has the making of a great artist, and that one day, if she plays but long enough, gleaming fate will snatch her up to a place of honor, as it has done with the little old Jan Kukul, who over his head, and a little old man with a great, gaping hole in the top of his fiddle. I have heard just its innards, and he starts on "The Heart Bowed Down."

A youth appears, seats himself on a single-sticked stool, and produces a peculiar, long-necked instrument with a single string. Then he delivers himself of the "Lost Chord." He might have done better with two or three or four strings, but he is spectacularly good in doing one thing well. Here comes a man, and we make guesses as to his mission. When he has finished you have had a tabloid lecture on the general history of England for the last twenty years. Dates, incidents and names have been harled at you in a six-minute harangue of parrot-like perfection. He is followed by a lad who can throw his legs backward over his shoulders, and his ankles clasp his chin. A broken-down and battered mummer now takes the breach and recites "The Face on the Bar-Kroom Floor." This man may have played Hamlet once—who can tell? A cracked-headed individual begs your pardon for just a minute while she sings the humorous ballad of "Maggie Murphy's Fall." A little lad, with a yellow wig and a side-to-side motion like a eged panther, has some more ballads for you. You turn your head for a moment, and the song suddenly stops. A baby has appeared, and, in the name of the law, bids him cease. He always

seems to turn up at the wrong time, this little chap, when the lobby happens to be near. He's always being stopped, and his voice is one of the best. But he always manages to pass his hat around just the same, and merit, garnished with good-natured sympathy, brings in a goodly store. Were I not a believer in the incurability of municipal service, I might conceive the possibility of this same lobby's share in the profits for his timely interruption. (On the other hand, my observation merely goes to show how there are people mean enough to misconstrue the noblest actions.

And so we see the pit in another light—the bureau of many charities. The prominent in front becomes a clearing house for all kinds and conditions of artistic effort. There bedeluging youth, wrapped in its visions of unconquered fields of glory, may have its first flutterings. Wayward minstrels there may play or sing or dance in the hope of brighter days. There many an ancient mariner, with skinny hand, may tell his lorrowing tale. Some one has aptly said that heaven on earth is to have the work you like and be well paid for it. If this be so, then the pavement-space before us must mean the heaven for many; for, all things considered, the pit-artist is oft-times a very well-paid individual. His performances are not limited to one, but maybe six, eight or ten of an evening. When his cap has been passed, he "hikes it" for another show-place. A remarkable instance was told me of a man whose act was impersonations of famous people. For several months he was not seen on his regular rounds, until one evening he appeared again with the old turn. He had been picked up by a manager and had been doing his music-hall act through the provinces. When congratulated on his great, good fortune, he smiled. The music-hall game was not what it was cracked up to be—as a matter of fact, it was not to be reckoned with pit-work at all; for, after all the expenses were paid, he had much less showing for his week's work than formerly. After his brief span of glory, he was quite content to come back to the old job of making faces and collecting his salary on the spot. To be sure, it had its drawbacks—not so inspiring to do your life's work before people who might be paying no attention to you, or to be tapped on the shoulder in the middle of your performance and be told to move on—still, these things, he guessed, he could get used to again.

Outside and inside, the English pit is a great institution. As an artistically inclined, somewhat economical, lounge-suited cosmopolitan, I like the English pit. I like the messenger boys and the front row and the brass rail and the tea and the sweets, and the programs for tuppence I think I could learn to like in time. The same with the long wait and the folk who entertain. I wish America could hold still enough to learn how to use a pit. I wish it had many of them—we'd all be better for it.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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FORGOTTEN THEATRES

(Continued from page 200)

advance of them to secure seats. The theatre was situated in Park Row, two hundred feet west of Ann Street, on lots numbered 21, 23, 25. It was a stone building, rather pretentious in its interior decoration, as the early impressionist of Fanny Kemble will attest. There was a lobby with fires at both ends, and the color scheme was aglow in pink and gold. The rules and regulations were strict, for ladies were unable to sit in the first or second tier unless they were accompanied by gentlemen. Managers might well deplore the salaries paid to-day when they stop to consider that actors of such magnitude as Cooper only received a weekly stipend of thirty-two dollars, even though he might boast of the distinction of being the first male "star" in America. This actor's tomb may be seen in the churchyard of St. Paul's, the stone having been erected by Kean, and repaired at various times by Charles Kean and E. A. Sothern. When first interred in this spot, so famed the memory of this actor that Mr. Francis recovered the skull as a memento and Kean himself secured a bone of the forefinger.

The glories of the house form a part of the theatrical history. Whether its walls in different times might be seen the dramatist, John Howard Payne, General Harrison, and President Monroe. On May 25th, 1820, after the performance, the house caught on fire and was burned to the ground.

It was rebuilt and opened on September 1, 1821, under the name of the New Park, running through to what was known as Theatre Alley. Its

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chief distinction was that it could boast of oil
lamps and three chandeliers. Here held forth
Peter Richings—a man so like George Washington
in feature and bearing that he sat for the
General's portrait. Here J. B. Booth, Henry
Hacide and Edmund Kean attracted the multi-
tude. In fact, all that is best in the American
traditions of the theatre started here. Old pro-
grams contain the names of J. H. Hackett, Ma-
cready, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Clara Fisher, Wal-
lace, Forrest, Fanny Kemble, Mr. and Mrs.
Wood, Ellen Terry, Charlotte Cushman, Murdoch,
Charles Matthews and John Brougham. Here
Mrs. Snowart made a name for herself. "Kath-
leen" was presented for the first time. Dr. Bird's
"Jack Cade" started on a successful career, and
New York received Boucicault's "Old Heidelberg"
and Young Hearts.

Historians of the city are careful to indicate
that Theatre Alley ran between Ann and Beek-
man Streets. In 1846, Col. Mann erected the
Broadway Theatre, and this house was the cause
of the decline of the Park. In 1862, the last
vestige of the famous amusement centre was re-
moved, and the cornerstone was secured by a
restaurant owner for the edification of his guests.

The first summer theatre the city was the
Mt. Vernon Gardens, on the northwest corner of
Broadway and Leonard Street. These gardens
were quite the fashion around 1830. It is only
necessary to note the Conto Garden, near the
Hall Gardens on the west side of the Bowery,
near Broome Street; the Bowling Green Garden,
between Warren and Greenwich Streets, and
famed for a period as the rallying point for New
York's Dutch settlers. Then on the Blooming-
dale Road, near what is now Woodlawn, was the
Strawberry Hill House.

Barnum's Museum was on the west side of
Chambers Street, where "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
held sway for some time. Then there was the
Broadway Circus on the east side of Broadway,
at the corner of White Street. The Anthony
Street Theatre, upon the site of which was after-
wards built a church, was near Broadway, on
what is now Worth Street, and here Keau ap-
peared in "The Jew of Malta."

Chatham Garden and Theatre was on the north
side of Chatham Street, between Duane and
Pearl, running through to Augustus Street, which
is now City Hall Place. This playhouse was
also destined to be converted into a home of
worship, but not until after it had been man-
aged by men who are now famed. Tom Placied,
Henry Wallace, J. B. Booth and J. H. Hackett
were in control at different times.

The reader who has perched upon the New
York Aquarium will be told that this was once
the famous Castle Garden, wherein Jenny Lind,
during 1850, electrified music lovers.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

A Stage Manager Who Can Act

(Continued from page 241)

methods, due to his experience as a producer,
Mr. Reichert when he steps upon the stage for-
gets all the technique of his art, as a pianist at
a recital, his five finger exercises. Fronting the
footlights, he employs the simplest methods. It
is his creed, further enunciated, that "the quiver
of an eyelash should be felt in the farthest
gallery."

"The secret of any acting, which makes de-
mands on the intellectual emotions," Mr. Reichert
states, "is to be found in the preface that Mr.
MacKay wrote for 'The Scarecrow.'"

"The Scarecrow," Reichert is pitiful as the
emblem of human bathos. Compared with our
own ideas of human perfection, what human rub-
bish we are. Of what incongruous elements are
we constructed by time and inheritance, with
will to realize the reasonableness, the power, the
altruism of our dreams. What absurdity is our
highest consumption? Yet the sense of our
common deficiency is, after all, our salvation.
There is one reality which is a basic hope for the
realization of those dreams. This sense is human
sympathy which is, it would seem, a more search-
ing erate of human frailty than satire. It is the
growth of this sense which dowers with dignity
and reality the hulklowest and most ludicrous
of mankind, and becomes, in such, a fundamental
grace of character."

It was his conception of the part of "The
Scarecrow" that first drew Mr. Wuthrop Ames'
attention to Mr. Reichert's extraordinary talent,
and it is his work in "The Pigeon," which has
led to the contract that will probably engage his
talent in leading roles at The Little Theatre for
a long time to come. Mr. Ames is now in
Europe looking about for new plays in London,
Paris and Berlin. He expects to find among
these something that will give Mr. Reichert a
broader scope than he has yet enjoyed.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

A NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY

(Continued from page 476)

calumniator summoned to court, and Merital, willingly or unwillingly, will have to prove that the tale is a lie. The attack, which comes once, at least, to every politician, now menaces Merital. The second act passes four months afterwards at Blois, Merital's electoral district. The suit for slander is on, his political opponents howl for his downfall, his friends are not to be found. At Merital's children are tormented by doubt, after all, they know little about their father's past; they remember only his triumphs, his prosperous days; he has never told them of the struggles and miseries of his beginnings. The mere idea that their father could have been culpable is inadmissible, but is not his reserve about his past equivocal? Hence, Renee alone believes absolutely in Merital's integrity, past, present and future. She alone awaits with composure the verdict which the justice of men will be obliged to render.

Merital is not so assured. He has sent his faithful secretary to bring Frepeau to Blois by force, if necessary, for he must have a complete explanation from his political friend. The "grand homme" comprehends too well what modern justice is, particularly when it is complicated with political interests. The crisis is one of life or death. From the moment the attack was brought against him Merital saw facts clearly; he knew that the man who published the original story was a man of straw, one man only could have paid this editor to rake up the scandal, and that was Frepeau, whose political interests and ambitions have clashed with his own. Merital has spent his time and money in uncovering Frepeau's duplicity, and the time is ripe to expose it. But Merital knows, also, that justice is a vain comedy, useless to appeal to it, and he must rely upon his ability to intimidate Frepeau. His safety, therefore, depends upon the result of this interview.

Here occurs the second great scene of the play, again a scene à deux, long drawn, as we would surely find it in an English drama, but broken by Bernstein's adroit knowledge of the stage. In this scene Gutruy was a man—cold, intellectual, threatening; he awaited the duel with defiance; he fought it with consummate tact and power.

Merital conquers in this duel between two practical politicians. It could not be otherwise; by the stronger, the more determined, soul. Point after point in Frepeau's defense he hears down by mere weight, and when the victory—it can hardly be called a moral one—is gained, Frepeau promises to remove the original defamer from the jurisdiction of the court. All compromising documents are to be destroyed. Merital's tactics are so adroit that Frepeau goes to the point of muzzling justice, almost persuaded that he is doing it because he is Merital's fast friend. The act closes with the judicial marionettes dancing when Merital pulls the strings. His skirts are clear of mud; as a politician he is almost apologetic.

If this play held strictly to its definite title it would end with the second curtain. The attack has failed, and with this denouement—an absorbing one, too—this piece would resemble the other plays of Bernstein—the masculine, strong and violent plays that asked for, and required, no more than one theme. But here, at the third act, begins a new theme, more profound, more moving than the other one, to which the author's first title, "La Montée" would be more applicable. Merital has defended himself without scruple, using every means in his power against the attacks of the crowd. He has opposed intrigue to intrigue, lie to lie. Against the malice of men, and the pitilessness of law, he has fought and won. His children share his feverish triumph, only Renee is puzzled. Not for a single moment did she suppose that the man she loved could be guilty. She has awaited the issue with calm, but she wonders why he is not as calm. Suddenly in his excited harangue Merital stops speaking, and weighs this complete confidence, this utter loyalty. To abuse so much loyalty and confidence is beyond him. What Merital would not confess to anyone—certainly not to his children—spontaneously, irrefragably he avows to Renee. "Yes, he is guilty; yes, years ago, when he saw his young wife in misery he stole axes from his employer. He was not prosecuted, but discharged. At Paris he suffered, but France by France he saved the money and paid back his peculation."

This scene of confession is the third scene "for two" in "L'Assommoir." Merital adds that he was obliged to defend himself, his name, the future of his children, her future, Renee's, by question-



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able means. Little by little the play has emerged from the sordid region of "dirty" politics until it rests on a question of conscience. The change comes like a surprise, but an agreeable surprise. It is so spontaneous that it almost seems as if the author had been himself surprised by the unexpected turn, and that he works for the remaining minutes under the spur of powerful inspiration. In the revelation that Merital now makes to Renee in a long, long monologue, we are carried along without making resistance, just as we were in the second act of "The Thief." Our moral perceptions are blunted; we pity Merital so deeply that we are glad justice—man's blind justice—has been deferred.

How does the noble, trembling, confiding girl receive this confession of her "grande honte"? It might very well be that the moral obliquity of her idol would dampen her enthusiasm where his age and physique had failed. It might very well be that to replace her statue on its pedestal Renee would demand a public avowal, a complete expiation. Bernstein, however, did not construe Renee with a Puritan conscience; he did not write "L'Assaut" as a psychological study, and he knew well that the Parisians, provided they were moved and fired, would not accuse him of a lack of artistic confidence. Audiences have been moved and fired; they have found no fault with the conclusion. Renee takes Merital's trembling hand: "I love you. I love you," she murmurs. Merital's children enter and exclaim the doubt they could not help feeling by confessing it. Their wish is that now their father may enjoy the greatest happiness. Merital, indicating Renee, who has brought this happiness to him, says: "Embrace her."

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 1721)

announces that he has brought his wife with him to London, that she is now at his hotel attended by physicians and nurses in the anticipation of an heir to his affections and fortune, and that the heir will necessarily be a boy. The young spendthrift is thus forced to look about for a rich marriage, and his backers bring him in contact with American heiresses and other eligibles; but he really loves a simple maiden without a dowry. In the meanwhile, the uncle parades around pushing a baby cart. After various comical vicissitudes, the old uncle appears and announces that he has discovered that the simple maiden is the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he gives his consent to their marriage. He also explains that his story of being married and having a boy to inherit his estate was pure invention. It would be easy to urge that the conduct of the rich uncle in the opera was too improbable to have ever happened in real life, but there is no question that the performance left the conviction that the two young people did inherit all the old man's property without any conditions attached, and lived happily ever after. There was love between them in the love songs and love in their tripping feet, so there was no doubt about it. There was a final waltz also that was absolutely conclusive of a happy ending. A vocal offering to the "Moon, Lovely Moon," was perhaps the best number among the lyrics, which, it may be added, are by Robert B. Smith, the book as adapted being, as a matter of course, by Harry B. Smith. Adrienne Augarde is the Rose Maid, a quaint personality, adequate in voice. The people of the cast are entirely capable of what is required of them, and on the whole, the opera has more pleasing qualities than are found in most comic operas of the day.

CASINO THEATRE. "Two Little Brides." Musical comedy in two acts from the German of Willner and Wilhelm. Adapted by Gustave Kerker. Book and lyrics by Arthur Anderson, James T. Powers and Harold Atteridge. Produced April 23 with the following cast:

King of Wurttemberg, Arthur Clough; Count Boris, Walter Lawrence; Prince Petroff, George Danvers; Vodka, Sherman Wade; Gen. Andrey, Tom Jervis; A. Curcison, Louis London; Mams, Howard Kays; Oscar Schwartz, Captain, Edgar Fowler; Hugh, Edwin; Frank Williams, Footman, Edward Stanley; The Mayor, Harry Sullivan; The Councilmen, Joe Wells; The Butler, Harry Warner; Hunka, Francis Cameron; Tiana, Leila Hughes; Vendetta, Lucia Arcau; Princess Athanasia, Helene Sallinger; Lucille, Melissa Ten Eyck; Polgar Ivanovitch, James T. Powers.

That James T. Powers, Arthur Anderson and Harold Atteridge should combine their energies in writing the book and lyrics of "Two Little Brides," and that previous to this conjunction Willner and Wilhelm should also have written a

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Libretto for the opera, which was originally produced in Germany), would seem to require a happy result. The result is a mild entertainment for temporary use. The field in which Mr. M. has been working is not a new one, and the comic-comicalities is not a spacious one, but as the sole purveyor of humor he is satisfactory to audiences that may be described as his own. He is not a great comedian, but he is a comedian, and he has more or less happy speeches, showing the good intent of giving full measure. The opera is free from anything of daring novelty, and, indeed, is distinguished for a certain conservative quality. It is not a masterpiece, but it has a certain originality in its lack of physical allurement, for its feminine contingent seem to desire a display of modesty in delectable skirts. The music is not a masterpiece, but it is good, and the entertainment lacks something short of a May party. An eccentric dance by two men, Ward and Moon, the one tall, the other short, and the one in a top hat and tails, while there was the outline of a turkey-trot.

[illegible]

LYRICH NEW ORLEANS FRENCH OPERA Co. We have been educated to expect so much in grand opera production that when a company comes to town with a new production, we expect a Toscanini or a Fauré, it appears at a disadvantage. Yet, notwithstanding this serious handicap, the Lyricale Opera Company is entitled to a great deal of credit for its production. The company was well balanced, and had among its singers some artists who could have appeared with distinction at the Metropolitan. We refer to the soprano, Mrs. M. J. B. and the mezzo-soprano, Mrs. M. J. B. The fact must also be acknowledged that each and everyone of these artists acted superbly, and showed the results of the remarkable training which they have received. The orchestra, the least creditable part of the production was the orchestra, chorus and the scenery, all of which were so bad that they quite overbalanced what the vocalists had to say for themselves. The principal artists. The repertoire comprised "Le Troisième Faust," "Mignon," "La Favorite," "Thaïs," "Manon," "Carmen" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

BROADWAY ABOVE OFFER CO. The Alton Opera Company has made it possible for many people throughout the country to hear the great soprano, Gretel, who is not only a beautiful, competent, and their productions of a high order. Their presentation of "Hänsel und Gretel" was in no way inferior to the standard. Gretel's singing was of a high order. She is a singer of not only unusual ability, but of distinct articulation, which is saying a great deal for her acting also is not to be ignored, for they are a full company, and their production make good listeners, be acting honors of the performance go unquestionably to the Witch. Gretel's singing was of a high order. Gretel Houston, but he seemed masculine enough at times to be Mr. Clifton Webb. In either event, it was difficult to keep from being fascinated by the singing. Gretel's singing was of a high order that was always in character. Faith Bradford had an excellent voice as Hänsel, and contributed some original work by having her two nimbles sing a duet. Gretel's singing was of a high order was very wholesome, with a well-modulated voice, and a distinctness that became her more and more. Gretel's singing was of a high order a trifle nervous, because his wide-legged acting.

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and unduly strong character make-up, scarcely justified the powerful, and occasionally rich, voice with which he interpreted Peter, the father. On the other hand, Elaine de Sellem was generally capable as the wife, although she has yet to break a jug with conviction. An orchestra of about sixteen pieces was procured over by Joseph Sainon.

LYCEUM. AFRICAN HUNT IN MORTON PICTURES. Paul J. Rainey, the celebrated African hunter, recently organized a novel hunting trip through the African jungle. Accompanied by an American photographer, this intrepid sportsman penetrated the interior of British East Africa, and secured the most marvelous pictures of big game. These pictures are now shown in motion, the lecturer being Mr. J. C. Hennen, the well-known photographer who, at great personal risk, accompanied the expedition. American trained dogs were used in trailing and capturing the big game, and as many of the pictures were taken at night, by flashlight, the conditions under which the work was done were exciting, to say the least. The peril which both hunter and photographer incurred is amply demonstrated in the photographic record. The first of the films shows the start for the interior with all the difficulties which beset passage through the jungle. Then came a picture showing the trapping of a hyena, a splendid record. Then were shown pictures of the dogs in action, bringing to bay, and finally destroying, a dangerous cheetah. But the best picture of all is that of a water hole in the desert, to which all the animals come to drink—rhinoceros, giraffes, gazelles, elephants, zebras and others, all seemingly at peace with each other, but careful to preserve, as it were, a certain order of social precedence. Mr. Hennen's lecture is very interesting, and the thrilling passages of the narrative are enlivened here and there by humorous anecdote. No one should miss seeing these wonderful pictures.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "THE MARRIAGE NOEL." Comedy in three acts by Joseph Noel. Produced on May 11. Joseph Noel, a young California newspaper man, sought to evoke some new variations from the old dramatic triangle. But he failed, and after a week's stay at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, "The Marriage Noel" was relegated to the theatrical graveyard.

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Robert le Diable—Robert, O to the adieu—Meyrebeck—Robert, Duke of Normandy who was called *Robert the Devil* because of his courage in battle and his successes in love, is hampered by his subjects and goes to Sicily, where he continued to struggle with an Evil Spirit, which seems to tempt him to every kind of excess. Alice, his foster sister, suspects that his supposed friend *Reinart*, is in reality this evil influence. At the close of Act I, *Robert*, led on by *Reinart*, gambles away all his possessions, and failing to attend the Tournament, loses the honor of a knight and greatly displeases the *Lady Isabella*, whom he loves.

AMATEUR GLUCK-ZIMBALIST RECORD—Le Nil, Fernand-Lévy.

The interesting record of Massenet's *Elégie* by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Zimbalist, issued last month, has been much in demand, and this announcement of a second record by these artists will be a welcome one.

The selection chosen for the June list is a charming French song, "Le Nil," by Fernand Lévy. Mr. Zimbalist's beautiful tone blends delightfully with Mme. Gluck's lovely soprano, and the record is an unusually attractive one.

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GEMS BY KAISER—Aubade Provençale, Courant; Scherzo, Dittersdorf.

Fritz Kreisler, notwithstanding the constant appearance of new *virtuosi*, continues to hold his high place among the few leading violinists of the day, and is playing better perhaps than at any time in his career.

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New Dramatic Books

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRICAL. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago. Browne's Bookstore Illustrated.

One distinctive thing about Edward Gordon Craig is his forceful, undiluted personality. He is a man who is more careful about marshalling his forces than he is about qualifying his aims. To say that he is not original would be denying him one of his most fascinating qualities. His work, and more particularly his expressions have been the talk of Europe, while echoes are to be heard throughout America. Above all, Mr. Craig is not a materialist. The spirit to him is the supreme idea. Such things as flesh and blood disappear into dust, while this cold, fragile, imperishable thing, called Beauty, continues forever. Mr. Craig is a critic, and, like all good critics, he tears down before he builds up. The stage of to-day has practically no charm for him, its traditions no fearsome qualities. The actor is contented, the manager is commercial, the scenery is realistic, the whole theatre is artificial. It is governed by many people who do not know their places, the dramatist lacks backbone—oh, what a deplorable state! How shall all this be remedied? Why, says Mr. Craig, put the whole matter in the hands of one man who is capable of directing it? Let him be playwright, stage manager, treasurer, electrician, property man, grip, electrician, orchestra director and wardrobe master, with scenic painter thrown in for good measure. Where, oh, where, shall we find the man to do this? continues Mr. Craig, telling us ever so delicately by word and drawing how well he can see costumes and paint scenery. In short, by general acclaim, Gordon Craig is elected to this position which is to sway the destiny of the world's dramatic art. The only difficulty remaining is the huge dollar-sign, or personal sign, which Mr. Craig deplores, but which makes all things possible. He wants costumes to fit the nature and disposition of the characters, not knowing that we here in America have anticipated him for many years, even in the lowest of amusement places, where the adventures, to prove that they are sinful, dresses in red. From here it is a short step to giving advice to the actor, and very good advice it is to very many actors. He wants the artist to go beyond the theatre, and not cramp his genius and his ability to express by the little artificial world to which actors have accustomed themselves. It is a very large proposition, but Mr. Craig tackles it bravely. Actor's conceit should be done away with, says he, if the actor would not distort values of himself. Frankly, Mr. Craig's book is his propaganda, but even so, his cause is so interesting as a novelty, and his book is so tastefully printed and bound, that it is well worth its price, and well worth reading by anyone interested in any phase of the drama.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. HIS LIFE AND WORK. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. Cincinnati: Seward, Kidd & Company.

This is a volume of formidable proportions, 612 pages, with thirty-three illustrations, including two plates in colors, two photographs, and numerous facsimiles in the text. We have Shaw in different poses at different periods of his life. The various phases of his activities are discussed, exemplified and particularized in separate sections. Everything he has thought and done from his childhood up to the moment of the publication of the book is set down. It should be satisfactory to everyone who wants to know everything about Shaw. The versatile G. B. S. has supplied talks, letters and material in superabundance. Every article ever written about him is listed. To look them all up and read them would keep an industrious man busy for a year. Much of it is familiar to every reader, but it is a book of expatiations and expansions and added detail. To review this book in detail would be a laborious and unnecessary task. An index to the volume facilitates reference to such passages as may be more interested in than in others. Professor Henderson is discriminating and not too adulatory. Shaw's activities have been very distinct. He has been half a dozen men at the different chapters of his life devoted to the various periods of his life will indicate. The Novelist, The Playwright, The Actor, The Critic, The Music Critic, The Dramatic Critic, The Playwright (three chapters), The Technician, The Dramatist, Artist and Philosopher, The Man. No man ever had such a minute and numerous biography of himself written during his lifetime.



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THE PROSPECTOR. Comedy in three acts. By Willis Steell. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.
Tom Preston is a prospector who has failed in the Western gold fields, so has come to the East to try prospecting in the promotion of new companies. For his stenographer he engages Kate Carew, the daughter of an architect, who is in precarious circumstances because of wildcat investment in Wall Street. Tom learns that Carew had appropriated some money due a contractor and lost it in speculation. By this time he has fallen in love with Kate. He quietly pays the contractor to silence him, incidentally placing his partner and himself in danger of ruin, while Carew commits suicide. Tom has secured the money for this purpose from the mother of Felicia Kelsa, a rich girl who is angling for him. Felicia learns what has become of the money, and recognizing Kate as a dangerous rival tells Kate of the whole affair, and bids her keep out of the way. But in the meantime Tom's business has picked up, and he returns the money to the mother with interest. Felicia is foiled, and Tom and Kate are happily united. It is a conventional story, given with hardly more dramatic form than is indicated here. The lines are clever. With some re-writing it would make a fair piece. It is readable.

THE WIDENESS. An American play in five acts. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darrow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

This seems to be a more audacious book than the earlier one concerning musical comedy upon which the same authors collaborate. It is not a good satire, and has very little to recommend it. Beatrice Walton is a rich girl who wants to be loved for herself alone, so becomes stenographer to young John Fosdick. It is needless to say she falls in love with her. Her graceless young brother arrives, and seeing the love bestowed upon him by Beatrice, Fosdick thinks that it must be a rival, and goes out of town for five years. When he returns at the end of that time, explanations are made and all ends happily. It is quite probable that the authors do not expect this piece to be produced. At any rate, they had better reconcile themselves to its confinement in book form. But the man who buys the book expecting to derive amusement from it, and with no idea of analyzing as a serious proposition, will find his money well spent in reading the introduction and note that fill nearly half the book. It discusses about everything from fashion to automobiles, a slapstick to donkeys, heretics to Bernard Shaw, listens to Richard Harding Davis, and contains all of the philosophy of the drama and a complete guide to the technique of playwrighting. Of course, it is all the merest quibbling; but the man who is looking for a pleasant, if not instructive, way to pass time, will find in it all that he could desire.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. A play in eight scenes. By William Watson, New York: John Lane Co.

William Watson has written crisp things, notably "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," but when he tried playwrighting, his work lost significance. He seems to have put his plot into a two-hour measure, and when he shook it up most of the plot stayed at the bottom, with the thin part on top. In other words, his play does not begin until the last few pages. Of course, it is natural for William Watson to write in verse; it would be hard at this time to imagine him writing a book in prose. But the fact remains that verse is an outworn medium for drama. It will be hard to censure Mr. Watson, because in his dedication he has recorded that his wife is responsible for the piece. And what gentleman would offend a lady? The story is given here in a little more intelligible way than Mr. Watson gives it. The time is given generally as "The Morrow of Antiquity."

Albo of the Woods, a hunter and trapper, seeks vengeance upon Volmar, commander of a victorious army which is returning home laden with spoils, because Volmar has committed rape upon his daughter and forced her to suicide. As Volmar asserts the stern of the justice to receive the congratulations of his King, Albo kills him. The King would have Albo destroyed at once, but Prince Hesperus interposes and pleads for him. The King bids Heaven to strike him, the King, dead if he shows mercy. Albo explains his motive for killing Volmar. The people are at once prejudiced in Albo's favor, and when the Prince explains that his interest is because Albo once saved him from death in the Woods, the people demand that Albo be set free. The only one that can pardon Albo is the King, and the King cannot go back upon his word. It is suggested to the King that he abdicate, so that his successor, who will not be bound by a vow, may effect the pardon. The King declares he never liked his position anyhow, and commits

suicide by drinking some mysterious poison in a seal-ring upon his finger. The Prince instantly takes his place as King, pardons Albo, and is acclaimed in the people. It has occasional scraps of the drama, but that is all. When it comes to the vow of the King, the conditions under which it was given and the circumstances attendant upon it, it becomes absolutely ridiculous. It is to be expected that his verse is polished; but we have always understood that poetry performed another function beside just having form. It is supposed that form is only a method of smooth expression, and in the excellence of expression lies the true greatness of the muse. Hence this piece is neither poetry nor drama.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. *The Dream Play, The Link and The Dance of Death, Parts I and II.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Each country has ideas of morality and things in general peculiar to itself. Of necessity the native writers of those countries include the same ideas in their work. This work has been coming over to us for some time past. The expressed opinions have varied widely. Some were ready to commend the work for the authority of the author's names, some commend it because of its success in its native land, while a few others judge it for itself. Europe is full of inflated reputations. It is a place where morbid expressions are well liked by morbid people. It is to be hoped that in America opinions will be expressed by elemental standards of right and wrong. To most Americans, Strindberg is little more than a name. His plays have not been presented here. Some have said that it is because he is so intensely local, while others believe that he is too morbid for healthy minds. A foreign author is often misrepresented by a poor translator. Edwin Bjorkman has qualified too often as a careful and graceful writer to offend in this respect. Therefore, it is charitable to assume that these are not three of the best of Strindberg's plays.

The first, "The Dream Play," tells how the daughter of the god Indra descends upon earth to see if the complaints of humanity are well founded. She sees a great deal of suffering and suffers herself by getting married to a brilliant lawyer and having a child by him. It is not clear what Strindberg thinks of it, but the impression is that most of the unhappiness on earth is caused by the people themselves. At any rate, she decides that a poet is the only man that knows how to live, and lets him paint the complaint of mankind that she may take it back to her father.

"The Link" is a rather curiously contrived piece. Like the other three of his plays, its dramatic force lies more in its material and situations than in characterization. Characterization is a very weak point in Strindberg's work. Take away the proper names with which he heads his species and his plays would read like monologues. His people are puppets and so many moultpieces for the dismal philosophy of Strindberg himself. It tells of a Baron and Baroness, both guilty of marital infidelity, who have held together despite their absolute unfitness for each other, because of their love for their child, the link which binds them together. But now they decide to separate, and the fight is for the custody of the child. The scene is a Court of Justice. In the investigation of the court it is decided that neither parent is competent to rear the child, which is given for that purpose into the hands of two very ignorant peasant guardians.

The third play, "The Dance of Death," is so long drawn out and so disconnected that it is difficult to tell what it is all about. It is assumed that symbolism has entered into it, symbolism that is understood by only the author. How that word symbolism has been perverted! It is not properly subordinated. This use of "symbolism," that is, something for something else when good, clear, intelligible facts are available, is not art, it is not pleasing, and is a display of little else than sheer ignorance. Thank God we have had a few men who have not been afraid to express their opinions upon this subject. "The Dance of Death" tells about a captain in a military colony upon a little island, who is subject to fits, and who has kept his wife terribly alone and without friends. Her cousin, a former sweetheart, arrives, and she takes new hope. The cousin's son falls in love with the captain's daughter, the daughter whom the captain hopes to marry to the colonel of the island, and thereby raise his social position. But the daughter disdains the captain and marries the cousin's son. The captain thereupon dies after a stroke of apoplexy. Here are people who effect this sort of reading: but none of the three plays is true drama.



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Photo by Schneider

Fig. No. 6. Picture hat of Italian straw bound with black velvet and ornamented with dark grey ostrich plumes

A CHAT ON NEW FANCIES IN MODES

Of course you have all been hearing a great deal lately about fuller skirts, and our Parisian couturiers have really succeeded in making us believe that this feature has been accomplished. However, actual measurement will convince you that the fashionable skirt still requires only a two-yard tape to circumscribe the lower edge.

It is true that the gown of to-day requires more material, but this is due to the fulness attached to, rather than inserted in, the skirt, and it is quite probable that another season may develop the added width so much clamored after by women who, after they obtain their desire, will regret the loss of the youthful lines of the present mode.

The much-discussed panier will, no doubt, be generally adopted by American women as soon as they perceive that the new models are not at all the bouffant effects imagined and widely circulated in caricature. The new panier is very pretty, and retains the narrow hip lines we all admire, the fulness falling below the kneedepth.

The present panier is really a revival of the old-time overskirt, and the women who look upon the panier as an innovation too extreme for adoption will readily accept the style under the name of a drapery, of which the new models show most artistic developments.

One of the prettiest of these is shown in a gown worn by Emmy Wehlen at the Moulin Rouge, and as she appears in this charming costume she admirably portrays her rôle as "A Winsome Widow." The dress is of handsome creamy net top lace, and the panier, which falls in long, round, drapery lines in front, and forms long, full bandings at the back that are gracefully crossed and attached to the waistline under a girle, is of lavender charmeuse. The colored drapery over white is a new style feature, and one that will be popular this summer. This dainty dress had long net sleeves, which is another new dress-note, and one that is gaining favor even in evening gowns.

Miss Wehlen favors the new combination idea. In the second act she wears an exquisite evening gown of white crystal-embroidered chiffon. The bodice shows a graduated band of emerald velvet, and there is a belt of turquoise blue velvet studded with diamonds and ending in an apple-green tulle sash, several yards in length, which the charming little lady gracefully carries upon her arm.

Tulle is a favorite material for these flowing effects that are a present fancy. In "The Rose Maid" Juliette Dika wears a black tulle neck ruff that ends in a streamer of the tulle. It falls over the back of the left shoulder and extends nearly to the foot of the skirt, where it is caught together by a silver tassel. Another varia-



Photo by Talbot

Fig. No. 8. A pretty frock by M. Lelong, showing many original features. It is developed in blue flowered mousseline, combined with blue chiffon taffeta.



Photo by Schneider

Fig. No. 1. A striking gown of black liberty partly veiled with white chiffon cloth and decorated with heavy applique lace.

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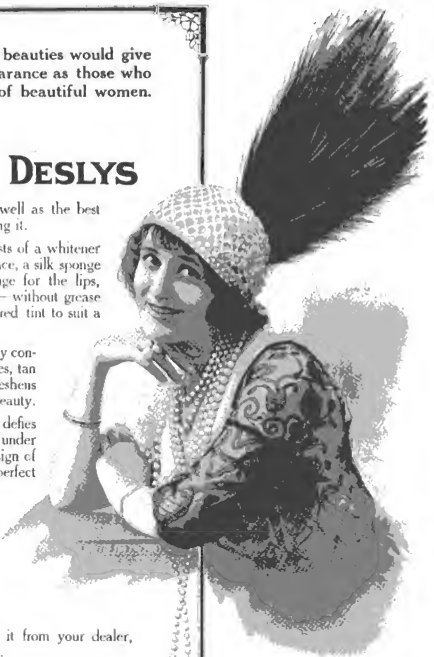
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Fig. No. 1. A lovely lingerie gown worn over a slip of champagne tulle.

tion of tulle streamers was seen in a veil that was worn over the face, and tied in a mass of loops under the back left side of the brim, and one long end fell down the back of the wearer, who gracefully carried the flowing length of tulle over her left arm.

This is a season of striking combinations. In Paris the red and blue is just now in special favor, and right here I might mention that there is a new shade out, called rose violet. Cheruit is showing a model developed in taffeta of this shade that is receiving great admiration. It is made up in the panier style, and the lingerie collar and cuffs, its sole trimming, harmonizes beautifully with the exquisite coloring of the costume.

The pretty black and white combination, which last season was on the verge of waning, is now having an unusual revival, and if anyone doubts its beauty let them visit the Moulin Rouge and view the first chorus. The white satin underskirts, with the side slash, trimming of black buttons and simulated black bound buttonholes, are very chic, and the short black chantilly tunics make a beautiful combination. Add to this large white hats, with black and white waving plumes, all on a bevy of pretty girls, and you have an attractive picture indeed. A charming black and white costume noticed in the audience appealed so strongly to me on account of its simple elegance that it is being illustrated on these pages. As is apparent, it is a Parisian costume composed of a tunic of white chiffon trimmed with beautiful heavy appliqué lace. From under the three-quarter length tunic extends the underskirt of black lib-

erty satin, and this harmony is carried out in the bodice by the elbow sleeves, which are of black satin. (Fig. 1.)

Mentioning two-color effects reminds me of a delicate combination noticed in an evening coat. The garment was of pale blue satin crêpe de chine, and the lining of a lavender crêpe de chine. Then there was a smart tailored gown worn by a practical woman. It combined several prominent fashion notes, and so I deem it worthy of mention as well as illustration. It is of sponge, the present favorite fabric, in biscuit, one of this season's popular new colors. It is made up in tunic effect, and has the fashionable button and buttonhole trimmings. It also shows the contrast of color, the collar and cuffs being a very dark tau, verging strongly on brown. When the wearer handed me the photograph, she laughingly remarked: "Be sure and call attention to the old cut of my jacket," which, bye the bye, is a feature of this season's coats, "and say that the suit is from Green & Co." (Fig. 2.)

But to return to skirts—those women who look askance at all draperies, and still desire the fuller skirt, will, no doubt, eagerly adopt the new pleated skirts that are coming over from Paris. The pleats are small, very flat and stitched down to the knee depth, and are usually arranged in clusters at the back, front or sides of the skirt. Plaited models are shown by Paquin, Drécoll and Bernard, and will, no doubt, prove popular as the season advances.

Then there is the accordion-plaited skirt, of which we are promised a strong revival. This new model, however, retains the fashionable silhouette lines, especially when worn with a tunic, as can be seen in the chorus at "The Spring Maid," where several of the



Photo by Selmesler

Fig. No. 2. A dainty tea gown in embroidered ivory chiffon over liberty silk, with accordion-plaited ruffles of cream lace. Tulle and bow of light-hued velvet.

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Photo by Talbot

Fig. No. 2. Mlle. Renouardt wearing a charming costume by Rocheff-David. It is developed in champagne liberty embroidered with green silk.

singers are wearing very pretty developments of the accordion-plaited skirt. This style will be a favorite for the simple summer dancing frocks.

The Turkish toweling has found great favor with women, and is being made up into outer garments of all description. It may interest you to know that the wardrobe of Mlle. Renouardt, the famous French beauty, contains a smart dress of this material. It is made up along the modish simple lines, and trimmed with large self-colored buttons. The color that is now essential in white costumes is afforded by the girdle. This is quite wide, and is beautifully embroidered in wool in colors. It terminates in sash ends and, all in all, is a very pretty black and white costume.

Another gown worn by this charming actress is noteworthy, as you must agree when glancing at the illustration. It is by Rocheff-David, and is of liberty silk in champagne. The bodice is exquisitely embroidered in green silk. The pephim effect and the sash at the front are two prominent style points of this season. The dotted net guimpe, made up in cluster tucks, shows the new idea of long sleeves. (Fig. 3.)

Mentioning champagne gowns reminds me of a lovely costume worn at the theatre last week, and which is here illustrated. It is of heavily embroidered white crêpe over a champagne taffeta underdress. As you see, the embroidery is most exquisite, and combines the motif idea that is now prominent. In order to more strikingly bring out the effect, these lace insets are often underlaid

with black chiffon, and it is surprising what marvelous results are thus obtained. This charming costume is finished off with a girdle and sash ends of the champagne. (Fig. 4.)

Of course, you have noticed the prevalence of sashes in the present-day toilettes. It is a pretty fashion, too, and, by the way, Elizabeth Brice, who is such a favorite at the Moulin Rouge, wears a pretty sash. It is of pale blue, with the oval ends outlined in tiny pink roses, and a cluster of the same flowers attaches the sash to the girdle. This dress trimming, which is having such a strong vogue at present, is naturally largely in evidence in the costuming at this popular theatre.

Miss Brice wears a beautiful pale blue satin gown, with a flounce that has both edges outlined with tiny pink roses and clusters of the dainty buds are attached at intervals along the flounce.

Emmy Wehlen has a lace underdress with a fluffy foot ruffle, from the lower edge of which peep little pink rosebuds, and her ball dress is a charming combination of blue satin, lace frills and pink rosebuds, with a Dresden panier overdress.

Pretty Ida Adams, in the same theatre, developed a novel idea in her dainty evening dress. The white silk petticoat has two rows of white satin ribbon, along which are fastened little nosegays of pink roses that look very delicate and pretty veiled by the simple white, crystal trimmed, chiffon overdress.

In "The Rose Maid," a lovely costume of this type is worn by Miss Adrienne Augarde, the faithful white rose maid. The beautiful white lace underdress has a deep border pattern outlined at both edges with a running vine of dainty pink chiffon roses. And, by the way, the tunic of this toilette is a charming development of the panier. It is of rose chiffon voile, short in front and forming a long, graceful drapery at the back. The only trimming is a cluster of the pink roses at the girdle.

Another gown seen in the audience one evening, and worthy of mention, is pictured in these pages. The robe is of blue voile de soie, and the flounce of chiffon taffeta illustrates



Photo by Manon

Fig. No. 3. A smart tailor by Green & Co., of Paris, in biscuit tulle tissue dyed.

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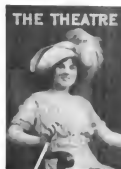
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not only the prevailing tendency of combining two materials, but also the odd shaping of many of this season's trinnings. The taffeta fichu ends gracefully in a short sash, which is a pleasing and favorable mode. By the way, this smart costume is the creation of Mon. Lelong, Paris. (Fig. No. 5.)

While hoods and bewitching caps are the rule for evening wear, many women appear in small hats, but the woman of individuality will wear anything her fancy dictates, and so it was not particularly surprising to see women in the boxes of the theatre wearing large hats. The one illustrated was so pretty that I must tell you about it. (See opening page.)

It is of black Italian straw and has a velvet binding. Handsome gray ostrich plumes encircle the crown. By the way, that beautiful wrap the lady is wearing is of a white, filmy fabric, and is edged with the most exquisite ratine lace. How very popular this new lace has become! It is especially pretty on the summer coats that are a new edict of Dame Fashion. (See illustration.)

Mentioning the plumes on that hat recalls a visit I made at a feather shop the other day, and I was surprised at the work accomplished and the nominal price at which it is done. Just to illustrate. Now, you know, willow plumes are quite *passé*, and you really don't want to wear them any longer. Well, just take yours around to the feather shop and have it made into one of those fashionable French military pompons or into one of the uncurled spikes that are now in vogue. This will cost you only \$2.50, and the pompons you can have made for \$3.50. If you have sufficient feathers (any old feathers will do, you know), one of those lovely long plumes with a pompon foot, that are so fashionable now, will cost you only \$1.50, and this feather requires no other foot finish. This firm makes a specialty of dyeing feathers, and women prefer to select a white plume and have it dyed to match a sample. Charming two-color effects are also produced in this way, and the dyeing and curling can be done from 35 cents upward. They showed me a white plume of which they had dyed the ends of the flues a delicate pink. Perhaps you can picture the exquisite result.

Have you noticed the hand-painted kid gloves that have recently been introduced? A woman sitting near me at the theatre had on a white pair painted all up the arm in little pale blue flowers, and in looking for them one day I found quite an assortment in a Fifth Avenue shop. They can be had in black and white, painted in various colored small blossoms.

I wish you could see the beautiful lingerie that the dressing

rooms of a theatre disclose. The variety of garters interested me. One pair of blue messaline, shirred over elastic, were studded with rhinestones. Another pair in pink shirred liberty silk were finished off with clusters of tiny ramblers roses and ribbon pendants, each tipped with a bud. A pair in lavender silk were edged with lace and finished off with a bunch of tiny matching satin berries. A most elaborate pair were of a deep cream lace shirred over pink silk. The upper edge had a two-inch wide frill of the lace, that ended in a rosette at the one side. A wreath of pink roses adorned these exquisite bits of femininity.

One girl showed me some silk null-night-dresses. They are worth telling you about, because now, with the coming of the warm days, you will want a sheer night-dress that is really practical. Those the actress purchased were very simple, both in cut and trimming. The low, round neck and the short slashed sleeves were finished off with insertion and edging of fine baby Irish lace. She told me she bought them in a shop near the theatre, and that they had them in white, blue and pink.

Oh, and I must really tell you about the lovely teagown I saw. You know these are quite the proper thing now even for informal afternoon at-home gatherings, and that is why the shops are showing such gorgeous creations along these lines. This particular teagown is a most exquisite bit of lingerie. It is of

beautiful embroidered, ivory-tinted chiffon, and the petticoat, which peeps out at the front, is of *ceru* net with accordion-plaited lace milles. The fichu, a graceful finish for a housegown, is of *ceru* net edged with an accordion-plaited frill. The entire front of the gown has the fashionable button and simulated button-hole trimming. A girle of pale blue velvet, finished off with a cluster of loops and short ends, makes a charming finish. (Fig. 7.)



Miss Demidoff wearing a wrap by Zimmermann in Khaki tissue tulle, decorated with drawn work and long woolen fringe



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JULY, 1912

Edited by **ARTHUR HORNBLow**

COVER: Portrait in colors of Marie Doro as "Oliver Twist"	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Violet Romer, classical dancer, seen in "Kismet"	
TITLE PAGE: De Wolf Hopper in "The Pirates of Penzance"	1
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Pirates of Penzance," "Mama's Baby Boy"	2
SCENES IN "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"	3
FISHING FOR LINES	George C. Jenks 4
GIANTS OF THE GERMAN DRAMA—Illustrated	Amelia von Ende 5
A WOODLAND THEATRE—Illustrated	9
THE FROLIC SOME LAMBS—Illustrated	Wendell Phillips Dodge 10
A RAGE FOR REVIVALS	Robert Grau 14
BLANCHE BATES—Full-page plate	15
AMERICA'S FIRST THEATRE—Illustrated	16
MARY GARDEN—Full-page plate	17
THE MOVIES—Illustrated	Harry P. Macdon 18
BEFORE THE MATINÉE WITH FAY TEMPLETON—Illustrated	Ada Patterson 23
RITA JOLIVET—Full-page plate	25
FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN DRAMATIZED—Illustrated	Archie Bell 20
FORGOTTEN THEATRES—Part II.	Montrose J. Moses 27
REAL BOHEMIA IN NEW YORK—Illustrated	B. Russell Herts 30
PLAYHOUSES IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY—Illustrated	Charlton Andrews 32
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	Emilie E. Hoffman xv

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White

DE WOLF HOPPER

As the Sergeant of Police in the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



CASINO THEATRE. "PIRATES OF PENZANCE." Comic opera in two acts by Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Produced June 2 with the following cast:

Richard Samuel	Arthur Aldridge	Kate Edith	Eugene Cowles	Alice Brady
Frederic	Arthur Aldridge	Edith	Richard W. Temple	Viola Gillette
Maj. Gen. Stanley	J. MacFarlane	Isabel	Louise Barthel	Josephine Jacoby
Edward	DeWolf Hopper	Ruth		
Mabel	Blanche Duffield			

The more than agreeable pleasure which the star revival of "Patience" gave to local theatre-goers has been equalled, if not exceeded, by the admirable production Messrs. Shubert and Brady have given to their renascence of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino. If, in a way, this combination of the genius of Gilbert and Sullivan has never been as generally popular as some of their other joint efforts, it must be ranked as among the very best of their labors. The book is one of those keen analytical satires which the late Sir William was wont to dash off with such literary virtuosity, but as it was not based on the foible or fad of any particular time, its humor is as pregnant and potent to-day as it was when it first saw the footlights nearly thirty-two years ago. The fallacy of sham sentimentality; the glorification of picturesque and paradoxical piracy, the veneer of imported caste, all go to make up a series of comic contrasts deliciously titillating to the literary senses. As to the score, it is a gem of beauty and sincerity. The long service which Sir Arthur rendered to the cause of church music is, in a measure, responsible for a certain canonical tone which runs throughout the work, but there is splendid volume to the mixed choruses and the skill utilized in certain antiphonal effects conduces to several cumulative results of rare beauty and power.

Good music requires good singing, and the Sullivan score certainly gets it at the hands of this musical organization. Miss Blanche Duffield, a soprano of finish and resource, sings the florid rôle of Mabel with flexibility, grace and much beauty of tone, while her opposite,

Arthur Aldridge as Frederic, the pirate apprentice, if not fluent as an actor, renders her in their duos valuable vocal aid. Eugene Cowles is a ponderous pirate chief, and Josephine Jacoby, with all her Metropolitan Opera House experience, is musically splendid in the picture as Ruth, the piratical maid of all work.

The scenic and sartorial accessories are eminently satisfying, while two impersonations of sterling value stand forth with artistic vividness and humorous restraint. These are the Major-General Stanley of George J. MacFarlane, and the Sergeant-of-Police of DeWolf Hopper. They are creations which seem well to be enjoyed to the limit. Their diction is a delight.



Moffett

HENRY B. WARNER

A popular actor who will be seen next season in a new play

BROADWAY THEATRE. "MAMA'S BABY BOY." Musical farce in three acts. Adaptation and lyrics by Junie McCree. Music by Hans S. Linne, with additional numbers by Will H. Becker. Produced May 25 with the following cast:

Spaff Hyman	Will J. Kennedy
Celia West	Anna Laughlin
Carrie Beach	Lonnie Monk
Fred West	Arthur McWaters
Helen West	Grace Tyson
Ann	Sallie Stembler
Professor Ivory	Albert Hart
Lawrence McMath	Junie McCree
Jack North	Bobby Barry
Athletic Girls	and the Little Fawns

It was certainly a case of sadly misplaced confidence that brought "Mama's Baby Boy" into the metropolitan glare. It tarried for just a week plus a day. Even that run was longer than its merits, if it had any, deserved.

Described as a musical farce, the piece had its basis on the old formula of a widow who endeavored, with resulting complications, to minimize the age of her son. The mother was enacted with untiring energy by Grace Tyson, while Anna Laughlin, Sallie Stembler, Albert Hart and Junie McCree struggled with alleged comedy rôles with an enthusiasm that justified better results. In a so-called Kitchen Cabaret scene, Lew Dockstader, Elizabeth Murray and Howard & Howard appeared, and that for "Mama's Baby Boy" will be about all.

It was one of those theatrical productions one likes to forget.



Photon White

Fredere
(Arthur Aldridge)

Ruth
(Josephine Jacoby)

Richard
(Eugene Cowles)

Fredere—"Oh, take one, you have deceived me and Ruth"
SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT THE CASINO



Kate
(Alice Brady)

Edith
(Viola Hutton)

Mabel
(Blanche Dillards)

Isabel
(Louise Barthel)

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" AT THE CASINO

Fishing for Lines



Photo Gould & Merden

AGNES MARC

Lately seen with Rose Stahl in Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Yepper"

AS the stage director dismissed the rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, he sent a chill into the collective heart of the company by saying in a matter-of-fact way: "Everybody must be letter-perfect on Monday. No parts after to-day."

For six days the cast had been stumbling and stammering through the new three-act drama, with their typewritten "parts" in their hands. A person unfamiliar with the mystery of putting on a play would have said that little or no progress had been made. The actors had acquired a general idea of entrances, exits and "business," and they recognized their cues because it is a rehearsal habit to emphasize the last few words of each speech as a warning that it is another character's turn to say or do something. But beyond this the sentiments of the author—that he had labored over and polished so carefully—were a mere jumble in the minds of most of the tired men and women who were required to speak them.

Now came the abrupt order that on Monday they must be able

to deliver their lines from memory, for that was what "No parts" meant. A very easy thing to say, but no more expected by the experienced stage director than by the people themselves. Well he knew that, while they might study desperately all day Sunday, as probably some of them would, there would be a heart-breaking time of it for him and them on Monday, when they essayed to carry on the dialogue of the play without constantly referring to the written "part." Why, at least twelve out of the fifteen members of the company would be "fishing for lines," more or less, for weeks to come.

Letter-perfect? Many stage directors will tell you that they never knew an actor to reach absolute accuracy in the rendering of a long part—or even of one of moderate length—though the play might run a whole season. Some of the most distinguished men and women on the stage never can learn a part word for word. The few who do reach exactitude, giving each word as it appears in the text, are generally in the "legitimate" drama, and they do it because the essence of success in Shakespearian and other classical works is to give every line its full value. Another reason is that many in the audience would know it if they made a slip. But in modern plays the average actor is content to express the author's meaning—or something near it—in the actor's own words, when he cannot recall those of the dramatist.

The memory of a competent and experienced player is a peculiar and valuable possession, nevertheless. He may fail to get every word of a new part as it is set down for him, and occasionally make a weird substitution of his own, but he will keep the rôle, as a whole, in the back of his head as long as he lives. Perhaps the lines he retains will not all be those of the man—or woman—who wrote the play, but they will serve the purpose, and if, after a lapse of ten, fifteen or twenty years, he is called on to play the same part again, he has only to make a slight effort, and there they are, at his tongue's end, with the "business" that goes with them, complete as when he used them in the original production.

There are actors—especially those who have had long experience in "stock"—who can repeat offhand thousands of lines they have learned in various plays. Yet these actors may have been always what are known as "slow studies," who cannot make a new part "stick" without days and nights of agonized endeavor.

There is a popular leading man, who for a long time played Nortier with James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," to whom a new part is a positive calamity. A few years ago he was cast for the "leading heavy" in a melodrama which is still on the road. It was a part of average length, with plenty of "fat" lines that an actor can easily remember. But work at it as he would, this leading man, who could repeat every line of Iago, Othello, Brutus, Richmond, Macduff and other Shakespearian rôles he had often played, found it impossible to remember the speeches in this modern melodrama. On the opening night he had only a confused recollection of what he was to say, and had almost broken down under the strain of study. He got through the performance somehow—as actors usually do—until he was supposedly shot dead at the end of the play. The reaction was so terrible when it was all over, however, that, after the final curtain, as he lay stretched out where he had fallen, it was feared he really was dead. It was not so bad as that, but it took ten minutes of solicitous attention and the applying of powerful restoratives to get him back to his senses.

This was an extreme case, but it seems to be a fact that villain parts are more difficult to memorize than those in which the sentiments are virtuous and heroic. Another well-known actor, now dead—he last played in a Broadway theatre in support of the late Stuart Robson—once told me that it was easier for him to learn fifty "sides" of an ordinary "straight" part than ten of a "heavy" rôle. He did not know why, but was sure it was so. While a member of a stock company in Pittsburg, he was once cast for the vengeful old Corsican, in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and for the first two or three performances let most of his speeches go altogether, filling in by flourishing a stiletto and snorting "Maladetta!" whenever the leading man

(Continued on page xiii)



HERMAN SUDERMANN



ARTHUR R. SCHNITZLER



GERHART HAUPTMANN

Giants of the German Drama

By AMELIA VON ENDE

THE announcement that Mr. Windthrop Ames will present here next season at the Little Theatre, a new comedy by Arthur Schnitzler, the Vienna physician-playwright, is of paramount interest. Among the dramatists who to-day are supplying the stage of the world with plays, those of Germany tower over all others by reason of their intellectual force. The modern English and American playwright, concerned only with entertaining his audience, makes little or no impression on the literary output of his time. The Frenchman, obsessed by only one thought—the eternal triangle, is merely brilliant, clever, superficial. The German writer alone, by the philosophical teachings in his plays, may be considered seriously as a writer with a purpose.

The German drama, as we see it to-day, is the mature fruit of a people who have passed through the throes of great political, social and intellectual upheavals. Germany, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, was the scene of great changes. The beautiful idealism of the revolutionary period of 1848 had flickered away and, as the reaction set in and a materialistic wave swept before it and drowned the dreams of a fatherland united under the banner of liberty, those that still cherished the ideal of a German republic, emigrated to other countries. The United States owe to this immigration the best elements of their German population. Those that remained in the fatherland grew old and oblivious of their youth, and when the war of 1870 brought the longed-for unity, the glamour of victory deluded them into believ-

ing that the new German empire was the consummation of their old ideal, and the whilom champions of German Republicanism became admirers of German imperialism, and waxed fat and fatuous, as the millions wrung from France brought to the country a material prosperity it had never known. When a new generation grew up, one that had heard only the last remote echoes of the Franco-German War, and was no longer under the spell of its artificial patriotism, another reaction took place. This generation was not immediately interested in political problems, since the political ideal of their fathers, the unity of Germany, had been attained. It was more concerned with social problems, since the flood of prosperity had not done away with the old conflict between capital and labor. But most profoundly was this generation stirred with vague longings for a new ideal of life, a new reading of the old text. There was only one man in Germany who, in a measure, answered the questions that tortured the souls of young Germany. This poet-philosopher had himself felt keenly the decline of the nation's ideals and in rhythms of irresistible power and word music of exquisite beauty gave expression to the unsatisfied longing of his generation. Thus Nietzsche became the spiritual father of young Germany, revealing to them the sham idealism of the past and the present, and pointing to the future as holding the possible consummation of his logically evolved, and their own unconsciously cherished, dream of the Überman, the ideal product of artificial conscious selection.

There was no lack of foreign influence to set the young minds thinking and make them deviate from the course of their fathers. The theory of evolution gave support to the growing tendency of the individual to assert itself and to develop to the full extent of its possibilities. Zola had taught his generation to see in every

human individual a specimen of a certain type, and to study the life of humanity from the viewpoint of a physiologist. In Russia, a poet who had run the whole gamut of worldly life suddenly became conscious of the meaning which only death can give it, and in the terms of an implacable moralist denounced the kingdom of the flesh. Zola had accepted the *bête humaine* as a fact;



MAX HALBE



FRANK WEDKIND



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL



Saturny

ALICE BRADY

Appearing as Kate in the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Casino

Tolstoy revolted against it. In the north a third poet arose, who probed into the soul of society and the soul of the individual, and found them both entangled in a mesh of lies and both enslaved by dead ideals, until in his plays he visualized the abstract rhapsodies of Nietzsche. Like Nietzsche, Ibsen turns to the future and announces the third kingdom, which is to be of the flesh and of the spirit. Thus Darwin, Zola, Tolstoy and Ibsen became the intellectual guides of Young Germany, and out of the diversity of these influences, not only opposed to the forces then determining German life, but contradicting each other, was born the new German literature.

The drama being the most direct medium whereby to reach the masses, out of the many groups and circles of young literati that had flocked to the capital of the new empire as the natural center of stage and the press, there arose the need for a theatre which would produce the works of foreign authors barred from the more or less official playhouses and the products of the young

generation itself. The "Freie Bühne" was founded and successively directed by Otto Brahm and Paul Schlenker, became the arena on which was fought a fierce war between the old and the new school in German drama. Arno Holz, a young writer of verse, formulated his esthetic theory, which read, mathematically expressed, "Art equals nature minus X," and persuaded his friend, Johannes Schlaf, into a scheme of collaboration to put this theory into practice. After a severe winter in a suburban garret near Berlin, where they fought cold and starvation, they published a volume of prose sketches entitled "Papa Hamlet," and for a pseudonym they had chosen a fictitious Scandinavian name, knowing that Scandinavia was at that moment dominating the German book-market. The stories in that book were the first specimen of the new style, naturalistic in spirit, impressionistic in form. For the minute little traits, the brief sentences, sometimes condensed into a single word, or even into inarticulate stammerings, and alternating with dashes to visualize the pauses in a conversation—all these bear a curious resemblance to the little daubs and specks of paint, by which a certain school of modern painters attempts to produce the effect of a canvas vibrating with color and light. The success of the book exceeded their expectations. Only a few months after its publication there appeared the first play from the pen of Gerhart Hauptmann: "Before Sunrise," with this dedication: "To Bjarne P. Holmsen, the consistent realist, author of

'Papa Hamlet,' in joyful recognition of the decisive inspiration received from that work."

The matinée of the "Freie Bühne," October 20, 1889, when this first work of Gerhart Hauptmann had its initial performance, has become a landmark in the history of modern German drama. More directly than any other does this author reflect the various phases in which the spirit of the period found expression. The play is typical of the trend of thought and the drift of dramatic expression in that memorable decade of the eighties, when a more thoroughgoing revolution took place in the literature of Germany than that country had ever witnessed. Evolution had contributed to the work the principles of heredity; physiology, the effects of alcohol upon body and mind; psychology, the working of human souls under the stress of inner and outer conflicts; sociology, the economic and ethical changes following the development of an agricultural district into a mining and industrial region; and the demand for truth, the application of the "consistent realism" of

"Bjarne P. Holmsen" had given the work its form. The effect upon the audience it is easy to imagine; the clash between the fanatical adherents of the new, and the equally fanatical guardians of the old, dramatic ideal culminated in an uproar which added an interesting chapter to the history of theatre rows. Such was the tumultuous debut of the modern German drama, the joint product of Nietzsche, Darwin, Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoy and Karl Marx, plus the genius of Gerhart Hauptmann, who ever since has held his own as the foremost dramatist of the modern school.

The success of their firstling encouraged Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf to publish their second work under their own names. It was a volume of stories, containing the drama "Familie Selicke," which has become typical of a numerous class of modern plays treating the every-day life of the lower classes. There was in it a drunkard father, a forever whining mother, a daughter whose only hope in life is the love of a poor student whom she cannot marry, and a child which dies as victim of this tenement misery. The play was performed by the Freie Bühne a few months after the appearance of the book, and roused hardly less sensation than the work of Hauptmann had done. Hauptmann himself now wrote "The Peace Festival," which was performed by the Freie Bühne in 1890, and "Lonely Lives," which had its initial presentation at the same theatre the following year, works which show as distinctly the influence of Ibsen as his first work was evidently related to Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness."

The primary object of the new dramatic movement was to break away from French theatricals, and to build up conflicts and lead to a crisis without the obvious external mechanism of the French drama. In revolting against that established standard the youthful hotspurs rushed into the other extreme, and most of the plays produced in the early storm and stress of the literary revolution were woefully lacking in construction. But the technical mastery of the French was a valuable asset, and it was unwise to ignore it. Hermann Sudermann, who, by his attitude towards the conventional lies of society and his strong portrayal of moral depravity, has earned for himself a place among the dramatists of the modern school, attempted a compromise between the old and the new ethics of his generation, as between the dramatic lawlessness of Young Germany and the theatrical formalism of France. Furthermore, instead of suggesting the message of his work, he undertook to point it out to his audiences and to interpolate moralizing reflections which, though they pleased the average audience,



Moshkin

BETTY CHAPMAN

Recently seen with Robert Edson in William C. de Mille's play, "Strongheart"

grated upon the nerves of one that applied a superior esthetic standard. "Ehre" (Honor) and "Sodom's Ende" (The End of Sodom) had rapidly followed Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise," and in their naturalistic treatment of metropolitan depravity, presented not a few parallels to scenes in the Silesian village drama. The atmosphere which hangs over the home of the Scholz family in the Peace Festival on that momentous Christmas eve when the prodigal son seeks the parental roof, seems to be transferred to the home of the Schwarz family in "Heimat," when a music festival brings back the prodigal now famous daughter, Magda. But though related in spirit to the works of Young Germany, these plays of Sudermann differed little in form from the plays fashioned upon the models of the great French masters. Sudermann is a modernized and tentionized Dumas. But Hauptmann is the greater poet. This was established beyond doubt when his tragedy of the artist idealist, "The Sunken Bell," was followed by Sudermann's tragedy of the royal idealist, "The Three Heron Feathers," and when, like Hauptmann in his "Hannele,"



White
HAZEL LEWIS
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

Sudermann tried in his "Johannes" to write a drama of the love which embraces all, and is all-merciful.

Of the sentiments at work in the soul of the young generation none found more frequent expression than this love, this awakening of the social conscience, and Hauptmann became its most powerful embodiment. Sympathy with the suffering masses guided his pen in "The Weavers," which is the strongest play yet founded upon the conflict of capital and labor. Sympathy with the suffering and struggling individual prompted his tragedy of "Teamster Henschel." Though the same sentiment has entered into other works, as "Poor Henry" and "Rose Bernd," in those earlier works it makes the strongest appeal. "The Weavers" and "Teamster Henschel" mark a climax in the career of Gerhart Hauptmann. His subsequent work shows a steady decline of that spontaneity which characterized his earlier production, and his quest of unusual subjects, preferably pathological in character, is almost pathetic to behold. But Sudermann, too, has lost the art of convincing his audiences; he, too, has lost his grip. In their attempts to repeat the achievements of their earlier period, they remind one of Henry the bell-founder's futile efforts to re-cast the bell which was to be his life's work and crowning triumph.

Considering that these two men still stand at the head in the ranks of contemporary German dramatists, the situation is not very encouraging. For though the impetus given to dramatic production by a relaxation of the iron rules that determine construction, and by the introduction of a bewildering wealth of new motives, the result has not been commensurate with the effort. The young men who in the heat of the literary revolution were heralded as forerunners of a new and glorious epoch of the drama, failed to fulfill the promises of their youth. Taking their cue from Hauptmann or Sudermann, or directly from Ibsen, who inspired them all, they produced an amazing number of problem plays of widely varying merit. Georg Hirschfeld, whose "Mothers," when he was barely twenty, gave



White
JULIAN BEAUBIEN
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

him a rank quite out of proportion to his effort, is gradually coming fiction instead of the drama. Max Halbe, too, who at about the same time produced in rapid succession three plays of youthful strength and audacity: "Youth," "Mother Earth" and "Free Love" seems with them to have exhausted his resources. A woman of remarkable dramatic gifts, Elsa Bernstein, known under her pseudonym Ernst Rosner, after making her debut with an unusually forceful domestic drama, "Dammierung," and becoming even more prominent through her poetic drama, "Children of the King," which was acted in English by Marin Harvey, has stopped short of a really great success. Another young German, Ernst von Wolzogen, who in his brilliant comedy, "Lumpengesindel," had given us a work in its way as charming as Mürger's "Bohème," was side-tracked into that curious offshoot of higher vaudeville called "L'œbreitl," and never recovered from the shock of its failure.

A generation so absorbed by the serious problems of existence is not likely to be possessed of that light-hearted humor which is

the essence of comedy. Hence the majority of comedies produced by the writers of Young Germany has been distinctly satirical in tone. As a writer of such plays, Otto Erich Hartleben first came into prominence, though he acquired more popularity by his powerful arraignment of army conventions in the drama "Rosenmontag," which anticipated the anti-militaristic drama culminating some time later in Beyerlein's "Zapfenstreich-Taps." With a comedy of the pedagogue's life, "Flachmann als Erzieher," Otto Ernst inaugurated a long procession of plays, illustrating either in a serious or a humorous vein the life of teachers and students under petty official tyranny. But more typical of the skepticism and the cynicism of his generation than any other is the actor-author, Frank Wedekind, one of the most puzzling personalities in the ranks of Young Germany. At once a moralist deeply concerned with vital problems, and a poseur delighting in cynical comments upon the tragedies of real life, he is



White
MILDRED BARRETT
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"



White
THEODORE FRIBERIS
Leading man at the Academy of Music Stock Company. Formerly seen with Henry Miller in "The Faith Healer"

(Continued on page 21)



Photos Botta & Hughes

WATCHING AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" BY BEN GREET'S WOODLAND PLAYERS

A NEW playhouse was opened in New York on May 23d last, and while it is situated three-quarters of an hour from Broadway, it has no equal in this city for the charm of its coloring and the originality of its scenic effect. It is called "Woodland Theatre," and is situated in Fieldston Woods, the property of the Delafield Estate at Riverdale-on-Hudson. This very unusual tract of land has belonged to the Delafields for several generations, but only lately has been opened up for private residences.

The charming amphitheatre was only recently discovered, and the entertainment given there by Ben Greet and his Woodland Players was for the benefit of the Pike Street Industrial School. This school was founded seventy years ago, and many of the families of the founders were actively interested in the entertain-

A Woodland Theatre

ment. The purpose of the work is the care and education of the children of emigrants, who, on account of lack of knowledge of the English language and poor physical condition, are not fit to attend the public schools.

Mr. Greet and his company gave excellent performances of "As You Like It" on May 23d and 24th, and of the "Comedy of Errors" on May 25th. The freedom and grace of their movements, the sound of the laughter and singing among the trees, together with the fresh air, the surrounding quiet and the sunshine filtering through the leaves, made a symphony of sight and sound which delighted the visitors. A score or more of young society women in fancy peasant costume contributed vivaciously to the brightness of the scene, and served refreshments between the acts from tables placed under the trees.



SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"—A BEAUTIFUL SETTING OF NATURAL SCENERY WITH REAL WATER IN THE BACKGROUND



White

From left to right: Thomas A. Wise, Raymond Hubbard, De Wolf Hanger, Wiley Hays, George Backus, Ughy Bell, Paul Exner, Jefferson d'Angelo, Regan Hughton, Frank Craven, Wallace Edinger, Richie Linn, Reginald Mason, Frank Doane, F. J. Connelly and Augustus Thomas

AUGUSTUS THOMAS DIRECTING A REHEARSAL IN THE THEATRE OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

WITH the advent of summer, the traditional season for all self-respecting lambs to

gambol, the members of that famous theatrical organization, The Lambs' Club, flock together for their usual annual dramatic entertainment known as an All-Star Gambol. Every spring the Lambs gambol, but these events ordinarily are strictly within the folds, and the public does not get a peep. But, wishing to raise money with which to build an addition to their clubhouse, the Lambs this year invited the general public to their frolics, and at the Manhattan Opera House, on May 27th last, gave an entertainment which is still the talk of Broadway, and was later applauded in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities.

The Lambs, being a club composed principally of actors, with a generous sprinkling of well-seasoned playwrights, are in the habit of entertaining each other once a month during the winter in the clubhouse theatre with skits, short plays, and travesties on current events, which they style "gambols." Each gambol has a master of ceremonies, known as "Collie," who assists the Shepherd—in other words, the president of the club—in rounding up the Lambs for their sheepish frolics. It has been the custom of The Lambs to engage a large theatre at the end of each season and give a "Ladies' gambol," to which the members are permitted to invite guests. Last year it was decided to make the ladies' gambol a public affair, and through the courtesy of the founders of The New Theatre that big playhouse was used. This gambol served to bring together, after seven

The Frolicsome Lambs

years' estrangement, Weber and Fields, who gave their original song and dance, "The Deutscher Pair." Shortly after this, as everyone knows, these Kings of Mirth let bygones be bygones, and got together again with their "All-Star Jubilee Company."

Something always happens at a Lambs' Gambol, whether in the fold or without. Sometimes the germ of a new and popular play is sown, and often an actor, through a chance portrayal at a gambol, gets out of the rut into which he has been driven by managers imbued only with acting as a commercial product. As Augustus Thomas, the playwright and former Shepherd of The Lambs, said to the writer at the dress rehearsal, which he was conducting, of this year's Gambol:

"Many an actor, condemned by precedent and habit to one line of character, finds his emancipation through some bold essay before this generous and keenly appreciative audience. It is this side of the old club's activity that comes somewhat near justifying the claim of its members that the Lambs' Club is, and always will

be, the real national theatre of America, no matter what palatial playhouses may be built with that intent.

At the regular monthly entertainments of the club, in addition to some excellent foolery, there is generally a dramatic skit which is too much of an innovation or too problematic for a production by the regular theatres. Many of our greatest dramatic novelties have their tentative presentations at The Lambs. "The Squaw Man" was an afterthought



White

From left to right: F. J. Connelly, Frank Gilmore, William Wiley Hatch, E. B. Jack (standing), Frank Doane, Thomas A. Wise, Augustus Thomas (chairman), De Wolf Hopper, Ughy Bell, George Backus, Richie Linn

COUNCIL MEETING IN THE LIBRARY OF THE LAMBS' CLUB



White From left to right: Harry Williams, Charles J. Ross, Thomas A. Wier, Dave Montgomery, Jefferson d'Angelo, Fred Stone, Frank McIntyre, Charles Hopper, and Joe Kaufman
THE PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND STONE AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB



White From left to right: Robert Edeson, William Muldoon, James O'Neill, Harry Everall, William Riley Hatch and William Courtleigh
SCENE FROM "THE ASSASSINATION OF CAESAR." AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB



White From left to right: Thomas Jackson, Francis Carlike, Brandon Tynan (as David Belasco), Ernest Truax, Jefferson d'Angelo (as Charles Freshman) and Fred Noble
SCENE FROM GEORGE V. HOBART'S "THE ACTOR'S FUND FAIR—A COMEDY WITH ERRORS," AS PRESENTED BY THE LAMBS' CLUB

of a one-act sketch done at one of its gambols, and when managers thought "The Witching Hour," Mr. Thomas' mind-over-matter play, too wide a departure from the accepted subjects of the playhouse, a performance of one act in The Lambs, and the quick seizure of it by that diversified audience, proved its right to a wider hearing.

Some of the most audacious musical experiments that our stage has seen were first tried at the Lambs' Club, and many clever skits, such as, for instance, Montgomery and Stone's "The Main Bout," of this year's Gambol. But do not think for a moment that in

ing about it, The Lambs were encouraged to continue along that line. All-Star Gambols were first introduced in 1898. The next home of The Lambs was at No. 70 West Thirty-sixth Street, just back of the Garrick Theatre, in what is now Keene's English Chop House, and these quarters proving too small, on account of increased membership, in 1905 the flock rambled up Broadway to its present fine clubhouse at No. 130 West Forty-fourth Street.

Again, The Lambs have outgrown their fold, and recently lots on either side of the clubhouse were purchased from the proceeds from past gambols. It was to obtain money for the building fund,



hite
LUNCHEON HOUR IN THE GRILL ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

showing something off at The Lambs it is trying it on the dog, for, besides the actors, big and little, serious and light-hearted, that belong to the club, its membership contains the leading dramatic writers, theatrical managers, scenic artists, and musicians in the land, all keen to what is good and bad in the drama and on the stage. There is no American dramatist of prominence, and hardly one of successful record, who is not a member of the club. A roll-call of its playwrights sounds like a theatrical Hall of Fame.

Ever since The Lambs' Club was organized, in Christmas week, 1874, at the instigation of Henry J. Montague, an English actor, at that time leading man of the old Wallack's Theatre, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street, who was lonesome far away from a dining club called "The Lambs" in London, of which he was a member, it has been steadily outgrowing its quarters. First, the club was located at No. 848 Broadway, in a tiny building next door to the old Wallack's. In 1880 it rented a house at No. 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, where began the true history of The Lambs as a club proper. Here was held the first gambol, with Lester Wallack as Shepherd, and F. M. Holland as Collier. In 1891 the first public gambol was given, and, as the proceeds enabled the club to weather a serious financial storm that was hover-

ing about it, The Lambs were encouraged to continue along that line. All-Star Gambols were first introduced in 1912.

Presided over by Shepherd Joseph R. Grismer, the directors, consisting of Maclyn Arbuckle, Digby Bell, William Courtleigh, Samuel B. Hamburger, Walter W. Price, Paul N. Turner, J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., Morton W. Smith, and John L. Golden, met in the library of the club some months ago and discussed the plans and organization for the Gambol, and selected the various committees. There was no sailing under false colors as regards the all-star part of it. The most prominent men in the theatrical world were called upon. Victor Herbert was appointed general musical director; Thomas A. Wise, general stage manager; Augustus Thomas as general stage director, rehearsing the Lambs from start to finish. David Belasco had been named honorary general stage director, but he had to leave town, and could not take charge of the rehearsals.

With such funny Lambs as Eddie Foy, Jefferson d'Angelis, Charles E. Evans, Raymond Hitchcock, Nat. M. Wills, and hosts of others, in the "Old Time Minstrel," arranged by William Collier, together with Lamb DeWolf Hopper, who, when not appearing in the revival of "Patience" at the Lyric, was always on



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De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell finishing a pool tournament
THE BILLIARD ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

hand at rehearsals, one might well believe that there was some lively retorts and clever asides at these rehearsals. Merely to watch Tom Wise running things on the stage was a circus in itself. There he was as big as life in blue-jeans and slouch hat, wabbling in and about the "props" in a frantic endeavor to keep things straight.

The more serious element included Robert B. Mantell, James O'Neill, Frederick Warde, and groups composed of Wilton Lackaye, a former Shepherd of The Lambs; David Warfield, and Brandon Tynan, who, made up as Belasco, was not only a splendid imitation of that great manager, but was a living characterization—giving a true-to-life performance that one could hardly expect

it would be possible for an actor to give of a living person. In voice, in gesture—all, Brandon Tynan was Belasco incarnate. Seeing this fine young actor and Mr. Warfield on the same stage again recalled to mind the remarkably clever work he did under Mr. Belasco's direction in "The Auctioneer," with Mr. Warfield. It was then that Mr. Tynan was able to study Mr. Belasco in an intimate way, and he showed that he had learned his lessons.

With Victor Herbert trying to make his baton seen by his orchestra of fifty pieces, he being in the pit in darkness, and they being behind the minstrels on the stage under a flood of light from the borders; George V. Hobart, the author of "The Actors' Fund Fair—A Comedy with Errors,"

(Continued on page 9)



White

From left to right: William Courtleigh, Augustus Thomas, Francis Carville, Eugene Conley, Marlyn Arbuckle, E. J. Connelly, William Saroyan, Thomas A. Wise, Digby Bell and De Wolf Hopper

DE WOLF HOPPER TELLING A BASEBALL STORY IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE LAMBS' CLUB

A Rage for Revivals



Moffet

GLADYS HANSON

Leading woman in David Belasco's new production, "The Governor's Lady"

THE persistent failure of plays by foreign and native authors often forces American producers to look to revivals of old-time successes in the hope of recuperating their losses and prolonging the theatrical season. The revivals of "Robin Hood" and "Patience" and other old operettas at a period of the year when the play-going public is generally indifferent, have been so successful that the producers of these two comic operas are al-

ready preparing other popular works of a generation ago. Mr. Brady has announced a revival of "Rosedale," with an all-star cast for the regular season, and other revivals are to follow.

The activity in these parts of Lewis Waller, and the advent in the East of Oliver Morosco, of Los Angeles, means a long period of revivals, and it would not be surprising if the next theatrical season became notable for the reproduction of at least a dozen plays and comic operas of other days. Liebler and Company already announce a revival of dear old "Humpty Dumpty," another theatrical firm is about to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in operatic form, and at least three of New York's playhouses are to house stock companies for the revival of successes of the 70's and the 80's. Every city of fifty thousand inhabitants now has one of these stock companies, for which we have to thank the motion picture, for in such cities thousands who had never been inside of a playhouse or, at most, at rare intervals, have formed the theatre habit through the low prices of admission to see photoplays. In due course this tremendous public wished to see plays with real actors, and the result is now to be seen in the prosperous vogue of the stock companies. There are a dozen of these organizations within fifty miles of New York, and the movement is still in its infancy.

But sometimes managers are induced to make revivals through reasons other than lack of good new plays. When W. A. Brady brought forth "Jim the Penman" years ago, his incentive was the opportunity the play gave for gathering a galaxy of well-known players for whom this manager found great difficulty in providing any stage material of a compelling sort. The results at the box office could not possibly be misunderstood, for the receipts of any one of the four weeks of the run were more than double those which the same play drew at the Madison Square Theatre during the height of its original production. Almost immediately afterward the Messrs. Shubert, in a desire to place a number of their stars, conceived the idea of an all-star revival of "The Mikado." In four weeks at the Casino this operatic satire played to \$80,000, a total larger than was achieved for ten weeks, when the Gilbert and Sullivan craze was in its zenith, and when the work was new and sensationally successful. About the same time Charles Frohman revived the Robertson comedy "Caste" at the Empire. There is no record where this play, with its cast of nine characters, ever profited any manager to a greater extent. Even when Lester Wallack appeared in it with his superb stock company, a run of two or three weeks would suffice to meet the public desire, yet in the heat of mid-summer the capacity of the Empire was tested for six weeks.

Mr. Frohman, as a stop gap, in lieu of any other available attraction to keep the Lyceum Theatre open after one new play after another had been sent to the storehouse, resorted to a revival of the Oscar Wilde play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The idea was to keep this vehicle on the boards a week, or at most two, till something new could be got ready, but the praise from press and public was so pronounced that the largest business of the year at the Lyceum Theatre was recorded. The run was extended three times, and only previous engagements for the theatre prevented an all season vogue; the play has since been sent on tour with excellent results.

The success of "Jim the Penman" gave Mr. Brady encouragement, so that when it was announced that this enterprising director would revive the old Union Square Theatre success, "The Lights o' London," even the optimists shook their heads, for here was a play along lines wholly out of fashion in modern times, but the box office results were even larger than the previous Brady revival, and the post-rest week of the four showed gross takings more than double the largest recorded at the Union Square in the height of its original production, yet the cast at the Lyric Theatre was by no means as distinguished or as satisfying as the one given the great play by Messrs. Shook and Palmer thirty years ago.

Then the Shuberts revived the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Casino, in the intense heat of mid-summer. Instead of four weeks, six weeks was necessary to ac-



Photo Moffett

BLANCHE BATES

This popular actress, who has just closed her Western tour in "Nobody's Widow," will be seen next year in a new Belasco production.

commodate the crowds desirous of hearing again the delicious work of the two English collaborators, and the great "Mikado" revival was completely eclipsed, but the most interesting feature of the "Pinafore" revival is the fact that its melodious score and delicious satire have been so potent that practically the same large organization which packed the Casino last summer has just concluded a prosperous season on tour.

There you have it! The vogue of this revival was not simply a summer fad, but was sustained throughout what has been the most disastrous theatrical season in twenty years, and now the Messrs. Shubert have revived "Patience" profitably, though the esthetic character of the story carried a greater appeal a generation ago than now, still "Patience" draws crowds, and is followed by what many believe to be Gilbert and Sullivan's best work, "The Pirates of Penzance," after which we are to have "Iolanthe" and "The Gondoliers."

What does it all signify? We hear you ask. It signifies that the present theatrical season, while it has recorded several substantial successes, has been the most disastrous in many years. More plays have come a cropper, and their paraphernalia shipped to the storehouses, than in any year in the history of the theatre. It also does signify that the modern crop of playwrights are un-

able to supply sufficient meritorious material to avail the increased number of theatres, and little can be expected from abroad.

But why not more revivals? If "Caste" was found prolific, why not "Hone" by the same author? And who can deny that "Ours" and "School," also delicious Robertsonian plays, will repay the manager who is intrepid enough to tempt fate by producing them?

If "Jim the Penman" and "The Lights of London" scored a quarter of a century after their first vogue, why not "Captain Swift," and would not "A Celebrated Case" prove a revelation to modern theatre-goers? If the tendency is to conciliate a large number of well-known players, what better opportunity can a manager have than to revive Boucicault's "Lad Astray"?

But it is the success which came to "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" revivals that suggest a plethora of comic operas cast into oblivion, such as "The Beggar Student," "The Black Hussar," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Falka," "Nanon," and what will happen if some manager were to have the courage to bring forth again those dear old works of Offenbach, "La Grande Duchesse" and "Barbe Bleue," and please, may the writer ask, are we getting anything nowadays to compare with von Suppé's "Boccaccio"?

ROBERT GRAY.

ANNALS of the American stage of a century and a half ago have been revived by the news

America's First Theatre

from Philadelphia that the first building occupied regularly as a theatre in this country is now being demolished. This is the famous Southwark Theatre, also known at various times as the South Street Theatre, and later as the American Theatre, which was built in 1766 at South and Leithgow Streets, Philadelphia, and remodelled for decades to the applause of the playgoers.

Philadelphia was in those days the chief city in the country—most populous, richest, most active—and was, therefore, naturally the point at which the players from England first started out on their journeys. The playhouse does not seem to have been recognized as a proper place of resort for fashionable people until after the building of the Southwark Theatre. In 1754, Hallam's Company arrived from London, and played for a while in Plumstead's store on Water Street, and later in a hall at Vernon and South Streets, but there was a good deal of opposition to their efforts at amusement of the public, and at one time the Presbyterian Synod brought a remonstrance against them in court. The judge, William Allen, declined to interfere, saying he had gotten more moral virtue from plays than from sermons.

David Douglass, who married Mrs. Hallam, opened the Southwark Theatre November 21, 1766, and it was the only theatre in the city until the erection of the Northern Liberties Theatre by Kenna in 1791, at Front and Noble Streets. To evade the law against charging for public performances, the bills used to read "For a Concert of Music," after which will be presented

gratis a lecture or dialogue on the vice of scandal, etc., giving a few lines of the play. There was, how-

ever, a considerable element in Philadelphia that regarded the establishment of the drama with satisfaction, and theatre parties were frequent as early as 1769. It is even stated that on some occasions theatre parties, flushed with wine, deliberately organized to express disapprobation of the players, and dominated both the stage and the audience.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, they held regular plays in the Southwark Theatre, the performers being officers in Howe's army. Box tickets were sold for one dollar, and the proceeds were used for the benefit of widows and orphans of soldiers. Major André, the gallant officer who later figured in the treason of Benedict Arnold, was one of the chief scene painters, and it is related that the waterfall scene painted by him was used until the entire equipment of the theatre was destroyed by fire in 1821.

The stage in those days was lighted by plain oil lamps without glasses. The view from the boxes was intercepted by large square wooden pillars supporting the upper tier and roof. Many persons consequently preferred the first bench in the gallery, which commanded a fair view of the whole stage. The stage box on the east side was decorated with suitable emblems for the reception of President Washington whenever he delighted the audience with his presence.

Of late years the old building, partially rebuilt to cover up the ravages of the fire of 1821, had been used as a distillery, as shown in the accompanying picture, the last ever taken of the famous old structure.



DISTILLERY IN PHILADELPHIA, ONCE THE FAMOUS SOUTHWARK THEATRE.





Where the players pose for the moving pictures. A busy day at the Lubin Studio, Philadelphia. Seven plays may be rehearsed in this studio at one time.

I had to come. Everything in our daily life is "slanged." It is always difficult to say just how slang originated. Usually it is the result of some haphazard remark. The man who condensed "motion pictures" into "movies" was certainly a genius—in slang.

Pictures have occupied an important place in the affections of the human race from the earliest days. There has always been a demand for pictorial representations of familiar scenes, which at once evidenced and satisfied this natural human instinct. These were the first indications of refinement. The Egyptians, perhaps the greatest of all picture lovers, very early learned to depict in vivid strokes and lavish hand the daily life of their people. These pictorial representations, as may be readily seen by reference to Egyptian antiquities, were by no means equal to those we have today; but, such as they were, they represented the natural craving for pictures, and without a doubt the Egyptians would have been the first to appreciate our filmic representations of life. The motion picture may, furthermore, be considered as a brain stimulant, and, if employed in our schools, would develop the brain in a natural manner, and sooner than by the text-book method. The cinematograph is the modern instance of the magic carpet of "The Arabian Nights" transporting us to the uttermost parts of the earth, and showing us the wonders of the world.

Some forty years ago, those children who were fortunately placed had among their toys a little cardboard box on a spindle, called a zoetrope. This appeared to be nothing except an oldtime bonnet box without a lid, and having a regular row of slits cut in the upper half of the wall of the box. Inside the box they placed a row of pictures of men and animals

THE MOVIES

in a series of awkward positions. Then the box was rotated on a base by hand, and the spectator gazed at the picture through the openings. The result was that the awkward attitudes began to assume importance, and there was a rough kind of action given to the figures, as the human figures walked or ran, or as the animals were chased or jumped. It was only a toy, yet from this rather crude attempt to turn the known persistency of vision to popular account, has grown one of the most important inventions—the cinematograph, which produces the so-called moving picture. But what is more remarkable, there has been built up an industry, which in the United States alone has a capital of \$23,-000,000, and employs 70,000 persons.

The zoetrope is mentioned, not because it was the first result of the discovery of the persistency of vision, but because it was the apparatus most generally known, and was, to some extent, a fairly popular toy. There were among other scientific apparatus devoted to demonstrating the persistency of vision—and that was about all they did—the stroboscope, the invention of Stampfer and Plateau; the tachyscope, invented by Anchtutz; the thaumatrope and the phenakistoscope. These were all more or less variations of the same thing. Anchtutz's tachyscope was similar to the phenakistoscope, and reproduced motion obtained by revolving some transparent pictures on a drum, which was illuminated by a spark from an induction coil through a Geissler tube. Edison tried this later.

All of these inventions came into being at least half a century ago. Yet the moving picture, as we have it, is of very modern origin, not yet quite seventeen years old. Why was it so late in development? The answer is that the theory of persistence of



Copyright Bach Bros.
THOMAS A. EDISON
To whose inventive genius the world owes the perfection of the moving picture

vision, although amply verified by the toys and scientific apparatus mentioned, had to wait for photography to catch up.

The first step in this direction was made when the emulsion for the dry plate was introduced. That may be said to have been almost as important a step in photography as was the discovery of movable types in the art of printing. They are analogous, for neither art could have advanced under original conditions. But even the perfected dry plate, which did not come at once, was not the solution; there had to be devised a substitute for glass, and the gelatine film, invented in 1895, was the force that actually vitalized all dreams of what has become the moving picture.

There were gaps between these inventions, and it would be untrue to assert that the invention of the dry plate and of the celluloid film were all that was necessary to take the zoetrope and make actual moving pictures of life with life-like motions, and even in the actual natural colors. When the zoetrope was entertaining nurseries, the photographer was doing his work on wet plates, and had only occasionally, on favorable opportunities, attempted what he called instantaneous photography. It was discovered that the bath for the wet plate could be made so sensitive to light that a more rapid impression could be made than had been customary, but the photographer had first to devise an apparatus for taking this instantaneous exposure. The rapid lifting off of the cap from the lens and replacing it was tried, but it was found that the movement was not rapid enough to rid the plate of movement. All action was shown as blurred. Then came the shutter. It is almost impossible to even estimate the number of shutters that were made for this purpose. Of course, some of them were patented, and they were numerous, at least 1,000 types



A MOVING PICTURE IN THE MAKING

in all. Greater attention was paid to the instantaneous shutter after the advent of the dry plate, and the advance between the plate and the shutter seemed to keep abreast for some years.

The first motion photography was made in this country on wet plates by Eadweard Muybridge. Yet these photographs which Muybridge took in California in 1872 were not strictly what might be called moving pictures. They were views of a horse in action, and were intended to show the actual position of the animal's legs when in locomotion. In Philadelphia, somewhat later, Thomas Eakins, the artist, then the director of the schools of the Academy of Fine Arts, devised a shutter and succeeded in taking a series of pictures on a single plate, intended to show the action of a model in action, and intended primarily to be of use to artists in arriving at the right pose for figures in motion. These, interesting as they were, were not intended to be a step in the direction of moving pictures, but rather as studies of animal locomotion, a subject then receiving a great deal of attention in this country and in Europe. Inventions move in a world-wide cycle of thought.



LUBIN STOCK COMPANY REHEARSING A PICTURE

Muybridge soon conceived a plan for making a great advance in this work. He found he could not proceed in California, but the University of Pennsylvania invited him to pursue his studies, and there, on the University grounds back of the hospital, and in the Zoological Gardens, Muybridge worked for three years, turning out a monumental series of photographs. The experiment cost \$30,000, and the result was given to the world in a weighty folio volume. The scientific results were embodied in a report less ponderous in size but of great interest. These pictures by Muybridge were made between the years 1884 and 1887. He had a battery of 24 lenses, and each lens was

set off by electrical contact from a contact breaker. The apparatus was of the most complicated character, and in great contrast with the simple moving-picture camera in use to-day to take thousands of pictures in almost the same time.

The work done by Muybridge set Edison to thinking how the

idea could be applied to giving something more than a scientific series of animal locomotion, so, in 1887, he began to ponder over it. At the same time the same idea was being thought about in Europe. Edison, however, appears to have been the first to have seen the light in reducing this idea to something popular and commercial, which Muybridge did not attempt to do. The Wizard of Menlo Park, as

he was then called, at first took a series of diminutive photographs on a single plate. They had to be viewed by a microscope to make them visible to the average eye. This was a step toward achievement, but even Edison knew it was not the thing he hoped to obtain. Then the celluloid film came into being, and half the fight was won. At first the pictures were taken by Edison on a revolving drum, and they were illuminated from within just as the tachyscope had been thirty years before. That did not give the

desired result either. Edison at the time was really working on a double problem. He was trying to work in tandem, or rather in pair, the phonograph and the kinetoscope. He attempted to give speaking moving pictures, and, in a measure, he succeeded. But work on the camera to take and on the projector to show the pictures had to be invented before the moving-picture business really began in earnest. At first the Edison pictures were exhibited in slot machines, but it was the picture exhibition in a hall of its own that was the full development of the idea. It moved toward the moving-picture theatre almost of its own volition. It was its natural path and destiny, and the improvements made in the apparatus and in the general character of the moving picture by the Lumières in France gave the world the cinematograph, as it still is called in Europe, and to some extent in this country, brought the moving-picture business rapidly into the dignity of a new industry. This, in brief, is the story of the rise from the little child's toy of forty years ago. But it is by no means all of the story.

The moving-picture business is at once a business and an industry that already is far larger in the capital invested and in the receipts, and certainly in the number of persons interested, than many a trade or industry that is centuries old. In the first place, the moving picture speaks a universal tongue. It is the Esperanto of the common people all over the world. The globe trotter has

seen moving pictures in Ceylon, he has seen them in South Africa, in Java, in Buenos Ayres, probably its farthest south, and he has seen them in the northern towns of Siberia. They have become educators as well as entertainment features. They have done more than any other device to contract the world and to bring the

whole globe to one's home town. It might be said that it realizes Puck's girdle around the globe in forty minutes.

There need be no hesitation in accepting the moving picture, for while it is an amusement, it is also, at the same time, a medium of instruction that has no equal. By its intelligent use, the whole world may be viewed without traveling outside one's own town. Recent improvements and

inventions have added the color, the same color, and consequently, atmosphere, which was present when the scene was photographed. Up to the present time, however, the color pictures have not been very extensively exploited, but there appears to be no impediment to its general acceptance and use. In the near future there will be no moving pictures that are not in color, for the color is not applied to the individual photographs, but is applied automatically at the time of projection. The principle is in line with the color

achievements of Ives, of Philadelphia. but it has been carried much farther than ever its original discoverer believed possible. In exposing for the color pictures, the film has rotated before it, or rather before lens of the camera, color screens which select the tints. This does not appear on the negative film itself, neither is it apparent on the positive film, but, when the latter is exhibited on the projecting screen, the same method is again used, only now it is reversed, and the different colors are thrown so rapidly on the screen that the eye does not perceive that it is looking in turn at a greenish yellow, a deep violet blue, and a reddish picture in turn. These impressions follow each other in such rapid succession that the picture appears as one single colored view. It is understood that patent rights and royalties are all that stand in the way of the more general use of the colored moving pictures. The first colored moving pictures were really colored

by hand. The work was tedious and costly, although most of the coloring was done in Japan, where this kind of intelligent labor is cheap. It was not satisfactory, in spite of its novelty, and now has been virtually abandoned.

While there is a natural tendency to avoid figures, it is necessary to quote a few totals to give an impression of the immense size of this new industry. There are about thirty manufacturers of films in this country, a dozen of them being more or less combined under agreements, and popularly alluded to as "the Trust."



A TYPICAL PICTURE FILM, "IN AFTER YEARS"



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "IN AFTER YEARS"

This dozen are said to represent a total capitalization of \$12,000,000, and the so-called independents, which are more numerous, are said to have a capital, or to represent a capitalization of probably \$8,000,000. There are about 10,000 theatres confined to exhibiting the pictures, and while some of them are fitted up at considerable cost, the majority are more showy than costly; however, they represent a capital of at least \$3,500,000. Thus, there is a total capital of \$23,500,000 invested in the industry in the United States. If that investment were doubled it probably would not be far from the correct capitalization of the industry in all parts of the world. And it may be said with confidence that throughout the world, and including the 75 manufacturers of film everywhere, there is represented an investment of more than \$50,000,000.

The 30 manufacturers in the United States have a yearly output that is worth \$11,500,000.

Employed in the industry in this country are, from time to time,

more than 70,000 persons. There are about 350 stock actors employed by the various manufacturers, and in addition there are almost constantly engaged 100 more, who are employed as they are needed. The factories employ probably 1,000 more persons, and in the theatres are more than 50,000 employees, to say nothing of the 10,000 others who are more or less identified with the business.

While there is no certain means of gauging the amount of money the American people spend each year for the moving pictures, it may be calculated that the average amount taken in by the theatres daily is about \$1,000,000. Multiply this by 313 and the yearly total is found to be the impressive one of \$313,000,000. As virtually all of this is paid in nickels, if we multiply the amount by

20, we have the staggering figures represented by 6,260,000,000, which are the number of admissions for a year. The only comment to this must be that a large part of our population must be frequent visitors to the moving-picture theatres, for this figure would allow nearly 100 admissions a year to each inhabitant of

the United States, and would indicate that each one spends nearly \$5 a year on this one amusement.

The Lubin Manufacturers of Philadelphia have spent six hundred thousand dollars for their new studio building, and pay out annually over half a million in salaries.

A play a day is the record aimed at by the manufacturers in the so-called trust. That means six plays a week. Taking all the American manufacturers together, this means that there are

turned out about 90 plays a week. At first glance that figure may not mean a great deal, but translate it into feet of films made and rented, and in a short time we have so many feet that it becomes far more handy to treat of the amount in miles, for the total, say, for a year, is astounding.

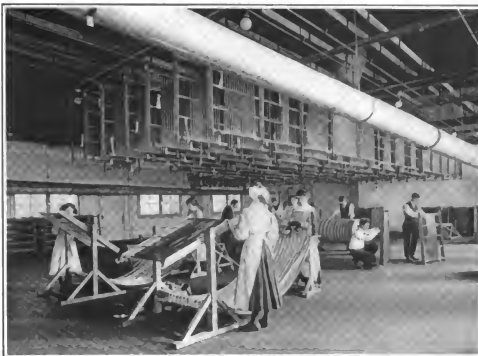
The average number of positive films printed from the original negatives is 25. The reel has an average length of 1,000 feet, so the arithmetic is easy. In one week there are 2,250 original reels made, or in fact — 2,250,000 feet. In a year this becomes 117,000,000 feet, or 22,150 miles. A reel is about as wide as one's thumb, about the size of a small tangerine. That which produces the picture the size we see it, is the tremendous

magnifying power of the lens. This means that the year's output in the United States alone is almost sufficient in length, were it cemented together to encircle the earth.

Now the value of these reels average \$100 each, and that means that the year's production is valued at \$11,480,000. The reels are



THE MOVING PICTURE WARDROBE ROOM



THE MOVING PICTURE DRYING ROOM

sold to the middlemen, or the film exchanges, as they are called.

Any theatre wishing to lease a film must pay a license of \$2 a week, and as there are over 10,000 of these theatres in the United States, here is over \$20,000 a week, or over a million a year, divided between 30 film makers, so that no matter what happens to the film producer or the scenario writer at \$15 per. the film maker seems to have three square meals a day in sight the year round. A new reel is rented for \$10 a day, but its value decreases as its age increases, and at the end of sixty days the reel is regarded as "commercial," and rents for as little as \$1 a day.

In the large cities some of the larger picture theatres are glad to pay the premium of exhibiting a film first. After they have been used in the cities they start on their tour through the country towns, and finally to the villages, some of which, in some mysterious manner, manage to support three theatres of this class. In this case, it is usual for the theatres to be open only three nights a week, for the population is not sufficient to support them every night. Everybody connected with the moving-picture business is not making money, but there is a fascination about the business that holds the smaller theatre proprietors long after prudence would dictate abdication.

An amusement which entices the nickels from more than six billion persons annually in the United States alone must be of wide popularity.

Things are just as seldom what they seem in the moving picture as they are on the theatrical stage. The manufacturers, however, try to convince the picture theatre clientele that the Wild West scenes really are enacted in the western part of the United States.

There is some delightful and characteristic wild scenery in Pennsylvania not far from Reading that more than once has answered the call of the wild. So, too, scenes supposedly acted

in other parts of the world, as in Egypt or other parts of Africa, for instance, also are acted much nearer home than the patron imagines. However, the effects are good; they answer the purpose and no one is damaged.

In its infancy the Lubin Company acted its plays on the roof of a photographic establishment in Philadelphia. Here was played one of the most popular of the early plays, "The Pillow Fight." At that

time the full scope of the business was not realized, and the scenic effects were most primitive. But now "real" deers, "real" houses are erected only to be set on fire and burned to the ground. There is a display of wealth that at first sight appears most prodigal, yet fortunes are made in the industry, and almost every person identified with the industry is prospering, and all from the insignificant nickel, which, as has been shown, pours into the business to the number of more than 20,000,000 a day.

This motion picture business brought into existence an entirely new order of authors, who call themselves "scenario writers," who have actually formed a "union" in order to raise prices and generally protect themselves against the trust. This seems to be the first "writers' union" on record. And, no wonder, when one considers that the usual price paid for a scenario is fifteen dollars, and when one contrasts the price paid to the writers and the huge fortunes made out of the business, it would seem that a "union" is timely to jack up something. The futility of it, however, lies in the fact that "scenarios" are

(Continued on page 27)



How moving pictures were made twelve years ago. Actors in the open air on a roof top. This operator was one of the first in this country to make cinematograph films



THOSE WHO MAKE THE MOVING PICTURES
Sigmund Lubin, players and employees of the Lubin Company, at the laboratories in Philadelphia



A NEW PORTRAIT OF FAY TEMPLETON

"FIRST, you must have a fair **Before the Matinee with Fay Templeton**

knowledge of all branches of acting. Second, you must be able to play legitimately the parts you are going to burlesque. Third, you must have a sense of humor, so that you will see what is funny in serious rôles. Fourth, you must have a sense of the difference between buffoonery and burlesque."

There it is, a summary of the requisites of burlesque by the queen of burlesque in this country, probably in all countries. She had asked for time to reflect, resolutely withdrawing her attention from the white cat curled in a ball at her feet, and the tall vase of pink carnations that flung a wholesome sweetness from the corner of her dressing-room. The cat was graceful and affectionate. The carnations were fresh, and ruddy, and inviting. But Miss Templeton made the effort at concentration away from these playthings, and succeeded.

I had asked her to imagine a seventeen-year-old telling her she wanted to become a burlesque artist, and asking her what she must be, and do, to become one.

"It wouldn't be any use to tell her," Miss Templeton had returned quickly, with a dimpling of cheeks and sparkle of handsome dark eyes. "What there is in us of talent works its way out, finds expression. We can't express what isn't there."

"But she might have talent," I persisted.

Desiring to be just to the hypothetical maiden, Miss Templeton said: "Let me think it out." It is a habit of hers to think things out, which is a reason for her strangely true denotements of the saliences of character. The cat purred and rolled over to attract her attention. It captured the toe of her patent leather pump between its snowy paws. It looked blinkingly into her face with its

green eyes. In vain, Miss Templeton was a person of decision. The cat recognized this and, turning on its side, went to sleep. The carnations continued their unconscious blooming. Through the closed door came dragging sounds punctuated with picturesque profanity. The stage was being set for an afternoon performance of the Weber-Fields jubilee.

The queen of burlesque left off regarding her black taffeta silk lap. She lifted her eyes and one would have been blind, indeed, not to have seen that they were of starlike brilliance. "I wanted to be careful of my list of requisites," she said, "for I don't want to give snap judgment and invite criticism. I should say to the girl who wanted to be a burlesque artist: First, you must have a fair knowledge of all branches of acting. Burlesque isn't the first stage of acting. It is the last, the crowning achievement, in a way. To imitate anyone, you must know how to act her parts as seriously as she plays them herself. The sense of humor must be there, of course, for every serious rôle has funny possibilities, and if you can't see them you can't burlesque them. It is easier to tell what burlesque isn't than to say what it is. You may be perfectly sure of one thing—it isn't horseplay. A man puts on a big false nose and thinks he is a burlesque artist. If he were, he wouldn't need the false nose. I think there should be little make-up, and the acting should be allowed to speak for itself.

"Tumbling about the stage and making faces at the audience isn't burlesque. Original antics are not burlesque. You can't have burlesque without having something to imitate. Burlesque is caricature. Like the best caricatures the best burlesques have a likeness to the subject, and emphasize one of his or her peculiarities. I have never offended anyone by my burlesques, so far as



Photo Moffett
LOUISE DRESSER
At present appearing in vaudeville



MYRTLE TANNEHILL
Seen with Frank McIntyre in "Snobs"



Photo White
CHAPINE
Recently seen as Jacinta in "The Rose of Panama" at Daly's

I knew, and I am quite sure I haven't, just as I have never been offended by any caricature of myself. If any one is clever enough to ferret out my peculiarities and display them, I am amused.

"But why talk to a person at the beginning of life about how to do anything, or what are the requisites for success in any artistic field? The truth is that we must know all kinds of life and all sorts of people. For success as an artist one must have a great heart or must be a degenerate. Have I shocked you?"

"Not at all. But will you explain?"

"The big-hearted person understands. There must be understanding before representation. As for the other class, look at the good work, the great work that has been done while persons are in some stage of drunkenness. A composer who drank himself to death composed some of the most heart-searching melodies ever written."

"Their work is short," objected the interviewer.

"But magnificent while it lasts."

I led Miss Templeton back to burlesque, by a question as to when she adopted it.

"When I joined Weber-Fields," she said. "But I had unconsciously been preparing for it all my life. I was of a theatrical family, and went on the stage at four years. I was a little Indian in 'Pocahontas' at that age. I played Eva and Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I've sung Carmen. I was with Lydia Thompson's so-called burlesque company, but that wasn't burlesque. Tights and funny songs are not burlesque. There was 'The Black Crook,' called burlesque, but it wasn't. I lived for thirteen years in Paris and studied the artists there. I gave a great deal of time to watching Réjane, whom I admire very much."

"Mr. J. E. Dodson, who told me that you are the greatest actress in America, says that burlesque is a sincere imitation of a person's serious work, flinging in a funny flourish at the end."

"He is right." Miss Templeton's face was grave. Again I was reminded how serious are comedienues when off the stage.

"I was always ambitious, and always wanted to do better work than I've ever done," she went on. "But the public is our stage director. When the public and the press want you in one thing it's better to give them that, instead of something you want but they don't. I told David Warfield the other day of my ambitions, and said: 'I have very little to do.' He said: 'But there are good small pictures.' When I came back to the theatre I thought of what he said and realized how true it is."

"I thought 'I am only one of many.' Take the artists surrounding me here. I fancy most of them would rather be doing something else, but they do what the public wants from them."

"I might have held to my determination to do serious work, but my size prevented. Audiences won't cry with a woman as stout as I am. They laugh at her. But there's compensation in my size. It saves work. For instance, in my burlesque of Bunty I don't need to do much else than appear in her costumes and read her lines. The size does the burlesquing. Miss Pearson was most kind about helping me. Everyone whom I have burlesqued has been. I can't see them often as I should like at the theatres, because I am playing myself. So I have emptied my pocket-book buying flowers and my desk of writing paper, appealing to them. They let me come to see them, and talk to them, and they make suggestions about costumes and make-up. I want to burlesque Al Jolson. He's difficult, because he's full of intense movement, like this." She stretched forth, tense arms and clenched her hands in taut fists. "I like it, but it doesn't make him an easy study. He has helped me, as much as he could, but he has been playing every night and three matinees."

"Don't you think you are a better actress for having been away from the



Photo White
DOROTHY BRENNER
Formerly with Lew Fields—now appearing in vaudeville

(Continued on page 25)



RITA JOLIVET, RECENTLY SEEN AS MARSINAI IN "KISMET"

Miss Jolivet was born in Paris, of French parents. She prepared for the stage in London with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Crenne (Kate Bateman), and in Paris with Mrs. Thénard and Mme. Kuhl, both of the Comédie-Française, where she studied dancing and pantomime with Mme. Miquetta (of the Opéra-Comique). Her professional debut was made as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," with William Poel's company. In his performance of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan fashion she also acted Juliet, Proteus in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Cypri in "As You Like It." Although Miss Jolivet has been but a few years on the stage she has played leading parts in London at the Haymarket Theatre, St. James's Theatre, the Playhouse, the New Theatre, the Little Theatre and Terry's. In Paris she appeared at the Théâtre Michel and also with the celebrated comedian Gallipaux.

SATONY

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 3 Charlotte Corday

THE late Kyrle Bellew, prince among actors and one of the most cultured men in his profession, was the last of the playwrights to put into dramatic form the terrible episodes in the career of the French heroine, Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d' Armand, who, as her name indicates, was descended from the nobility, and whose exploits entitle her to a place on the tablet of fame with Jeanne d'Arc and other women who have been inspired by a noble aim to sacrifice life, and all that they held dear in life, for what they considered their duty.

Unlike Jeanne, she who has come to be known simply as Charlotte Corday did not spend her early years as a shepherdess, but, according to the record, she was placed in a convent at an early age, and although she did not hear "voices" and claimed no heavenly guidance in the tragedy in which she enacted a leading rôle, there is reason to believe that she was intensely religious, and that her early training fitted her for the indelible impression made upon her mind by the tales of cruelty and suffering that were the gossip of her time as being inflicted by the political leaders without necessary cause, except to satisfy their own wicked designs and bloodthirsty whims. It is difficult to think of the French Revolution without recalling the peasant, for that was her status, despite her name and despite the fact that among her forefathers are the names of many soldiers and statesmen who had done loyal service for France and who had been rewarded for their loyalty. The name of Charlotte Corday and her exploit wafts the breath of romance into the story of fire and blood. There has been nothing more tragic in modern times than the events in which she played a part, and while the most skillful technician of modern times, Victorien Sardou, seized upon a male as the pivot of his drama of the Revolution, because he was writing a play to order for Sir Henry Irving, it is likely he would have selected Charlotte Corday for his heroine if he had been plying his trade of tailor-dramatist to the measure of a female star. Her life is a drama, and it is little wonder that she had always appealed strongly to the writers of plays who attempted to revive good characters of history and give them the artificial existence of the footlights.

Charlotte Corday has always been considered what the actress calls a "fat" part. Underlying her tragic importance, resulting in a murder under strangely dramatic circumstances, there was the opportunity to show an innocent character who believed that she had a mission, which is the chief delight of an actress. She will consent to go to any limit on the stage if she has the chance to make it plain to the audience that she is impelled by some lofty purpose. It was in conveying this motive of the crime that Jean Margaret Davenport believed that she triumphed, and she was willing on the strength of it to challenge the artistry of Charlotte Cushman, who at the time not only stood in a certain supremacy as Charlotte Corday, but dared to attempt to do so in various and varied rôles, including even masculine parts of well-established tradition.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY

There is little doubt that it was the eagerness of Kyrle Bellew to write a great part for Mrs. Brown-Potter that prompted him to write a four-act drama called "Charlotte Corday," which he signed "J. C. Montesquien," and which was first produced at Calcutta, India, in 1894, when the pair were making a joint starring tour of the world, instead of thinking of his own part as Marat, although the latter gave him strong "character bits" as Marat, the victim of her fatal blow. Bellew and Mrs. Potter played the piece with success in America,

having first produced it at San Francisco, and later took it to London, where it became an established favorite in their repertoire. It is difficult at this time to say whether or not Bellew used any of the earlier versions of the play as the basis for his own work. He could have done so, but the life of Charlotte seems to have been strangely fashioned in historical sequence—even in scenes and acts—for the future playwright. It was witnessed on the stage in America as early as 1803, when Mrs. Johnson appeared in a play as Charlotte, in which Marat, Robespierre and Marie Antoinette were introduced among the principals. Mrs. Laudor appeared in New York in 1868 as the star in "Charlotte Corday or the Reign of Terror." Bella Pateman was the Charlotte in a poetic drama written by James Mortimer and produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal at Dublin in 1876.

(Continued on page 15)

Forgotten Theatres

PART II.

NO other playhouse in New York rose so often upon its own ruins as the Bowery Theatre, which was destroyed by fire four times. It was situated on the site of the old Tavern and Cattle Market, known as Bull's Head, and its outward structure was made to represent white marble. Under the management of Gilfert, in 1826, with prices from 75 cents to 37½ cents, it housed such stars as Forrest, Hamblin, George Holland and Cooper. During the spring season of 1828, it was destroyed, but, nothing daunted, the management set to work to rebuild, and in ninety days a white stucco structure was in its place, adorned with six columns. As a manager, Gilfert was distinguished as being the first to employ a "press agent," and to organize a theatre orchestra.

The house next passed under the direction of Hamblin and Hackett. It was here that George Farren made his debut in 1829, and that same year occurred the famous association of George Jones (Count Joannes) with J. B. Booth. The audiences did not know that throughout the scenes of "Richard III," Booth once was after Richmond in earnest, and it was only the superior defense of Jones that saved his life. For Booth was fully determined to take the life of the man he was playing with. James Sheridan Knowles was seen at this theatre in June, 1836, and in September the building was once more razed to the ground.

On January 3, 1837, a new building was ready for business, but the god of fire was persistent, and the next year the house was again destroyed, only to be rebuilt with the customary promptness. In 1842, "London Assurance" was presented with great scenic realism, real furniture being carefully selected, and doors and carpets used. When the fourth fire occurred in 1846, E. L. Davenport was one of the chief figures of the Bowery, and he remained so after the new building was in readiness, the same building that in 1892 was given over to Hebrew performances.

But the Bowery in those days was accustomed to the best in theatrical art. Julia Dean, Murdoch, Edly, Mark Smith, and Fanny Wallack found favor. The building is still standing.

On May 10, 1846, Vauxhall Garden Theatre was opened on the west side of Fourth Avenue, opposite Cooper Institute Park. As Col. Brown states, "It ran through to Broadway, as far up as Astor Place, including Astor Library and Lafayette Place." Here it was that Poe's father and mother acted, but Miss Arnold was also seen at the John Street Theatre. With its trees, its lamps and its avenue of paintings, the place was a favorite resort, and continued to be so, for, burned down in 1807, it was immediately rebuilt, and remained until 1855.

Niblo's Garden, on part of the Bayard Farm, was situated on the northeast corner of Broadway and Prince Street. In 1800, it was a training ground for race horses, and a favorite place for the circus, and here, around 1812, the soldiers used to drill. In the summer of 1823, the site was used for entertainments of an evening, and then Niblo, erecting a temple of music in the centre of the property, turned it into a public garden. In 1827, while the Bowery Theatre was being rebuilt, Gilfert came to Broadway, and on this site erected a theatre in fifteen days.

The prices were increased to one dollar, but that sum bought a ticket admitting a lady and gentleman. Burton, Buckstone and Hackett were the stars in the years to follow. In 1846, the place was burned, and was not rebuilt until 1849. Brougham then undertook the management, and Cushman, Wallack and Mrs. Mowatt appeared there. So did Adelina Patti, Dion Boucicault, the Barney Williams, McCullough, Matilda Heron and Lucille Western. People of our own time remember Mrs. Langtry, James O'Neill, Rose Coghlan, and Lawrence Barrett, who were later additions to the honor roll of the theatre. On March 23, 1895, the audience assembled for the last time, some of them eager to secure a memento of the place doomed to disappear. On the fall of the final curtain, *Auld Lang Syne* was sung lustily by the devotees of the drama. Perhaps the most distinctive success of Niblo's was the production of "The Black Crook" in 1866.



Ohio Savings Co.

MARTA WITKOWSKA

Polish contralto seen recently with the Chicago Philadelpia Opera Co. in "Aida"

The Richmond Hill Theatre deserves passing mention, because it had once been the home of Aaron Burr. It was opened in 1831, with a yellow front, and a white portico flanking four pillars. It was situated at the southeast corner of Varick and Charlton Streets.

The National Theatre, on the southeast corner of Leonard and Church Streets, opened in 1833 with opera. Many managers ventured to run the house, but because of its poor situation, it never brought much success, even though Cushman, Forrest, Hackett, Hanlon, Burton, Jefferson, and Rice of "Jim Crow" fame, were to be seen there. In 1841, the theatre was set on fire. Perhaps one of the heaviest losers in the enterprise was W. E. Burton. On some evenings, under the régime of Hackett, the Bonapartes might be seen occupying a box.

The Franklin Theatre, at 175 Chatham Street, between James and Oliver, was opened in 1835, with Jefferson as scenic artist. Here it was that Mary Duff won distinction as the "Siddons of America," and John Gilbert came to the fore. After being under the direction of Blake, and after diverse changes of name, the theatre fell into bad ways, and finally, in 1848, was turned into a cheap museum.

Mitchell's Olympic, at 442 Broadway, between Howard and Grand Streets, was built for Blake, and was, for a time, a most popular place of amusement. It boasted of a pit for gentlemen, the ladies being set aside in the boxes. There was a bar. Opened at the beginning of the year 1838, with the curtain rising at seven, the theatre finally proved a poor financial venture because Blake insisted upon being too lavish. Under the control finally of Mitchell, the prices were reduced to twenty-five and twelve and a half cents. The house was patronized on Saturday nights by newsboys and butcher boys, who made such noise that often the manager would have to appear before the curtain and threaten to raise the prices if they were not quiet. Those were the days of Charles Walton, W. R. Blake, George Holland, and William Warren. Strange to say that the theatre was killed by the success of Burton's; yet in 1850, Burton himself came over as manager and tried to revive the popularity of the place, but with no success. The theatres had begun to move rapidly up the avenue.

The Chatham Theatre, on the west side of the street, between Roosevelt and James, was opened by Tom Flynn in 1839, the character of the plays being high and the actors excellent. The playbills contained such names as Booth, John Sefton, Placide, Forrest, Charles Thorne, Wallack, Celeste, and others.

Here, some historians aver, Edwin Booth was suddenly thrust upon the stage to take his father's part on an evening when the sire was too drunk to go upon the stage. There was a fire in the house in 1859, and thereafter the place was abandoned to a lower

class of drama. One of the successes of the theatre was a version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but it was no distinction in those days to have an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the piece was given all over the city; in fact, wherever there was a theatre.

Burton's Theatre, on the site of Palmo's Opera House, was situated at 39-41 Chambers Street. It was first opened in 1844, but the sheriffs were soon in possession because of a disastrous season. The management was assumed by Burton in 1848, with John Brougham as stage manager, and during their régime many Dickens dramatizations were attempted. In 1876, the American News Company passed into the building.

The old Broadway Theatre, on the east side of the avenue, between Pearl and Anthony (Worth) Streets, in fact, 326-28 Broadway, was modelled after the London Haymarket. It was opened in 1847, and a long list of notable actors forms its roster: Henry Wallack, Lester Wallack, Murdock, Brougham, Forrest, Coul-

dock, Davidge, Brooke, and Cushman. These names were to remain on Broadway for nearly half a century.

One of the chief distinctions of the Astor Place Opera House was the riot, which has been considered in a previous issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It was opened in 1847, and theatrical politics killed its chances as a home for music. Tripler Hall was built on property owned by John Lafarge, on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street. Built originally for the appearance of Jenny Lind, it was also used for halls and lectures. Here it was that some of the most heated abolitionist meetings were conducted. Opened in 1850 as a playhouse, Hackett was its one-time manager. Rachel appeared on its stage in 1855. That same year the place passed under the management of Laura Keane, much to the bitter denouncement of the press and her associates. On the opening, "Prince Charming" was announced, but someone slashed the scenery as rehearsals were nearing completion.

The house was known as the Laura Keane's Varieties, and here, in 1856, Miss Keane herself appeared in a garbled version of "Camille," the original version of which was played by Matilda Heron. The theatre had a brilliant career under various managers, in 1864, Edwin Booth, with others, undertaking his first business venture in the managerial line. This same year the three sons of the elder Booth were seen in a production of "Julius Caesar." The house was burned to the ground, and on its site was erected the Grand Central Hotel.

In passing, we must mention Fellows Opera House at 444 Broadway, opened in 1850, and burned three times. From its stage emanated the fame of Wood's and Christy's minstrels.

Brougham's Lyceum, on the west side of Broadway, two doors below Broome Street,



Photo Stylen

FLORENCE E. MOORE

Who made a recent hit as *Clorinda Scribbles*, the typewriter with literary aspirations in "Hanky Panky," now being played on the road



INA CLAIRE

Recently seen as *Prudence*, the title rôle in "The Quaker Girl"

met with great success during its first season of 1851. The Wallacks and the Davenport, Cushman and Maeder appeared here, and here also there came very near being a riot, due to public feeling over the Forrest divorce suit, which formed the chief topic in the papers. In 1852, the house passed under the management of J. W. Wallack. For many years to follow, the name of Wallack was to represent the best in theatrical management. In fact, Wallack's Lyceum was noted for its excellent Shakespearian productions; the actor manager, if anything, was English in his tastes, and he became a firm believer in the old comedy. Old-timers probably remember the appearance of E. A. Sothern as Armand Duval, quite a different rôle from Dunderbary. When Wallack moved to the Thirteenth Street Theatre, the old playhouse he left went through diverse changes, and its history has to be followed under the various names of Music Hall, the New York Athenaeum, Mary Provost's Theatre, the German Opera House, and the New York Theatre. In 1895, John E. Owens was the chief attraction.

From now on we may look for the amusement centre around Fourteenth Street. Many of Daly's New York comedies give the society atmosphere of that time, and as the Metropolitan Opera House is now the centre of the whirl of social things, so the Academy of Music, opened in 1854, was the centre then. It is useless to enter minutely into the career of that famous house, now given over to cheap stock and moving pictures. We are familiar with the occasional appearances of well-known stars there to-day, and Mr. Daniel Frohman is still of the belief that here a People's Theatre would be an excellent financial venture. In those days, Grisi, Clara Louise Kellogg, Janauschek, Nilsson, Salvini, Rossi, Patti, Theodore Thomas, and a coterie of other stars were featured there.

The real Laura Keane's Varieties, situated at 624 Broadway, above Houston Street, was opened in 1856. An excellent company



White MARGUERITE CLARK

was maintained, and though Miss Keane was inclined to be exacting, many successes were achieved. Perhaps the most surprising one was "Our American Cousin," in which the laurels were quite taken away from the other actors by the eccentricities of Sothern as Dunderbary. Joseph Jefferson was in the cast.

Mrs. Wood's Olympic flourished on the same site in 1863. Davidge, Stoddart and Clarke appeared there, as did also Charles Wyndham, fresh from the Union Army at Gettysburg. Augustin Daly assumed the management in 1877.

The People's Theatre, near Spring Street, at 199 Bowery,



White BLANCHE YURKA
Recently seen as Vice in "Everywoman"

below Spring Street. It had once been used as a synagogue, but in 1862 was given over to cheap amusement of the spectacular sort. In 1867, it was known as Wood's Theatre Comique.

The Athenaeum, at 728 Broadway, opposite Waverly Place, was once a church. In 1873, Daly assumed the management for a short while, but its history stretches as far back as 1838. He also managed the Fifth Avenue Opera House in 1869, after John Brougham had tried the management. In 1870 Clara Morris appeared there. The house burned down in 1873, and Daly took his company to the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre on Broadway at Eighth Street.

The site of Daly's Fifth Avenue became the site for the Madison Square Theatre, whose brilliant history, beginning with Steele Mackaye's ownership in 1879, has been partly sketched by Daniel Frohman. Holland, Mansfield, Hoyt, and all the well-known stars, too well known to be forgotten even by a new generation, began to gain ascendancy in that small playhouse. The theatre has only recently been obliterated by a huge office building—a huge

(Continued on page 211)

was managed by Tony Pastor in 1868. It has now been turned into a Hebrew Theatre, but then it produced such plays as "East Lynne," "Davy Crockett," "The Two Orphans," "The Shaughraun," and "The Silver King." In 1889, E. H. Sothern appeared there in "The Highest Bidder."

We are now sufficiently "up town" to give the theatres only a passing notice, for they are no longer forgotten; they have simply been replaced. As the theatres moved farther up Broadway, the theatrical district became more concentrated. This may be bad for business, since congestion is never a good phase of any enterprise.

The New Bowery, two blocks from the Old Bowery and near Hester Street, existed from 1859 to 1866. The Irving Place Theatre began in 1869 as Irving Hall, but its use was superfluous as a ballroom after the erection of Steinway Hall. The new building erected on its site was at first called the Amberg Theatre (1888), and in 1893 Conreid assumed the management, raising its standard as a home for German drama.

Wallack's Thirteenth Street Theatre was opened in 1861, and its brilliant career has become part of the history of the Wallack family. After Wallack deserted it, the name was changed to The Star. From 1883 to 1899, a long list of brilliant stars accumulated. The familiar brick structure was torn down in 1901, the audience on the final curtain singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Wood's Minstrel Hall was situated at 514 Broadway, on the east side, just below Spring Street. It had once been used as a synagogue, but in 1862 was given over to cheap amusement of the spectacular sort. In 1867, it was known as Wood's Theatre Comique.



White LOUISE CLOSSER HALE



Mr. Jahoda and Mrs. A. Smidy in "Mademoiselle Toussillon"



Josephine Kasper in "The Doll's Fairy"



Mr. K. Hrbek and Mrs. T. Cerna in "Na Korlandem Kripas"

EVEN though the number of play-houses in America may not be a sign of popular response to the drama (for the American people are apt to be passive rather than active in art), there is a rather extensive colony very near the heart of New York where the stage represents a really serious part of the daily life of the people. Here, in the Bohemian section of the city, between, say, Sixtieth Street and Ninetieth Street, on the East Side, the butchers, the lunkers and the candlestick-makers have for twenty years been actively engaged in producing all sorts of drama, the profits of which are devoted to charity and to the perpetuation of the dramatic work itself. On the stage of the three theatres that this interesting people have established, the saloon-keeper becomes a priest, the grocer a laron, the real estate operator a beggar, and all his friends and customers, his debtors and creditors, come to see him on Sunday afternoons, playing his part with the other volunteer actors and actresses—and most of them playing remarkably well.

The Bohemians seem really to play for pleasure, but they take their pleasure seriously. At the native jingoistic melodrama, and at the mitra modern musical comedy alike, the whole of some very large families are to be seen. Sometimes the baby is taken along, and the entire pit (there is nothing but pit) is nearly always crowded. The audiences are attentive, and the smoking of the *pater familias*, which is universal, does not appear to annoy.

The first theatre established by the fifty thousand Bohemians in New York was in Fifth Street, and was little more than a huge hall with a small stage at one end of it and weird, tall pictures on the walls, huge wooden, or imitation wooden, rafters across the ceiling, with flaring gas lamps hanging here and there upon them. Later on a theatre of something of the same sort was built in Seventy-first Street, and then the large national Bohemian hall in Seventy-third Street, but the best company at present gives its performances in Sokol Hall, which was established by the Sokols, a large Bohemian society, a kind of national gnarl

Real Bohemia in New York

flap. Toward all these patriotic demonstrations the Austrian government is using the wisest kind of policy: that of giving many concessions and tolerating all things. Except for this, the Bohemians declare, she could not retain her control.

Realizing the feeling at work in the spirits of this people, we can easily understand the quivering enthusiasm and the tearful tremors under which the audiences view performances of "Pohlavci," the national Bohemian tragedy, whenever these are given. This title is the name of a tribe, and means "the head of a dog," and it deals with the story of the war against Germany just before 1621, when Bohemia lost its independence. From that time until about 1848 the country was completely dominated by Germany and its language was entirely lost, except in a few of the outer provinces. The heroes of the play are the Chuds, who, according to legend, possessed a charter from the King of Bohemia to walk the borderland between their country and Germany and to defend their people from German invasion. Of course,

these patriots occasionally crossed the border, and about 1845 the Emperor of Austria heard of their assaults on the Germans. So he revoked the charter, and their hero (who is the hero of the play) was hanged.

When this scene takes place in the drama there is universal weeping all over the house, and even blasé New Yorkers cannot help being thrilled by the nationalistic

spirit that has come down through so many generations of oppression. As the curtain descends on the final act the applause is simply terrific; applause such as one never sees equalled in

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New York, except, perhaps, at the performances of Orleneff in Russian, when, with a tortured wriggle and the accents of a little child, he finally gives way to a softening grain in the last scene of Ibsen's drama, "Ghosts."

Tragic moments are not, however, the only ones that are enjoyed by the Bohemian theatre-goers, for during the past month they have given several performances of the "Lustige Bauer," a new musical comedy by the author of "The Merry Widow," of which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have the American rights, and which will appear on Broadway in more expensive accompaniment next year. This play has been translated from German into Bohemian by Mrs. Prusa, who was herself an actress in Bohemia, but with whose figure American life seems to have agreed too well to permit her continuing to take any serious rôle. The particular delight of the audiences in this piece was a little child of ten years of age, named Bertha Kauders, whose mother was an actress in Bohemia and whose father is a bookkeeper in a beer-bottling business. She played the part of a young boy in such farcically adequate fashion as to convulse at least three audiences in three successive weeks. The prima-donna rôle was played and sung by Josephine Lier, who has graduated from an American dramatic school and has an exceptional voice. Miss Lier, we learn, is a bookkeeper in a factory in Seventy-second Street, and Albert Tvrdy, who takes one of the chief men's parts, is a bank clerk on First Avenue.

Other plays that have been given by the performers at Sokol Hall are "Puppenfee" ("The Doll's Fairy"), "Mademoiselle Tourbillon" (which was translated from the French), "The Two Orphans," "The Clouds" (by the most popular native dramatist, Kvapil), which last year was produced in an English translation by Charles Recht at the Bijou Theatre under the direction of

Julius Hopp; "The Iron Master," by Ohnet, and a great many performances of "Alma, Wo Wohnt Du?" which Mrs. Prusa translated from the original French. This great variety of repertory has all been given during the present season, and the variety of outside activity in which the various members of the casts engaged was quite equal to that of the plays which they produced. In the Sokol Hall company alone one part was taken by a butcher, one by a button manufacturer, one by a fern dealer, one by a piano salesman, another by a barber, and still another by a candy chef. All the rehearsals are held after business hours, many of them not starting until half-past nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and all of them directed by fellow workmen of especial talent.

Most of us know practically nothing about the real Bohemians. We imagine that they are some outgrowth of the gypsy tribes that invaded Paris generations ago, and that were called Bohemians as a term of reproach. As a matter of fact the real Bohemians ought to be called Czechs, and not Bohemians at all. They are an important element in New York, Chicago and many other parts of the United States. They have, among other things, two daily newspapers, one socialist weekly, one free-thought monthly, one anarchist paper, a free school in New York of eight hundred attendants, and a large press association, with its main office in Chicago, which sends out news on Bohemia and Bohemianism to the other newspapers of the country. The Bohemians are an unusually "radical" people, but not in the way in which they are generally supposed to be. They are interested in thought of all sorts and in art of many kinds, and they are lacking in much of our American prudery. To that extent our usually prejudiced conception of "Bohemia" justly applies to them.

B. RUSSELL HORTS.



Miss Masquett as the Doll's Fairy



A group of New York Bohemian players. The entire cast of the Sokol Hall Company

WHAT were the London theatres like in Shakespeare's Day

let matters of state sleep," he wrote to his nephew three days after the event,

spare's day? This is a question of necessary interest, which many scholars and historians have asked and sought to answer. The evidence, as in most matters regarding the poet who is at the same time the world's greatest, and in many ways most mysterious, is fragmentary and unsatisfying. Everybody has seen the pictures of tower-like, circular or octagonal buildings, taken from old maps of London and variously labeled the Rose, the Swan, the Hope, or the Globe Theatre. Nearly all of these pictures show the figures of men and women standing about, close to the wall; and, if their stature be taken as a scale, it would seem that the edifice was, in each case, ridiculously small. Indeed, if the manager could have crowded twenty such spectators into any one of these playhouses, he would have had to presume very boldly upon corporeal elasticity.

We have some data, however, regarding several Elizabethan theatres, and our conviction that these old drawings are absurdly

disproportionate is there-by confirmed. Nevertheless, estimates of the seating—or, more usually, standing—capacities have greatly varied, ranging, in fact, from three hundred to twelve hundred. One investigator has even gone so far as to conclude that the Fortune Theatre had room in it for nearly three thousand people, but the evidence upon which he bases this hasty opinion is most untrustworthy.

At all events, there were more than a dozen of these playhouses in London, at or near Shakespeare's time, including, in addition to those already mentioned, the Theatre, the Curtain, the Blackfriars, the Whitefriars, Paris Garden, Newington Butts, the Red Bull, and the Cockpit. The Globe, of course, is the most famous of them all, for it is most closely associated with the Bard of Avon. We know about when it was erected, through a bond dated December 22, 1593, given by Richard Burbage, the celebrated actor, to one Peter Streete. The building was of wood, hexagonal without, circular within, and open to the weather, except for the "upper" part of the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. The aforesaid Peter Streete, having satisfactorily demonstrated his theatre-building capacities, was given the contract five years later, in 1599, to erect another playhouse on the same plan. This was the Fortune, in Golding Lane. It was constructed for Messieurs Henslowe and Alleyn, the one a manager, the other an actor; and it was somewhat more ornamental than the Globe. The latter was indeed a primitive structure, having but two doors, one each to the auditorium and to the dressing-room. It has been thought that it got its name from a possible sign representing Hercules or Atlas supporting the globe, with the motto: *Totus mundus agit histriocum*, which surely is something like saying, "All the world's a stage."

At all events, the first Globe Theatre had a brief, if glorious career, and certainly a brilliant end. This latter occurred on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1613, and good Sir Henry Wotton may be allowed to tell the story in his own picturesque words: "Now to

"I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The King's players had a new play called 'All Is True,' representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like: sufficient, in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but

wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Another writer of the time gives a similar account, adding, "It was a great marvel and fair grace of God, that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out." The following spring the Globe Theatre

was rebuilt, and a poetaster of the period burst into verse:

"For where before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turned."

Tile, instead of straw, was doubtless employed for the roofing; but the walls were still of wood. It was in use for thirty years, and then, much out of repair, was probably torn down. After the Restoration, when the theatres were all re-opened, nothing more is heard of the Globe.

Meanwhile, there was the Fortune, in Golding Lane, built by the same carpenter and on the same plan, but square inside and out and of a cross-timbered plaster construction. Its dimensions were eighty by eighty feet without, and fifty-five within. Its foundation, of piles, brick, lime, and sand, was to extend at least one foot above ground. Each side of the quadrangle, then, gave twelve and a half feet of space for the "rooms" or boxes, galleries, and staircases in front and for the "tiring-house" behind. There were three tiers of these boxes and galleries, respectively, twelve, eleven, and nine feet high. The total altitude of the structure, therefore, was thirty-three feet above ground. To picture a building of such dimensions, or one like it in plan, even if circular in form, as if it were a tower, the height of which was equal to, or greater than its diameter, is manifestly absurd. The "gentlemen's rooms" and the "two-penny rooms" were to have four divisions, and, together with the staircases and passages, were to be plastered and ceiled. Other "rooms," furnished with seats and floored with deal boards, and the "stairs, conveyances and divisions," were to be the

(Continued on page 12)



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THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 22)

written by Tom, Dick and Harry, street-car conductors, salaried, so that a "union" to be effective should embrace practically the entire population. It is claimed that the motion pictures have added sixteen million people to the regular theatre-going population.

Each company receives about 100 scenarios a week, and about 5 per cent. pass muster, and are accepted—those rejected being too criminal in character or unexpert in their form for motion picture use.

Some of the film makers also have many of the principal magazines under a yearly subsidy, which gives them first call on the materials for plays of anything printed in these magazines.

There is in New York a censor committee to keep in check such film makers whose conscience is not above earning a penny by pandering to the criminal instincts of a certain class of patrons of these shows. That they do an immense amount of harm in the child life of the nation is not open to argument—infinity more than in the individual cases—where the children act under proper supervision upon the stage. Statistics also show that these theatres are such a fascination to children that it is almost impossible to keep them in to study their lessons.

But the makers of these films and their clients the managers of the motion picture houses, have discovered that their patrons are demanding more complete plays than can be developed from a mere scenario. So they are offering all kinds of prices for the developed plays of the regular theatres. Some of these figures are astonishing: \$5,000 for the rights to "The Garden of Allah"; \$25,000 for the rights to the Lichner & Co.'s contemporary production of Comyns Carr's version of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," with Nat Goodwin, Marie Dora, Constance Collier, Lyn Harding, Walter Mellich and other distinguished players in the cast, and other prices like \$5,000 for "Trilby," and sometimes the best plays are boldly "pirated" by the motion picture makers, resulting in great loss to the producing managers.

To the actor the motion pictures have been a God-send, because many hundreds of the profession have found lucrative employment in these last seasons in this new stage development, with out words—in a way a return to the pantomime form. And also men and women who were on general principles misfits in their profession have drifted into this work.

Some of the producing managers are now making contracts with their actors forbidding them to "act" for motion pictures, and also refusing to engage any who may have previously engaged in this class of work. They are less particular in this respect in Paris, where l'athé Freres have had some of the most important people on the French stage acting out their motion picture dramas, and that is the one prime reason why our motion pictures of photo-plays are inferior to the "acting" to the foreigners. Our film makers won't pay our best people the salaries they are entitled to, i. e., they want it all for themselves.

The most prominent managers who have made great fortunes, and very quickly, too, out of the game, are Wm. Fox, Martin Beck, and Marcus Loew. Of these it is said Beck was a bartender in Chicago and Loew a furrier in a small way in New York. It is said that David Belasco and David Warfield are heavily interested in some of these motion picture houses. Wm. A. Brady is also deeply interested.

These motion picture houses, combined with vaudeville, have proven the fiercest competition the regular theatres have ever experienced. The managers have not known how to meet it. In building new playhouses, their one thought has been to build for the rich, not realizing that those with 25 and 50 cents to spend for an evening's entertainment have increased in the ratio of 100 to the one who has \$2 to pay for his theatre seat. Prices should be reduced, not where the rich seat themselves, but galleries should be reduced to 25 cents. Nobody would know how to meet it. In putting up the \$2 seats to \$2.50, say for the first rows in the orchestra, reduce the first balcony seats and so on. This would perhaps strike a lower average for the seating capacity of each theatre, but it would stimulate business and meet the motion picture houses on debatable ground.

My thanks are due for much valuable information to Joseph Jackson and Howard Kingsmore, of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and H. A. DeVoy, of the Publicity Department of the Lubin Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia.

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FORGOTTEN THEATRES

(Continued from page 79)

structure which totally destroyed the last vestige of the old looking appearance of Twenty-third Street and Broadway.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre was first called the Theatre Francaise, when it was opened in 1866. Here Ristori and French opera flourished. Here Fechter and Clara Morris and others graced the boards. Here Forrest made his last appearance, well-nigh forgotten by a fickle public. In 1879, the name of the house was changed to Haverly's Theatre, and in 1880 it entered upon its more recent career, though its last phase is modern pictures.

Wood's Museum afterwards became Daly's Theatre, and was opened in 1867. In 1879, Daly began his brilliant regime, succeeded by Frohman and then by the Shuberts. The Grand Opera House was erected in 1864, and in 1872 was managed by Daly. The New Fifth Avenue, now Proctor's, was leased by Daly in 1874, and there Fanny Davenport, Luse and Sara Jewett won applause.

In 1853, the present site of the Madison Square Garden, soon doomed to disappear, was the terminal for the Harlem railroad. In 1889 the new building was erected. Booth's Theatre was at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Here Cushman made her farewell bow to the public. To-day the place is marked by a bust of Shakespeare, which hardly any of the busy shoppers notice outside the second story of McCreery's store.

The Union Square Theatre, on the south side of Union Square, erected in 1871, had a brilliant record under Palmer's management. In 1893, the place passed under the regime of Keith.

The Park Theatre was on the east side of Broadway, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second Streets. Opened in 1874, it was burned to the ground in 1882. In 1876, it introduced Abbey as a theatrical manager. Southern, Kolson and Crane, Lott, and T. Raymond, and Frank Mayo, appeared on that stage.

The Eagle Theatre, on Sixth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-second Streets, was opened in 1875. It started with Southern, Kolson and Crane, Bernhard and Lott. In 1901, it passed under the excellent management of Mrs. Bisbee with her Manhattan Theatre Company. Thereafter it was sacrificed to moving pictures until Gimbel's store swept it away.

The Bijou Theatre, inaugurated in 1884, was opened in 1878 as the Brighton Theatre. The present Wallace's began in 1882, and has maintained an average standard, though its brilliant days were under the regime of Wallack and Palmer. Strange to say there are not many plays of the present that can live so far downtown as Thirtieth Street. But who would not go there even now to see such stars as Mary Anderson, Jane Harding, Belle and Potter, Coquelin and Wallack. Surely any big actor can draw to any locality.

There used to be a colosseum in 1873 on the site of the present Herald Square Theatre. An aquarium, a circus, and a panorama attracted the crowds. In 1883 a new building was erected and called the New Park Theatre. Minnie Madden was then attracting notice. In 1886, Harrigan assumed management. In 1905 it began its recent career. Mansfield in *Heart of Maryland*, "Pudd'n' Head Wilson," "The Only Way," and other successes being presented.

The Broadway Theatre opened in 1888, and though old-fashioned in its architecture, is right in the heart of the theatre district. The old Lyceum, erected in 1885 by Steele Mackaye, had a brilliant record, recently set forth in Daniel Frohman's published reminiscences. The last performance was on March 22, 1902.

The Metropolitan Opera House was erected in 1883, and began under the management of Abbey and Grau. The Casino was built in 1884; the Garden Theatre opened in 1860; the Empire in 1891; the Harlem Opera House in 1882; the Garrick Theatre under Harrigan in 1860, under Mansfield in 1895. Abbey's Theatre opened in 1893, and its name was changed to the Knickerbocker in 1897.

Bear in mind that these are now considered old theatres. Times Square is dotted with new playhouses, and the cry is still they come. The pity of it is that the history of any one of the forgotten theatres is difficult to trace, and it is hoped that the manager of the present will keep a yearly record of his house for whatever tradition our stage may have in the future.

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SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

(Continued from page 28)

same as in "the late erected playhouse on the bank" called the Globe. The stage was forty-three feet wide, and it projected into the middle of the "yard" or pit some twenty-seven feet.

Plans were taken to avoid a repetition of the Globe conflagration; raking was used for all roofs. Yet a similar fate ultimately overtook the Fortune Theatre, for it was burned in December, 1621. John Chamberlain wrote about it to Sir Dudley Carleton: "On Sunday night here was a great fire at the Fortune, the first (foremost) playhouse in this town. It was quite burnt down in two hours, and all their apparel and play-books lost, whereby these poor companions are quite undone." Doubtless the fanatics of the time saw in both catastrophes a direct manifestation of heaven's wrath upon an evil and ungodly business!

Following the usage of its forerunner, the Globe, the Fortune Theatre was equipped with a sign illustrative of its name. This may have been either a picture or a statue; at any rate, one reads in Heywood's "English Traveller":

"I'll rather stand here
Like a statue in the forefront of your house
Forever—like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Playhouse."

It was the Lord Admiral's Company that tenanted this theatre, from its opening in July, 1610. Previously they had acted at the Rose, on the bankside, and had been successful enough to warrant the erection of a new playhouse, Edward-Albrey, the "star" was in this venture evidently in partnership with his father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, the manager.

Little more is known of the other theatres in Shakespeare's day. The Red Bull, built about 1608, was less fashionable and complete than the Fortune. An old drawing, dated 1672, gives us an idea of its stage, a narrow platform lighted with two chandeliers and a half-dozen footlights, with a curtained entrance at the rear and a gallery above from which the spectators looked down at the backs of the players. As the pit extended above the two sides of the stage of the platform, it is apparent that the stage was almost as fully surrounded by onlookers as were the movable pagod-car of earlier days.

When the first Globe was burned, in 1594, enterprising promoters hastily erected another playhouse, called the Hope, perhaps in the hope of profiting by their neighbors' misfortune. It prospered for seven or eight years, until the theatrical region had slid some distance from its vicinity; thereafter it descended to bull-baiting and prize fights. Whatever playhouse existed at Newington Butts was probably one of the old bull-baiting amphitheatres remodelled. It came into theatrical use as a result of the plague, which drove Mr Lord Strange's men away from the Rose, through an order of the Privy Council, and kept them at Newington from June till December, 1592. The Newington Butts playhouse is mentioned in 1598 as built "in former times."

Curious, simple, barn-like structures all these Elizabethan theatres were, with primitive equipment, slight decoration and few conveniences. And yet on their bare stages were produced the most splendid dramas, with probably far greater effectiveness than their more up-to-day. There was nothing to appeal to the eye, save the strutting players and their gorgeous costumes, inappropriate often to the times and places represented, but the sole concession to spectacularity. After all, men have ever preferred decorating themselves before adorning their surroundings. The stage effects would be to our realistic generation most laughable; but we have every reason to believe that nobody even smiled when Venus was let down in a chair from the top of the stage—a male Venus, at that!—and later thus drawn up again.

If it was a loss to realism, it was a gain to literature, this childlike simplicity of the Elizabethan theatre; for, as J. Payne Collier declares, "We owe to the absence of painted canvas many of the finest descriptive passages in Shakespeare, his contemporaries and his immediate followers. The introduction of scenery gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."

CHARLTON ANDREWS.

The management of the De Koven Opera Company has announced a prize of \$1,000 for the best libretto of a light opera along the lines of "Robin Hood." Details of the conditions of the competition will be announced later, but it has been decided that the award of the prize will give the De Koven Opera Company the first option to produce the piece, subject to the usual royalties and the right to select the composer.

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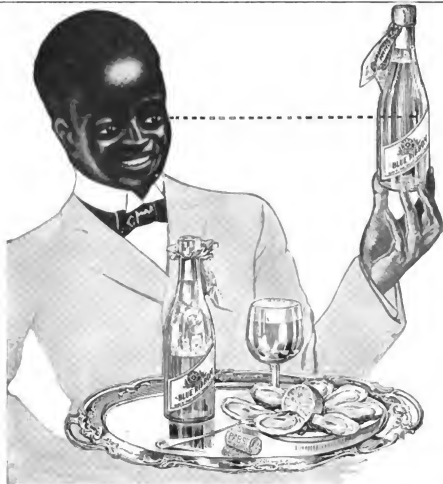


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THE FROLIC SOME LAMBS

(continued from page 12)

that wound up the Gambol; and "Gus" Thomas, with a megaphone in one hand, giving directions, and the score of the show in his other hand; and a sprinkling of comedians and tragedians, and wielders of the pen, sitting as an impromptu audience, this account of the rehearsal is far from complete.

While all this was going on, another "rehearsal" was going on in the Hudson Theatre, where the auction sale of seats was being held, with actors and managers acting as the auctioneers. The auction was not for the boxes or seats themselves, but for the privilege of buying them, the highest bidder then having to go to the box office and pay for the seats at the regular box office prices, in addition to what he bid for them.

Charles W. Gates bid \$750 for a box, and then paid, in addition, the price of the box. On the opening night, Shepherd Joseph R. Grismer auctioned off a souvenir program, in which all of the performers and others connected with the Gambol had written their names, for \$675 to Mr. Gates. The bidding started at \$50, and was raised by fifties and hundreds until it reached that mark.

The first performance of the Gambol at the Manhattan Opera House realized \$35,000, and on the week's tour, embracing two performances a day from Monday to Saturday night, one each in the following cities: New York, Washington, Baltimore, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newark, Springfield, Boston, and back to New York, at the Century Theatre, for two performances, matinee and evening on Saturday, they realized \$30,000.

If the actors and others engaged in presenting the Gambol had not volunteered their services, it would have cost The Lams a large fortune. The combined salaries for one week of the stars in the Gambol would approximate \$35,000, and add to those figures the salaries of Victor Herbert and his orchestra of fifty pieces, which can fill any theatre by itself at any time; and the salaries of one hundred prominent Lams, who command weekly salaries of \$100 to \$500; together with what it would cost to have a man like Augustus Thomas conduct the rehearsals, and Abraham L. Erlanger as the general business director, McKee for a master of transportation, and a high-salaried press agent in each of the nine cities to which they flocked, all this, coupled with transportation charges—the Lams' special ten-car train, containing two baggage cars filled with scenery, props and trunks, and a club car—and the cost of advertising! A conservative estimate of the total salary list and other expenses connected with the Gambol in its swing around the eastern theatrical pasture for the week would approximate considerably over \$800,000, to say nothing of the cost of production.

To take part in the Gambol, and give their services free, many of the actors were obliged to make great personal sacrifices. Some of them closed their season ahead of time, and others broke engagements, vaudeville and otherwise. Robert B. Mantell closed his Shakespearean tour two weeks ahead of time in order to take part in the scene from Shakespeare, with music, "The Bird of Carcar," and appear as Hamlet in "The Actor's Fund Fair" at the end; Wilton Lackaye cut an important vaudeville engagement, and many others made great personal sacrifices. Think, too, what any vaudeville manager in the country would pay David Warfield to do a "two-day" in his famous career, "The Hat Peddler," which he did for The Lams; or "nothing." He could get \$10,000 a week if he would but say the word! And that knothead of Montgomery and Stone, "The Main Bout," what a winner that would be on the variety board! One of the most remarkable sights that this or any other country has ever witnessed was the old-time minstrel parade previous to the performance, in which all of the Lams, headed by Victor Herbert and his orchestra, marched from the Lams' Club down Broadway to Thirty-fourth Street and over to the Manhattan Opera House, each wearing a duster and minstrel parade hat. Think of it with America's greatest tragedians as well as comedians, playwrights of the first order, astute theatrical managers, and Victor Herbert and his orchestra, parading through the streets to the theatre! Wilton Lackaye remarked, "You could not get actors to do this in any other country. They would think it would hurt their dignity."

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Giants of the German Drama

(Continued from page 8)

exalted and condemned in turn, but unheeding the contradictory voices of his critics goes about his solitary way. Nor is this way a straight and unbroken one towards any one goal, but a rather devious and tortuous path full of surprises to those who would follow its course. Weidlich is considered the embodiment of "world-irony"; he has been called the *Mephistopheles* of modern German drama. He is the chronicler of animal instincts; he traces eroticism from its first awakening in the period of adolescence to its decline in senility; upon this theme he has built an amazing wealth of variations. But it is difficult to believe his serious intent, if at the height of a dramatic conflict he suddenly turns upon his audience with the grin of a gargoyle. Thus in "Frühlings Erwachen" he spoils the tragic effect by dragging into the end a hardened old cynic, who gives us his view of the tragedy witnessed. There is in the spiritual make-up of Weidlich something of the mountebank who loves to do stunts that startle his audience. With an almost perverse preference he loves to dwell upon the seamy side of life and to limn shady characters. His choice collection of adventurers, crooks and degenerates, male and female, is quite a remarkable literary *Rogues' Gallery*. When he turns the flashlight of his erratic humor on himself and attempts to reflect his own personality and experiences, he indulges in flights of fancy so capricious as to become grotesque. By these qualities he has come to be regarded as a modern romanticist of the type of E. T. Hoffmann.

Austria is represented in the German drama to-day by a group of writers standing apart from their northern colleagues in spirit and form. The Austrian temperament, with its curious blend of light-heartedness and world-weariness, of flippant pessimism and decadent elegance, determines the personalities and the work of Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Schnitzler, the physician, has had an extraordinary opportunity to study humanity in its abnormal conditions, and naturally leans towards the pathological. His plays of modern society depict the life of the cultured classes of Vienna from the viewpoint of his medical profession and his esthetic creed. He is a critic of the conventional lies that enter into the moral code, and the prejudices of caste disturb the most intimate relations of our social life. But he has also written some fanciful dramas, and a play of the renaissance, showing remarkable imaginative and poetic qualities. Hofmannsthal, whose career has been recently briefly sketched in the *THEATRE MAGAZINE*, is an even more typical product of an effete hyper-culture. His range of theme is small, his types can be easily reduced to one model—himself. He cares for truth, the great criterion of modern art, only as means to an end, not as an end in itself. The effect of the work, be it pleasant or unpleasant, is more to him than its essence. But he is a consummate artist, a master of form and of wordcraft.

Hofmannsthal stands at the opposite pole of the revolution which German drama has gone through within the past twenty-five years. A comparison of his work with that of "Björne P. Holmsen" makes one aware of the large distance which it has traveled in that period. The partnership of the two men who, under that Scandinavian pseudonym, earned for themselves a permanent place in the literary history of Germany, if not in literature itself, was dissolved immediately after their first success on the stage. Holo has since written a play on almost conventional lines. Schlaf has turned from the naturalistic milieu-drama to the intimately psychological, in which action is merely suggested between the lines. All the late successes on the German stage have been in the nature of attempts to return to old standards, to vary the old manner, the limitations of which seem, after all, to work for firmness and strength of construction, a feature sadly lacking in the works of the young generation that had set out to revolutionize German drama. In a measure, this purpose has been accomplished. Never before has German drama presented such a variety of vital, abnormally human themes, such a variety of convincingly real, living types. Never before has it been so distinctly of that suggestive, stimulating quality, which makes one think. While this may be a feature characteristic of any transition period, it is especially pronounced in the German drama to-day, and is not to be under-rated. With all its morbid excesses, its morbid deviations, its pathos esthetical and pathological, this drama as an entity reflects the philosophy of modern Germany.



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FISHING FOR LINES

(Continued from page 4)

(it was Walter Edwards) came near him. Of course, his "cues" went by the board. Mr. Edwards said the effect seemed to be just as good from the front, but it was decidedly embarrassing to others on the stage.

In many musical comedies the speeches written by the librettist do not seem to be essential to a proper understanding and enjoyment of the entertainment. This was curiously shown, not long ago, when a comedian who was called suddenly to the stage from his dressing-room—where he had been talking to a friend, and forgotten that he was due to appear on the scene—rushed on and delivered a rather long speech in the first act that belonged to the second, and which had no earthly connection with anything said or done in the scene where he placed it. But the audience seemed satisfied, and when the comedian had got his bearings he took up his part properly and the scene went through without a hitch.

Why it is that women are nearly always quicker than men to commit "lines" to memory has never been conclusively explained. That it is a fact, however, is generally admitted. The harassed stage director, trying to liek a new play into shape, knows, to his sorrow, that it is the men who halt and stumble, and "leg garden" and interperse exasperating "Ums!", "Ahs!" and "Ers!" in the text they are trying to deliver, and who are responsible for most of the mix-ups that disturb the rehearsal day after day. It is the hero, the villain, the "character" man, the "comic" and the "juvenile" who are to be found in the wings, when not required on the stage, hopelessly straggling with the defective memories over their dog-eared "parts," and wondering why they cannot get their lines.

Standing serenely near them are the women—cool and calm—watching the woe on the stage, and ready on the instant to take up their cues intelligently. No bothering with the book for them! They know their lines, bless you! Most of them have conquered not only their own parts, but have a pretty fair recollection of all the words in the others, from hearing them repeated day after day. That's the average actress for you. She may not have been letter-perfect at the first few rehearsals, but it is safe to say she has been far ahead of the men from the beginning.

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Freischütz—"Neu, yu il me m'eschappe pas!" (Caspar's Air)—Weber. This fine air, the only one allotted to the character of Caspar, occurs in Act I. Caspar, who is under the spell of Zamiel, the arch fiend, is plotting to bring his friend Max (a fellow forest ranger, who has just lost a shooting contest, and is therefore dependent) under the same influence, that his own life may be prolonged. He finally induces Max to meet him in the Wolf's Glen in order to receive the Magic Bullets, which he declares will always hit the mark. Max departs and Caspar gives vent to a fierce joy in this florid and dramatic number.

McCormack Sings a Famous Old Ballad—"Silver Threads Among the Gold"—Danks. The vitality of this old song is really astonishing. Written fifty-four years ago by the late Hart Pease Danks (1834-1903).

A New Zimbalist Solo—"Orientele"—César Cui. This young Russian virtuoso, who has just returned to Europe after a highly successful tour of America, found time before his departure to give the Victor some new numbers.

Hymn of Praise—"I Waited for the Lord"—Mendelssohn. The second of the Gluck-Homer duets is a fine example of that clear and melodious writing which has made Mendelssohn's oratorios rank next to those of Handel. The "Hymn of Praise" (German title, "Lobgesang") was composed for the Gutenberg festival of 1840, the present revised version being given in London some months later.

Scene and Duet from Carmen, by Matzenauer, Amato and Chorus. Carmen—"Se tu m'ami" ("If You Love Me")—Bizet. After the depressing close of the third act, the spirited chorus which opens Act IV is most welcome. The scene shows the exterior of the Plaza de Toros, or Bull Ring, in Seville, where an animated crowd awaits the procession which is soon to enter the ring.

This scene, as the orange sellers, hawkers of fans, ices and the rest, press their wares on the waiting crowd, is extremely gay, and affords welcome relief from the intensity of the drama.

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MIDSUMMER FASHION FANCIES

THE present-day woman is so busily occupied with other matters that she cannot stop to pick up the many fashion notes furnished along her daily walks on our fashionable streets and in public places. Neither is it possible for her to devote the necessary time to gather the valuable hints in fashion's realm as suggested by the displays in the various shops.

Therefore, I will devote this chat to this subject, and tell her about some of the newest things I have noticed during the past few days.

First, there are the skirts. I saw many of the new paniers. These were mostly in the low, graceful draperies, and many novel ways of adding a bit to the width of the skirt were apparent. One very handsome afternoon dress of embroidered cream voile introduced the extra fulness in the form of a scant flounce of the voile attached to the side panels about half way up the skirt. These panels, by the way, were composed of exquisite motifs trimmed with black velvet buttons. The wide lace band that edged the sleeve frill was underlaid with the black velvet, and both the foot band and girdle were of the velvet, which is a strong feature of midsummer fashions.

Quite a few of the new plaited skirts, that do not swerve from

the long, narrow figure line, were noticed, and French gowns were in evidence. These were distinguished by the normal belt line and the long sleeves.

The continued strong tendency toward the Directoire styles is noteworthy. This was apparent in the coats, in the development of the bodices, and in the neckwear.

The short, cutaway coats were often worn with fancy vestees and collars, those of cretonne being decidedly novel and smart. Several pretty Directoire suits, with the coat sharply cut away just below the bustline and, of course, the back considerably longer than the front, were worn with a blouse of white satin made up with revers which were worn over the coat, thus emphasizing the period of French history of which the men's costumes are now offering such strong style suggestions.

A large number of velvet collars and cuffs were seen. Of course you know that in Paris the smart dressers have been having velvet collars and cuffs on their suits of voile, charmeuse, taffeta, and even of linen. A navy suit had these of red velvet, which not only serves as a touch of brightness to the costume, but it is decidedly French, since blue and red is the present favorite color combination with the Parisiennes.



Photo by Schneider

A striking toilette in white lace and black taffeta



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Marcelle Prance in a picturesque gown of two-toned green toile de soie, decorated with open-work embroidery

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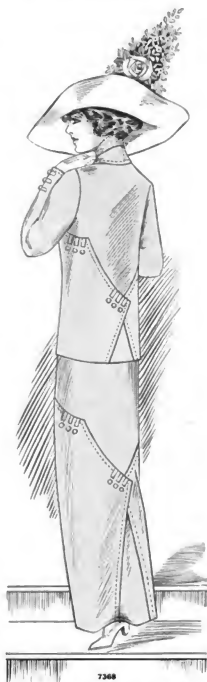
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7368

Fig. 7368. A smart tailor-made developed in blue serge. A natty touch is produced by tabs of white cloth combined with buttons of same. Narrow stand collar of white cloth. The lower front and side sections of the coat and skirt are mounted on the upper portions and lap over at the back. Coat and sleeve, 50c.; skirt, 50c.

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Photo by Mammel

An effective model for Got Villeroz in black charmeuse, with revers, buttons and straps of white charmeuse.

The Directoire tendency was especially manifested in the neckwear, and many a girl's collar reminded me of the pictures we so often see of the Dauphin.

The shops are, therefore, making unusual displays along these lines. There are many modified styles, and the well-dressed summer girl can get a smart tailored stock of the Robespierre type made up of white piqué and black messaline. Tiny black buttons trim the front tab, which is finished off with a bow of the messaline, and these are only \$1.25. A very pretty Directoire collar is of taffeta or satin, with frilled revers of dainty lace forming a V opening. These revers can be worn over the coat. They are \$2.75. These collars carry out the high neck idea as prescribed by fashion, but with the coming of the real warm days, even this front opening will not give the desired comfort, and many women will continue to have the collarless neck finish on their lingerie dresses. For these there is a new accordion-plaited frill, which promises to supersede the long popular flat-plaited type. These frills are also used in the sleeves to fall over the wrist.

The influence of the Directoire period was also displayed in the lavish use of buttons of every sort. There were buttons of crystal, jet, horn, cut steel, velvet and material to match the gown, and they are all equally fashionable. Then, too, they were applied in numberless ways. I noticed a pretty development of this vogue in one of the several very handsome gowns worn by Miss Juliette Dika in "The Rose Maid." The afternoon gown of gray voile has

a side panel of white satin, which is outlined its full length by small white crystal buttons, and the effect is decidedly smart.

Another of Miss Dika's gowns illustrates this season's lavish use of jewel trimmings. An exquisite creamy evening gown made up along plain lines is entirely studded with small flashing brilliants in an elaborate design.

One of Miss Edith Decker's gowns, in the same play, shows the fashionable vogue of using rhinestones as a finish to the bodice and coat edges.

And this reminds me of some beautiful Dutch collars that I saw in a Fifth Avenue shop the other day. They combined two new style points in that they are of black velvet, and have a studded border of rhinestones in design. They are lovely for evening wear, and make a nice finish for the light-colored gown. They are \$4.95. Then for wear with the décolleté gowns there are black velvet bands with brilliant little rhinestones arranged in neat patterns. They are two inches wide, and sell at \$4.50. Some are very heavily studded one inch wide bands of velvet, and are \$5.50.

A costume displayed by Boné Soeurs has an open front tunic of black tulle studded with rhinestones, which is extremely effective over a white lace underdress.

Mentioning studded wearing apparel recalls a recent display of new hosiery I saw in a Broadway shop. There were some in white silk with a beautiful design in pearls along the instep. Others in black as well as white had pretty patterns in rhinestones, these being especially effective in the black. The prices were \$9.85 and \$11.75.



Photo by Felix

Miss Lucienne Gueth in a Paquin model of dark blue meteor, trimmed with velvet bows and white Maline lace.

Right here I might mention a few style points regarding mid-summer hosiery. As a forerunner of the colored cloth boot tops that will be fashionable in the fall, there is now a large call for colored hosiery. These in shades to match the gown, and, worn with the popular pump, give the desired colored top effect.

The strong white vogue of this season has, naturally, created an unusual call for white hosiery, but the tans and grays, especially the taupe, are greatly in demand. Then, too, beautiful iridescent effects to harmonize with the changeable silks are seen. The firm mentioned, makes a specialty of matching samples, so it is possible to have the hosiery in harmony with every gown.

A high novelty in hosiery is the fish net stocking. The mesh is very strong, and the work is said to be difficult, hence the price is high, \$25 a pair. They are very open, so a second underpair are necessary. These can be of any color silk and, when overlaid with the black fish net, the effect is really very charming.

In a Fifth Avenue shop I saw something very pretty in head-dresses. Tulle is the favorite material for summer wear, and this piece is composed of a wide plaited band of this material, finished off at the side with a long full pompon developed in a novel style. It is accordion-plaited and tapers to long points at the edge, which give it a feathery look, and is an excellent simulation of the now popular aigrette hair ornament. The price, \$2.75, is not impossible either, as is often the case with the aigrette. The obliging saleslady informed me that these aigrettes will be made to order to match any costume, and then she called my attention to a headdress of tulle, wired to form a huge butterfly at the front of the head. The



Photo by Talbot
Miss Delart in a dainty frock by Jenny. It is of white voile, with collar, buttons and embroidery of blue



Photo by Talbot
Miss Juliette Clares wearing a model by Papiou. It is trimmed with "Géme" lace, one of the successful novelties of the season

one seen was black over white tulle, and an aigrette of spun glass ornamented the "butterfly." These are \$2.25. At a recent evening function a headdress that was greatly admired was finished off in front with tulle wired to form a beetle, the various attached jewels making it very realistic, as well as unusually attractive.

It is probably safe to say that never in the history of fashion has the demand for lace been greater than it is now, and the newest ideas favor the edgings rather than the bands, which we have so long preferred.

Redfern is showing a beautiful costume with a deep flounce of maline lace in a novel drapery effect upon the skirt, and a wide berth of the same falling below the waistline in the back. An evening coat seen had the sleeves composed of 18-inch wide Chantilly lace frilled in the wide armholes, and they formed graceful sleeves that were underlaid with Royal blue hemstitched chiffon. The bottom of the coat was finished off with a plain band of the same lace edging.

The evening wraps for summer wear are very beautiful. One in steel-embroidered mistral voile, in King's blue over violet chiffon, has all the edges deeply banded with emerald green messaline, the front bands terminating in a long, pointed back yoke, at the edge of which the voile is slightly draped to give the capuchin effect. This most exquisite coat is \$95. The newest evening wraps have marabout bandings at the edge, and the effect is soft and pretty.

The odd little colored jackets that are worn with the lingerie frocks are very pretty. One in Copenhagen blue satin, with deep

frills of shadow lace, has a novel fastening in the form of a boutonniere of pink and blue forget-me-nots encased in lace. This is \$20. Another in white chameuse has a postillion back and quaint puffing edges, and is \$18.50.

The little taffeta mantillas that reach the waistline at the back, and extend in long tabs down the front, recall grandmother's wardrobe in the cedar chest. The little pinked ruchings that adorn the edges are very quaint. They are shown in plain and changeable taffetas at \$9 and \$11.50, the latter having long ends that are worn crossed to form a sash.

New scarfs of chiffon satin have recently appeared. They are in black and the lining is in white. Some have a single box-plaited frill at the edge, and are \$11.50. Others have a double frill, and are \$12.75. Then there is a plain hemstitched scarf of black chiffon satin, with the white lining that is serviceable as well as pretty, and is only \$7.50.

Have you noticed the beautiful new chiffon veils? One in taupe, in the beautiful shimmering shot effects has a wide border in bright silver. It is \$4.25.

The other day a smartly dressed woman, on board a departing steamer, received many glances of admiration. She was attired entirely in white, and over her chic white hat she had tied a veil that looked white over the hat, but gradually shaded out in the most exquisite blendings to a deep rose at the edge of the flowing hemstitched ends. I noticed these ombre veils in a prominent shop this week, and they can be had in all colors at \$4.50.

Mentioning steamer wear reminds me of a very practical traveling hat I saw at an exclusive shop. It is of stitched taffeta in a medium shape. While a dressy hat, it can be tied down with a veil, and will permit perfect freedom in lounging. It can be had in all colors as well as in two-tone effects; for instance, the upward part of the hat is dark while the underbrim is light, and vice versa. These hats are \$7.

A practical boudoir cap for traveling is known as the Pullman cap. It is of China silk, finished off with several rows of shirring at the bottom edge, in which a band of elastic makes it possible to adjust the cap tightly over the coiffure. A chou of the silk finishes off the top. These are easily made, and could match the kimono, but they can be purchased in all colors for \$2.

Summer boudoir caps are of white net over colored chiffon. A band of flowered organdie terminates in a large bow of the same at the front, and lace medallions form a pleasing finish to the edge. They are \$4.75.

The woman at the seashore will now soon be looking about for a new bathing cap. Those of taffeta gossamer are pretty, especially the plain silks with the Oriental borders. Then, too, those of the Pompadour silk, made up with a rosette at each side, are most

becoming and also very attractive. They are \$1.95 and \$2.25.

In my visit to the shop I noticed a brassiere that the summer girl will appreciate for bathing. It is made up of a rubberized fabric, and is especially designed by a Fifth Avenue firm. It closes at the front with non-rustible glove clasp fasteners, and has the adjustable shoulder straps. It is well made, and is a neat, lace-trimmed brassiere that can be had for \$2.

Another comfort for the summer girl is a hat especially designed for warm weather sports. The material, manilla, makes it extremely light in weight. The shape, a helmet, affords protection to the face, and a ventilating device around the inside crown band

makes it a cool hat to wear, hence it is the ideal head covering for long wear, such as is necessitated in boating or riding. These hats are \$5.

The silk glove has now attained such a stage of perfection that it has become the ideal summer glove, and is being worn by good dressers. I saw some lovely ones in silk lisle in open-work patterns to wear with long sleeves, and also pretty novelties in open mesh spun silk at \$1.75.

Decorated arm lengths are a feature of this summer's gloves. Embroidered in stripes of fleur-de-lis on a background of silk French knots, they are very pretty, and these are \$3 a pair. The latest idea is the shadow embroidery, and these are shown in one and two-tone effects in pretty designs at \$2.85. Some have dainty flowers painted along the arm, and are \$2. One shop is showing a line of mitts in exquisite princess and Spanish lace. These are adopted by the women of individuality, and they are certainly a comfortable summer hand covering. They are \$10.

In muslin underwear a prominent firm is showing a decidedly new combination. It has the princess drawers, but the novel feature is the deep Empire yoke, which makes it especially desirable for wear with the new low-busted corsets. It is beautifully trimmed with insertions of Valenciennes lace and embroidery, the belt being of several rows of lace, and it has the convenient front buttoning. A dainty model

of this "Empire" combination is \$3.00.

Ostrich neck ruffs are prominent at all summer resorts, and are now being shown in all colors as well as two-tone effects. They can be had as low as \$6.95.

Mentioning ostrich reminds me of the lovely new crown bands that are now being shown. They have the extra long flues that make such graceful ostrich trimmings. They can be had in all colors at \$10.50.

In an exclusive lace house I was shown many beautiful novelties, but what I found the most interesting was a bit of exquisite cluny lace in the form of a border for a handkerchief. These would make nice Christmas gifts, and the summer days in the country are ideal for this work.



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Nelly Martyl wearing a chic frock by Mardet Robert in black liberty bound with mauve silk and combined with white mousseline and lace



CONTENTS: AUGUST, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Scene in "The Rainbow," showing Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Loie Fuller's Child Dancers at Marseilles	
TITLE PAGE: Scene in "Milestones"	33
PLAYS AND PLAYERS	34
"HAMLET" BEHIND A NET	Edward Acker 36
BERTHA KALICH—Full-page plate	37
THEATRES OF HAVANA—Illustrated	Karl K. Kitchen 40
A BOOK ON PLAYWRITING—Illustrated	X. X. 42
AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE STAGE—Illustrated	Ada Patterson 43
THEATRE ORCHESTRAS	W. A. Burrows 46
FOUR POPULAR ACTRESSES—Full-page plate	47
THE FLOATING THEATRE—Illustrated	George E. Walsh 48
KATHERINE GREY—Full-page plate	49
SAN FRANCISCO'S THEATRICAL REHABILITATION—Illustrated	H. F. Stoll 50
A THEATRICAL FISHING CONTEST—Illustrated	Gertrude Lynch 54
THE "RIALTO" A GENERATION AGO—Illustrated	W. W. Austin 57
ITALIADE OF THE LONELY HERO—Poem	Clarence Stratton 60
FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN DRAMATIZED—Illustrated	Archie Bell 61
"JUNE MADNESS"	Karleton Hackett 63
AN INTERPRETER OF PLAYS—Illustrated	Theaomai 64
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	Emilie E. Hoffman xiii

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John Rhoad

Rose Sibley

SCENE IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, WHICH HAS MET WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN LONDON AND WHICH NEW YORKERS WILL SEE AT THE LIBERTY ON SEPT. 16 NEXT



SCENE IN THE HISTORICAL PHOTO PLAY ADAPTED FROM AMIEL MOREAU'S "QUEEN ELIZABETH," TO BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, THIS CITY, ABOUT AUGUST 15 NEXT. ELIZABETH (SARAH BERNHARDT) BIDDING ESSEX FAREWELL.

ONE of the most remarkable moving picture exhibitions seen here

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

is the historical photo play in 21 scenes adapted from Amiel Moreau's "Queen Elizabeth," with no less famous a player than Sarah Bernhardt in the title part. These pictures, privately presented for the press at the Lyceum Theatre on July 17 last, will be put on at the Lyric Theatre for a run about the 15th of August. It is not known what pecuniary inducement was held out to persuade the Divine Sarah to act for the cinematograph, but, no doubt, it was sufficiently large to tempt her, and, once having given her consent, the artiste did not merely pose mechanically for a mechanical contrivance, but proceeded to give one of the finest performances of which this greatest living actress is capable. Instantly recognized as she makes her entrance, with the characteristic slow, simon's walk, Bernhardt's movements, gestures and facial play throughout the drama are so wonderfully depicted on the screen that few, if any, among the audience missed that golden plaintive voice which has stirred theatre-goers all over the world. It was Bernhardt acting, and acting at her best. From the first moment, when she listens with superstitious terror to the fortune teller's prophecy that Essex will die on the scaffold to the final scene, in which she falls upon her face after a savage denunciation of the Earl of Nottingham for causing her lover's death, she is truly superb. These films are a remarkable achievement of the moving picture. With such an illustrious interpreter, they cannot fail to draw crowded houses. Louis Tellegen is the ill-fated Earl of Essex, Mlle. Romain the Countess of Nottingham, and M. Maxidien the Earl of Nottingham.

There seems to be no limit to the enterprise of the moving picture promoter or to the territory he will invade. Already the Savoy Theatre and the Herald Square Theatre have succumbed to the craze, and now Daniel Frohman and W. A. Brady propose to present films showing prominent players in popular plays. Next month Hammerstein's Roof Garden will become the permanent winter home of the kinemacolor pictures. The first films shown will be those of Prof. Reinhardt's spectacle, presented at the Olympia in London, "The Miracle," which is now being pre-

sented in kinemacolor form at the Rotunda in Vienna, under Mr. Reinhardt's direction.

The original cast which appeared in London acted for these pictures, as did the 2,000 supernumeraries. The setting in which the pictures will be shown is in itself novel, the screen being so arranged that the effect to the spectator is as if he were looking through the stained glass casement of a Gothic church.

With our best playhouses going over to the moving picture, some of our leading managers and our best actors and actresses actively engaged in the business, a serious question has arisen as to whether or not the popularity that created these conditions will undermine public taste for the theatre proper, gradually kill the art of the actor, paralyze the efforts of the playwright and degrade the theatre into merely a place of spectacle.

The danger is more imaginary than real. There is certainly a great danger of the cinematograph becoming a serious handicap to the theatre as a commercial enterprise—that is to say, it is likely to hurt the inferior class of dramatic entertainment, which is by far the greater part of the regular stage—but under no circumstances will it effect, even remotely, the really first-class plays, for there is now, as there always has been, and as there always will be, a genuine love for the regular stage that combines full means of expression. It is this unrestrained ability to say and to do that gives the theatre proper its advantage over every variation. Nearly all of this sudden hue and cry concerning the menace of the moving picture has come because of the comparatively recent novelty of the form. There are always people who are swept along by a sort of fanatical enthusiasm at the inception of an idea, who look at the future with rosy glasses of exaggeration. In other words, the future of the moving picture is being greatly magnified. The true future of the moving picture will be found by that man who can make a cold appraisal of it for what it is really and truly worth.

An innovation that has any practical value at all always has a crowd of shouting followers in the beginning. The man who invents a wheel chair for invalids, pictures all of his neighbors, and, in fact, all of the population, going around in copies of his perfected machine, never taking into account the fact that there

are many people who are able to walk. When coaches were introduced in England, there were many people who prophesied that the entire world would soon be rolling back of horses on wheels. Every one remembers the bicycle craze that was going to permanently revolutionize locomotion. Nowadays one only sees a stray one. And we are now going through the same process, where things will settle down to their normal values with the automobile. In the same way is the moving picture subsiding to a dramatic form that is worth no more than what it is worth. People are no longer content with the wonder of seeing figures move across the screen with other diversified movements to accompany; they are demanding the best in dramatic art, and they cannot find that completeness in any form excepting the so-called legitimate stage.

The curse of the moving picture that becomes the advantage of the regular theatre is its speechlessness. The moving picture cannot talk; and when it does talk (which may happen), it will only be for the first-run pictures that will only be seen in expensive places that will not be common over the country.

This destruction of inferior and meretricious plays by the competition of the screen is one of the best things that ever happened for the betterment of genuine dramatic art. In order to hold its own the regular stage must provide better and still better examples of its best expression. Just as competition makes for the success and better service of any business, so will the moving picture improve the theatre proper. The art of the



GABY KESSEL

Distinguished French actress who will be seen on the New York stage next winter. Miss Kessel has played almost the entire modern repertoire and has been as successful in tragic roles as in comedy. She appeared with great success in Brussels in "Les Oiseaux de Passage," "Les Avariés," and other dramas. At the time of the production of "Chantier," Edmond Rostand made a special request that she be engaged for the role of the lady.

hardships, been almost extinguished in some countries for long periods, it will certainly survive and hold its dominant position, in spite of the vociferous chiding of one of its children. The moving picture has come to stay, but to stay in its proper place.

"poor man's theatre"—as the nickelodian is sometimes called—projected upon a plane surface, in colors that can only approximate at best the colors of the original, will never supply the full sense of satisfaction given in the playhouse where every man has his own point of view (and not a centre of vision that is false to nearly every one in the audience), as he looks toward a picture wherein every figure is rounded out just like himself. Some may cry that this idea is a plea for overdone realism. It is not. It is simply an attempt to provide a man with a genuine spirit, not of motion, not of color, or of any other perception than that of simple everyday interest.

The time is not long distant when the cinematograph will be seen in its true proportion to the parent form. There will be better plays and there will be better pictures, for they will have to express their best in order to hold their own, not only against each other, but for themselves. For the most part, the moving pictures that try to tell a story fall short.

The attempt should not be made, and really cannot be made to monopolize the theatre-going public, or, rather, the amusement-seeking public. There should be room for each in its particular field. And if drama has survived all of these centuries, and undergone so many genuine hardships, been almost extinguished in some countries for long periods, it will certainly survive and hold its dominant position, in spite of the vociferous chiding of one of its children. The moving picture has come to stay, but to stay in its proper place.



SCENE IN THE MOVING PICTURE, "QUEEN ELIZABETH," SHOWING THE QUEEN (SARAH BERNHARDT) GRIEVED AT THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF ESSEX, WHOM SHE HAS HAD BEHEADED



Moffet

SCENE FROM BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW"
Produced with great success in Chicago and to be seen in New York in September

"PARDON me, my dear fellow, but might I be permitted to inquire whether you are the

Hamlet Behind a Net

proprietor of this flourishing and attractive hardware store?"

The time was a bright afternoon in May, in the year of our good Lord, 188—; the place, a certain corner on Market Street, in the bustling city of San Francisco. Leaning back in my chair before my shop, I had felt my eyelids growing weightier and weightier with the stealthy incubus of slumber, engendered by the dazzling glare of the golden Californian sunlight, which beat down upon my unprotected head, rendered doubly so for its shining lack of any hirsute adornment whatever.

Now, like a rumble of thunder, a full-throated voice struck on my benumbed hearing, startling me out of my snooze, and bringing me blinking—gaping—to my unsteady feet. Before me stood a rotund, dapper gentleman, an expansive smile was wrinkling his ample features; from under his left arm protruded a gold-headed cane, while with his gloved right hand he was industriously smoothing a high silk tile, which he had doffed from his long-haired pate. His figure was striking, and his graceful attitude even more so.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," I made answer, as he repeated his query. "Sure, I own this place. That's my name up there." And I pointed to the sign above my head, which read:

JOHN MILLER, Tinsmith.
Dealer in Hardware of All Kinds.

"Anything I can do for you in my line?" I asked, wondering what it could be. "Perhaps you've got a leaky roof; if so, you've come to the right chap to do the job. I'm known all over 'Frisco.

The gentleman waved a grandiloquent negative.

"No, no," he announced in a sonorous voice; "I am in search of a commodity in hardware, that I make bold to believe you are in possession of for purposes of sale." He replaced his hat on his head, gave the interior of my store a sweeping glance, then suddenly cried out: "Ah, there 'tis!" Following the direction of his outstretched walking-stick, I saw he indicated several bundles of wire netting, which I had just received the day before. "The identical thing I want," exclaimed my queer patron, exult-

ingly. "You're a tinsmith, eh?"

"I certainly am," I asserted.

"Good," he ejaculated. "Well"—as

I led the way into the store—"Well, before I enlighten you as to the purport of my visit, allow me to present you my card. You've heard of me, no doubt." He handed me a good-sized bit of paste-board, upon which I read:

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR,
Tragelien in Repertoire.

"To tell the candid truth, Mr. O'Connor," said I, "I don't remember ever hearing of you before; but then, I'm not a great reader of newspapers."

"Never heard of me?" exclaimed the other, in a most disappointed tone. "It hardly seems possible—but never mind! Lend me your ears a moment while I explain how I may use you and your goods. Do you think you could furnish enough of this material to cover a space about thirty or forty foot square?"

"More than that, if you wish," I hastened to assure him.

"Most excellent—listen, man of hardware; I'll now purchase enough of this close-meshed wire netting to cover the amount of space I have mentioned. And, let me surely see you on hand at seven o'clock this evening at the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre, where I open in 'Hamlet.' Ask for me. Bring along implements to knit the netting into one piece. Don't forget. Here's your money. Give me your hand, sir." He gave my arm a painful pump-handle shake. "Glad to have met you, tinsmith. Ha! ha! ho! I'll foil 'em to-night."

"Foil who, Mr. O'Connor?"

The tragelien squared his shoulders, buttoned his long frock coat at the top button, and smiled enigmatically:

"You'll learn who—all in good time," he observed, mysteriously. Au revoir. Seven o'clock this evening; Popular Theatre. Be there without fail. I need you."

I held the door open, and, with the liveliest curiosity, followed, with all my eyesight, the whimsical form of my strange caller, as he stalked majestically down the wide street in the afternoon sunshine.

"Say, boss, this James Owen O'Connor must be the greatest



Otto Sersby Co.

BERTHA KALICH

This distinguished Polish actress is now appearing in vaudiville in the one-act drama entitled "The Light from Saint Agnes"



HARRIET WORTHINGTON

Popular actress seen in several metropolitan productions, and now leading woman in the Star Theatre Stock Company in Buffalo

actor ever. Just look at the crowd surrounding the block!" These words in an awe-struck undertone from the lips of my helper, Jack Lane, caused me to gaze about me in unfeigned amazement. It was nearing seven o'clock, and we had driven up to the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre. Between the wagon and our goal (the stage door) was massed a double line of waiting men and boys—these were strung out in Indian file fashion to the full length of the street to right and left, as far as the eye could reach. Constantly the line undulated with serpentine gyrations, for a tumultuous, unruly mob of outsiders scuffled and fought for a squeezing place among the fortunate ones who, in most cases, offered furious resistance to the unwelcome onslaughts of the late comers.

Unloading the bundles of netting from the wagon, Jack and I tried to force a passage through the closely pressed humanity before us. But as well try to storm Gibraltar with a feather. Then we "bucked the line," so to speak, at every possible angle; reconnoitered here, detoured there; but, in every instance, met with unequivocal non-success. Not one would recede from his

insecure place to let us pass inside. Surely these were the most disobliging set of lovers of "Hamlet" I had ever heard of! Indeed, were these admirers of the Bard of Avon or his works?

The noisy place owners were, scarce without exception, wights whom I should never have suspected of delving into the subtle shadings of Shakespeare. In fact, the leering suggestions with which they received my earnest requests for passage-way smacked but little of book-learning, or of anything else worth while or admirable. Nonplussed, Jack and I returned with the netting to our starting place before the wagon. Here, amid a fusillade of jeers from the line, we discussed further ways and means of ingress.

"Hey, Bill, got yer ammunition?" shouted one of the crowd.

"You bet!" and a grinning form held up a small package.

"We got ours, too," came in a laughing chorus from some of the rest.

"I wonder what they mean?" said Jack to me.

"Maybe they've come so early to get a place that they've brought their lunches along," I suggested; to which Jack shook his head, doubtfully.

Just then a piping voice cried: "Look here, mister; gimme a dime, an' I'll let you through." I made out the form of a weazened small boy who was beckoning to me.

"Done, youngster," I returned, and as the boy stepped out of his place for the fraction of a second, Jack and I were enabled to complete the delayed first part of our errand.

Through the narrow stage door, past a doorkeeper in uniform, we lugged the two large rolls of wire netting, and found ourselves in a stuffy, cramped place littered with all sorts and sizes of stage "props." The place was in semi-obscure; dark figures were scurrying about; droning voices were reciting what I judged to be portions of a play. Bang! I collided with a section of a side scene. Down it came on my head, almost crushing my hat over my ears. Simultaneously Jack tripped with his lengthy burden, and crashed to the floor with a rumble and clatter that brought several startled persons to our aid.

"Ah, what have we here?" said a voice which I recognized by its G string intonation.

"It's me, Mr. O'Connor—Miller, the tinsmith, with the wire netting you ordered this afternoon." I had difficulty in making out the actor, for he was now appareled in the mournful garb of the Melancholy Dane.

"The tinsmith—wire netting?" peering; "Oh, I see; yes, indeed. Come this way, while I explain what I would with you, good friend." The tragedian drew me to one side, and placed his mouth close to my ear. "Glance to your right, there you'll

see the footlights; above them, across the space over the stage, is where I wish you to spread this wire netting. 'Tis a wholesome precautionary measure," he added in a raised stage whisper. "The truth is, that I have received exact information from a most reliable source, that a plot exists in this city to break up my show to-night by pelting me with missiles when I appear in the greatest representation of 'Hamlet' ever seen on the American stage!"

"Wh-a-a-a-t!" I gasped, wide-eyed. A hideous suspicion began to insinuate itself into my dazed brain. Could this be the colorful explanation of the derisive "ammunition" cry by the unkempt double line strung before the theatre? I wondered. Aloud I queried:

"But, Mr. O'Connor, who would——"

"Who?" thundered the actor, frowning fiercely, and running his large hands through his long, disheveled locks; "who else could concoct the diabolical plan to hold me up to public ridicule but my jealous rivals in the theatrical profession—a plague o' their houses! However, thanks to the bright idea which I have evolved, all the base efforts of their hirelings shall prove to be in vain. Let them howl and hiss—let them throw things. This night, safe and undisturbed behind your wire netting, I will show San Francisco and the whole world a Hamlet, which, in point of perfect acting, far surpasses the best efforts ever put forth by Salvini, Irving, Booth, Barrett, *et al.* Thus shall I be enabled to vindicate myself, and attain that high rung of fame from which I have been so long forcibly deprived by jealous hands." He grasped me by the shoulders and turned me about. Looking me directly in the eyes, he added, in a voice vibrant with solemn earnestness and profound conviction: "Believe me, my friend, I am the peer of any tragedian on the habitable globe!"

Deeply moved by the touching sincerity of the man, I impulsively gave him my hand, saying: "From the bottom of my heart, sir, I really believe that you are!" He thanked me, and gripped my palm like a vise. "Here," thought I, "is an individual from whom one may expect great things—good luck to him, and confusion to his enemies!"

Supplied with two tall ladders, Jack and I clambered up to the dizzy top of the wide stage, and began operations. Soon we had stretched measured strips of the wire netting across the dark, cavernous mouth dividing stage and auditorium. After fastening the netting at the side scene with staples, I joined the several widths by means of small pieces of stout cord, which I knotted at spaces of a yard apart. When, at last, I descended from my perch, and tested the unique contrivance I had reared, it was with

a touch of pardonable professional pride that I turned to O'Connor, standing by a mixed assemblage of stage hands and actors in costume—all of whom had been observing, with great interest, the construction of the wire net. "This'll withstand the assaults of anything less than a cannon-ball," I assured the tragedian.

"'Tis well," returned O'Connor. He heaved a deep breath; then sweeping the atmosphere with a ponderous gesture, he apostrophized the sepulchral darkness hovering over the empty benches. "Aha!" he cried, in a reverberating guttural; "Aha, ye spirits of mischief, do you petty worst. A hearing I want, and a hearing I shall receive, in spite of your jaundiced selves. *Vive la net!*" He laughed heartily, and everyone of us joined in.

"They're packed ten deep before the theatre, and still coming in droves!" A small, pale-faced man, with a high, silk hat bounced on the stage shouting this breathless information. "Open the doors, and let 'em in," he roared. "Down with the curtain, somebody!" Immediately all was bustle and stir; stage hands ran hither and thither; players in all manner of vari-colored Shakespearian raiment were called to order by a bearded man carrying manuscript, whom they styled the prompter. Now, the slowly descending curtain engaged my attention, and pleased me exceedingly by swinging perfectly clear of my net.

A light touch on my arm caused me to turn about. Beside me stood O'Connor. The star's manner bespoke eagerness: his large eyes twinkled with the refulgence of a sparkling thought. "Look here, Mr. Tinsmith," said this whimsical man, hurriedly: "Would you care to witness this noteworthy representation of 'Hamlet'?"—as I assented—"Then you may

do so, and at the same time perform a signal service for O'Connor." He pointed to the front of the stage. "Yonder, at the right side scene, you will find a peep-hole. There station yourself when the play begins. Now and again, during the course of the action, glance out at the audience. Disorder may prevail. If so, endeavor to distinguish those among the noise-makers who fill the part of ringleaders, and encourage the rest to boisterousness or violence. To such the police will attend when the curtain falls at the close of each act."

And so it was that I decided to see "Hamlet" under the strangest circumstances, from the wrong side of the footlights. Having sent my helper off with the wagon outside the stage-door, I took my first look through my diminutive coign of vantage. I saw that the theatre doors had been opened; swarms of people were packing every seat and every inch of available space. They filled the aisles, sat on window



White
CLEMENTINE DUNDAS
Seen at Ina Claire with Eddie Foy in his musical comedy, "Over the River"



THE MALECON, HAVANA'S BEAUTIFUL OCEAN FRONT BOULEVARD

To the left is seen the Hotel Miramar, a favorite after-theatre resort. In Havana no one sups after the play, audiences partaking of ice cream and soft drinks at the hotels

LIKE some of the rare exotic flowers of the surrounding tropics, gaiety bursts into

bloom as twilight deepens in the city of Havana. Then the Prado, which connects Central Park with the Malecon, as the boulevard along the ocean front is called, becomes a fairyland of lights. Bands in several parts of the city strike up martial airs, and all Havana emerges from its cool and comfortable stone houses for a night of pleasure.

The cafés become crowded as if by magic. There is a constant stream of automobiles and carriages up and down the boulevards. The sidewalks, too, are filled with people, all on their way to the theatres. Havana has the largest theatre-going population of any city in the world. With less than three hundred thousand inhabitants it supports a dozen large playhouses, which are devoted to every kind of theatrical entertainment.

The Spanish are a music-loving people, and it is only natural that opera should be the most popular form of theatrical entertainment. The foreign population in Havana is surprisingly small. There are less than 2,000 Americans living there. The city is essentially Spanish, and its tastes are as pronounced as Barcelona's or Seville's.

Havana has opera twelve months out of the year. As a rule, four and even five performances are given every week. The companies that present it are not to be compared with our Metropolitan organization, for in Havana the opera is not a social function. It is an entertainment within the reach of the poorest theatre-goer. The most expensive seats are \$3 (Spanish), which is only \$2.70 American money, and gallery tickets can be purchased for 40 cents.

At the present time the Payret Theatre, which is located within one block of the Central Park, is devoted to grand opera. The National Theatre, formerly known as the Tacon, was the home of opera for a quarter of a century, but as it is being rebuilt, the Payret is being used in its place. The company singing there is headed by Florencio Constantino, the famous Spanish tenor, who made such a favorable impression at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House a few years ago.

The Theatres of Havana

The opera at the Payret begins promptly at eight o'clock, and that hour finds the audience in its seats.

Compared with our beautiful theatres, this barnlike structure seems singularly out of place. But it is typical of Havana theatres. While it seats nearly two thousand in its parquet and four balconies, its foyers are uncarpeted, and its walls and ceiling are barren of decorations. However, it is filled with a lively, gay-spirited crowd of handsomely gowned women and stalwart men. The boxes, which are located in the rear of the orchestra chairs, are filled with the aristocracy of Havana in evening attire. They have come in their private limousines and, like the boxholders at the Metropolitan, they talk incessantly during the performance. In marked contrast to them the occupants of the orchestra chairs are wrapped up in the music. They are most enthusiastic when they like a performance, and they do not hesitate to show their disapproval when it is not to their taste. Between the acts there is the usual visiting between friends, and the exodus of the male portion of the audience to the nearest cafés. But unlike New Yorkers, who go out between the acts, they rarely take a drink of liquor. Soft drinks, such as pineapple juice, suffice, and as the waits between the acts are long, they are seated when the curtain rises.

Practically all the operas are sung in Spanish. Occasionally an Italian opera is given in its native tongue, and every year a brief engagement is played by the French Opera Company, which makes its headquarters in New Orleans.

After the performance the greater part of the audience drive to their homes. Cabs in Havana are almost as cheap as the climate. After-theatre suppers are unknown. Now and then a box party will go to the Telegrafo or Inglaterra Hotel and partake of ices and soft drinks after the opera, but only in the small American colony are supper parties ever given. As in all Spanish countries, the unmarried girls are carefully guarded, and young girls are never seen at the playhouses in the company of young men or without chaperones.

Next in importance to the Payret Theatre is the Teatro Albusi,



A HAVANA BELLE AT THE OPERA

to give it its Spanish name. It is another huge, barn-like structure located on the Central Park. The greater part of the year it is devoted to comic opera and musical comedy. A light opera organization that divides its time between Havana and the City of Mexico was playing there when the writer visited Havana recently. Like most comic opera companies outside of the United States it is composed of players who were engaged for their voices and not for their personal appearance or histrionic ability. Judged by Broadway standards, its performances of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Count of Luxemburg," and "Sangre Vienes," the latter a Spanish adaptation of Strass' "Vienna Life," all of which the writer witnessed, are very poor, but theatre-goers in Havana are not used to carefully-rehearsed, well-acted and lavishly-made productions. All they seem to demand is good music well sung, and they are assured that at the Albiu.

The prices at the Albiu range from 25 cents to a dollar and a half (Spanish). Evening dress is rarely worn except by the occupants of boxes. As at the Payret, there is a general exodus of the male portion of the audience to the street and nearby cafés between the acts to smoke and partake of soft drinks.

Havana has not succeeded in abolishing the speculator nuisance. In front of all the playhouses are to be found loud-mouthed, offensive creatures who have the desirable seats which they sell at an advance of fifty cents. The American visitor is nearly always obliged to buy seats from them, and with American money, which, of course, means more graft, as the American dollar is worth \$1.10 Spanish.

The Marti Theatre, which is perhaps third in importance, is located within two blocks of the Central Park, and is usually devoted to legitimate plays. Most of the Big French and German

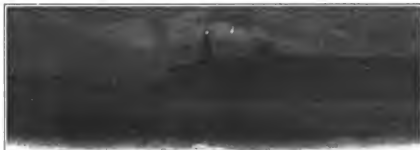
successes are translated into Spanish, and they are presented at the Marti by a fairly competent stock company. As far as the productions are concerned, they would not be accepted even in

popular priced theatres in America, but the acting is often very creditable. But even the best Continental dramas and the funniest farce comedies do not attract the audiences that nightly fill the Payret and Albiu Theatres. Opera and musical comedy are the favorites.

There are three variety theatres in the capital of Cuba, and, as in New York, two performances are given in them daily. The bills are composed principally of singing and dancing acts, varied with one-act playlets and aerobatic acts. The greatest license is permitted in the variety houses. Many of the songs and dances are extremely suggestive, and the actresses wear the scantiest attire possible. Havana is immoral rather than immoral, and it is to be expected that the popular priced houses, which are patronized by the poorer classes, should pander to their tastes. Some of the playlets that are presented are beyond description, and as a rule the more suggestive they are the more vigorously they are applauded. The "grizzly bear," the "bummy hug" and other tenderloin dances of our stage are modest compared with the "can-cans" and "ronchas" in these variety theatres.

But it is in the moving picture theatres that Havana goes the limit. There are a score of little theatres devoted to them, and in some of them the most daring films are shown. One of these theatres, the Zaza, is for men only. Performances are given hourly, and audiences stand in line an hour or more for admission. Thirty cents (Spanish) buys a ticket, except on Sundays, when matinees for ladies are given. Men are excluded at that time. Not even in Paris are films like these shown publicly.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



EL MORRO AT NIGHT



THE TEATRO MARTI—ONE OF THE LEADING PLAYHOUSES OF HAVANA

SOMETHING of real moment is a book* on playwriting from the pen of William Archer, the distinguished English dramatic critic.

A Book on Playwriting

Largely responsible for the introduction of Ibsen's plays to the English-speaking world, and the author of many dramatic criticisms, Mr. Archer may feel satisfied, now that he has crossed the half-century mark, that he has done yeoman service to himself and to those about him.

The old Aristotelean observations on drama are, for the greater part, universal in that they deal with dramatic law, which exists for all time. But while the definition of a complete action as beginning, middle and end, is true, it is insufficient. That the beginning is where the action commences, the middle that which lies between, and the end the conclusion, scarcely helps matters. It is for the better expression of these things that Mr. Archer has written.

In reading what he has to say, two things must be remembered. First, that it is only one man's opinion, and second, that Mr. Archer has nearly always seen drama from the analytical viewpoint rather than from the constructive side. Now it is quite a feat to take plays apart and see how they run; but it is a genuine achievement to deduce from that operation the laws to which all drama is subject, and by which other plays may be built. Mr. Archer has observed how tragedies are generally put together by dissecting a few; how comedies of the day are made by using his scalpel; but to find a single system by the formulation of his discoveries, whereby both comedies and tragedies may be made in this highly important detail, he has not succeeded.

One of the first requirements of a play is that it must interest its audience. Interest is almost anonymous with doubt—doubt as to outcome. Therefore, for a dramatic action, a full story, with no more or no less, there must be two things contending, and when one or the other is victorious, all is over. Hence a complete action, with beginning, middle and end, is one that has two sides in conflict and a single issue. That brings the old definition to a point where it may be comprehended and applied. The idea of introduction, exposition, climax, dénouement and catastrophe, are true enough for critical purposes, but are not definitive and rigid when it comes to play construction.

Mr. Archer concludes that "there are no rules for writing a play." He is mistaken. There are no everlasting rules; but there are laws from which principles are derived for the making of a technique which, being simply a means to an effect, conforms to the author's mood and to the times. That is to say, the laws are the inflexible demands; the principles are the expressions of these demands, and the rules, which may be broken, are temporary limitations fixed by people and circumstances. To illustrate: unity of action is law, the sequence of scenes is principle, and a race question not to be treated of at this time because of some recent race riot, is a rule.

"No teaching or study," says Mr. Archer, "can enable a man to choose or invent a good story." Certainly not, provided his co-operation is lacking. But with the proper direction of his natural faculties, he may be aided greatly. For example, the definition of a primary emotion and its value as a theme will teach him to recognize dramatic ideas; his invention will operate after being shown how to follow out clues. Start him in with so trivial an idea as a bottle of maulage. It was used in placing a

stamp on a letter that passed between So-and-so and his friend's wife; and by that process the tyro will soon unveil a domestic scandal that will afford him a stirring play. Not that scandal is necessary, but that scandal happened to be the outcome of this particular example.

He also objects to the rigidity of the scenario. The fact is that a scenario has boundaries. It is not the play itself, it is the frame-

work. It determines the scenes, their objects and their sequence; but there are still many details of minor action left which may be expressed in many ways according to the fancy of the playwright, who still has ample freedom of thought.

He divides successful plays into two classes, those where the "crises" or struggles are either all in or partly out of the frame of the picture. The real reason why "Rosmersholm" is "rather like a winding river" and "Othello" has "a magnificent onward rush," is because the material is different, and that the effects aimed at are unlike, not that either one lacks a complete struggle.

One of the greatest of Mr. Archer's difficulties has been a problem that has confronted every man who ever essayed a text-book, and that is that there is scarcely a term in the English language whose meaning is absolute. On that ground, many of his statements that would seem debatable might be found to be altogether right if we could see them from his own point of view. For instance, when he says: "It may not be unreasonably contended, I think, that when an exposition cannot be thor-

oughly dramatized—that is, wrung out, in the stress of the action, from the characters primarily concerned—it may best be dismissed, rapidly and even conventionally, by any not too improbable device." Is this the way for a dramatist to shirk his obligations? we ask. Give us any exposition to be made, and we can make it, if not in the circumstances suggested, by equally consistent circumstances, and in such a way that the intended significance of the play will remain unchanged. Then, to prove that we have misunderstood him, we turn a page or two and find: "In the vocabulary of the truly ingenious dramatist there is no such word as impossible." Or again, in regard to withholding information from an audience, we are told that "keeping a secret is practically impossible." Now, really, keeping a secret does not mean simply the withholding of facts known to one character and unknown to others; that is a false use of suspense. It means also the facts unknown to any of the characters, having close bearing upon their relations. That kind of secret may be held in reserve. Doubt is of the very nature and essence of drama: the audience's knowledge of everything makes any play unnecessary. To disprove our interpretation this time, we read along and find this: "We may agree that it is often dangerous, and sometimes manifestly foolish, to keep a secret; but, on the other hand, there is certainly no reason why the playwright should blurt out all his secrets at the first opportunity."

On building up an entrance, as it is called, he remarks that "it is essential that only one leading character should remain unseen on whom the attention of the audience may, by that very fact, be riveted." Certainly, it is false drama where the spectator's eyes and ears are on the stage, and his mind off.

The simple warning to avoid anticlimax is a sort of negative, left-handed statement. The real solution concerns itself with how a play may be constructed so that anticlimax cannot occur. If a play has absolute unity of action,

(Continued on page vi)



WILLIAM ARCHER

*"PLAY-MAKING: A MANUAL OF CRAFTSMANSHIP." By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.



AS JULIET



HER DEBUT AS PRINCE ARTHUR



AS NARJIS IN "KISMET"

IN "Kismet" was nightly seen a woman who has a claim to distinction not greater perhaps, for nothing is greater than to do well the work it is given us to do, but other than her admirable rendering of the rôle of Narjis, the nurse.

Miss Georgie Woodthorpe has played on the same stage with more geniuses than has any other living actress. To recite the list of the famous stars she has supported resembles Gabriel's task, for it is for the most part calling the roll of the illustrious dead. She was "discovered" and placed upon the stage by J. B. McCullough. She played Ophelia to Edwin Booth's Hamlet. She toured with Ristori. Her childish tears were dried by Fechter. She joined Dion Boucicault and Harry Montague on infantile outings. She owes the preservation of an exquisite complexion to the advice given her by Adelaide Neilson. She played a gipsy boy in the support of Mary Anderson. James A. Herne was one of her stage directors, and David Belasco brought her and himself to grief by falling and tossing her ignominiously into the for once undesired centre of the stage.

Do not let these facts conjure for you a vision of a doddering relic of other days. Miss Woodthorpe is as erect as are any of you who read this. Her eyes are as bright. The health flush in her cheeks is as deeply pink. Her step is as light, and her spirits are as buoyant. She is far from being in semblance or in spirit an old woman. For the years have rolled rapidly on since magnetic McCullough lifted her in his arms, and shed real tears upon her face. But remember that she was the "baby actress" of the Old California Stock Company when she began to support these stars of other nights.

Miss Woodthorpe inherited none of her ability. At least so said her mother, who was a good wife, unless it be essential that a good wife have a bump of reverence. That asset she distinctly lacked, for one of Miss Woodthorpe's first recollections is of hearing her mother say:

"I wish your father would stop all this amateur theatrical nonsense, for he can't act. He thinks he can, but he can't."

By whatever trick of nature she received that gift, J. B. McCullough, resting with Barton Hill at the Old Kelsey House, still standing in Oakland, and which was a week-

An Aristocrat of the Stage

end rendezvous of actors then playing in San Francisco, heard the child of five years recite at an impromptu entertainment in the basement, and he marvelled at her cleverness.

On the next Monday little Georgie was taken home from school, her mother having sent a messenger for her, and, arrived there, looked up into the face of a big man who smiled at her.

"He was a tall, handsome man, with a fine fresh complexion and a delightful smile," Miss Woodthorpe told me. "I joined the universal army of people who liked J. B. McCullough, for no one could help it. His friends were legion."

"Do you remember me, Little Girl?" he asked.

"Yeth, you are the big man at the hotel."

"Would you like to be an actress?"

"Yeth thir," said I.

"He persuaded my mother to let me join the California Theatre Stock Company, and I made my debut soon afterwards as Prince Arthur. Well I remember it, for Mr. McCullough played Falconbridge, and when he carried me, presumably dead, on the stage, his extended arms shook, and his tears fell upon my face.

"The unconscious acting of childhood," he said afterwards. "Little Girl, you'll never know how great you were."

Thereafter Georgie Woodthorpe was "The Little Girl" of the Old California Theatre Stock Company, supporting its stars, and going on tour with some of them. After a few years she transferred her activities to the Old Baldwin. She was an institution. Visiting stars heard of the wonderful child who could be relied upon, and made no more anxious inquiries for a child for the plays requiring one. One of the shocks of her new experience in the new environment was given by Edwin Booth.

"Mr. Booth complained one night while making up for Hamlet of being both hungry and thirsty.

"Run across the street," he said to his dresser, "and bring me some beer and bologna, and plenty of it."

"I stood outside his dressing room five minutes later staring at the unexpected sight of the great Booth drinking beer and eating bologna, and enjoying them. I thought he would at least have champagne and truffles.



Photo Bucher-ll

MISS GEORGIE WOODTHORPE



White GLADYS ZELL
In "The Winsome Widow" at the Moulin Rouge

dominance of his spirit, make himself look very tall on the stage. Bandmann's soliloquy was the finest I ever heard. He used to prepare for it in an unusual way. He had a screen placed for himself in the wings, and he used to withdraw to that for five minutes or more before it was time to go on. Fascinatedly, I used to peer at him around the screen. I, being a child, he paid no attention to me, but what I saw frightened me. I saw not the genial Mr. Bandmann, but a strange person remote from all earthly considerations, in the first stage of a trance. When he walked on the stage that sense of remoteness continued. He seemed to grope his way to a chair in the middle of the stage. He did not seem to see the chair, but to feel his way toward it, and when he half fell across it began the soliloquy.

"We hear of salaries being better now than they were in those days. I don't find them so. I received fifty dollars a week as a child actress at the Old California Theatre. One day I was crying in the wings at the stage door, and telling the doorkeeper that I had lost my pocketbook, when Fechter and his wife passed me. Mrs. Fechter did not notice me, but the actor stopped, and in his broken English said: 'Don't cry, Little Girl. Here it is,' handing me the amount of my salary. Later on I went to the Baldwin Theatre, where they paid me \$25. Mande Adams was playing there at the time, and received the same salary.

"Ristori affected my childish imagination most unpleasantly.

Summing my impressions of her, I should say that she was Lady Macbeth both off the stage as well as on. She always dressed sombrely in black. She was always the tragically queen, aloof in body and spirit. When I played a scene with her she did not reach forward for my hand with the gesture most persons use with a child, but seized me as though I were a piece of furniture. I was a horribly frightened whenever she was about. To my childish mind she seemed a very poor woman. This was because she seemed so angry when the houses were small. I traveled with her to Portland, and covered back into the wings

when I saw her sweep off the stage exclaiming: 'That house. Oh, that house!' Long afterwards I learned that she was really wealthy. The only time I ever saw her relax and seem ordinary, a being with human tastes, was while we were on the steamship going to Portland from San Francisco. There I heard her laugh once, as she caught up her queer little dog, a naked little black fellow (I suppose he was a Chihuahua), and playfully pressed his shivering little body to her cheek.

"Adelaide Neilson was the most delightful of my memories. She had a most engaging personality. She always came on the stage for rehearsals with a gay little bow to everyone, and an inquiry for the health of all. I happened to be posing at a photographer's the same day she was, and she seemed to take pleasure in posing me herself.

"She said to me one day: 'You have a very good complexion. Be sure to take care of it. Don't use grease paint.' She told me of a balm she used herself. I have watched it for three decades appearing in different guises. 'Put that on first,' she said. 'Then powder your face with dropped chalk. That is enough.' I have followed her advice and kept my skin in good condition as you see. Everybody loved Adelaide Neilson.

"With Helena Modjeska I toured for nine months. She was very poor. She lived in a furnished room in Turk Street, and took her meals at cheap restaurants. She cried once because a Sacramento audience laughed at her English pronunciation. At Virginia City she was puzzled because one of the newspapers said: 'Now that we have Mme. Modjeska with us, she is a white elephant on our hands.' 'What is zat?' she asked the manager. 'I do not look like an elephant. Tell me what it does mean.' Afterwards someone gave a little banquet, and had the cake in the middle of the table ornamented with an elephant of white icing. We were on tour for nine months. There were no salaries, only pitiable little advances, just enough to keep us going somehow. My parents wrote me again and again to go home. Again and again Madame begged me, with tears in her beautiful,



White JONE WRIGHT
Seen in "Othello and" at the Gaiety



White MARIE ASHTON
In the Chicago production of "Othello and"



White FRANCES CAMERON
Recently seen in "Two Little Brides"

That was their ranch in Southern California. But she gave me the keys to her trunks, and said: 'You may have all my last year's wardrobe.' When I called at the hotel I was not allowed to see the trunks. Either Madame had forgotten or there was some mistake.

"Dear Billy Florence. My chief recollection of him was that his wife would not allow him to partake of strong drink if she were present, and how he used to laugh when detected, and explain: 'This is the first drink, so it won't count.'

"Mary Anderson did not stir my childish heart to admiration. She seemed to me awkward. I admired only her Meg Merrilies. It seemed wonderful to me that a young woman could play that part so well. She was chaperoned, I remember, by a tall, cadaverous man, a relative I think. J. B. McCullough used to come to the stage door and say, 'Is old man Griffin gone? Well, come and tell me when he goes.' The door-tender obeyed, and Miss Anderson would appear, smiling, upon the arm of the tragedian, who accompanied her to her hotel. If she were late, he always went to the hotel for her. Miss Anderson never noticed any of the company except Mr. McCullough. She was a distant young woman, and I contrasted her with my idol, Adelaide Neilson, in favor of Miss Neilson.

"Dion Boucicault used to take pleasure in being nice to 'The Little Girl.' He used to say to handsome Harry Montague: 'Get your hat. I'm going to take the child across the bay for an outing. It will do her good.' Between handsome Mr. Montague and brilliant Mr. Boucicault I used to toddle on the ferryboat, sit on deck, and pay an eager visit to candy shops. Mr. Boucicault had already begun to decline. Twenty years afterward I was in New York when the curtain rang down upon him. I bought a few flowers and went with my brother, 'Bud' Woodthorpe, now stage manager for W. H. Crane, to pay our respects to the dead. Wm. H. Crane was there and admitted us. He and Mrs. Louise Thorndyke Boucicault were the only watchers beside the coffin. I laid my handful of flowers upon the casket, and was shocked to see the transformation. His hair was white, and he looked a very old man. Mine were the only flowers. The first flowers laid upon the casket were placed there by 'The Little Girl' to whom he had been kind.

"James A. Herne was the stage director of the Baldwin Theatre when a benefit performance was to be given, and there was some difficulty about finding a juvenile leading man. Mr. Herne came to me smiling and said: 'Georgie, I've found a nice young man to play your lover. He isn't an actor, but he's a very fine young man.' That afternoon I saw a very handsome youth, with curly hair and wonderful dark eyes, at rehearsal. I thought he was poorly dressed, and wished that my lover did not have 'kind regards' on the lapel of his coat, and that his hatband were fresher. But we got on very well until, while he was carrying me on the stage, he stumbled and fell and threw me upon the stage. The fall hurt me, and I was indignant. Mr. Herne laughed and swore. The young man nearly cried. He apologized, and I saw that he shook from nervousness, and that his lips were white. That young man was David Belasco.

"Lester Wallack came to us shortly before his death. It was impossible to convince San Franciscans that this was Lester Wallack, though he put on his own play 'Rosendale.' His famous virile beauty was gone. He was an old man, but very much made-up. He looked in that make-up like the character, Baron Chevalier. His hair was dyed and his moustache waxed and turned up at the ends. His face was seamed and tired. He came for six weeks and only stayed for two. He was very quiet at rehearsals, but courteous.

"With the memory of a tall man with long, Indian-like black hair, I associate the turning tide of my life. Augustin Daly had brought the Daly company to San Francisco. With it were Fanny Davenport, very beautiful and very detached, and Jeffreys Lewis, quite as beautiful, who straightway became my idol, because she was one of those women who love and spoil children. Mr. Daly came to our home on Shotwell

(Continued on page vi)



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF GARY DESLYS

Theatre Orchestras



White

ANNA HUNSERT

Recently seen as Maid Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood"

THE recent strike in certain of the New York playhouses of the theatre orchestra once more draws attention to this particular feature of the theatrical business, a feature once highly popular, in fact, deemed indispensable, but against which there has for some time been a steadily growing opposition, resulting in some houses in the orchestra being abolished altogether.

The present unpopularity of the theatre orchestra is, no doubt, due to the misconception of the orchestra's real place in music, and a very natural contempt for this medium as it is displayed in the "theatre band." The average theatre orchestra is to-day regarded with complete indifference by the habitual playgoer, is barely tolerated even by the "country cousin," and is an object of derision and a source of mental anguish to those of musical sensibility and training.

The first thing that strikes a musician who happens to examine the make-up of these so-called orchestras is the total disregard of what is called "tonal balance," a disregard which becomes the more striking as the size of the band decreases; for, no matter

how tiny and economical the instrumental section becomes, the overpowering drum always manages to survive. Indeed, the amazing combination of violin, piano and drum is often to be found in the poorer vaudeville "houses."

The usual New York theatre orchestra nowadays consists of about twelve players, most of them individually capable musicians, but operating in a most uninspiring environment. The size of the band is determined, not only by the available space between the first row of seats and the stage, but also by potent fiscal considerations. Whatever the reason for the peculiar allotment or size of the band, its composition is almost invariably absurd. When we consider the cost of these energetic but ineffectual groups of players, it all seems pitifully extravagant, particularly when we know how easily, with a little knowledge of the possibilities of small instrumental combinations, these orchestras could be re-arranged into highly effective and delightful institutions.

The standard symphonic orchestra, sometimes called "the Beethoven orchestra," has been substantially unchanged in its proportions for over a hundred years, and every student of instrumentation (or orchestration) knows that this symphonic orchestra is based on its "strings;" and, whether there be twenty or seventy of these, there remains always a fixed proportion of "wind-players," generally a pair of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and trumpets, four horns and three trombones, drums and an occasional harp. Of course, we are not advocating or expecting theatre managers to promptly install symphonic orchestras just because some of us yearn for these things; what we here seek to discover is why they so consistently ignore the time-honored and well-known artistic principles that govern the combination of instruments. We naturally wish to know why we must always have a lusty group of wood, brass and percussion players rioting along, accompanied by four or six desperate and nearly inaudible "strings?" "Tonal balance" here becomes a joke.

Many of us gratefully recall the intelligent experiment that was tried at the Garrick Theatre in 1895, when Richard Mansfield was conducting it. He there introduced a body of nine strings, constituted thus: Two first and two second violins, two violas, two 'cellos and a bass, all in the hands of picked men and provided with music, original or arranged, admirably adapted, not only to this force of strings, but also to the work on the stage. This sort of thing has also been tried in other theatres from time to time; why it does not become popular is a mystery to many weary souls who loathe the present blatant devices. The theatre manager might well take a lesson from the restaurant orchestras. These are generally far superior to the theatre bands, probably because they are managed by French or Italian musicians, commonly supposed to be notable for an inborn sense of proportion and fitness in such matters.

Many of us recall, particularly, an excellent band in a restaurant on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street. This band was composed of two violins, clarinet, 'cello and piano. They played everything ever written, apparently, and the tonal balance was highly grateful to the jaded ear. There was no blatant brass, no shrill flute, no maddening drum; the crisp rhythm of the piano adequately supplanted the noisy, thick, uncertain instruments that are relied on in theatre orchestras for the fundamental and inner voices. Unhindered by a disorganized crowd of melodic instruments, the two violins sang with captivating unison, the element of contrast being admirably supplied by clarinet and 'cello. We are well aware that the limited scope of such a combination would cause it to pall, ere long, upon the cultivated musical ear; but it is infinitely better than what we are accustomed to from the ordinary theatre orchestra; it is, at any rate, more artistic and cheaper.

There can be no doubt that the "Chocolate Soldier" and other operettas of this type, now so firmly

(Continued on page 47)



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POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESSES RECENTLY SEEN IN IMPORTANT METROPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS

1. Frances Reeva, recently seen as Lady Culworth in "Dorath." 2. Mary Carter, who played Mary McGovern in "Graft." 3. Louise Rutter, seen as Margaret Summers in "Passers-By." 4. Grace La Rue, who has been appearing in "Betsey"



INTERIOR OF A FLOATING MOVING PICTURE THEATRE IN HOLLAND. IT IS 100 FEET LONG AND HOLDS 430 PEOPLE

WHEN the great thaw be- gins in the spring, and the ice formed on the Missis- sippi and other big western rivers breaks up, so as to permit free navigation once more, the small river towns are so "show hun- gry" that they look forward to the coming of the "first show" boat or floating theatre. There is a race between the show boats then to get the first picking of the most desirable towns. Some- times the competition extends to the point where actors and ac- tresses indulge in a little egg throwing of their own.

The Floating Theatre

winter, so far as theatrical per-
formances are concerned, and they
are literally showmad when spring

arrives. Every man, woman and child will raise the price of a ticket if he has to sell the winter overcoat or last year's plow. They come from the outskirts of the town in numbers, and the first show night is an epoch in the town's life.

There have been show boats, traveling theatres, itinerant entertainers, dancers and minstrels on the Mississippi for nearly a century, and each year they have been growing bigger and more elaborate. They began with old keel-boats, flat-boats and scows, which had to be poled along or towed by the river steamers. In 1817 a show boat company was organized by N. M. Ludlow, and it floated down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Since then itinerant arks of all kinds have imitated this first show boat that we have any record of.

After the Civil War, trading boats did a splendid business on these great inland waterways, and often to attract trade the owners would give free exhibitions of dancers, sleight-of-hand and other performances. One trader, when competition was severe, carried a dentist who extracted teeth free for every one who bought five dollars' worth of goods. Another drew trade by dispensing free medicine, which was guaranteed to cure about every ill that flesh is heir to. A third enterprising trade was a licensed Methodist minister, and on Sundays he preached to his patrons, baptized, christened, married and performed the funeral service if needed. It was all free to whomsoever patronized the floating store through the week. In time these trading boats increased the show end of their business by carrying minstrels, mimics and even a troupe of actors. Of course, the actors and actresses were merely clerks and delivery boys in the daytime, but so artfully were their features and forms concealed at night by paint and wigs that few recognized them.

The legitimate drama came next. It was found that people were show hungry, and that it would pay to get up plays just for amusement without any side issue of trade. But it took a long time to dissociate the two.

(Continued on page 65)



KATHERINE GREY

This well-known actress, who recently returned to the local stage after an extensive tour through Australia, is now appearing in vaudeville in a powerful one-act drama, entitled "Above the Law," adapted from Briceux's play, "La Robe Rouge."



Photo Study

THE CORT, SAN FRANCISCO'S LATEST IMPOSING THEATRE

SAN FRANCISCO'S THEATRICAL REHABILITATION

PERHAPS the most astonishing feature of San Francisco's rapid recovery from the stupendous catastrophe which in 1906 staggered the world, is the remarkable construction of costly theatre buildings which have sprung up as if by magic in the former "burned district." This theatrical rehabilitation is unparalleled, absolutely unique, and could have occurred only in the progressive city by the Golden Gate.

Six years ago, on the night of April 17, 1906; every theatre in California's flourishing metropolis was crowded with interested spectators. The flower of the city gathered in the Grand Opera House, where Caruso and the Metropolitan Opera House Company gave a splendid performance of Bizet's "Carmen." It was the second offering of a two-weeks' season that promised to be a record-breaker, for over \$50,000 had already been paid into the box office. At five o'clock the next morning the city was shaken by a terrific earthquake, and in the wake of the tremor came a destructive fire that wiped out every notable playhouse of which San Francisco then boasted—the Alcazar, California, Central, Columbia, Fischer's, Grand Opera House, Majestic, Orpheum, and Tivoli. The only theatrical landmark that escaped the greedy flames was Lotta's Fountain,

which stands at the intersection of Market, Geary and Kearney Streets, in the very heart of the splendid new shopping district.

It is almost impossible for an outsider to appreciate the chaotic conditions that existed in San Francisco after 400 square blocks of buildings were reduced to ashes and ruins, and all water, light and street car service had been cut off.

The spirit of the people, however, remained undamnted, and despite the fact that on the night of April 17th thousands of light-hearted theatre-goers had shaved eternity, escaping a hideous holocaust by the narrow margin of some five hours, the possibility of further danger did not lessen their love for amusement in the least. In fact, only two months later, when lights and dependable car service were re-established in the unburned residence section, hundreds of people each evening made the pilgrimage to the Chutes, a pleasure park, opposite Golden Gate Park, where vaudeville performances were given under the management of the Orpheum Theatre.

On August 11th, the old Central Theatre Stock Company began a profitable season of melodrama in a tent, and when a circus took advantage of the dearth of attractions and opened on September 22d, the receipts for the six performances were said by



Lotta's Fountain, the only theatrical landmark that escaped the flames. It was presented to San Francisco by Lotta Crabtree, a great favorite in the seventies



Orpheum, million-dollar home of vaudeville

the managers to have been the largest ever known for the same period in the history of the American circus business. Not less than 60,000 people paid the price of admission, and hundreds of people were turned away at every performance.

The Colonial Theatre, which was in course of construction at the time of the fire, was the first sub-

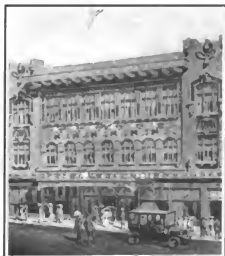
stantial playhouse in the burned district to open its doors. That was on October 7, 1907. The writer will never forget a performance of "In the Bishop's Carriage" he saw there during those early reconstruction days. The car service was wretched, and when we alighted in front of the theatre about half an hour late, darkness and mystery reigned beyond the well-lighted entrance. Street lamps had not yet been installed, and all we could see as we looked down the thoroughfare were ghostly ruins and tangled debris. Not a soul was in sight. It was a depressing sight even to the courageous.

On January 2, 1907, the Central Theatre opened in a frame building at its old location on Market Street and once again the lovers of lurid melodrama were out in full force. The management made no attempt at interior decorations, and as there were neither galleries nor chandeliers overhead, the public felt perfectly safe against stormy weather, fire, or even earthquake.

Twenty days later, the American Theatre, on Market, above Seventh, was ready for its christening. It was nearly completed at the time of the catastrophe, and stood as the one building left in that location after the fire.

It was here San Francisco received its first real taste of comic opera. Several local favorites were in the cast, and as the large audience filed into the "Class A" building, which was widely advertised by the management as the "safest" theatre in town, they found the lobby lined with "good luck" floral pieces. The interior proved cozy and the building was by far the most pretentious theatre erected up to that time.

These were the days when matinees were largely attended by women without escorts, since many considered it quite a heroic undertaking to go downtown at night. As a matter of fact one of the most familiar sights after an evening performance was the spectacle of a group of disconsolate would-be passengers,



Frederick Belasco's new Alcazar Theatre



Beautiful interior of the Columbia Theatre

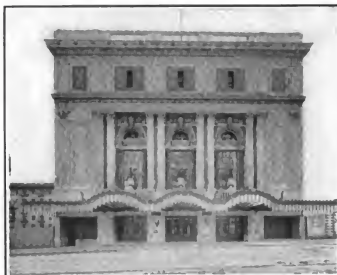


Photo Waters

The new Columbia's impressive facade



The Princess Theatre



First theatre where performances were given six months after fire

standing at a street corner straining a hopeful eye down the dark vistas of an unoccupied track, waiting patiently for a car to put in an appearance. During the rainy weather this was particularly unpleasant, for there were no awnings under which one might seek shelter, the streets were deep with mud, and even the sidewalks were filled with dangerous holes and pitfalls.

The majority of the theatres, like the rest of San Francisco, sought quarters adjacent to Fillmore Street, which had good car accommodations. For years it had been a sleepy residence street, but the fire transformed it over night into a busy retail centre, and for two years it was crowded nightly with dense throngs that patronized the gay theatres, cafés and nickelodeons sprinkled along about ten blocks as well as the streets debouching from them.

Kolb and Dill, a very popular German dialect team, were the first to open in this section. They crowded the Davis Theatre, a handbox of a playhouse, at McAllister and Fillmore, until their temporary shack was declared a fire-trap, when they moved to the Princess, a reinforced concrete structure, that is now devoted to moving pictures and vaudeville.

Then came in swift succession the Novelty Theatre, at O'Farrell, near Fillmore, which for a time housed the Frohman attractions; the Orpheum, adjoining the Princess, and the Alcazar, at Sutter and Steiner.

The opening of the Orpheum, on March 11,

1907, showed the spirit of the city. At six o'clock it seemed as though several days would be required for the completion of the place, which was filled with carpenters and mechanics. In fact, the men worked until almost the moment before the curtain went up. But the good natured audience overlooked all shortcomings, and enjoyed the excellent vaudeville performance, even though the theatre reeked with the odors of paint and plaster.

There was more genuine heart sentiment expressed over the return of Frederick Belasco's Alcazar to the theatrical arena, just eleven months after the fire, than was the case at any other housewarming. For one thing, the Al-

cazar retained its old name; for another, the business management was practically the same; and, last and most important, the majority of the members of the company still remained.

Stormy weather did not deter any one from attending the opening night on March 18, 1907. Hundreds of the regular patrons of the old O'Farrell playhouse were anxious to show their loyalty to the management and their friends in the company. Nance O'Neil, Virginia Harned, Florence Roberts, James K. Hackett, Burr McIntosh and Max Figgman played starring engagements in this handsome "Class A" Mission structure of steel and concrete, which has recently been renamed the Republic and turned over for five years to cheap vaudeville. The auditorium is admirably proportioned, and every one of the 1,425 seats in the house



Class "A" theatre not equal to the earthquake



The first permanent theatre completed after the fire

gets a perfect view of the stage. This house is very popular.

The opening of the \$200,000 Van Ness Theatre on March 11, 1907, was the first occasion after the fire that society dressed in all its old-time gorgeousness. The two thousand seats were filled nightly during the engagement of Henry W. Savage's English version of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," standing room being at a premium. It was good to see the line of carriages and autos spread over the noble space of the avenue, which is named after James Van Ness, one of the benefactors of the municipality. The

engagements, Terry and Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, the Conreid Opera Company, the Grau Opera Company, the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and the last appearance here of Richard Mansfield, were surpassed. When the box office opened there was a string of humanity in single file extending along O'Farrell street to Powell, down Powell to Ellis, and for a short distance around the corner on Ellis. For thirty-seven hours hundreds of patient buyers were in line. A number of messenger boys had appeared at the theatre doors Saturday night and spent two en-



White
Act I. Vivia Ogden, as the New England mother, appeals to Heaven to protect the heroine, whom the stern father is turning out because "there's a snow storm coming"
SCENE IN EVERETT SHINN'S BURLESQUE MELODRAMA, "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN USUAL," RECENTLY PRESENTED
AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE
Ernest Leonard Vivia Ogden May Meloy
Evelle Alderson

career of the theatre, which was reared on the site of his old home, was short-lived, for as soon as the new Columbia was completed, the temporary structure was razed to the ground.

Over in the congested Mission district, which is the most populous section of San Francisco, the Valencia Theatre, costing a quarter of a million dollars, was started at the time of the panic in 1907. It is another reinforced concrete building, with an equipment as good as any theatre in the West. The stage is seventy-six feet wide by forty feet deep and the proscenium arch rises to a height of about sixty-five feet. It was opened with a high-class stock company on September 8, 1908, and after a year took care of the Shubert productions. Maud Allen, the Imperial Russian ballet, and a lengthy season of French grand opera, are a few attractions that have made this splendid theatre an important factor in our amusement life.

In the spring of 1909 there was a general exodus of the important firms from Fillmore Street and Van Ness Avenue to the new shopping and business district downtown. The hotels and cafés were the first "home again," and then came the theatres. The million-dollar Orpheum opened on April 19th at its old location on O'Farrell Street, near Powell. The "three-years-after" anniversary was a big event, and the Orpheum's housewarming gave a sort of official stamp to the downtown section.

In length, the line of ticket purchasers for the first night exceeded any other in the history of San Francisco theatricals. Even the famous lines for the premières of the Adeline Patti

tire nights in waiting, snatching a little sleep while they sat on the sidewalks.

The first night proved a great success. Mayor Edward Robson Taylor delivered a brief address from a box and the whole audience, numbering over 2,500 people, stood while Zélie de Laussan sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The program ended with a series of motion pictures showing old San Francisco, and every one had the strange sensation of seeing things as they were "before the fire."

When planning this beautiful theatre, Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., who controls a circuit with first-class houses in twenty-seven cities, insisted first of all that it should be absolutely fire and earthquake proof. As a result, the new Orpheum is not only the safest theatre in San Francisco, but the safest in the world. It cannot catch fire. Everything about the building is unburnable. Even the window panes are of wire glass, which will not break in fire. As for the sashes and frames, they are of steel. The seats are wooden only because iron is cold and hard to sit upon. The floor is of thick cement, covered with an inch or so of wood, because cement is noisy to walk upon. You can set fire to the seats and they would burn up, but nothing else would—because there isn't anything else to burn.

The next milestone in San Francisco's new theatrical life was reached on January 10, 1910, when William H. Crane appeared in "Father and the Boys" at the New Columbia Theatre, in Geary near Mason Street. For convenience, (Continued on page 51)



GROUP IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, FISHING CONTEST

“WHAT do the player folk of Paris do in summer time?” **A Theatrical Fishing Contest** of types that you question whether anyone has really left the city.

I asked my friend, the Expatriate, exiled by choice, not necessity.

She raised an amused eyelid. “Paris is never so much Paris as when they are all away.” She disposed of the “they” with a negligent gesture, which seemed to include all those listed in “*Qui Etes Vous*.”

The loyal Parisians—and certainly the stage people belong to this order—consider every journeying away from the beloved boulevards in the light of a tragedy, to be averted if possible, to be lived through with a single glimmer of hope—that of returning, if unavoidable. Such a summer as that of 1911 is, of course, exceptional. Paris was then like a beautiful woman, suddenly disfigured, from whom her one-time admirers ran in terror and dismay.

That special population of the French capital is indifferent to climatic conditions; only the unexceptional has power to tear up roots of life-long habit. Under the spreading chestnut trees, *tout Paris* opens its umbrellas and waits for the sun to shine. It does, frequently, and immediately the gay out-of-door life begins anew, skirts drop, chiffons are renovated, feathers and flowers become all the perkier for the temporary sprinkling.

Soon after the Grand Prix, which practically ends the racing seasons for Americans, the tourists fly away by motor, train and channel crossings. The “hotels” of the aristocracy are closed. Fashion trails from one cure to another, seeking distraction and, incidentally, health; making or receiving visits on board yachts, in beach villas or speeding limousines. But this is only an insignificant percentage of the whole, and with its departure Paris breathes a sigh of relief. It is now in possession of the real lovers, who have waited, bored, impatient, irritated.

You see them, joyous in their regained possession, sitting for hours on the sidewalk “terrace” of the Café de la Paix, or grouped about the enameled tables of the Café Madrid, Pré Catelan, Armentonville, L’Hermitage, before which pass such an endless procession

The haunts of this population are, in truth, little known. They made the Moulin Rouge famous and the Jardin de Paris. They did the same kind of act for the Abbey, of which Anglo Saxons still speak with the bated breath of the “sad dog” type. Then, when Americans and English followed, they disappeared, to find other places where the same programme will be repeated. They smile that one should find the Grand Prix interesting, and in a low tone refer to other “concours,” some of which never reach the prestige of the printed page.

It was to one of these contests that my friend suggested that we go, actuated by my curiosity concerning the vacation of the theatric people. To my bromidial speech that we were not expected, she raised the amused eyelid and epigrammatically announced that it was very commonplace to go only where one is invited, that such a procedure is sure to rob life of one of its most pungent zests—the unexpected.

So, early one morning we found ourselves in the Bois de Boulogne at the Great Lake.

It was at that hour a woolded solitude the splash of the minnow, the call of the bird, the step of the occasional pedestrian, the only sounds to break the serenity of the natural hour.

As we stood on the tiny bridge for a moment, that connects two islets, we viewed a photographer arranging his apparatus at the pavilion Azais, the avant courier of the function. Here and there along the borders of the beautiful sheet of water, shadowed by willows, planes and chestnuts, we noted poles stuck in the ground, dividing the demesne into sections, each pole bearing a mystic number.

Until I saw those black figures on the white placards I had actually not thought to ask concerning the details of our quest. That I was to see something foreign and something that every American did not see had been all sufficient data, particularly as the *mise en scène* had been selected apparently with a view to my personal delectation—the wonderful Paris woodland in the morn-



The tomb of Madame Pouillot and her husband at Pere La Chaise. Madame Pouillot was a guest of honor at the Fisherman's Contest

ing when it is always to be enjoyed at its very best.

My questions now, however, came thick and fast, and I learned that *Comœdia*, the authoritative journal in Paris on stage matters, had organized an out-of-door contest for the theatre people remaining in town who were interested in fishing, or thought they were, a wording which left a generous margin of decision to draw upon.

The right of entry demanded that the fisherman should belong to "the profession" and should know a fish when he saw it. It was intimated that no doubt from this humble beginning a large society would inevitably grow, embracing possibly all the Izaak Waltons of France. The name of "Le Goujonette" (the little gudgeon) was suggested as an appropriate title.

At ten thirty we were still in undisputed possession of that portion of the Bois. Shortly after, one of the management of the fête, who was strolling about with a supervising eye, explained that while many of the fishermen might not get to the contest, they were sure to arrive on time at the midday luncheon to be held at the Alcazar, the well-known restaurant on the Champs Elysées. He invited us to attend, stating that they would all consider it an honor. We would be the only Americans.

After a dramatic hesitation, which we considered was rather well done, we accepted.

The manager did his fishing contestants injustice, for soon they began to arrive until our isolated retreat resembled a huge aviary filled with chattering birds. The solitude was rent by cries and calls, staccato talk, ripples of merry laughter, songs and footlight imitations of hunting calls.

The costumes had apparently been selected with an eye, to dramatic effect. They could not fail to impress the most casual eye with their bizarre appeal. They were so delightfully incongruous to the occasion that all at once the great natural background of trees and water seemed to shrink and become a mere theatric framing for human action.

Only one man brought a fishing basket. He was the subject of good-natured derision. He was dubbed "L'Anglais" immediately. Vanity bags, coat pockets, carefully lined with silk, knotted handkerchiefs and scarfs did yeoman duty.

A well-known ingénue was costumed in pearl gray. The corsage was cut very low, and at the V-shaped opening a single red rose gave the contrast of color to the pallor of cheek and greenish gray eyes, outlined with blue cosmetic. Another in black had not a vestige of trimming to break the ascetic lines, but, as if the

burden of this conventionality was too great, she had balanced its rigor by perching rakily on her Greek coiffure of auburn hair a small, untrimmed felt hat about the size of a breakfast sancer. She was escorted by a trio, true in every particular to the Murger types, as we know them in La Bohème, and soon after her arrival caught a minnow about the length of her index finger, which, ungloved, showed a green stone of cryptic design.

She danced about the lake with it to admiring ejaculations. She waved it in front of our astonished eyes and announced that it was "un vrai merlan." We did not contradict her. The trio removed the fish from the line.

Madame Louise Silvain, of the Comédie Française, was gowned in a very smart blue fonlard and had a small black hat with nodding white plumes. She did not remove her long gloves and sat in a willow chair while she fished with zest. Opportunity, however, did not come her way, but favored her husband's efforts, who, after repeated trials and tribulations, succeeded in gathering together a half-dozen unobtrusive specimens. By virtue of his position his fish were examined by monocled visitors with a great show of seriousness.

Some of the participants had provided elaborate apparatus and prepared for the occasion with a tremendous amount of attention to details. If they failed to obtain the *prix d'honneur*, it was not through carelessness.

One spread all over his section an equipment consisting of a red lacquer box, a blue cloisonné tray, and, in a square made by placing cigarettes end to end, a dozen or so bait worms of varying tints seemed to give the needed color to his Matisse trained eye.

In a neighboring division a follower of Izaak Walton wore a brownish corduroy suit, having very tight trousers, a wide-brimmed hat of white with scarlet band, a green bow tie and a huge boutonnière of not one but several gardenias. He managed to distract considerable notice in his quiet way.



THE COMMITTEE'S GROTTTO



AFTER THE CONTEST IN THE ALCAZAR GARDEN



Hungs

ALICE LINDEHL

Recently seen in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," now a prominent Stock Company, Columbus, Ohio

Excitement rose to fever heat when Max Dearly, king of the vaudevillians, arrived. A great favorite, he ran from one group to another, admiring fish and costumes with equal fervor.

"Who is he?" we inquired of a self-appointed guide, who varied his angling attempts with courier-like attentions.

He told us the name, then added, "Mr. Dearly is happily married."

He waited, his line held taut, a pinkish worm curling at the end in ultimate anguish, to see how we took the news. Apparently he expected us to curl up in convulsions like his bait.

We were calm, announcing that we had seen Mr. Dearly in his charming skit, "The American Doll," and liked him immensely.

One entire section was given to the troupe of the Folies Dramatiques; directly across the lake the Belgian Company of the Déjazet formed a striking contrast to their Gallic friends. They were so expert in landing gudgeon that several of the reconnoitering Committee accused them, laughingly, of having hypnotized the fish, as they do their audiences, into a state of neuresthenia.

Farther away stood members of the Bouffes Parisiens, among them the charming Mademoiselle Le Geay, a centre of masculine if not piscatorial interest. Across the water was pointed out the Gymnase Company.

A member of the committee, distinguished by the button of the Legion of Honor, explained to us that in order to belong to this choice band, one must possess certain qualifications.

"And these, Monsieur?" we inquired deferentially.

"You must be amiable, Mesdames, and you must be gay."

"A good fisherman, too?" you ask in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That is not a handicap, ladies, but it is not necessary. If one is a *bon camarade* one can dispense with the superfluous—such as accurate information and experience."

"And nothing else?"

"He must know how to console those who catch nothing and soothe the ruffled feelings of any one who is so ignorant that he does not know the fish from the flowers."

Nearly all the important theatres in Paris have representatives on the Committee. The members of this body are frequently called upon to decide questions every bit as important as those specified. Monsieur Silvain, Vice Doyen of the Comédie Française, acts as President, and from his judicial opinion few demur.

The fishing contest lasts an hour. A veritable tragedy marks its close.

You hear, "Beauh! Beauh!"

Every one rushes. Only a big fish could cause such a commotion. Possibly a five-pounder. Tackle and traps are forgotten: veils fly; scarves are caught on

hanging branches; red tray and blue box are overturned away as they will. In a dramatic tangle, members of the several companies meet in a common cause.

It is only a duck that some one has caught by mistake. The Committee emerges from the mob, portentously grave. They retire to their grotto. They are gone a long time. The discussion waxes fierce, murmurs reaching the outer air and the impatient fishermen. Finally they emerge. The result of the conference is made public as the offender is called before them. They request, first of all, that his name be not published.

"You are commanded to release the duck."

The duck flies away to the accompaniment of a hundred "Beauhs!"

Then a gong announces the close of the contest. Taxis, fiacres private carriages, are filled to overflowing, and the procession winds along to the Alcazar, where, in the pleasant garden, the prizes are distributed by M. Silvain

(Continued on page vii)



Byron

The old Rialto—Union Square and Fourteenth Street



The new Rialto—Broadway, between 28th and 30th Streets

THE ACTORS' RENDEZVOUS—THE RIALTO OF YESTERDAY AND THE RIALTO OF TO-DAY

THE "Rialto" of old New York, which for more than half

The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

stood the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which was an important feature of

a century was the rendezvous for the players of the American stage, has practically passed out of existence, but it is held in remembrance by the old playgoers of the metropolis, as well as by the old actors and actresses of the nation, as a sacred reminiscence of the old stage. It was the recognized headquarters of the American actor of the last century, the place toward which his feet always tended when he found himself in the metropolis; the open-air office in which he negotiated for his engagement for the coming season; the lounging place in which he lingered in his moments of leisure. It was on the "Rialto" that the players were recruited after their season's labor "on the road"; here that they compared notes of their experiences, criticized or praised their latest manager, and sought and obtained new engagements. It was the section of New York City devoted almost exclusively to the theatrical profession, and so recognized by all. Its stores and offices were nearly all established to supply the wants of the players, and within its limited area the actor could find response to his demands for costumes, could sign his contract for the coming season, and could gratify his tastes with everything required, from a cocktail to a table d'hôte dinner. The clean-shaven thespian and the soubrette were almost the only persons one met.

The old "Rialto" was a somewhat limited territory, including East Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, and Union Square Park, which, in the days of the last generation, was by no means the beautiful little playground that it is now. This section, in the seventies and eighties, was the theatrical centre of the metropolis. Wallack's Theatre stood just around the corner, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. The Union Square Theatre was in Fourteenth Street, just to the east of Broadway; the Academy of Music, then the temple of grand opera, stood, as it stands to-day, at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, and Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre—there was no "vandalic" house in those days—was also in Fourteenth Street, within the channel limits of the "Rialto." A little more than a block to the West

of the New York stage in those days, and all along Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, were museums, concert halls, restaurants, and bar-rooms, to claim the patronage of the players. Of these latter the Morton House bar, at the corner of Broadway, was the most alluring. It was a bar of aristocratic pattern for the nineteenth century, lacking only the title of "Café" to render it a fair rival of some of the saloons of the twentieth century, but the rage for French titles had not then developed. At its little round tables many an important theatrical engagement was arranged, and in many cases the contracts were actually signed there. It was in this cosy bar-room that Sheridan Shook and A. M. Palmer came to terms under which the latter assumed the management of the Union Square Theatre, resulting in the establishment of the famous Union Square Stock Company, the only real rival of Wallack's and Daly's. The Morton House was a landmark of old New York, and not the least of its claims for recognition as such was the part which it played in the development of the "Rialto." The players in the city made it a headquarters where searching friends could easily find them.

As everybody knows, the "Rialto" was the scene of the loan by Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," the pledge for the return of which, at a specified time, was a pound of the debtor's flesh. Shakespeare, by making it the scene of this transaction, immortalized it so that were Venice swept into oblivion, the "Rialto" would be known to generations of the future so long as the ability to read remained to mankind. The Italian word "rialto," translated literally into English, means simply the "highest bridge." Venice is a city of canals and bridges, and the name rialto was given to the highest of the latter. It was the headquarters of the money changers and money lenders of the city, and was as well known as the financial centre of Venice, as is Wall or Broad Street to New York. It was to the highest bridge that the seeker of a loan resorted, knowing that he would find there the man who would accommodate him. It was here that Shylock advanced his

money on the security of a pound of flesh, furnishing the motive around which the action of "The Merchant of Venice" revolves. The word "Rialto" thus became identified, to an extent, with the theatrical profession, and from the days of Shakespeare it has been used to designate a gathering place for players.

What particular actor first christened Fourteenth Street, within the limits described, as the "Rialto" is a question to which I have not been able to find an answer. It may have been one of the higher lights of the stage, or one of the "harn-storers" who first made the place his stamping ground. But the name of the man who first called public attention to the "Rialto," and made it a household word for the masses, is fortunately preserved for enshrinement in the Temple of Fame. He was "Ted" McAlpin, one of the Bohemian reporters of the New York Sun in the days when Amos J.

Cummings, as managing editor of that paper, made it sparkle like its namesake with flashes of wit. "Ted" was a shining light in the galaxy of talent which Cummings hired to the service of the Sun. He was tall and lanky, wore very thick and wavy side-whiskers, and had much the appearance as he walked the streets of a high-strung evangelist. But he only looked this part. Can'tor compels the admission that "Ted" was one of the high rollers of his profession, brimful of good humor at all times and overflowing with geniality, a magnificently good fellow all through, and one of the brightest of the old Bohemian reporters, a class which has now passed into history.

At the time Lydia Thompson's famous English Burlesque Company came to New York, and played its engagement at Wallack's, Rose Massey was generally conceded to be the most beautiful of the many beautiful women of the organization. At the close of the Thompson engagement, Dion Boucicault followed it with a production of his latest new play, "The Shaughran." The juvenile actor in this play was Harry Montague, a fine looking young fellow, with considerably more personal beauty than professional talent. He was also the private secretary of Boucicault,

who regarded him in the light of a personal ward. The women of New York went literally crazy over Harry Montague, and he was



White

CARRIE DE MAR

Well-known American vaudeville performer recently seen at the Coliseum in London

the first to achieve the distinction of being called the "matinée idol," a title which has been since bestowed on many a smarter man. One day Amos Cummings called "Ted" to his office and informed him of a report that Rose Massey was about to sue Montague for breach of promise of marriage. "Go up and see the boy," said Amos, "and make him talk, if you can." Ted gave his usual nod of recognition of the duties of his task, and dived out of the office to take up the trail. The trail led him direct to Wallack's Theatre, where he hoped to find trace of the young defendant.

Theodore Moss, who afterwards became owner and manager of Wallack's, was at this time the treasurer and business manager of the house. Ted found him in his office, and asked information re-

garding the haunts of Montague, and where he would be likely to find him.

"Why, he's on the stage now," said Mr. Moss. "They're having a sort of a rehearsal of some of the scenes which don't quite satisfy Boucy. Go back and see him."

Ted was overjoyed at the ease with which he had run his quarry down, and he acted on Mr. Moss's suggestion at once. He was admitted to the auditorium, and passed through it to go upon the stage through a box entrance. Mr. Moss did not accompany him, but remained in his office to await events, a jolly twinkle illuminating his eyes. He knew Boucicault better than Ted did, and no doubt foresaw the result of his perilous exploration of the stage while Boucicault was conducting a rehearsal.

Ted stepped from the box to the stage, and found it filled with members of the company trying to follow the directions of "Boucy." He waited patiently until there was a pause, and then, boldly stepping up to the author, suggested that he would like to speak to Mr. Montague.

"And what do you want of him?" growled the gruff author and stage manager.



Gould & Marden, Inc. **FRANK TINNEY**
Appearing in "The Winsome Widow" at the
Moulin Rouge



White **HOPE LATHAM**
Lately seen as Jane Palmer in "The Rainbow" at
the Liberty



Bangs **WINSTROP CHAMBERLAIN**
Now playing with the Hudson Theatre Stock Company,
Union Hill, N. J.

"I want to get his story about this breach of promise case of Rose Massey's," began Ted.

But he got no further. Turning to the grim-visaged stage door-keeper, Bonicault shouted, "Here, Jim, throw this fellow out on the Rialto." The Cerberus of the stage advanced calmly, seized the collar of Ted, marched him to the stage door, and, not too gently, "fired" him out on Fourth Avenue. Ted scarcely realized what had happened until he found himself groping toward Fourteenth Street, and was swallowed up in the groups of players strolling up and down on the Rialto. Then he shook himself together, muttered in a grievous tone, "Well, I'll be d—!" and vanished through the door of the Morton House bar.

This action of Bonicault was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He was excitable at all times, and when acting as stage manager at rehearsals he had no patience with anybody. He would probably have ejected Mr. Moss from his own stage under similar circumstances.

Ted having fortified himself with a Rialto tonic, strolled out on Fourteenth Street, and industriously interviewed many actors on the Rose Massey suit, but gained little of interest for building up his story. He finally went to the *Sun* office and made the "firing" of himself on the Rialto the feature of the Rose Massey sensation. It was the first time that the general public had heard of the Rialto, and the story made a remarkable hit. The name Rialto became a household word,

and from that day on the little space of territory to which it was applied became the favorite lounging place, not only of the players, but of their admirers, who were eager to see their favorites "off the stage" in the common walks of life.

And so the "Rialto" became an acknowledged feature of Metropolitan life. High society was quite as silly in those days as it is now. Fifth Avenue was then a purely residence section of the city, and the belles of that section began to include the "Rialty"

in their daily promenades. They would stroll back and forth, observing the players, and casting sheep's eyes at their stage favorites. Many a jealous feud has arisen between young society ladies and their "best man" on account of these trips to the "Rialto." They became a "fad" which swept through all classes of citizens, and made this part of Fourteenth Street a scene of glittering enchantment every pleasant afternoon, especially in the summer months, when the "Rialto" was swarmed with the idle players. The towering skyscrapers, which are now features of the scene, were then but dreams of architectural visionaries. A four-story building was a novelty, and if the "Rialto," as it was could be brought back to view to-day, its original frequenters would be amazed to remember that they had ever made it their favorite promenade. But for years it was the leading centre of interest to what was then upper New York, and it is now one of the choicest recollections of old players, as well as old players.



Wilfred North in two widely different characterizations—the Kahn in "The Flower of the Palace of Hara" and the constable in "The Pagan." Mr. North, an Englishman by birth, left the legal profession in Texas and came to New York in 1890. His first engagement was with Lillian Lewis in "Cécile Lorraine." He left her to join Gustave Frohman, with "The Watch." Then followed a season with Louis James during which season he wrote a play for Mr. James entitled "Henry of Navarre." Mrs. Fiske engaged him for the part of the rebel in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Later he was with Miss Marlowe two seasons.

In the nineteenth century the business of engaging the members of the stock companies of the land was conducted very differently from the system now pursued. Very few out-of-town managers saw the actors they had engaged through the dramatic agencies until they reported to fulfill their engagements. The business of the dramatic agent was a thriving one, and the Rialto and its immediate neighborhood was filled with their offices. If not too distant from the metropolis, the managers of other cities would come to New York to "look over the stock" before making engagements, and the Rialto was the place where the "looking over" was done. A stroll along it would bring to the eyes of the manager actors of all classes, from the meek and lowly utility man to the pompous leading man and leading woman. Little chats in the street or in the bar-room would result in the giving and accepting of contracts, which would then be celebrated by a table d'hôte dinner in one of the many restaurants to clinch the bargain. But most of the out-of-town managers did not find it convenient to come to the city to attend to their business personally, and these had to rely entirely on the dramatic agent for the selection of their companies. The Rialto was the clearing house of the profession, and was so recognized all over the country.

In the days of which I am writing the player had not attained the position in the social scale which he now enjoys. He was not regarded as a vagabond, as he was a century ago, and sentiment had begun to flow in his favor, but he was still an outcast from the circles of the best society, which could not bring itself to regard him as more than an entertainer who was amply paid for his services by the dollars which it showered upon him. In these days much, if not practically all, of this critical feeling has disappeared, and the leading members of the profession are treated with the courtesy and consideration which is their just due by all classes of society. A popular juvenile man of to-day

will receive more cordial recognition than was accorded to the masterly genius of Edwin Booth a generation ago. The feeling that they were, to an extent, at least, ostracized, gave to the old-time player a tendency toward Bohemianism, which made him somewhat free in his intercourse with his fellows, and this tendency was as marked among the actresses as among the actors. The Rialto was the common gathering place where one was sure to meet one's friends, and it was used quite as freely by the women as by the men of the profession. Lillian Russell was playing at Tony Pastor's in the eighties,

and she would stop for a chat on the Rialto coming from rehearsals and form a glittering feature of the pageant. The same was true of many women of the stage, to whom the Rialto was the only rendezvous for the meeting of friends. Under the different circumstances of the present day those ladies would probably hesitate to display themselves on the Rialto, if the Rialto remained to offer them the chance.

"The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden, then one of the leading New York houses, in the early seventies, introducing for the first time on the American stage the ballet on a large scale. The appearance of tights as the special feature of an entertainment aroused a sensation in the city which has never since been equalled. The show was attacked from pulpit and platform, but Jarrett and Palmer, the producers, stood their ground boldly, and "The Black Crook" became the reigning theatrical attraction of the country. Playgoers came from afar off to witness the spectacle, and it established a new standard of entertainment, which became one of the most successful ever credited to the stage. The members of the ballet were quick to make the Rialto their favorite promenade. On pleasant afternoons it was thronged by them, so that the envious New Yorker could study in real life the woman who

had charmed him with her terpsichorean gyrations in the "Crook." The girls were cordially welcomed to the Rialto by its old frequenters, as, indeed, was any member of the theatrical profession, from the modest variety actor to the most dignified of tragically stars. They brought to it a glitter of attractiveness which added to its allurements, as the Lydia Thompson girls did when playing their season at Wallack's.

Of the old-time actors and actresses who were identified with the development of the Rialto, the list would include practically all the favorites of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Charles R. Thorne, the talented and genial leading man of the Union Square Theatre; Maurice Barrymore, also a popular member of the same company; William H. Crane, who had begun starring with Stuart Robson as partner; Lillian Russell, Rose Coglian, Rosina Vokes, of the Vokes sisters, who played nearly every summer at Daly's, and the popular favorites of every theatre in New York could be constantly seen on the Rialto in their everyday clothes, walking and breathing like the ordinary man and woman. To see them thus was a grand treat to the outside public, which never lost its charm. Charles Burnham, new manager of Wallack's Theatre, was at this

Ballade of the Lonely Hero

The lover I, and o'er and o'er,
Heroes through the play I cry;
Till auditors their plaudits roar,
And brimming tears dim every eye.
The crafty plotter's wiles I spy,
And drive him forth 'neath Heaven's wide dome.
The curtain down, 'tis I who sigh—
The villain's family waits at home.

I track him to his secret door,
I cast him down from mountains high,
Unearth his plans and come before
The great cleftment he would try.
While in the dressing-room I lie
My shoe-lace, he returns my comb—
A cordial handshake, brisk "good night"—
The villain's family waits at home.

Each night he wades through crimes a score,
And yet he has a gentle eye;
He strews his victims 'round the floor,
And vows impenitent he'll die.
From such a wretch good men should fly,
Yet through the streets with him I'd roam,
If all his joys 'round me might lie—
The villain's family waits at home.

ENVOI.

Ah, lonely hero, evermore,
The stage's glories melt like foam,
My hapless state must I deplore—
The villain's family waits at home.

CLARENCE STRATTON.



ETHEL DAVIES
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"



MAUDE FROY
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

(Continued on page 61)

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 4. Adrienne Lecouvreur

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR'S life was as tragic as any part in which she ever appeared, although she ranged through the repertoire of the Comédie Française, and in what was thought to be a shockingly naturalistic manner, characterized the beautiful heroines of Corneille and Racine. She became the queen of the French stage, and if her contemporary critics are to be trusted, one of the greatest actresses who ever lived, yet Adrienne's celebrated question: "What's living without loving?" seems to have been not a question at all, but a wail—the exclamation of despair. She loved, her life was a succession of passions, but she always loved unwisely and too well. When a little girl, with none to prophesy that she would one day be a welcome, flattered and envious guest in the drawing-rooms of the mighty, she was swayed by the great passion, and even then was the victim of great misfortunes and sufferings, caused in the main by a passing whim which she construed to be the beating of love at the door of her heart.

Adrienne was the child of poor parents named Couvreur. The prefix "Le" was adopted as a *nom du théâtre* when she determined to become an actress. During the early years of her life she seems to have been little more than a stock actress in little theatres in the provinces. She learned a long line of parts, however, and was constantly falling in love. It was the same in later years. She played all kinds of parts, from the most tempestuous tragedy of the period to the sprightly and frivolous comedies, and, according to her critics, succeeded perfectly in divorcing one from the other, so that in her comely scenes there was no suggestion of the stately and majestic tragedienne, and in it all she was perhaps the first of the women who attempted anything like realism in costumes and delivery of lines. She dressed the parts that she was playing appropriately, and attempted to defy the precedents that stood as the laws of the Medes and Persians by declining to chant the majestic poetry of Racine and the others, and tried to give life to the words and a new meaning which is commonly accepted to-day. Even then poor Adrienne was suffering daily from the pangs of love.

Finally, when she was established as a favorite in Paris, Maurice de Saxe came into the whirl of the gay

life, and Adrienne quickly surrendered herself. It has been written that her name will never be forgotten as long as his is spoken, and their romance becomes one of the prettiest stories in all the true stories of the world's great loves. Probably Maurice loved her as much as he was capable of loving anyone. She was aware of his infidelities, being only one of hundreds who were infatuated by him, but she loved him as if she were the only object of his affections. She knew that he required money for his great political schemes and gave from her own purse, one time as much as \$7,000, although she was aware that the realization of

his hopes would separate her from her lover. She suffered much and seemed to delight in her sufferings. Her friendships were fortunate and caused her little sorrow, but in the midst of her closest associations with great men of the world, she stealthily held to de Saxe, considering him her own, although her attitude prompted great jealousies, at least once the cause of an unsuccessful attempt to poison her, and then, according to the gossip of the moment, she finally fell a victim to intrigue and plot, and, with her eyes fixed upon a bust of de Saxe, died in the arms of Voltaire.

Two events in her life naturally suggested the theme of a drama. On one occasion she directed the words in a play to her rival,

sitting brazenly in a box at the theatre. All the world knew the meaning and all the world talked when she succeeded by this clever means in driving the Duchess De Bouillon from the playhouse. It was naturally a good situation for a playwright; so good, in fact, that one is tempted to say with De Morgan, "It Can Never Happen Again." Adrienne's life was nearly taken by a box of poisoned candles, supposed to have been sent by the Duchess. All the world knew of it, just as all the world believed that her death was caused by the receipt of a bouquet of poisoned flowers. The woman whom every one believed to be guilty had a powerful family name, and she had relatives and friends, whose word was mighty in affairs of church and state. Her arrest and trial on such a serious charge were things not to be thought of, yet the world believed her guilty. And if so, she won the desperate battle in the end; yet to-day she is chiefly remembered for her connection with the love affairs of the great Adrienne.



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR



White
MARGARET ANGLIN
Recently seen on tour in the comedy, "Green Stockings"



White
JULIA DEAN
Appearing as Virginia Blaine in "Bought and Paid For"

It was natural that Le Couvreur should have been admired by Voltaire. She played in his pieces—she gave life to the creatures of his fancy. Always in advance of his time, he was quick to understand her innovations in manner of delivery, which shocked most of the Parisians. He admired her, and was much in her company, being with her at the terrible end, after which his pen lashed the public as usual, for its treatment of her. In his zeal, he subscribed himself, "her admirer and lover," and, as usual, in the case of anything that had to do with Adrienne or Voltaire, his probable meaning was misunderstood. He delivered an original poem before the *Comédie Française*, in which he referred to the refusal of the church to permit her to have decent burial, in which he said: "To her who in ancient Greece would have had shrines."

It was chiefly through his insistence that an autopsy was held following her death. The tragedy was ascribed to "natural causes." Always at odds with the authority, Voltaire was unable to demand anything like what he considered justice, and the body of the woman, who for thirteen years had been the idol of the French theatre-goers, who had been a great social favorite, and had brought great renown to the stage of Paris, was not only denied burial in consecrated ground, but was not permitted interment in the precincts beyond with the heretics and unbaptized children. Her remains were spirited away in a coach at night and deposited in quicklime at a spot that was kept secret for many years. Adrienne's powerful enemies were still at work, pursuing her even beyond the grave.

The *Comédie* suspended for four days, according to custom. Its leading member, one who perhaps enjoyed greater fame than any

other member before or since, had played in Voltaire's "Oedysse," and four days later was dead. The matter must have caused a certain sorrow, but the regrets were less sincere perhaps than they would have been, owing to the gossip and scandal caused by her sensational departure from the world, and the effort to malign her after death, with Voltaire and others piping a chorus of praise in what seemed to be a minor key.

Adrienne was an actresses' actress. She pointed the way for others to follow. She was to later ladies of the stage what Ibsen was to the playwrights of the past generation. She not only showed the absurdities of the past, exposed the creaking joints of old dramatic custom, but revealed a new beauty, a greater meaning and depth to dramatic characterization.

Scribe and Legouvé fashioned a play from the historical episodes in her life, colored by the incidents that gossip and the mouth of scandal had given a semblance of truth. They preserved the incident of the poisoned bouquet, but made their chief dramatic climax the reading from "Iphigénie," in which she denounced and humiliated the Duc de Bouillon, in which she said:

"I know my own treacheries, Orsine, but I am not one of those hardened women who, enjoying a tranquil conscience among their crimes, can face the world without a blush."

Since her time all the world's greatest actresses have delighted to re-enact her life story, with its tumultuous passions, big dramatic moments and sympathy—compelling ending. Rachel, who was later to hold a position similar to Adrienne's in the affections of the Parisians, and her great artistic rival, Adelaide Ristori, were partial to the play and the

(Continued on page xi)

"JUNE MADNESS"

WHAT though a woman have the courage of a man to live her life as seems to her best, the brain to work out the problems, with the financial independence that comes from money earned, and a perfect willingness to foot the bills—how shall she escape the laws that bind us all together? Mr. Harry Kitchell Webster, a new name in the playwriting world, has set before us a pretty question, one of the definite, net results of the first season of Chicago's Drama Players.

Just what the authorities would agree to as a definition of a "good play" has never been decided, but for practical purposes one which holds the interest of the audience in dealing with a serious phase of life, may be considered to qualify. There may be awkwardness in the craftsmanship of importance to the trade, but of little effect in the world of men, which is quite used to finding things more or less jumbled up in actual life, so feels no shock if the same should appear in the mimetic reproduction. In "June Madness" there is the quality of human appeal which makes you wish to know how the thing is coming out, even enlisting your sympathies strongly, though to many of the stern-visaged it appeared that these went out to the wrong side.

The theme was bitterly attacked as lacking in what the New England of other days called morality, as untrue to the psychology of the feminine mind—nice point that—too "talky," rather a thesis than a play, yet it held the attention of the audience until the final curtain. Suppose something to be constructed in accordance with all the rule of art, offending not even the most ladylike gentlemen present, yet saying nothing of interest—what remains save for it to drop back into the void. While on the contrary, though with a stiff joint or two, Mr. Webster's play is going to walk about to some distance, making the acquaintance of many people.

Again there comes before us the eternal question of that primal instinct, which has decreed that all nature shall mate in the time of roses. Imagine a peculiarly well-poised young woman, who, thrown on her own resources at fifteen, by the age of twenty-three had established herself in the business world, taking to the life with the same sort of aptitude as the intelligent young American man. Family ties, with the outlet they afford for the affections, she had never known, and the opportunities which business afforded for all her faculties seemed to stamp her as one of those sexless, impersonal intelligences, which are not rare, and go far in practical affairs.

The springtime of her twenty-third year found her curiously listless, well enough in body, but somehow out of sorts in a most unaccountable manner, till one day at luncheon she saw two quite commonplace looking young people furtively holding hands while gazing in each other's eyes. In a flash she knew that instinct was not dead within her, but starving, and seeking with dumb voice to call aloud. She asked for a vacation, spent the day purchasing plumage for the prining bird, then from the veranda of a summer hotel saw a youth come glowing from the tennis court.

It was June, with ten days of madness, a glimpse of paradise, upon which at the appointed day the gates were to be shut with the finality of death. All that was hers she gloried in the giving, the price, whatever it might be, she was strong enough willingly to pay. Before the hour came she returned to the city, too well lost for the man ever to find her, and in due course there came a baby girl, to whom she gave the name of June.

With this child to care for every yearning of her soul was satisfied, so all her active faculties were concentrated on her business. Through the long years she joyfully toiled, earning promotion at every step until she arrived at the position of secretary to a railroad magnate, with a salary of \$12,000 a year, and recognized



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MARGUERITE SKIRVIN

Playing Kathleen Llewelyn in the Eastern Company of "Excuse Me"

by him as "one of the two best railroad men in the country."

Twenty years after the first June we are at the summer home of the magnate on the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next. The wife with the feminine instinct has sensed that this peculiarly capable woman must have had a story, and with the petty jealousy of the incapable has ferreted out a notion of the truth, through the aid of a detective agency, which little bomb she explodes. That same evening the man arrives as the accepted lover of the daughter of the household, a young lady of advanced views, which shrivel when put to the test. She, backed by her mother, demands as the price of silence that Mrs. Thornborough shall leave at once. To this at first she was willing to assent, being mistress now of an independent fortune, but there is the daughter, June, with whom the scion of the family has fallen in

love. Nothing shall be permitted to touch June, or she will fight to the last gasp, and the audience to a man, nearly to a woman, was with her, most anxious to know how she was to do it.

The play has power, because each individual is possible, with an understandable point of view with which the audience can sympathize. It raises a nice question. Is a woman in these days to go her own ways, paying her bills like a gentleman, since she has earned the money with which to do so? She refuses to feel disgrace for exercising her natural rights as a human being, and with the pride of financial independence she has always stood ready to pay the price. But there is the child, June, while the laws of nature and man are so interwoven that there is no untangling the skein without harm and sorrow to those who had no part in the freedom she arrogated.

The daughter of millions must pocket her pride and grief, while the woman of haughty independence finds that the price she stood ready to pay must in fact

be met by others, that through her injury has come to the innocent, whose grief she cannot assuage, the bitterest thought of all to a high spirit. Though once again in June she may walk away hand in hand with the man, the law of life has left a wound in her that will rankle without cicatrix to her latest days.

There are excellent opportunities for the players, for Miss Reicher in particular as the woman, Mrs. Thornborough; Miss Shannon as the daughter, Miss Hollis; Mr. Emery as Mr. Hollis, the railroad man; Mr. Kelsey as the man, Mr. Fielding. Also Mr. Webster succeeded in discovering a fresh love scene, delightfully played by Miss Kelly and Mr. Allen. But it was the story of the play as it unfolded on the stage which held the people, and it is not only of worth itself, but a promise for the future. Mr. Webster has shown that he has ideas in his head, with a notion of shaping in dramatic form. As he is human and most teachable, he may go far, at least to Broadway this coming season.

KARLETON HACKETT.



White
Now appearing as Madeline in "The Rose Maid" at the Globe

An Interpreter of Plays

ONE day last month Madame Harriet Labadie gave a dramatic interpretation of Percy MacKaye's play, "To-morrow" before an audience which made up the members and guests of the Century Theatre Club of New York.

Except for a bare statement of the fact in the daily papers, the event passed unrecorded, and only the few hundred auditors who received the impress of her wonderful art and of her compelling personality are aware that a genius has come and gone unnoticed.

Can you, theatre-goers, to whom the drama is inseparably linked with the theatre, with its actors, lavish stage settings and ingenious devices of lighting, can you imagine one woman presenting a drama alone—presenting it without any theatrical effects to appeal to the physical eye, yet so realistically that you are actually able to see with the mental eye, separately and distinctly, a full cast of characters; presenting it so that you feel intensely the varying emotions of sorrow and of joy through which they pass?

"Not possible!" you exclaim. But those who heard Madame Labadie will tell you that she is capable of doing all this, and, what is more wonderful, she accomplishes it with such ease, without the slightest apparent straining after-effect that it is almost impossible to discover the secret of her success.

Picture a stage with all the usual accessories eliminated, except for an inconspicuous table bearing a small glass of water, set down-stage on the

right. A woman enters and you are at once conscious of a radiance that emanates with a magnetic glow from her personality. When she begins to speak, your next impression is of a beautiful contralto voice, full and penetrating, and of a pair of eyes which fill with life and changing color in response to the different quality of tones which illuminate her word pictures.

In the briefest of introductions you are made acquainted with the author and the basic idea of the play. Then calling the imagination of the auditors into play, with deft, quick strokes the scene is set and the characters, in the relation they bear to one another in the drama, are firmly placed in the mind's eye. This being done, the one and only material personality occupying the stage withdraws herself, as it were, and immediately brings into being, in quick succession, the characters of the play, which become so well defined that one can actually feel their presence. There is no mention of exits and entrances, nor are any explanations necessary throughout the entire drama. The characters come and go unannounced; you see them mentally so clearly that you recognize their coming and going and their positions upon the stage without confusion. You grow so familiar with the temperament and development of each and every one that you share their emotions and pass through all the degrees of suffering and joy which they experience. The tenseness of the action is sustained from beginning to end. Not even in the one minute pause between acts is the attention of the audience allowed to



White
HARRIET LABADIE
Interpreter of Plays

(Continued on page 65)

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A Book on Playwriting

(Continued from page 45)

anticlimax, with the experienced writer is impossible.

The real point of issue, however, where we contended with Mr. Archer, is the declaration upon the cover of his "Play-Making" that there is no recognized handbook of practical dramatic craftsmanship in the English language. He certainly intends no unfairness. Without depreciating other work in any way, he passes over Lessing's "Hamburg Dramaturgy," Schlegel's "Lectures," Freytag's "Technique," Jerome's "Playwriting," Hennequin's "Art of Playwriting," and Calmou's "Practical Playwriting." But there are two books by an American author, one of which at least contains a genuine formulation of dramatic law, evolved into its principles, which are applied to actual work. That book is "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle" by William Thompson Price, which, while it expresses many ideas again for emphasis, is never contradictory. The book is certainly recognized in America, and it is too important a contribution to dramatic literature to be ignored.

An Aristocrat of the Stage

(Continued from page 45)

Street one day to see my parents. He asked them if they would consent to my coming East to play child parts with his Fifth Avenue Theatre Company.

"No," said my father.

"But you have allowed the little girl to go on the stage here," he said. "I guarantee that she will be in good care. Her mother cannot go with her. I will hire a nurse and chaperone."

"No, no," said my mother. "There is no use of your saying another word. I should as lief cut off my arm."

"Poor mother." She has often regretted that decision, by which she bound me to San Francisco. I remained there, married the actor manager, Fred Cooper, played more or less regularly, and brought up my children, two of whom, Ollie and Georgie Cooper, followed me to the stage. I played nurse in The Little Lord Fauntleroy Company in which Georgie had the title role.

ADA PATTERSON.

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Theatre Orchestras

(Continued from page 46)

intrenched in popular favor, owe their success largely to the fact that they were launched with adequate orchestras, some of these, indeed, being no whit inferior to those that accompany "Grand opera." Proper orchestral clothing will make even a commonplace melody seem distinguished and important, as Berlioz has observed.

This writer holds to the belief that the mechanical playing, using the pneumatic principle, will soon be found to offer the rational solution of the theatre orchestra difficulty. At the tiny Nazimova Theatre in New York a year or so ago, when a play of Ibsen's was being given, the sole music to be heard was supplied by a grand piano to which one of these playing devices was attached. This invisible, modest, but entirely appropriate medium displaced piano music, principally that of Grieg, and many were the approving comments thereon. This device has many advantages beside that of being invisible: it is absurdly inexpensive, and, with the present almost unlimited collection of good music available for it, there seems no reason for its not being effective if it is entrusted to an intelligent operator.

WILSON A. BROWN.

The Floating Theatre

(Continued from page 46)

Even to within ten years many of the show boats had such a natural incidence or household necessity to sell during off hours. Attention was artfully called to these by the actors at the end of the play, and sometimes free samples were distributed as souvenirs.

The show business on the rivers, instead of declining and going out of existence with the coming of the new traveling troupes which go from town to town in trains, has prospered and increased. The boats have become more elaborate and the outfit more costly. Some of the modern floating theatres are superior to many of the one-horse theatres built to accommodate traveling troupes. For instance, the "Cotton Blossom," one of the largest floating theatres on the Mississippi, cost upward of \$50,000 for the whole equipment. This show boat is a veritable floating theatre, with electric lights, a printing

press and scenery of an elaborate nature aboard. It accommodates nearly half a hundred actors, actresses, deck hands and musicians.

Other modern river show boats are of nearly equal importance and size as the "Cotton Blossom." One carries a ten-piece orchestra and travels upward of 6000 miles in a year up and down the Mississippi and Ohio. A third is lighted outside and inside by two thousand incandescent electric bulbs, which gives a wonderful effect on the river at night time, and when entering a harbor the lights are all lashing and a callopie plays brazenly to attract attention, its notes being heard nearly ten miles away.

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

A Theatrical Fishing Contest

(Continued from page 86)

on the part of "Comœdia" and the newly-formed "Le Goujonette."

There are four of these awards, beauty, number, size, weight carefully considered.

After the prizes are distributed to the victors, the defeated come in for their share of awards. Each lady receives a collection of perfumes, powders, soap, cosmetics carefully packed in a Pinaud box of Japanese lacquer. The men are consoled with fishing rods of various kinds and cigarette holders.

The luncheon, announced as a "monster banquet," is, in reality, the first-class table d'hôte of the popular cafe on festival occasions. There are neither cocktails nor oysters, but the fifty-seven varieties of *hors d'œuvre*, without which no Continental repast starts correctly.

No French function is complete without its note of melancholy, however gay in seeming.

Mrs. Pouillot furnishes this note, Madame Pouillot, friend of the artists, to whom she has been and still is most generous. The home for actors' children, which she has endowed, is one of the philanthropic sights of Paris. There are other generosityes, but this is the most important. She claims special attention from Americans, for, a few years ago, she presented several prizes for skilled horsemanship and rifle work to members of the Buffalo Bill Company.

We sit next to Madame Pouillot at the table. In course of time she tells us that side by side with the elaborate tomb she has erected for her husband is another one waiting for herself. All you have to do when you have passed the portals of the cemetery is to inquire for "Le Tombeau de Coeur." Everybody knows it. The clock strikes one, two, three, four, and then the half hour. Monsieur and Madame Silvain are once more the dignified host and hostess. The party rises, anxious to scurry off to other rendezvous. A final toast is drunk to the American visitors.

Le Concours de Pêche à la ligne is over.

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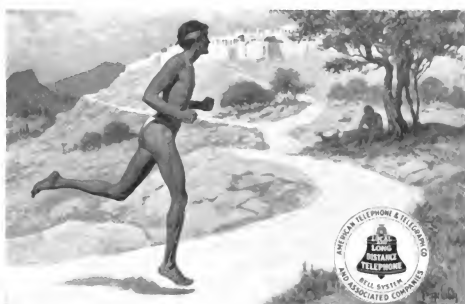
The First JAWOWSKY SONG—"La Traviata"—*Pris m'as bell'ant apris (Wid) My Dream of Youth* (Act II)—Verdi; "La Bohème"—*Racconto di Rodolfo (Rodolfo's Narrative)* (Act I)—Puccini.

This young Russian tenor, who has made such a success at the Metropolitan, and whose voice was so admired in the duet with Miss Farrar issued in May, has just made for the Victor several fine songs, two of which are now presented to the public. The first of the numbers is the lovely air of *Alfred*, sung at the beginning of Act II. The young Germont here speaks of his wild youth, and the peace and happiness which have come to him through his love for Violetta. The second is Rudolph's story of his life, which he narrates to Mimi, the pretty seamstress in the garret of the Quartier Latin. This is the chief tenor solo in "La Bohème," and probably one of the greatest favorites among the airs in operas of recent production.

BEN GREET, the famous Shakespearean interpreter, makes Victor records of *Friendship* (From "Hamlet")—Shakespeare; *Benedick's Idea of a Wife* (From "Much Ado About Nothing")—Shakespeare.

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"Il Guarany"—*Senza letto* (Act II)—Gomez. Mr. Amato's contribution for July is a most interesting one, being the first number from a celebrated opera by Antonio Carlos Gomez. The fine air which Amato has given is an admirable example of the spirited and picturesque music written by this composer.



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The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

(Continued from page 60)

time the business manager of the old Wallack's, at Thirtieth Street and Broadway, and the right-hand man of Theodore Moss, the owner and manager of the house. Its appearance on the Rialto, with its fetching whippers, was frequent, and he was always cordially welcomed by the frequenters. The players, especially those lacking an engagement for the coming season, would flock around him and delicately urge their claims for a "sit." They would rave over their successes in the Wild West circuits and pour into his hospitable ear tales of barnstorming which were most interesting, if not altogether convincing. "Charming," said the manager, the most dignified managers of the metropolis, and has probably forgotten much of his Rialto experiences. But his success as a manager is due to a most appreciable extent to the lessons which he learned in his informal chats with the frequenters of that centre of the players' personal life.

But one manager in New York was ever known to object to the Rialto as a gathering place for the members of his company. All the others regarded it in the sense of a paying advertisement for their houses and their people. Seeing the actors and actresses on the street in everyday life, they assumed, only whetted the appetite of the paying public to see them in favorite roles on the stage. Augustin Daly, however, took an opposite view of the matter. He claimed that the promenade on the Rialto cheapened the value of his people, reducing the fascination of the stage by bringing them face to face in a proxy manner with the persons who paid its money to see them surrounded by all the allurement of the stage.

The famous old Rialto, as has been said, is a thing of the past. Theatrical spectacles now bound its limits, and nearly all the metropolitan theatres have been moved far uptown, so that the location of the old Rialto has become inconvenient for the players. The dramatic agency business has almost completely disappeared, engagements now being made, not for stock companies, but for special actors, qualified to play special roles for the entire season. With the disappearance of the old style of theatre the main purpose of the Rialto has disappeared, and with the movement of the theatres uptown, its service as a convenient promenade for the artist has been abolished. There is now what is called the "New Rialto," which extends up Broadway from Thirtieth Street to Forty-fifth Street, but it is a Rialto in name only. The glories of the old Rialto have gone forever. They will be remembered with pleasure by the old players and old playgoers, but to the present generation they are simply ancient history, interesting only as characteristic of old-time metropolitan stage.

GREY BIRD SPRING WATER
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An Interpreter of Plays

(Continued from page 64)

wander from the subject. The effect is at once exhausting and stimulating to the intellect, with a final glow of exultation and a sense of completeness that is satisfying to a degree. There is not one jarring note. Even the book in her hand plays an integral part in a synthetic whole, taking its place in the presentation as the baton in the hand of a master conductor, leading his orchestra, fits into the unity of thought and action of the music.

Distinctness is in her every movement. Unfettered and untrammelled by any of the set rules adhered to by the orthodox reader, she knows how to convey by each well directed action a toss of the head, a glance of the eye, a slight, significant pause, a half turned shoulder, the exact effect and shade of meaning desired, each interpreting in a flash the character's inmost thought.

Two years ago, during her Western tour, Madame Labadie spent the summer in Alaska, where she gave dramatic interpretations of "A Doll's House" and "The Servant in the House," both plays being recited by the people of that far-off country with an appreciation which had hardly been expected. On August 1st, 1910, her Alaskan tour closed with "The Servant in the House" at Nome, to which northward point this valiant woman had traveled over 2,000 miles down the "Mighty Yukon" from White Horse to St. Michael's, and thence across the Behring Sea in an old revenue cutter.

Born in Michigan, of an American parentage, Madame Labadie, who bears the French Canadian name of her husband, before her training at an unusually early age, has devoted a lifetime to perfecting her art.

THEATRONAL

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Hamlet Behind a Net

(Continued from page 39)

sills; some even went so far as to perch on one another's shoulders. I noted that the fair sex were very slimly represented. However, it was a most jovial assemblage—too much so, it seemed to me, for an audience come to witness the weightiest masterpiece on the boards. Pretty soon the prevailing jollity stammered down to an expectant buzz. Presently, the musicians entered.

As James Owen O'Connor walked haltingly to the centre of the stage, he glanced at the wire net. So did the audience. Hamlet was melancholy, as befitted his lines; the audience, on the contrary, appeared to be affected by a vehement epidemic of the risibles. They cachinnated, applauded, cheered, and yelled with merriment. O'Connor frowned, flushed—forgot his lines. He turned his back to the audience, and called loudly for the prompter. At this moment, someone among the closely pressed gallery gods took occasion to throw a large-sized apple. It struck the net, and fell harmlessly to the stage. O'Connor turned. "Arrest the man who threw that!" he cried. Then followed an indescribable uproar among the denizens near the roof, which indicated that the offender was being forcibly jerked out of his seat and ejected amid the loud-voiced protests of himself and friends. When quiet was restored, Hamlet, having got his lost cue, calmly proceeded with the recital of his woes.

Scattered among the occupants of gallery, balcony, and parterre, were numerous would-be punsters, who interpolated advice or suggestions during the progress of the drama. When the black-robed Prince of Denmark said:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

O'Connor's bulk became the target for a chorus of ironical sallies. "Why not, try Turkish baths?" "Are you in earnest?" "Is Edwin Booth in the house?" "Keep on trying—you'll be an actor some day!" "What's your weight now, James?" etc., etc.

Punctuated by hullohs, vociferation and hullohs, the second act of this extraordinary performance of "Hamlet" wore its uproariously interesting way through. Hamlet advised the players: the convulsed throng advised the moon-struck Prince to practice what he preached. In truth, O'Connor did saw the air quite strenuously when, by word of mouth, he was instructing otherwise.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question." With folded arms, O'Connor, leaning against a rickety table, was reciting these well-known words, when—horrors!—a lank, noisy individual, who sat directly behind the orchestra, pitched an enormous cabbage upon the stage. The vegetable rolled easily under the wire net; it came to a stop within a foot of the staggered Hamlet, and lay before him with a rakish air. When the curtain had fallen, O'Connor possessed himself of the vegetable. Raising it high in the air, he cried: "Memories of cornmeal! Behold, folks, this edible tribute to the capital 'O' in my name! Would that I knew its giver, so that I might return it to him, for 'tis possible he likes its taste much more than I."

"Is this the thrower?" A square-jawed policeman edged his way through the curious seat-holders all agog before the scene. Addressing the lank man, the officer snapped: "Get out of this theatre right away—and quickly, too!" The lank man needed no second bidding. With discomfiture written all over him, he hastily gathered up his belongings, and, gingerly holding before him the trouble-making cabbage, made a confused, stumbling exit.

A mighty storm of applause now broke forth, which showed conclusively that the summary dismissal of the lank man had found hearty favor with the major part of the audience.

"Just listen to that hand-clapping," cried the star tragedian, beaming with pleasure. "Hold on. I've an idea!" Up with the curtain, boys! Amid a deafening racket, in which were intermingled loud demands for "Speech! Speech!" O'Connor held up his hand for a moment's silence before many minutes had passed did he obtain it. When, at last, he could make himself heard, he said:

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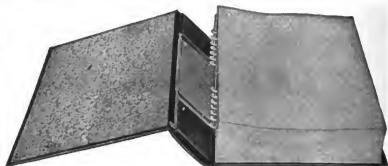
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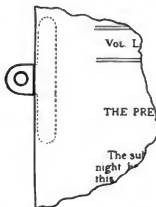
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Specimen Pages



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hangs upon the verdict of such as you, hospitable folk of the Golden Gate (cheers), not upon the actions of cabbage throwing hoodlums, or the trivial lines of carking critics, who grow merry over the shape of my legs, but pass lightly over my earnest efforts to do the best I can, according to my lights. So the world wags! This net behind which I speak! He struck it with his hand, while an infectious smile writhed in his cheek—"this net has about outlived its usefulness," (Cries of "Right you are, Mr. O'Connor!") "Being firmly convinced that this playhouse now contains none but my well-wishers, I intend, at the conclusion of this act, to tear down the net for the rest of the play." (Heaving applause.) I crave an attentive audience, a respectful hearing—I know I am going to get them both!—

And he did.

EDWARD ACKER.

San Francisco's Rehabilitation

(Continued from page 20)

comfort, beauty and safety the Columbia is certainly the equal of any playhouse in the country. John Cort's new playhouse began a prosperous career on August 27, 1911. The investment represents \$100,000, nearly half of which was put into the building itself.

Belasco & Mayer's new Alcazar Theatre, on O'Farrell Street, near Powell, was dedicated on December 23d by an enthusiastic audience that assembled to inspect the beautiful playhouse and witness a production of "The Fourth Estate." The decorations are typical of the Golden State, but are treated in an entirely different manner from the Cort Theatre. G. C. Wicker has used California's world-famous redwoods in a wall decoration motif that makes the spectator feel as if he were seated in the midst of a grove of towering sequoias. The trees are conventionalized to a certain extent, but you see clearly enough their purple trunks, green foliage and the orange, morning, light shimmering through. As the eye lifts upwards, the sky becomes bluer, and is suffused with pink clouds with the golden rays of the early sun shooting through them.

These beautiful theatres, with the Empress, the Pantages and the Wigwag that make a bid for vaudeville honors, constitute San Francisco's principal playhouses to-day.

A number of other theatres are being planned for the amusement of the millions of visitors who will flock to San Francisco during the next four years. Perhaps the most impressive temple of art that will figure in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition ceremonies will be the million dollar opera house that is to adorn the Civic Center proposed by Daniel Burnham, the professional city builder. The world famous architects, builders, artists and sculptors are to be secured to plan a worthy addition to the magnificent municipal buildings that are to be grouped at the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Market Street.

The city is to supply the site, and the greater part of the money needed to build the opera house is to be raised by subscriptions for boxes at \$15,000 each. The scheme is novel in America in that it provides for a combination of public and private enterprise.

During the next four years a gorgeous setting for still another scene in this remarkable drama will be in course of preparation, and when the curtain goes up in 1915, San Francisco will easily be able to live up to her reputation of being one of the greatest show cities in the world.

HORATIO F. STORL

Famous Women

(Continued from page 20)

rile. Mrs. P. R. Bowers played the part with some success in America, but the incidents of the story and the people who played a part in it were not so well understood over here as in France.

Sarah Bernhardt revived the old play some years ago, and then later presented her own version, in which she had augmented the scene of denunciation, which, in accordance with her later method, permitted her to "slouch" in the greater part of the play, and then like a tigress to rise violently to the attack in one scene with a resounding "accusation" and "accusation" and "accusation." Netherlands also arranged her version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," permitting her to rise to an extended "big moment" in her scene with the Duchess. An opera based on the same story has been moderately successful, but the public is now out of tune with the times in which Adrienne lived, and feels a resentment at what appears to be an exaggeration. Theatre-goers demand naturalism, and the day-to-day, and Adrienne was the prophetic of the new era. The reality of her life seems artificial and glaringly false to-day, even when represented by Lecouvreur's most talented successors.

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See page 4 for particulars



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AFTERNOON HAT OF BLACK SILK WITH LARGE BUNCHES OF BLACK AIGRETTES ON EITHER SIDE

Fancies in Early Fall Modes

THE sailing list of each incoming ocean steamer now bears the name of some favorite actress, whose vacation days are so near an end, or some well-known society woman who has returned from abroad to spend a few gay weeks at the beautiful resorts in her own country.

And so it happens that every day I meet some newly returned vacationist who forthwith gives me some decided style note from Paris.

Walking along Broadway one morning about a month ago I met a woman, noted as a good dresser, clad in a gown of white satin. A strange street dress? Well, probably we would have thought so a few years ago, but ever since last year's season at Trouville we have heard so much about white satin for street wear that we were quite prepared for the perfect craze for these dresses that has sprung up in Paris. With the return of foreign travelers, these costumes have been appearing upon our streets in increasing numbers during the past month, and are now no longer looked upon as a novelty.

One fashionable woman remarked, "I find the white satin far preferable to the lingerie frocks, because they emerge from the cleaning process looking like new, which cannot be said of the lingerie dress. They do not require such frequent cleaning as the latter, and then they are just as cool, because one always has to wear a silk slip with the lingerie gown, which makes it just as heavy as one of soft, light satins or charmeuse."

So if you desire to be strictly up-to-date you will have a simple white one-piece satin or charmeuse, preferably the latter, street dress, or an elaborate gown with lace trimmings for dressy afternoon wear.

A letter from Paris told me of a perfect beauty that was recently worn at Longchamps. It was of white charmeuse—this will be the popular fabric of the coming season—and had a pannier of fine white lace lined with black chiffon and a band of black lace around the bottom of the skirt. The lace-draped bodice showed a normal waistline encircled by a crush belt of cerise velvet.

By the way, cerise is prominent just now as the fashionable

touch of color. The advance models of the fall suits indicate that cherry coral and chartreuse green, especially the latter, will be much used for this purpose. A great favorite will be the navy blue suit combined with this shade of green. In fact, this bright chartreuse green, as the sole trimming or in combination with another trimming shade to give the requisite touch of brightness, will be a feature of the fall gowns.

Of course, for street wear, a coat must be worn with the white

satin dress, and the short black satin Directoire jackets are very smart. The other day I saw a simple white satin morning dress worn with a plain short jacket of violet satin. It was jaunty and decidedly attractive.

Another prominent style feature from Paris are the plaited skirts I mentioned last month. All the well-known couturiers are displaying them, and so there is no further doubt of their acceptance.

These plaited skirts are mostly machine made, some being patented by the modistes. Probably the invoices of the near future will include these plaited materials. In one of our prominent shops I have already noticed a black plaited voile. The plaitings are applied in various ways.

A suit from Martial and Armands that I saw last week had the machine-plaited fabric form an over-drapery. It was fastened below the knee depth in a puff effect to a plain, narrow underskirt. A beautiful little dress by Cheruit shows a narrow box-plaited skirt over which falls a plain apron-style overskirt.

Probably you have noticed the prevalence of the plain machine-plaited skirt and the mannish coats? These are the latest thing in tailored suits and decidedly smart.

An attractive suit by Béchoff-David has two deep flounces of finely plaited chiffon velvet attached to a yoke of black satin. The coat of this costume is noteworthy. It is of the chiffon velvet developed in the popular Directoire style. It is in the cut-away effect, very smart, and measures about 36 inches in the back. The front is probably about 32 inches long. This gives the curve so much desired.

This reminds me of the recent controversies in regard to the length of the jacket for the fall, and it has been finally decided that, in order to satisfy the cravings of the American woman for smartness and youthfulness, the jacket must be a natural length, which means that while the short woman can wear a coat from 26 to 36 inches in length, according to the style of development, the taller woman will look better and be equally fashionable in one measuring from 32 to 40 inches.

The new French gowns that the returning travelers are wearing

show the continued vogue of contrasts in materials and colors. In the present mode of the three-piece costume this idea is easily carried out. For instance, a suit of velvet may have a broadcloth coat, and *vice-versa*. Sometimes the skirt and jacket are of one material, and the bodice forms the contrast.

By the way, did you know that, except in lingerie waists, the very sheer effects are no longer considered modish in Paris? The satins, failles and taffetas are now the favorite materials for waists, and tucks and plaits have replaced the transparent insertions.

But I am diverging. On a boat trip the other day I noticed a costume of tan broadcloth, with a coat of brown velvet, which I am mentioning to illustrate the contrast in material and color, as well as the preference for monotonous toward which there is now a strong trend of fashion. The colors also emphasize the increasing popularity of the browns. They will, during the coming season, undoubtedly, be strong rivals of the long popular blues, and all the shades from tan to seal brown will be fashionable.

A novel combination is displayed in a suit by Bernard. It is of black broadcloth, with the Directoire coat of white dotted black velveteen.

Triangular motifs are a new trimming that will be popular for the fall and winter tailored suit. They are made of contrast material or of braid and are used in many ways. Redfern shows a suit with this V-shaped trimming at the foot of the front panel and below the belt at the front of the coat.

One of Paquin's new gowns has a novel belt effect, and by the way, it has the normal waistline. The belt is of black patent leather and reaches only to the side fronts, where a satin sash is attached and drawn through large oval eyelets. It falls directly down the front in long ends that are finished off with a deep fringe. Leaving the belt extending only part way around the waist is a fancy of the new season's modes.

Of course, you have noticed that overgaiters have come back? Yes, and they are to be very fashionable during the fall and

winter. So you will soon be wanting a pair to give your patent leather Oxfords the proper touch of smartness. The combination of patent Oxfords and taupe overgaiters promises to be a very strong vogue.

In one high class shop I found a goodly assortment of this foot-wear, and you will have no difficulty in obtaining the black, grays and tans. In this shop they make a specialty of making overgaiters of your own material at \$5.

When looking up the overgaiters I happened to see the cutest little slipper stretchers! They are of aluminum and some of them



Tablet model from Zimmermann of dark blue silk with English eyelet embroidery over white linen

are gilded. The bar that joins the vamp and heel is twined with dainty colored ribbon and finished off at the centre with a rosette of the narrow ribbon, in which is embedded a cluster of tiny roses. It is a very dainty boudoir accessory.

This reminds me, too, of the new studded hosiery. I mentioned this article last month, but a few days ago I noticed such unusual patterns in an exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue that I made inquiries concerning same. I found that you can have your hosiery studded with spangles or jewels to suit your taste. Mock diamonds are now the great favorites, and this dealer carries a supply of rhinestone-studded hosiery at prices from \$5 to \$10. Those having simple rhinestone clockings are \$5, and can be had in all colors. An accompaniment to these stockings are the narrow garters of satin, shirred over elastic and studded with the rhinestones. These, too, will be made to order in designs as elaborate as desired.

Mentioning lingerie items reminds me of the new underwear. Since sheer materials have been adopted for these garments, each voice has brought in something more diaphanous, until now we have the combinations made entirely of Valenciennes lace, which, however, is too extreme for the average woman. She will find the charming little combination of shadow allover just the loveliest

possession! These are trimmed with Valenciennes lace and narrow pink ribbons, and, of course, they have small clusters of tiny roses, just as all the luxurious lingerie now has.

The other day when calling upon a friend who knows my fondness for beautiful things, and always gives me the pleasure of seeing her selections, showed me her newest costume. The gown of *crêpe de chine* was certainly a vision of loveliness.

It was in the shade of old rose and most exquisitely embroidered in matching color silk. The tunic had a 12-inch border of a square eyelet pattern embroidery between a dainty trailing floral pattern. The bodice was trimmed with two-inch bands of the embroidery, and this also formed a novel girdle with a looped sash.

"Isn't that beautiful?" asked my hostess. "I heard of an importing house who carry only the finest Swiss embroideries, and I fell in love with this pattern as soon as I saw it. I wish you could see the marvelously charming colors in these *crêpe de chine*s. There is blue, plum, steel gray and the loveliest silver gray, ocean, champagne, gold, and then the white and black. Wouldn't the white make a lovely wedding gown? And just think how inexpensive such a gown is. I only paid \$39.80 for the material, but it didn't require anything excepting the little lace yoke and vest



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Tallot
MODEL FROM DUKES: TAILOR SUIT OF ECRU TUSSOR. EMBROIDERED COLLAR



Tailor.
MODEL FROM ZIMMERMANN: BLACK CHARMOUSE AND CHAMPAGNE,
TRIMMED WITH LACE

and the making is so simple! Why, I think a clever woman could make up the gown herself without any difficulty."

She told me that a few days ago when shopping with one of her friends they stepped into a French lingerie shop, where they found such delightful things that it was impossible for them to resist the tempting array. One of the pieces which she purchased was a beautiful combination. It was especially designed for décolleté wear. The embroidery was simply exquisite, and I am sure she couldn't have bought it for \$4.75 on the other side. Yes, that is all she paid for it.

Then before I left she asked me how I liked her new sport hat.

She said: "I noticed a few of them in the window of a specialty shop on Fifth Avenue, and I just had to have one. Isn't it chic?" And I agreed with her that it was. It was of velour in a medium shape, soft and pliable. It had the brim turned up a little at one side, and was banded in bright-colored fancy ribbon. I have seen these hats at the shop mentioned. They are the latest thing in sport hats, and can be had in a variety of colors.

Before closing, I want to tell you about the illustrations I am showing you this month. Figs 1 and 5 illustrate the fabric and

color combination I referred to. The first is a model by Zimmermann, and is a charming combination of dark blue silk and English eyelet embroidery over white linen.

In Fig 5 I am showing one of the accepted forms of the much discussed panner. In this gown Zimmermann has given the graceful effects of this style which American women will readily adopt. The underskirt of this model is of black charmeuse and the overdress of the same material in champagne.

Fig. 2 shows a tailored gown in écru, which is one of the popular shades of brown that will be so fashionable in the coming season. The dainty embroidered collar attests to the preference for simple effects, and the buttons show the continued vogue of this favorite mode of trimming.

In Fig. 3 you see a charming little dress by Drecoll. It has a blue satin skirt with the yoke and bodice of matching silk covered with tiny bouquets in matée.

Isn't that a beautiful gown in Fig. 4? It reminds me of the embroidered crêpe de chine I described above. This, however, is of charmeuse, in turquoise blue, embroidered in the most exquisite design of flowerettes. The large black velvet bow that holds the plaits at the side front is most effective.



Tailor.
MODEL FROM WINGROVE: OF TURQUOISE BLUE CHARMOUSE EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERETTES, BLACK VELVET BOW

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER

1912



Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Molly Pearson as Bunty.

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: George Garf of the Coburn Players as Touchstone.

	PAGE
TITLE PAGE: Gertrude Hoffmann	65
OPENING OF THE SEASON—Illustrated	66
"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN" AND ITS STRANGE AUTHORS—Illustrated	70
A "TYPE" TO ORDER	74
SHADINGS OF SHYLOCK—Illustrated	76
GLADYS HANSON—Full-page plate	27
FRANCE HONORS AN ACTOR—Illustrated	79
HELEN WARE—Full-page plate	81
PLAYERS I HAVE KNOWN—Illustrated	82
BESSIE ABBOTT—Full-page plate	83
SCENES IN "MILESTONES"—Full-page plate	85
FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN DRAMATIZED—Illustrated	86
INA CLAIRE—Full-page plate	87
A BUSY DAY WITH CHARLES FROHMAN—Illustrated	89
A DRAMA MUSEUM—Illustrated	92
ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE	94
DONALD BRIAN—Full-page plate	95
THE NEW PLAYS: "Just Like John," "The Girl from Montmartre," "Hanky Panky."	91
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	xv

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SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 139

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Image

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

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BILLIE BURKE

THE unusual activity of managers and dramatists, as seen in the forecast of productions for the coming season is significant of the vitality of the stage proper, uninfluenced in the slightest degree by circumstances which to some minds have appeared to be of a portentous and disturbing character. The year of the Presidential election is not regarded with fear. Managers are preparing for new ventures with unprecedented zeal. The standard for success seems to be the best possible play, for which there is no dull season. The obvious truth seems to be at last recognized that it is only the bad play that experiences, uniformly, a bad season. The list of plays is uncommonly large. A few of these plays, as is always and necessarily the case with announcements, will be missing in the actual count of production, but the promise is for a brilliant season.

Charles Frohman will begin his New York activities with the opening of the Empire Theatre September 2, when Mr. John Drew will be seen in Alfred Suro's four-act comedy, "The Perplexed Husband," which met with considerable success at Wyndham's Theatre in London last winter. Mr. Drew will be supported by Mary Boland. Following the Drew engagement Mme. Nazimova will make her first appearance at the Empire Theatre. This interesting actress will be seen in "Bella Donna," a four-act drama adapted from Robert Hichens's well-known novel. For Maude Adams, Mr. Frohman has arranged a season entirely devoted to the plays of J. M. Barrie. First Miss Adams will make an extensive tour in "Peter Pan," and then she will come to New York, appearing at the Empire in a new comedy by Mr. Barrie entitled "The Legion of Leonora." After this she will be seen in a special Barrie programme consisting of a fifty-minute play entitled "Rosalind and The Lady Shakespeare."

Mr. John Mason will be seen in Henry Bernstein's latest play, "The Attack," which has met with great success at the Gymnase in Paris. Mr. Mason's company will include Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress, who is new to this country, Lolla Clifton and Sidney Herbert. Billie Burke will open the Lyceum Sept. 9 with Pinero's play, "The Mind the Paint Girl," which calls for no fewer than forty-four people. Owing to the magnitude of this production the piece will be given only in New York and the most important cities. Ethel Barrymore has a new play by Henry Bernstein, as yet unnamed, but she will not be seen in New York until after Christmas. Donald Brian, of "Merry Widow" fame, will appear under Mr. Frohman's management in a new musical piece called "The Marriage Market." Although the book and music of this piece were written in Germany, where it is now being played, the scenes are laid in California. Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Model," which ran all last season in Chicago under the title "When It Comes Home," opens the season at the

OF 1912-13

Harris August 31. Otis Skinner will continue in "Kismet" throughout the season, and William Gillette will be seen in New York during the winter. "The Sunshine Girl," with Julia Sanderson in the title rôle, will be seen after Christmas, and about the same time Leo Falls' new play, "The Doll Girl," is also scheduled for production.

Prominent among the foreign plays which have had great success abroad, and which Mr. Frohman will present here, is "Primerose," a comedy in three acts, by MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Fiers, which has had great success at the Comédie Française. This play will be seen in New York in November with a special cast, including Alexandria Carlisle. A drama called "The Spy" from the Porte St. Martin Theatre is also to be seen here, but perhaps the most elaborate production which Mr. Frohman will make this season is the latest success from the Paris Odéon, entitled "The Honor of Japan," which calls for the employment of two hundred people and sixteen sets of scenery. Marie Doro will be seen after Christmas in a special programme made up of plays by Barrie, Shaw and Pinero. Charles Cherry will open the season in "Passers By," and later will come to New York in a new play.

Mrs. Fiske will be seen in a new play by Edward Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell." The play, which is modern in theme, will be produced in Chicago in October and afterwards seen in New York. Later in the season Mr. Fiske will produce a play by Harriet Ford.

David Warfield will go on tour with "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Blanche Bates will do likewise with "Nobody's Widow." The plans of Nance O'Neil are as yet indefinite. Frances Starr will be seen in Edward Locke's play, "The Case of Becky," at the Belasco Theatre on September 30. Another Belasco production, "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley, will be seen at the Republic on September 5th, with Gladys Hanson in the leading rôle.

The Little Theatre's second season will open September 16th with Granville Barker's London company in George Bernard Shaw's new satirical comedy, "Fanny's First Play," which is now half way through its second year's run in London. Granville Barker will come to America himself a little later in the season to present a series of plays, including "The Voysey Inheritance," "Waste" and "Prunella, or 'In a Dutch Garden.'" Marguerite Clark will probably be seen in the rôle of Prunella. In October a dramatization of the Grimm Brothers' fairy story, "Snow White," will be presented at the Little Theatre at a series of special matinees. Another production scheduled by Mr. Ames is Arthur Schnitzler's comedy, "Anatol," a series of love affairs between a gay young Viennese bachelor and different ladies of various stations of life, in which John Barrymore will be seen in the title rôle. Mr. Ames will have a number of pro-



Sands

JULIA MARLOWE



JOHN DREW



ETHEL BARRYMORE



VIOLA ALLEN



Savoy

GRACE GEORGE



CHARLES RICHMAN

FRANCES STARR

DAVID WARFIELD

MARIE DORO

LOUIS MANN

JANE COWL

ductions outside of the Little Theatre. Two of these are "Romance," a new drama by Edward Sheldon, and Henry Kitchell Webster's play, "June Madness," which was seen in Chicago late last spring.

The Shuberts will have the direction of more than fifty dramatic and musical companies. At one of their Broadway theatres, they will present Carl Rosser's comedy, "The Golden Lane," called in the original "The Five Frankfurters." The play treats of the astonishing rise to power and affluence of the Rothschild family. Two American plays to be produced are "Birthright," a drama by Constance Skinner, and "The Cinch," a farce by Edgar Franklin and Matthew White, Jr. Another play is Lucille LaVerne's dramatization of Will N. Habert's novel, "Ann Boyd." The plays from German sources are: "Love and Hate," a play by Louis Lehar, a cousin of Franz Lehar, the composer; "Die Kinder," a satire by Herman Behr, author of "The Concert," "The Hawk," a thief play by Gustav Esman; "The Dirigible Airstrip," a farce by Emil Norini and Ernst Baum, and "A Thousand Kronen," by Alexander Engle and Julius Horst. The only drama from the French will be an American version of "Les Petites," the play by Lucien Népoux. Sam Bernard has a new vehicle, music by Franz Lehar and book by Paul Potter and Edgar Smith. Another ambitious Shubert production will be the Reinhardt "Liebe Augustine" (Offenbach's famous operetta "Belle Hélène"), which is now running in London under the name of "Princess Caprice." The music is by Leo Fall, the book by Rudolph Bernauer and Ernst Welisch.

Among the American productions will be "The Girl and the Miner," by Rida Johnson Young, with lyrics by Paul West and music by Jerome Kern; a new musical comedy, the book of which is now being written by George Bronson-Howard; and Gertrude Hoffman in a new and extraordinary revue. Among the foreign musical works are "The Perfume Shop," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, with music by Leslie Stuart; "Kean," a musical version of "The Royal Box," with a book by Charles Cassman and music by Alexander Stefanides; "Cousin Bobby," by Jacobson and Wagner, with music by Karl Millocker; "Madame Flirt," a farce, with music by Anselm Gotz and book by Fritz Brunaum and Heinz Reichert, adapted by Leonard Lieblich; "The Millionaire's Bride," by A. M. Willner



OTIS SKINNER



NANCE O'NEIL



LEWIS WALLER

by Heinrich Berté; "The Astrologer," by Rudolph Schanzer, with music by Robert Leonard, and a new German musical piece entitled "Samples." A unique musical production will be the French revue called "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," in which the famous detective and the famous thief are pitted against each other with what are said to be singularly humorous results. The largest of the Shubert productions will be the new Hippodrome entertainment, "Under Many Flags," which will open on August 31. The dramatization of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women," is a joint Shubert and Brady enterprise; also "Shan Magan," an Irish play, by George H. Jessop, in which George MacFarlane will star, and "The Drone," another Irish play. When the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company return to New York after completing their tour, two more Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be added to its list. One of these will be "Iolanthe"; the other has not been positively selected. Mr. Brady, the Messrs. Shubert and Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, London, will make two New York productions together at the Manhattan Opera House. These will be the Drury Lane pantomime, "Op o' My Thumb" and the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip." E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue under the Shubert direction, playing a season in New York and also an extended road tour. Among the musical hits that will go on the road are "The Kiss Waltz," "Two Little Brides," with James T. Powers; Gaby Deslys in "Vera Violetta," and "The Whirl of Society," with Al Jolson. "The Blue Bird" will again be sent through the country, and "Sumurun" will be seen in other cities. The original company of "Buntzie Pulls the Strings" will remain at the Comedy Theatre and several other organizations will go on tour with this Scottish comedy. Several companies will also present "A Butterfly on the Wheel." Lewis Waller, the English actor, will open his own season at Daly's Theatre in September in a new play by Edward Knoblauch entitled "Discovering America."

The announcements of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger are interesting. They include "The Count of Luxembourg," a musical play, which has had considerable success in London, and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," a musical comedy by Messrs. Caryl and McLellan. But perhaps the most important production of this management will be "Milestones," the new play by



HENRY MILLER

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

JOHN BARRYMORE

BLANCHE BATES

HENRY B. WARNER

ELSIE FERGUSON

Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which will be presented simultaneously in New York and Chicago. Another play, "Eva," with Elsie Ferguson in the leading rôle, opens in Chicago. In September Charlotte Walker opens in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and in October Robert Hilliard will be seen in "The Argyle Case." Edith Taliaferro goes to London to play "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm;" Henry Miller will continue in his successful play, "The Rainlow;" Laura Hope Crews has a new play by A. E. Thomas. Other productions by this management are "The Plain Woman," by Eugene Walter; "The Money Burners," by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell and "The Little Café."

Among Henry W. Savage's productions are: "The Million," the farce which was seen in New York last season; "Little Boy Blue," the Viennese operetta; "Everywoman" and "Excuse Me." There will also be "The Prince of Pilsen," with Jess Dandy as Hans Wagner, and "The Merry Widow," with Mable Wilber in the title rôle. "Somewhere Else," a fantasy by Avery Hopwood and Gustav Luders will also be produced.

Charles Dillingham will produce a musical piece entitled "The Lady of the Slipper," book by Anne Caldwell and Lawrence McCarthy. In the east will appear Elsie Janis, Lydia Lopoukova, Montgomery and Stone and Joseph Cawthorne. After "The Lady of the Slipper" Mr. Dillingham will star Fanny Ward in "Montmartre," a play by Pierre Fondia, which had a run in Paris. He will also produce a revue during the winter.

Louis Mann will continue presenting "Elevating a Husband," and Clara Lipman will be seen in a new play written by herself and Samuel Shipman, entitled "It Depends on the Woman."

William Faversham and Julie Opp will be seen in a splendid revival of "Julius Caesar." Walker Whiteside will present Vraji (The Duse of Japan) and Sojin Kamiyami, from the Imperial Theatre of Tokio, to be supported by an American company, and to appear in a repertoire of Shakespeare, Sardou and Ibsen plays.

Pierre Loti is coming to New York for the first time to be present at the première of "The Daughter of Heaven," which he wrote in collaboration with Mlle. Judith Gautier. The play will be presented at the Century Theatre. Only three members of the cast are known—Viola Allen, Basil Gill and Henry Bergman—

but four hundred people will participate in the performance. Other interesting features of the Liebler company's announcements are the establishment of the Children's Theatre on the roof of the Century Theatre and the return to this country of both Mme. Simone and the Irish players. Mme. Simone is to have a play of the time of Louis XIV, written for her by Louis N. Parker and D. Devere Stackpole. In September Robert Lorraine is to appear here, reviving G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman," and later on in the season he may be seen in New York in a new play. H. B. Warner is to appear in a new piece entitled "Buxi" at the Hudson on September 5th. This play is from the German of Arno Holz and Oscar Jerschke, the English version having been prepared by Rudolph Besier.

That popular young actor, Richard Bennett, who appeared in "Passers By" all last season, will be seen in a new play written by Joseph Medill Patterson, Rachel Crother's latest play, "The Herfords," has been announced as an early New York attraction. On Labor Day George Aliss will resume his run at Wallack's in "Disraeli." New plays by Bayard Veiller, George A. Birmingham and others complete this management's list of novelties. "The Garden of Allah," with Dorothy Donnelly, Lawson Butt and Arthur Forrest in the cast, and "Oliver Twist," with Marie Doro, Wilton Lackaye, Constance Collier and Edmund Breese, both open in Chicago about Labor Day. William Hodge opens his sixth season in "The Man from Home" in Boston on the same date. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "Pontander Walk" both go on tour again.

Grace George will appear at The Playhouse in November. It is also likely that she will be seen in "Turandot," the Chinese play by Volmoeller, produced by Prof. Max Reinhardt. This play created a tremendous sensation in Berlin. Miss George has a new play by Edward Sheldon and Harrison Rhodes; another nearly completed by Avery Hopwood; another, entitled "The Woman of It," by a noted English dramatist, and "The Folly of It All" by Horace Collins. Miss George will carry out her plan of a repertoire season at The Playhouse.

Justin Huntley McCarthy has delivered the manuscript of "Charlemagne, the Conqueror" to Mr. Brady. Robert Mantell is to appear in this production. With Mr. Mantell and a special star cast Mr. Brady (Continued on page 51)



ROBERT MANTELL



DOROTHY DONNELLY



RICHARD BENNETT



SCENE IN JUDITH GAUTIER'S AND PIERRE LOTI'S ORIENTAL DRAMA, "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"

The "Daughter of Heaven" and Its Strange Authors

NEXT month the Century Theatre will produce a spectacle drama that will surpass even its own record in the singular productions of "The Blue Bird" and "The Garden of Allah." The play, which will require four hundred persons for

its interpretation, has the title "The Daughter of Heaven." Its theme is the self-martyrdom of an empress; its cause of action the spirit that animates a Kentucky feud, the hatred deepened by centuries of granite-like tradition and broadened to the borders of two empires.

The writing of this play caused a strange mental mating, that of two Orientalists, Judith Gautier, daughter of the famous poet, Theophile Gautier, and Pierre Loti, the well-known academician and novelist. To genius a spark of fact is often enough to kindle a conflagration of inspired creation. Less than a quarter of a century ago a revolution placed a Ming descendant upon the throne at

Upon such foundation of fact Judith Gautier and Pierre Loti—who have never met, but have conducted their collaboration by correspondence—have reared their structure. Instead of a Son of Heaven ruling at Nankin, as contemporary of the Tartar Emperor enthroned at Peking, the authors make the ruler a Daughter of Heaven. She is of the Ming dynasty, the pure Chinese blood. Tradition has it that for three centuries no Chinese woman has ever loved a Tartar. Here exists the possibility of a love interest. The authors create a hero, a Tartar Emperor, who desires to unite all interests and factions in his vast empire. He hears of the great beauty of the rebel Empress at Nankin and desires to gaze upon his beautiful enemy. Against the urgent entreaties of his counselors he makes a journey into the rebel country. He gazes upon her beauty and sees that fame has not out-run its greatness. That drama which is conflict of wills, the crossing of the swords of love and tradition, of love and patriotism, follows.

The first act takes place at Nankin. The occasion is the consecration of the regent, who is to reign during her son's minority. The Emperor arrives from Peking in the disguise of a viceroy from a southern province and enters the royal gardens. He watches the procession of eunuchs bearing the maids of honor in palanquins to the palace. There appears a beautiful child attended by a bodyguard of slaves and a tutor. It is the little Emperor, whose widowed mother is that day to be crowned regent. The regal



Judith Gautier



Pierre Loti

Nankin. His reign of seventeen years was characterized by his happy subjects as "The era of heavenly peace," yet after his death the revolt against this overturning of tradition began. His body was disinterred and burned, and its ashes cast to the winds and sea. All records of the era of heavenly peace were burned. That one of native Chinese blood should have ruled instead of the all-conquering Tartars shocked the sense of tradition. The awful fact was expunged from history. Only "foreign devils" dare revive it in story or drama.

infant sees the disguised stranger and conceives a childish fancy for him. The infant, who has been playing with a pinwheel, presents it to the stranger with the words:

"You may give this for me to your little boy."

"Alas! dear child," returns the sovereign, who is his hereditary enemy, "I have no son."

"Then keep it yourself," returns the little one, "in memory of a child who has no father."

The invader accepts the childish gift, fastens it in his robe of purple silk, encrusted with embroidery of gems. Plucking one of these gems, a ruby, from his breast, he places it in the tiny, outstretched hand.

"I thank Your Majesty," he says, "Accept in exchange this jewel in remembrance of one whose greatest wish would be to have you for his son."

The child resumes his way to the palace and the curtain descends upon a scene, the beauty and delicacy of which prepares the mind for the drama which follows. The second scene of this act reveals the throne room of the palace at Nankin. Again the lad of the Ming dynasty is shown, but this time there sits enthroned beside him a woman of regal and surpassing beauty.

For this scene Edward Morange, the scenic artist, paid a special visit to China to get inspiration for his big canvases. He will furnish an exact reproduction of the royal palace of China, its priceless silks, its magnificent embroideries and wrought images of the golden dragon. The wardrobe artist brought from Milan, for the correct costuming of the play, will make the robes and jewels worn by the regent the most sumptuous seen upon the American stage.

But the authors, who know their China so profoundly, care less for effects of the eye than for those of the mind. What they have created as an appeal of unique power to the dramatic sense

of the audience is the following speech made from his knees by the Tartar Emperor, still disguised as Viceroy from the South. In tones of so strong emotion that the regent bends the royal head to hear, her cheek overspread by a pink flush, he says:

"O, Divine Majesty! why am I, your slave, though at this moment a dignitary of the Empire, not an immortal, to enable me to create for you a path of eternal triumph to overcome a threatening fate? Why is my will, so fervently desirous of creating for you a united and triumphant

progress, so powerless? Because of my inability to conquer any fate that threatens you, what a tumult of desires and emotions torment my soul! Behold, however, to what extent the celestial brilliance of your presence enlightens and inspires me. A dazzling light that emanates from Your Majesty seems to drive the fogs from the horizon and to pierce the shadows, and I see you yonder in the palace of the Mings. I see you seated and all powerful on the throne of the Tartar Emperor. The immense empire, united and at peace, stretches beneath those little feet a carpet of glory. No, destiny will never prevail in any cruel intent toward you. Before your sacred presence war will not prevail. For some persons, superior to the rest, do not the laws of earth and heaven seem to yield? Recall that beautiful woman who conquered the heart of a sovereign, your ancestor, and who, when she had fallen from imperial favor, smiled so serenely at her executioners that they flung their weapons and themselves at her feet. Su, Imperial Majesty, may you always triumph over malevolent fate!"

Deeply moved, the Empress, leaning toward the kneeling man, replies:

"Thanks, my noble subject. Your daring words have surprised, but they have also charmed us. The tragic conditions of the regency are an excuse for ardent thoughts and unique discourse. We have been profoundly moved by your prophetic vision. Thanks to you and thanks to all."

The second act discloses the regent in the royal gardens. To her pavilion she summons an astrologer, whom she asks

the meaning of a strange and troubling dream.

"I dreamed that I was about to become the prey of a serpent. 'Twas a serpent with shining scales. Slowly he wound himself about me. Cold upon cold was encompassing my person. Yet, staring into his brilliant, cruel eyes I did not resist. I became languid, yet the languor of that yielding was delightful. By a supreme effort I tried to free myself from his deadly coils and awoke. Tell me, O man who reads the stars, what means this tormenting vision?"

"Your Majesty, what you saw was the dragon of China, coming to rob you of your greatest treasure. But the Phoenix will escape."

There is another meeting between the Empress and the Emperor, whom she has enslaved. It is after two Tartars have

attempted to kidnap the infant Emperor. Spies from the advancing Manchu army have gained entrance to the palace, and only by an accident been foiled in their effort at royal kidnapping. The Empress says to him:

"You gave my son a marvelously carved jewel. He is charmed by the gift and desires that I present you, on his behalf, this emblem of the Empress, a Phoenix with wings of sapphires and rubies."

The Emperor, still in his disguise as Viceroy, sinks to his knees. Stretching forth a trembling hand



PIERRE LOTI AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN



A VIEW OF PIERRE LOTI'S CELEBRATED "MOSQUE" AT HIS HOME AT ROCHEFORT, FRANCE

for this sign of royal favor, he replies with much emotion: "I swear it shall never leave me!"

The Empress looks at him with a half royal, half womanly glance, and then, attaching the jewel to his belt, he continues with agitation:

"Until this day I have seen only the nests of common birds and did not believe there existed that wonderful bird, the Phoenix. But to-day my eyes have been opened. Her existence has been revealed to me."

The regent sighs. Mournfully she replies:

"Alas! The Phoenix and the Dragon nowadays are laden with chains and cannot fly to the clouds as they would like."

"Would that I were the Tartar Emperor who reigns at Peking!"

The empress looks closely at him, her manner showing alarm.

"What a strange desire! You would wish to be my mortal enemy?"

"Only to place all China at your feet. So that I might return to you, of the pure blood of China, that throne which was seized by the usurper, and thereafter to become your faithful subject."

"What a dream! From this Tartar Emperor I would be able to accept nothing but death. Do not wish to be any other than yourself, for no one else has ever awakened in me such deep sympathy. Do not forsake the palace. Await the royal order. Since you are not ambitious for yourself, I will be ambitious for you and keep you near me."

As she moves away, smiling a sweet and stately farewell, her royal admirer gives his mysterious assurance:

"Whether my person is near or far, my thoughts will always remain prostrated at the feet of your Majesty."

Briefly the pair report their conclusions from this strange interview. To her lady in waiting the regent says sighingly:

"I have been foolish, but how happy are the foolish ones! The words flew from my mouth as captive birds spring through the door for a moment left open. My joy betrayed me."

The Tartar Emperor to his counselor says:

"By my disguise I have triumphed. For the first time in thrice an hundred years a Chinese woman loves a Tartar."

The climax of the play, the "big act" which represents the ambition of every playwright, every manager and every actor, shows the Empress and her faithful attendants in retreat at the last place of refuge of the Chinese, the door of her ancestral tomb. Says one of her faithful courtiers:

"Your soldiers, O Daughter of Heaven, beseech a last favor."

"Whatever they wish is theirs."

"See, they are piling the wood high. It is their wish to die before the Tartars arrive. It is their supreme wish that after they have mounted the funeral pyre your Majesty shall light it with your gracious hands."

A soldier approaches, bearing a burning torch. With steady hand the Empress receives it and turns a serene face upon the pitiable remnant of her army. The speech that follows is one of those which players regard as a prize and an opportunity. Flinging the torch upon the pyre she cries:

"O, my beloved soldiers, I, too, am dead as you. Already I am a dead woman, dead to all which is not of the fury of battle and vengeance and

hatred which knows no mercy. May the brightness of your bravery illumine the world!"

The soldiers spring into the flames, singing:

"May our little king live! May he live long and happily!"

As the smoke ascends and is wrapping the soldiers round, the distant tread of an army is heard. Knowing that the Tartars are approaching, the Empress enters the tomb. Standing at its door she cries to the remaining soldiers waiting their turn upon the funeral pyre:

"Close upon this door of bronze forever. Seal tightly, my friends, the last palace of your Empress. Roll up the great rock. Wall well in her tomb the living dead!"

As the Tartar army appears the Empress vanishes and the soldiers swing back the huge bronze door. The army of Tartars frenziedly attack the little guard of Chinese soldiers. The Tartars force their way to the door of the tomb. Amid sounds of frenzied attacks the curtain falls.

In the last act the interest is as strong, the conflict as great, as in the third. Like the first act, this has two scenes. The first is the place of execution. There many of the captive soldiers, remaining faithful to the Ming dynasty, are about to be beheaded. At the last moment comes an order from the Tartar Emperor to stop the execution. The final scene is that of an audience of the defeated Empress from Nankin with the Emperor at Peking. The dialogue reveals that while they talk the funeral of the little Emperor of the Ming dynasty is taking place. The Emperor endeavors to lead her to a place on the throne beside him. She resists. He says:

"It was not to satisfy a mere whim that I wished to see you seated here. What we have to say to each other is solemn indeed. It is a conference between two rulers, a conference between two powers, an Emperor and an Empress. Here, apart from disturbing influences, we shall be able to consider wisely our golly mission."

"Between an Emperor and an Empress? I am a poor beaten captive."

"You are still a sovereign, doubly sovereign, mistress of all China and arbiter of my mind and heart."

In the voice of one in a wretched dream, the Empress answers: "My dead await me. Their voices are in my ears. They call me. I must go!"

The Emperor seizes her hand.

"I must speak to you. Listen! When I met you I had been all my life a dreamer. Upon seeing you I awoke. From being a passive I became an active ruler of my people. There have been many obstacles to overcome. First I returned from your palace to this yellow city. I snatched from the hands of malefactors the power which they had swayed in my name while I dreamed dreams of an empire of peace. The war was in progress. It raged howled the land. Chinese and Tartars howled like wild beasts. The air smelted of blood. I could not stop it at once. You know this?"

"Yes."

"One cannot strangle the wolf of war by one grasp of hands. Do you believe that I did all I could to save your son?"

"Yes, now I believe it."

"I am telling you this so that you will not hate me."

"I do not hate you."



A PLAYER'S NEW YORK RESIDENCE

Miss Amelia Bingham's residence on Riverside Drive and formerly the home of Joseph Jefferson. The statues which ornament the facade of the house were purchased from the late Clyde Fitch, and represent "Dramatic Art," "Success," and "Victory."

"Your faithful subjects suffered and died against my will. I have issued an order of mercy to all. Already the effect is shown. The martyrdom has ceased."

"I grant that you are my great and generous foe."

"Not foe. Your lover. But of my love I dared not speak while war was between us."

"For that I thank you."

"On my rare your words fall cold and remote as icy rain in winter. Listen, I implore you. Though war has been between us, though your son is passing on his way to the forest of the last repose, I hold to my dream of extinguishing by our marriage the hatred of three centuries. My dream is of our love and bringing peace to our Empire."

"Ever since I saw your well-remembered face and you bade me sit beside you on that throne I have understood."

"And your wish?"

"The centuries are stronger than I. My dead are stronger than your living. So great a river of blood has flowed between us that we can not cross it. No Emperor of the Tartars shall ever clasp my living hand. Farewell!"

She takes a vial of poison from her belt, avows her love for him, and dies with his arms enfolding her. After what seems a long time of silent grief, he lays her body gently at the foot of the throne, bids the throng waiting in the audience chamber enter and salute the Empress of China.

This is the story of the play. The story of its authors is as unusual. Both are mentally and largely in a social sense hermits. Judith Gautier knows more about China than the Chinese themselves, because she has delved yet more deeply into its rich past. She knows the habits, the color, the language of China. She is impatient of the present because to her it is commonplace, insipid. Of her, her illustrious father said: "She is the most astonishing creature in the world. She has a marvelous brain, but a brain that has absolutely no correlation with her personality, her conduct or her state in life. Before a sheet of paper she is merely an unconscious instrument." So said he to the Goncourts.

She discounts the value of her work. She laughs at it. A literary critic, deeply impressed with her work, calling on her to talk with her about it, was annoyed and revolted at her task, which was profoundly engaging her and which she continued. She was cutting from a raw turnip the statuettes of Angelique, which she had seen in the salon the day before, and that it was a clever reproduction the disgusted literary critic admitted.

She lives in an apartment so loftily raised above the streets of Paris that her admirers have named it "The Tower of Ivory."

"Here I am in the Paris I love," she exclaims. "Although in it I am not of it. So far am I above the noises of the day that the sound of what is going on in the great world below me rarely reaches me. Here I hear no light rumors; the sound of scandal dies away before it mounts so high."

Yet brilliant folk of the world of art and letters and diplomacy



Miskin

FLORENCE MALONE

Who will play the leading rôle in "The Talker," this coming season

mount to the tower that houses the gifted woman. Many of these are Chinese.

"Never," it has been said, "has a Chinaman of high rank passed through the city without stopping to drink green tea with her and look at the manuscripts locked inside laquered boxes, and admire this woman who renews on the continent of Europe the poetical delights which enchanted delicate minds of the largest empire in the time of the dynasty of song. She wrote "Livres de Jade" while a mere girl, and "The Dragon Imperial" two years afterward, leaping at once into a fame which she despised. Her memoirs concern her distinguished father and his illustrious contemporaries far more than herself. In them she describes "a very singular person who came into the room without any noise and bowed his head. He looked to me like a priest without a soutane." He was Baudelaire.

"I introduce my daughter to you," said my father.

"Ah," said the strange-looking person, "this is the mysterious "Quaragon" of whom

one often hears but whom one never sees. You have made her as far as I can see after the model of your dreams, for she looks just like a little Greek girl."

"She was a tall, dark young girl, a sculptured figure, yet graceful, with a bright face, wide, deep black eyes, with a luminous smile, an admirable figure of a woman," was de Goncourt's impressionistic sketch of her.

Of Pierre Loti, her collaborator, much is known. He also lives remote from the world at Rochefort, where he was born. He preserves in the garden a plot of flowers like those he admired when a youth in his mother's garden. His house he has transformed into probably the most remarkable one in France. There he has the reproduction of a mosque, where, if he ever worships, he is said to worship, for he has confessed that he has the soul of a Mohammedan. In this house is a reproduction of the Chinese throne room, and there is a chamber that duplicates the mysterious rooms of India. There he gives banquets of Oriental splendor when he is moved to intercourse of his kind, which is not often, for a visiting friend tells of the strange reception accorded him when he called upon Loti while one of the frequent moods of silence was upon him.

The author grasped his hand and said, "You are welcome, but you must not expect me to talk to you," and together they smoked in silence until, an hour later, the visitor took his leave. It was his love of shade and silence and solitude that moved his fellow officers of the French navy to give him the name "Pierre Loti," which he adapted in one of his earliest books, and by which he has been known ever since.

ADA PATTERSON.



White

The burlesque on "Bunny Falls the Strlings"
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

"WHAT'S the matter, little girl; something wrong?" **All "Type" to Order**, short, even if I wasn't exactly tall, and that I could make up to look like anything he wanted."

The man asked the question with the gentle paternalism of the stage as he followed the young actress out of the elevator into the lower lobby of the big theatrical office building. She smiled gratefully. The sympathy in his voice was what she needed, and he, being a seasoned actor and cognizant of feminine moods, knew she was ready to cry over something, in spite of the careless shrug with which she replied:

"Oh, nothing particular. I've just come out of Wahlman's office. I was after the ingenue part of Nancy in that new production of his, 'Innocence.' I thought I'd get it, felt sure of it, in fact, for Wahlman had sent for me. I've been with him before, and he likes my work. Now he says—"

"Yes?"

"He says I won't do. I'm not the 'type.'"

"What is the 'type'?"

"Well, she's innocent and unsophisticated, and all that—just the kind of part I've always done, but she's rather tall and athletic, too. That's where I slipped up. Wahlman looked me over and turned me down cold."

"He didn't say you couldn't play the part?"

"It amounted to that. He said I didn't look it. So what's the use?"

"Didn't you try to make him give you a chance?"

"Of course I did. I told him I could play it—that I wasn't

"Why didn't you insist until you persuaded him?"

"No use—he said I wasn't the *type*, and that settled it. So I— I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"Nothing," replied the old-time actor, slightly confused. "I only coughed. When I hear that word '*type*' it always chokes me. But I'll tell you where you made the mistake, my dear. You told Wahlman you could make up to look the part. You should have made up before you went to see him."

"I don't understand."

"Come back further into the hallway, out of the rush, and I'll explain. . . . So! . . . Now, to begin with, this 'type' fad of managers and authors is doing more to crush the art of acting than any other enemy it has. That is conceded by practically everybody. On the other hand, no one can deny that if the manager can find an actor who naturally fills every physical requirement of a character as the author conceives him, it saves trouble. This actor may not play the part as well as would another who does not look the character before he goes into the dressing-room, but he is the 'type,' and that gets him the engagement."

"That's true," sighed the ingenue. "So what are you going to do about it?"

The fernie of the old-timer's cane struck the marble floor so emphatically that it rang again.



White

The burlesque on Morikin and Pavlova of the Russian Ballet
SCENE IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE WINTER GARDEN

"I'll tell you what to do about it—what I did two seasons ago, and which gave me a part that I've kept ever since."

"Yes, I've seen you in it," broke in the ingenue. "It's *Richard Crosswell*, the young fellow in 'A Man and His Money.' You have only a straight make-up, and yet—"

"Exactly. *Richard Crosswell* is a tall, thin youngster, and I'm just the opposite. I am almost short, I am not very young, and I weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Of course I get the effect of height and slimness by the ordinary tricks of the dressing-room that every actor knows—"raisers" in my shoes, high heels, pompadour wig, vertical lines in making up the face, belting in, and so forth. There's nothing in that. Any actor who knows his business could look like *Richard Crosswell*. The point is that I was the 'type' when I went after the engagement."

"Do you mean that you were slim at that time?"

"No. I was stouter than I am now, if anything—before I saw the manager. Yet as soon as he looked at me he decided that I was the 'type' he wanted. I saw it in his eye."

"You knew what the character was to look like before you went to him, of course?"

"Certainly. I got that from the agents. And it worried me, too, for I didn't know whether I could make it. However, I determined to have a good try, so I went to my room at the boarding house, locked myself in and worked in front of the mirror for two hours. At the end of that time I was a pretty fair *Richard Crosswell*, so far as general appearance went. It was harder to make up for him than it ever has been since. I had to use a light make-up on my face, and it took a lot of digging through my wardrobe to find tight-fitting clothes that I could wear. I found a striped suit that I hadn't used for three years—and I had been steadily getting heavier ever since. However, I squeezed into the coat and waistcoat and poured myself into the trousers. Then I put on a pair of special shoes that

added two inches to my height, and topped off with a blonde wig brushed up in front, which gave me an inch or two more."

"That sounds well," observed the closely-listening ingenue, with professional discernment. "You must have looked much taller and thinner."

"I did. As soon as I was ready I hustled over to the manager's office. It was an inside room, looking into an air-shaft, with hardly any daylight. But I wouldn't have cared if it had been flooded with sunshine, for I felt sure my make-up was manager-proof. Anyhow, before I came out I had



GERTRUDE BRYAN AS "LITTLE BOY BLUE"

a promise of the part, and was told to drop in the next day to sign the contract."

"Then you had to make up all over again?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that. It was easier than the first time. Besides, one can afford a little trouble for the sake of a good engagement—and I was actually getting the salary I'd asked for."

"But when the manager saw you at rehearsal, didn't he notice the difference in your looks? Or did you make up all the time?"

"Only for the first two or three rehearsals, until the stage manager got used to me. After that he wasn't bothering about my appearance. He had too much else to do. All he wanted of me then was that I should get the lines and business, and I worked hard to do that. At the dress rehearsal I was careful to look the part, and I made a hit at the opening performance. That gave me a strangle-hold on the part, and I've kept it ever since."

"I wish I'd seen you before I called on Wahlman about *Nanny*," murmured the girl.

"It isn't too late. You know what he wants now. Go home and make up for it, and give him another try to-morrow. If you look like it then, he'll think he didn't see straight to-day."

The ingenue shook her head doubtfully.

"I'll do it, but I haven't much hope. You wouldn't have if you'd heard Wahl-

man talk. He isn't very economizing."

Again the old-timer struck his cane on the floor with impatient force.

"I tell you, kiddo, you can get the engagement," he insisted.

"Anyone can beat this 'type' thing if he only has the nerve. 'Type' be blowed! Suppose managers insisted on it for Shakespeare, where should we all be? *Juliet* is supposed to be sixteen years old. Did you ever know of a sixteen-year-old *Juliet* on the stage?"

"Florence Rockwell played the part at that age, didn't she?" ventured the ingenue.

"I believe so, but she was the exception that proves the rule," was the old-timer's quick rejoinder. "I never heard of any others, *Julia Marlowe* and *Sarah Bernhardt* are very young-looking *Juliets*, but they have both been out of their teens for some time. As for the *Romcos*, there are *Sothern* and *Faversham*, middle-aged men, who can and do look twenty, and there were *Edwin Booth* and *Kyrle Bellew*, well on in years, who were boyish enough to be well-matched lovers for *Juliet*."

GEORGE C. JENKS.



RICHARD CABLE AND HATTIE WILLIAMS

Now appearing in the leading roles in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion

Shadings of Shylock



W. A. ZIEGLER
EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS SHYLOCK
This popular actor will continue to appear in Shakespearean repertoire this season

CRITICS of the modern school, without attempting to be as iconoclastic as the late Count Tolstoi, are almost unanimous in the opinion that Shakespeare was a practical showman, as well as a poet. He wrote, not because the fire of genius burning within him created a desire on his part to raise his readers to an appreciation of lyric poetry, but for a reason far more common and commercial. With him, as with many of his successors, it was a matter of pounds and pence.

When, as a boy, Shakespeare turned his steps from quiet Stratford towards London, it is improbable that his heart yearned for the fame that is so often unaccompanied by material reward. He did not dream that the inscription above his tomb would one day be read with reverence and awe by a throng of pilgrims gathered from all parts of the world. He did not think of Shakespearean festivals and Shakespearean revivals—scenic and unscenic. It is more probable that he thought of himself as a man of affairs—a man whose fate, to use his own words, would be seen "where merchants most do congregate." It was necessity, chance, if you prefer, that lead him to the theatre. It was

luck that gave him his first work as an actor and ability that made him a stage director. The spark of genius had begun to blaze. Yet Shakespeare had not become an idealist.

At this time Shakespeare realized that there was money in the theatrical business if the patrons of the playhouses were pleased. As a dramatist and as a manager he endeavored to please. A well attended performance meant the same to Shakespeare as it does to Messrs. Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger, Brady or Shubert. It meant money, and it is to be believed that Shakespeare was just as ambitious to amass material goods as are his managerial brethren of the present day.

Shakespeare was, however, a real artist, possessed of certain ideas which he took pride in expressing through the medium of the theatre in which his plays were produced. Even Count Tolstoi ventured to say that these ideas were far in advance of the Elizabethan period. Here an obstacle presented itself to the poet-manager. In the case of Shylock this obstacle grew into a great barrier.

The Elizabethan Englishman had little consideration for the Jew. He demanded that the Jew on the stage be made a buffoon—a low comedy character. Shakespeare could not reconcile his own sentiments with those of his fellow countrymen. His mind was a century or more in advance of his time. To him the Jew was a fellow being, created by God and endowed not only with the same faculties, but the same rights as other men. When the two opposing forces came together—that is, the demands of the playgoers and the Shakespearean idea, the dramatist effected a compromise. He created a Jew whose character was so complex that the observer could find the essentials he wanted without suspecting that opposite elements were present in the creation. On the one hand, Shylock was revengeful, vicious, blood-thirsty; yet the real Shakespearean idea is to be found between the lines, and the money lender becomes a wronged man, a fond parent and an indulgent master who merely seeks retaliation for the abuse that has been heaped upon him.

This complexity of character offers a rich field for histrionic interpretation, and actors of the modern school have taken full advantage of the opportunities offered them for bringing out every shade of meaning intended by the author. A study of the Shylock of Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield as compared to that of Mr. Skinner, Mr. Mantell or the more extreme Mr. Greet will show the truth of this observation. The first-named actors based the interpretation of their rôles on the Shakespearean ideal. The last named, especially Mr. Greet, bring forth the Elizabethan conception of how the part should be played; the former inspires sympathy and even pity for the Jew, the latter dislike and aversion.

Sir Henry Irving, who is deemed by critics to have been the greatest of a long line of Shylocks, loved the part and it is said by his associates that he often shed real tears in the scene where Shylock laments the loss of his daughter. He first gained the sympathy of his audience by making his Shylock old and infirm with a shuffling step and a voice which trembled and broke whenever he was deeply moved by any emotion. In his first scene he played rapidly, coming to the point in which the bond is mentioned without that calculation and scheming that other actors have used who desired to portray Shylock as a confirmed villain, plotting to "catch Antonio upon the hip." In this last scene Shylock speaks of the wrongs done him by Antonio. The actor's tone was not defiant, but carried with it the note of complaint, like a child crying against a fancied injury done by its elders. It was not until after the elopement of Jessica that Mr. Irving began to emphasize the revengeful nature of the Jew. He was a parent, wronged by the daughter he loved and trusted. He was left alone in his old age and it was then that he sought reparation for the mistreatment he had been forced to endure. And as the court not only refuses to uphold his claim, but confiscates his property as well, he totters forth, we can easily imagine, to die



GLADYS HANSON

Who will play the leading rôle in Mr. Belasco's forthcoming production, "The Governor's Lady"

of a broken heart. Laying in this key, sounding strongly the minor notes throughout, it is no wonder that when the curtain descended on this scene, the audience should be weeping for Shylock rather than rejoicing in the good fortune of Antonio and his dowry hunting friend, Bassanio.

Following in a general way the interpretation laid down by Mr. Irving, the late Mr. Richard Mansfield gave us a Shylock which departed radically in its minute details from the creation of any other actor. He built up the part, surrounded it with a fine network of clever histrionism, making the Jew a fond father, a careful man of business, and in many ways a thoroughly likable old man.

There was one note which Mr. Mansfield sounded above all the rest and this was the Jewish love for virtue. The Mansfield Shylock brought this forth in a remarkable manner, and through it made the Shakespearean creation a living, breathing human. Shylock clung to his money bags simply because they were the only defense left the Venetian Jew of the period; but it was not the money bags that prompted Shylock to carry out his idea of revenge. That came later, when the honor of his daughter seemed to be in the balance, and the old Mosaic faith had been trampled under foot by the roistering young blades of Venice.

Those who closely followed Mr. Mansfield's method will also remember the little spark of humor that seemed to creep into the character like a tiny ray of sunlight peeping through the clouds. It was found in the scene where the shiftless Launcelot Gobbo came to deliver a message to Jessica. Shylock, believing that he has come to say farewell remarks: "The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." At the recitation of this line Mr. Mansfield's face relaxed into a half smile while his voice broke almost into a chuckle. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he regarded the clownish Gobbo and he seemed to dwell upon the incongruity of the lazy Launcelot being a member of a well ordered Jewish family.

At the conclusion of the trial scene, when Shylock, suffering under defeat, leaves the court room, the audience usually has much to speculate upon. Where does Shylock go and what does he do? These questions are bound to arise in the mind of any intelligent and observing playgoer. Mr. Mansfield almost gave an answer. Clutching the knife with which he had intended to cut the pound of flesh he tottered slowly and nervously across the stage. Almost imperceptibly he tapped his breast with the knife. Imperceptible as this action was, it carried a wealth of meaning to an audience; it must have carried to every mind the suggestion of suicide.

To Mr. Otis Skinner belongs the credit of having created a unique Shylock. He reverted to the Elizabethan standards of interpretation without making Shylock a buffoon. He secured

the result without lowering the dignity of the character. Where both the Irving and Mansfield Shylocks had shown an old and infirm man, able at best to offer but a feeble resistance, the Skinner Shylock was young, full of life and that vivacity of mind that has always been characteristic of the Jew. In appearance he was a man of middle age without even a touch of grey in his hair or beard. Such a character would arouse no sympathy because of his age, and when he appeared on the stage, dressed in rich attire, an ermine lined cloak thrown about his shoulders, and a well filled purse swinging at his belt, the audience was fully prepared to accept him as a harsh, cruel and aggressive enemy whose only thought was of money and revenge.

Mr. Skinner read his lines with an accent pronouncedly Jewish, and in his first scene he dwelt upon every word, weighing them carefully, and at the same time planning how he could best get the advantage of Antonio, whom he had long despised as a rival. Shylock was always the central figure on the stage, and at no time did there appear to be the ghost of a show for Antonio until Portia arose to her great climax in the trial scene. Jessica became insignificant in the life of Shylock. It must be said, that although Mr. Skinner's technique was almost perfect and his interpretation artistic, the character lost much of its fine flavor, which is generally found to rest in the paternal love characteristic of the Jew.

Ben Greet has been referred to as an extremist. He appears so on the surface, yet when one becomes acquainted with his real purpose, one sees that he is not extreme merely from a desire to be different. Mr. Greet is a scholar who has, perhaps, made a closer study of the Elizabethan stage than any other actor of the present day. His idea, expressed in a letter to the present writer, is set forth in the following words:

"I have not attempted to play Shakespeare as it was played in the poet's time. Tradition has left too little upon which to base such acting. My only desire is to play the works of the great master as they were written. My versions are uncut and I have not re-arranged the text in order to allow the exploitation of any star or to permit heightened climaxes or stage pictures."

The Shylock of Mr. Greet, based on this theory, stands little above the other characters of the play. Like Mr. Skinner, Mr. Greet has made Shylock comparatively young, with a reddish beard and wig. The character is developed carefully and there are few softened notes.

PAUL R. MARTIN.



White

JULIA SANDERSON,
who will play the leading rôle in "The Sunshine Girl"



Walter In "Roy Blue"



Van Hout In "Hamlet"



L. de la Haye In "Oedipus Rex"



Martet In "Patrie"

EVERY once in a while there comes a period when complete stagnation results in

a particular form of art. Sometimes this occurs from want of popular demand, sometimes it is due to a lack of the creative element. The theatrical world has seen this condition time and again, and in the field of the poetic and tragic drama a real scarcity among the players exists throughout the world at the present day. This is not simply the wail of the old-time patron of the drama, who insists that things are not as they formerly were and that the kings and queens of the tragic muse are no more; it is a real condition that confronts us. Study the situation here and abroad and it will be discovered that in not one country will there be found extant a player who measures up to the best of the previous decade. But at least one giant of the past still lives and occasionally appears. France still has Mounet-Sully, who at the age of seventy-two celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his debut at the Comédie Française.

The celebration, which occurred on July 4 last, took the form of a special performance of Racine's tragedy, "Atréaume," in which M. Mounet-Sully again acted the part of Orestes, the rôle in which he made his debut at the Français forty years before. "It was a wonderful evening," says *Comedia Illustré* "and the tragedian will long remember it among the most notable of his exceptional career. Some of the most eminent artists on the French stage appeared with him. Paul Monnet, Madame Bartet, Madame Segond-Weber and others. The last act closed with a veritable rain of flowers, and after the curtain's fall the celebration was continued in the Green Room, where the tragedian was presented with golden palms." The festivities did not even end that evening, for they were followed the next day by a luncheon at the Pré Catelan, at which congratulatory telegrams were read and speeches made. Everyone of any distinction and importance in the artistic world of Paris was there. All the members of the Comédie Française and other

France Honors an Actor

well-known actors and actresses, famous authors, prominent members of the Chamber of Deputies,

and prominent journalists, all crowded eagerly to do honor to France's most distinguished player. Telegrams were received from Edmond Rostand, Sarah Bernhardt, Paul Déroulède and Sir Herbert Beerhohn Tree. Speeches were made by Adolphe Brisson, Pierre Decourcelle, Jules Claretie, M. Silvain, vice doyen of the Comédie Française, and many others.

It was at Bergerac, a town in Gascony, on February 27th, 1841, that Jean Sully Mounet first saw the light. For stage purposes he transposed his patronymic, and as such has gained enduring fame in France as the legitimate successor to Talma in the great rôles of the romantic and classical repertoire. There is something in him of what is best associated with the literary ideals of the Gascon. Big physically, daring in spirit, romantic in bearing, he suggests outwardly the dashing D'Artagnan, while the poetical sensibility of Cyrano de Bergerac cannot be said to be lacking in his mental make-up. His family had destined him for the bar, but the spirit of the footlights was within him, and en-

dowed with a noble and heroic figure and a voice which Jules Lemaitre later described as one of "bronze or Corinthian metal" he cast aside the dull processes of the law, went to Paris and, at the Conservatoire, took up a strict study of the stage under Bressant, who was then in charge of the curriculum. Mounet-Sully was then twenty-one years of age. His faith in his powers was later justified, for, in 1868, he took *Premier Accessit* and was duly enrolled as leading man at the Odéon, the second in importance of the municipally endowed theatres of Paris. Then came the Franco-Prussian war. Promptly offering his services to his country he was made a lieutenant of mounted infantry in the army of the Loire. Mounet-Sully was not only a brave officer, but an efficient one as well, and when the war was over the authorities were most anxious that he should remain in the regular service, but he felt that he had done his duty



Photo Bert

MOUNET-SULLY

The distinguished French tragedian who recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his debut on the stage

was over the authorities were most anxious that he should remain in the regular service, but he felt that he had done his duty

and that the peaceful walks of art were for him, and so back to the capital he came to take up his interrupted artistic career.

At this time Emile Perrin was the director of the Comédie Française. For lack of proper material, especially for the leads,

it had been impossible to properly produce the masterpieces of Racine and Corneille. The Hugo drama, too, was languishing for a suitable exponent of its picturesque and long winded heroes. Perrin was anxious to overcome all this and to give those plays their fitting place in the programmes of the great National Theatre. In hunting around for his object he ran across Bressant and told him of his difficulties. "If you can get him he is the very man you want," Bressant replied. "Mounet-Sully would fill the bill in every particular. While a member of my class he was nicknamed by his associates 'Midi à quatorze heures,' for he is a dreamy genius, but has voice, figure and temperament for the rôles you suggest." Perrin found the Gascon, and on July 4th, 1872, Mounet-Sully made his debut at the Théâtre Français as Orestes in Racine's "Andromaque" and, in the familiar parlance of the stage, awoke the next day to find himself famous, landed to the echo by Lemaitre, Sarcey and the other great critics of that period. Just twenty-two years later he essayed this same rôle at the Knickerbocker (then Abbey's) Theatre in this city. Then over fifty years of age, it was not surprising that there was something lacking in the juvenescent fire of his fate-pursued youth, but it was still instinct with the grace and finish of a noble school and an impersonation of great beauty and vibrant power.

At the Comédie Française Mounet-Sully was also utilized in the modern drama, and in 1876 created the rôle of Gerald in "L'Etrangère" of Dumas fils, but he was not happy in the rôle. Conventional dress seemed to fetter and embarrass his art. Give him the robes of Greece, the enveloping folds of the Henri Quatre cloak, a sword and a waving plume and the fire and romance of the glorious past brought out and vivified all that was best in his feeling and execution. In "Zaire," "Ruy Blas," "Hernani" and

"Oedipus Rex" new honors awaited him, but it was not until he essayed Hamlet that literary Paris hailed him with undisguised joy and pride. It was the metrical version of Shakspeare's famous tragedy prepared by Dumas fils and Paul Meurice that he

presented and, strange enough, it was this very version that was rejected at the Français when offered forty years before.

In measuring the work of the leaders of the varying national schools in the presentation of the great histrionic rôles of the world-wide drama, one must employ a very catholic taste and bring to the effort a perfect freedom from insular prejudice. Hamlet is universal in his great human application, and there is, therefore, the widest range of difference in the manner and methods which Booth, Sonenthal, Irving, Salvini, Beerbohm Tree, Fechter, Rossi, Forbes-Robertson and Mounet-Sully have severally employed in presenting the Prince of Denmark. Some of these notable players have been liked and admired in spots and aside from patriotic pride one has been declared supreme. In considering, therefore, the merits of Mounet-Sully's interpretation one must take into consideration the technic and methods of the French school of tragic acting. As is well known, it is coldly classical. The lilt of the Alexandrine, the almost universal method of expression, makes for monotony and gives the actor

few chances for those terrific moments of tragic uplift which come when the verse is couched in the sometimes harsh, but always sonorous, vigor of the Anglo-Saxon speech.

Mounet-Sully's Hamlet (he played it here at Abbey's on April 9th, 1894) was thoroughly picturesque, gracefully elegant and poetically competent. But it was a lachrymose Hamlet, a neurotic one, in which over-wrought nerves played a more prominent part than the vacillating purpose of a great and distressed mind. It was always interesting from the point of view, but something too effeminate and bizarre for the American taste. As indicative of the actor's mind and style, the following from Professor Brander Matthews' interesting work, "The Theatres of Paris," sheds illuminating light:

(Continued on page 12)



White
WILLIAM MONTGOMERY AND FLORENCE MOORE
Who are appearing with great success in "Hanky Panky" at the Broadway Theatre



Bykes, Chicago

HELEN WARE

Who will be seen in New York, in October, in a new play called "The Trial Marriage"

OF the many distinguished English actors who visited this country during the last half of the nineteenth century, two

that I recall with especial pleasure are Edward A. Sothern and George Rignold, the one the most popular light comedian of his day, the other probably the best Henry V. ever seen on our shores.

Mr. Sothern I first saw in "Our American Cousin," with Joe Jefferson as Asa Trenchard and Laura Keane as Florence Trenchard. In his rôle of Lord Dunderbary, Mr. Sothern became so celebrated and played it so constantly that it is hard to recall him in different characters, yet he was deservedly popular in "David Garrick" and other rôles. Like most comedians, he often insisted that he should have been a tragedian. To demonstrate this, he once played "Othello" at a great benefit performance in New York with Billy Florence as Iago and Lotta as Desdemona. His Othello was very handsome, and magnificently dressed, and the play started off well, but ere long Lotta chuckled Othello under the chin and Florence got in some comedy work that convulsed the audience, whereupon Sothern yielded to the inevitable and turned the great tragedy into broad comedy.

Years ago I knew a jolly English-woman, Miss Amy Crawford, then supporting Frank Mayo in "David Crockett," who told me a story illustrative of Sothern's fondness for joking. It appears that, at a party in England, Miss Crawford once met a young actor who told her that in his youth Sothern studied for the church and had given up with reluctance his desire to enter the ministry. Miss Crawford doubted the story and even wagered that it was untrue. She left the company about midnight, but before she had arisen in the morning received a telegram from Sothern at Liverpool, correctly addressed, which read, "I did not study for the church, but if you advise me that you so wish will leave the stage and prepare to take orders."

In 1881 I met, at Watch Hill, R. I., a gentleman named Dickinson, who had managed a theatre at Albany, N. Y., several years before, during the administration of Gov. John A. Dix. Sothern played an engagement at this theatre, in the course of which he played so many practical jokes on Mr. Dickinson that the latter determined to get square with the actor. This he did in a manner which he narrated to me as follows:

Dickinson had a friend employed in the executive department of the capitol, who, at his request procured him a letterhead and envelope with the lithographed head, "Executive Department." Upon the sheet Mr. Dickinson wrote with a disguised hand a letter purporting to be signed by the Governor, addressed to Mr. Sothern, stating that he had never had the pleasure of seeing him on the stage, and requesting that a box might be reserved for him that evening. The letter further requested Mr. Sothern to come to the executive department at five that evening to dine with the Governor.

This letter was sent by a boy to the theatre where Sothern was engaged in rehearsing and was handed to him on the stage. Reading it he summoned the messenger and asked, "Who is this from?" "From his excellency Governor Dix," said the boy who had been well coached. "All right," said Sothern, "Please say to his excellency that his request shall be complied with, and that a box will be placed at his disposal, and add that Mr. Sothern regrets that, owing to a want of writing material, he will have to defer answering the Governor in writing until he returns to the hotel." The boy bowed and left, and on his way out heard Sothern tell the treasurer to reserve a box for the Governor. All this was reported to Mr. Dickinson by the boy. As soon as the

Players I Have Known

BY A VETERAN CRITIC

rehearsal was over Sothern went to see Mr. Dickinson with the invitation in his hand, saying, "Dick, what does this mean?" Reading

the letter Dickinson broke out, "My boy, this is an honor, indeed, why this letter of John A. Dix will some day be very valuable, if only for the autograph of the man who wrote, 'If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!' Why, I myself will give you fifty dollars for that letter. The old gentleman rarely writes personally and you are in luck." "Is that so," said Sothern, evidently delighted. "Then I suppose I must accept the dinner invitation." "Of course," Dickinson replied. "Well, then, I will hurry to the hotel and write an acceptance." This was just what Dickinson had dreaded, for, had he done this, Sothern's letter would have gone direct to the Governor, which had to be prevented. So he said, "Why not save time and write here at my desk." Sothern complied and wrote a courteous letter of acceptance, when Dickinson called a friend, who was unknown to Sothern, but who was in the secret, and said, "Take this at once to the capitol." The messenger left and kept out of sight till Sothern went to his hotel, when he returned the letter to Mr. Dickinson.

A little before five o'clock Dickinson repaired to the executive room of the capitol and induced his friend there to hide him behind a screen in the anteroom. In a few moments there was a knock at the door, which was opened by a doorkeeper who was, of course, ignorant of the plot. Mr. Sothern was heard to say, "Is his excellency within?" "Yes, sir, but he is engaged." "Never mind, take in my card and say that Mr. Sothern is waiting." "It will be no use, sir, as he is very busy at an important matter." Sothern replied haughtily, "I tell you to take it in, as I am to dine with the Governor and——" Here Mr. Dickinson came from behind the screen, and, holding the letter of acceptance in his hand, said, "Won't it be just as well to dine with me, Ned?" "Oh, Good Lord, a sell, a sell!" cried Sothern, grasping Dickinson by the arm and leading him out to the elegant barouche in which he had driven up. "Oh Lord, what will Billy Florence and the boys say to this! But do let me tell them and promise that you won't tell anyone." This promise was not made, despite Sothern's implorations.

Later in the day Sothern sent Dickinson a letter purporting to be a copy of one sent by him to the Governor, apologizing for his message and call, on the ground that he had been grossly deceived by an irresponsible Albany bummer. In reply Dickinson returned a purported copy of a letter sent by him to Governor Dix, in which his excellency was requested to pay no attention to any communications from E. A. Sothern, the actor, on the ground that he was a monomaniac on the subject of writing to distinguished men in the hope that their necessary replies would flatter his insatiable vanity.

After the play Sothern went to Dickinson and said, "Why did you send that letter to the Governor. I never sent the one of which I sent you a copy." "No more did I," was the reply. "But, my dear Ned, you're sold again." "Oh Lord, let's quit," was his reply, and from that day he played



E. A. Sothern as Dunderbary



George Rignold as Henry V



White

BESSIE ABBOTT

The American prima donna now appearing as Mad Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood," at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Lucy Weston
England's leading comedienne in vandyette

of us into an adjoining café, where he accidentally brushed against an Irishman who drew off and hit him ere he could apologize. Rignold promptly knocked the man down, and a free fight would probably have ensued, had not a reporter drawn Pat aside and told him that the man who had floored him was a fighter who "had licked a bunch of Frenchmen that very night." On this tip Pat left, as Rignold's physique was such that this tale of his prowess seemed entirely probable.

A year or so later, I was one of an immense audience at a benefit performance at Booth's Theatre, in New York, when Rignold appeared as Romeo to five different Juliets. My programme was burned in the great Baltimore Fire of 1904, but as I recall it, the ladies appeared in this order: Fanny Davenport, Ada Dyas, Minnie Cummings, Maude Granger and Marie Wainwright. Of these, Miss Davenport appeared to best advantage, though it was perhaps fortunate for her that Adelaide Neilson cancelled, at the last moment, an acceptance to be one of the quintette. The performance was curious, rather than interesting, and when Mr. Rignold was called out at the end of the play, much out of breath, his first words were, "You see, I have survived it."

"Henry V" had a long run at Booth's that winter with Rignold in the leading rôle, which he played superbly, having a handsome stage presence and kingly manner, and though he was not especially good looking in private life, he was then dividing the worship of the matinee girls with the very attractive Harry J. Montague of Wallack's. His support was excellent, and included Charley Bishop as Bardolph and Fred Thorn as Fluellen. He was the first to introduce the spectacular return of the victorious monarch, riding into the crowded streets of the city of London upon a handsome horse.

H. P. GOURARD.



Vivian Martin
Appearing as Sadie Small in "Officer 666," at the Gaiety

no more such tricks on his mischievous Albany manager.

It was some time in the early seventies that I first saw George Rignold, when he came to Hartford, Conn., to play "Henry V" under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, with a company so bad that between the acts he made a speech apologizing for "the scratch company" that had been furnished him. In one of the very first scenes of the play trouble began when the "Ambassadors of France," who being in the box of tennis halls from the French Dauphin, did not enter when he called, and had to be almost dragged before the king on his throne. This incident had got Rignold's temper pretty well aroused, and a little later it got to the boiling point. The first scene of Act IV closes with Henry on his knees the night before the battle of Agincourt, uttering that beautiful prayer for the success of his army in the coming contest. The stage was in darkness, and a spot light was to be thrown on the figure of the kneeling monarch. By a stupid blunder the light was thrown about two feet above his head. The result was a delivery of the text about as follows:

"O, God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts
(Damn it, lower that light).
Possess them not with fear
(What the devil ails that light?)."

a revised version of the text that convulsed the audience.

Rignold was such a fine actor and splendid looking man on the stage that ere the evening was over he conquered all difficulties and won the audience. After the performance, he dropped into a hall-room next the theatre where some newspaper men were watching the dancers. In a few moments he accompanied some



FEW plays produced of recent years in England can boast of success as complete and instantaneous as that scored by "Milestones," the new comedy by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The piece, which has already had a tremendous run in London, has been secured for America by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and will be presented in New York at the Liberty on September 16 next and in Chicago, at the Blackstone, a week later. The story is in three episodes. In 1860 John Rhead is enthusiastic, young, miles ahead of his partners. An ironfounder, he realizes the day of the wooden ship has gone. His determination breaks partnership and friendship. The Sibleys are old-fashioned. Sam Sibley is engaged to Rhead's sister, Gertrude, but she gives him back his ring. Pretty Rose Sibley loves Rhead and believes in him. That was in 1860. Thence to 1895. Rhead is now portly, prosperous and fifty. He has married Rose, who has grown into a sweet-tempered, husband-adoring Victorian maiden. Rhead is rich enough

to buy a baronetcy. Gertrude is a sentimental middle-aged spinster. The Rheads have one daughter, Emily, who is in love with Arthur Preece, an inventor. Success has made Rhead obstinate. Iron ships have made his fortune, but the idea of steel ships fills him with contempt. Of course, he will have none of Preece. He has other ideas and Emily, after a few tears, consents to marry the amiable old Lord Monkhurst. This is in 1885. So in 1912, and the Rhead's golden wedding day. Sir John is nearly eighty, bent, tired, but still obstinate and forceful. His wife is sweeter and more lovable than ever. Emily is a handsome widow with two children: the boy a fool, the girl a beauty, who falls in love with an engineer. She is determined to marry him, regardless of family protests. Then Emily tells her daughter the truth. She is a lonely woman. She is fighting for herself. The girl promises never to leave her. This is in 1912. Fortunately the inventor, now become a labor M. P., turns up in time to save the situation.



No. 1. Act 1. Ned conceals his enthusiasm for his sweetheart. No. 2. Act 2. John Rhead chides Gertrude for her attachment for Preece. No. 3. Act 3. Ned is surprised at Gertrude's coldness. No. 4. Act 3. Mabel bids her grandfather good night. No. 5. Act 3. Rose pleads for the young couple.

SCENES IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 5. Du Barry

THERE were million-dollar beauties before the Du Barry, and there have been many of them since she lived, but none had a more thrilling or spectacular career than the favorite of Louis XV. Her immediate predecessor, the Pompadour, lived and died as those before her had done—chiefly noblewomen of title or ancestry. Many of them were born amid the gaiety of courts and their advancement to what might be termed a stellar position was notable merely for the growth of their extravagance, the authority they were able to exercise with their sovereign lords and the popularity or enmity among the royal entourage. With no great stretch of the imagination, it would have been easy to prophesy the future of some women who became king's favorites. In some instances there were diplomatic affairs and political intrigues at work preceding the birth of several famous women of the "left hand," that continued throughout their lives, until they arrived near the throne. Their early training eminently fitted them for their later careers. They followed the rainbow from the days of their youth. In many ways there were pathetic incidents in their careers. Sorrow, suffering and even death overtook many of them. They paid the price for their follies.

What is true of most of the others is true of

Du Barry; but there are additional and extenuating circumstances, excuses for her excesses, greater tragedy in her death by the guillotine, and more precious sensations in her rise from the gutter to the dazzling heights of fame; where she swayed the sceptre over the world's greatest monarchy, to her ignoble ride in the death-cart, while the mob howled for her head.

Du Barry was the natural daughter of a seamstress. At one time in her life she would have laughed at the idea of anything like ancestors. It has been a question for a century and more whether her father was an unfrocked monk, called Gomard de Vaubernier, or a sailor, or possibly a tax collector. All of these claims

have been made and maintained by circumstantial evidence, but the baby's first baptismal record was silent upon this matter, although a forged document took its place after the rise of the nameless child to a place of distinction.

Doubtless Jeanne Vaubernier, as she was known in her youth, had a pretty face, a quick wit and an engaging manner, although the stamp of the vulgarian was upon her, and even in the height of her power she was notable for the shocking liberties that she took with established precedents. She was the child of

Anne Bécu, and was born in the same village as Jeanne d'Arc. The mother always claimed to be a descendant of the French heroine, but such a relationship doubtless existed merely in imagination, and the daughter never put forth such a claim, even in her *mémoires*, which were verbose when relating to purely personal matter, and were doubtless written by some one else, but some person who was well informed of the subject treated.

Soon after little Jeanne's birth, her mother found herself without means of support and taking her child with her, she went to Paris to attempt to earn a living. When the little girl was old enough she was provided with a tray of buckles and other shining ornaments, which she peddled in the street. And apparently she was

a good saleswoman, for her next employment was in a fashionable millinery shop, where she not only had the opportunity to flirt with the aristocratic routs who frequented the place, but naturally rubbed elbows with the great social world of the day, for men and women alike, hung about the so-called millinery shop, eagerly inquiring for the latest trifle or fobble from the loom or silversmith.

Jeanne seems to have distinguished herself at the shop. The gay flirts of Paris stood about her and listened to her talk, which was doubtless highly seasoned. The frank, crude and ready wit of the girl appealed to the jaded courtiers and it was natural that she passed from the millinery shop to a gambling



Byron Mrs. Leslie Carter as Mme. Du Barry being taken to the scaffold



INA CLAIRE

This popular singing comedienne will continue to play the rôle of Prudence in "The Quaker Girl," this season



Moffett, Chicago

CHARLES CHERRY

This popular leading man will be seen this season in "Parses By" and later in a new play.

parlor, where she succeeded in drawing the same element about her.

And even at this time she had not been without her violent love affairs. It was natural that she should have been always in the midst of some turbulent passion that in most cases had little or nothing to do with the outward life that people knew and gossiped about. Her first lover was doubtless a pastry cook who squandered upon her his earnings. Cosse-Brissac was a typical French lover and remained as such during the greater part of her life. Lamat spent so much money upon her that he repaired to England in disgrace. Many men were her slaves and perhaps even they could not have explained just what about her was so charming. But she fascinated and held them.

This power of hers was observed by Jean Du Barry, a spendthrift scamp, who later in life did not hesitate to ask for favors because he had been the means of obtaining her introduction to the King. He flattered and amused her, and together they

plotted and intrigued for her advancement in the social world. Always he held before her the alluring picture of the Pompadour. France was without a royal favorite. Who should occupy that post? None other than she.

One night he arranged for her to meet the King's valet de chambre at a dinner, and as had been anticipated, that personage was captivated, and remarked that "she is worthy of a throne." And apparently he made just the report to his royal master that had been desired, for Louis had repeated many times, that he would select his favorite from outside court circles, although many men held before him the advantages of their several candidates for that position. Brothers did not hesitate to work for this "advancement" for their sisters; husbands were willing to "sacrifice" their wives, and even the church itself was not opposed to giving its approval or disapproval of persons mentioned.

But the King's curiosity had been piqued in regard to the woman of the streets, the millinery shop, and the gambling den, concerning whom wonderful reports had been made to him. So he caused her to be invited to a dinner to be attended by himself and the Duc de Richelieu. On this occasion the lady did not attempt any grand manner, and excepting in the most formal courtesies, did not seem to appreciate what it meant to be "on trial," as it proved to be, before the King. Consequently, she won him completely. She was exactly the woman he wanted to be near him. And before many days, the report

reached Paris that the girl with the blonde hair from Labille's millinery shop was installed at Versailles in the royal palace, even occupying the apartments formerly reserved for the Princess Adelaide.

Immediately all France and other courts of Europe knew what was happening. Courtiers cultivated her, diplomats prostrated themselves and the wise old Marie Theresa wrote to her daughter, Marie Antionette, to show a more respectful attitude. But on the contrary, her enemies were busy. To disarm the latter, a forged entry was made in the register of births in the parish where she first saw the light of day. The King objected to the fact that she was single, instead of being a married woman, a point of delicacy that is laughable to-day, so Jean Du Barry was quickly on the scene with his brother from the country and the King's mistress was not only provided with an honorable ancestry, as proved by the books, but also with a husband, who must have retired from the ceremony

(Continued on page 91)



Copyright Charles Frohman

CHARLES FROHMAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE THEATRE BUILDING

IT is a standing joke among Charles Frohman's

lieutenants at the Empire that they know what time their chief gets up in the morning, but have no idea when he goes to bed. He may rehearse till three o'clock in the morning, and then as the clock strikes nine he will enter his offices smiling, leisurely and débonair.

Arriving at his office, which may be described as cloister-like, because of its Gothic architecture, on the third floor of the Empire Theatre Building, the little "big" manager is met by Peter, the swift-footed, close-mouthed sentry outside the huge stone doorway, who takes his hat, and softly closes the massive hand-carved Old English oak door after him. Going directly to his little table-desk—an antique treasure which Mr. Frohman prizes highly—set in the centre of the room, he sits down in his leather-upholstered arm chair, kicks off his Congress shoes and looks over his mail. While doing this he kicks his little feet in the air, for it is there that they dangle, anyway, unless he chooses to half-sit on the forward edge of the chair.

Following close upon his heels, it is thus that one finds him, sitting facing the only door to the large square room. A chair awaits you on one side of the table within arm's reach of this Commander-in-Chief of the greatest theatrical army in the world. As you draw up your chair closer to the table, you unavoidably kick one of his unusually small Congress shoes—comfortable-looking and doubtless easy and quickly to get on and off. As one gets to know Mr. Frohman, one realizes that the manager will have nothing to do with anything that takes any unnecessary time to bother with, or that requires any thought in using. He does not even carry a watch, because, as he has remarked, "Everybody else carries a watch," meaning that if he wanted to find out the time of day he could do it more quickly, and with

less bother, by inquiring of his personal or business associates

than by looking for a watch that he may have forgotten to wind up.

"Clarley," says Daniel Frohman, his older brother, "has made it a rule in life not to do anything that he can hire somebody else to do, thus leaving himself all the time possible to do those things that he alone can do."

The moment the visitor sits down Charles Frohman gets up and begins pacing about the room, keeping up a rapid-fire

of answers to your questions. His speech has a kind of declamatory tone, and is broken up into swift, pungent sentences, as if he had the habit from continuous reading of stage dialogue and the long practice of coaching actors in the delivery of their lines. He is quicker with his answers than you are with your questions, and you have to have your wits about you or you won't catch up with him.

Charles Frohman—his associates call him C. F. for short—is a person of infinite surprises in conversation, as in everything else. Of two questions of equal importance, he is just as likely to answer the one with a negative shake of the head and the other with a ten-minute talk. It all depends on which question sets his fancy afire. To a single question which I asked him he made me a speech!

In order to keep my eyes on him while he was making this speech, since he was all the time pacing around the room, I noticed rows of photographs between statuary busts on his around-the-room five-foot-high bookcase of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Billie Burke, Marie Tempest, Alla Nazimova, Otis Skinner, William Gillette, John Mason and many other of the Frohman "stars." These he calls "my people." In the midst of all these likenesses is a moon-faced clock that has a very pretty chime instead of a blatant alarm. Every morning before "the Chief" reaches his office, Peter sets the



Copyright, Central News

CHARLES FROHMAN



Moffett MARY BOLAND
will appear in "The Perplexed Husband"



Bangs GUY BATES POST,
to be seen in "The Bird of Paradise" Satony



Louise RUTTER
will be seen in "Passers-By"

chime so that it whirrs away a snatch of whatever song is in it seven or eight set times during the day. Just now it is a catchy little piece from "The Girl from Montmartre," Mr. Frohman's initial production for the new season, at the Criterion Theatre. Soon that will give way to something from either "The Marriage Market," the new musical comedy in three acts which he will present during the winter with Donald Brian as the singing and dancing star, or Leo Fall's new musical play, "The Doll Girl," to be produced in December, and that in turn for the best melody in "The Sunshine Girl," which he is to produce after Christmas with Miss Julia Sanderson in the title part.

Mr. Frohman was telling me about his having perfected an European theatrical circuit during his annual six months in London—he divides his time equally between New York and London. He said that one of the most important matters which he had settled was an arrangement with managers of theatres in the leading Continental cities for a circuit of playhouses similar to that in the United States. The cities included in the plan are Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Budapest, Lyons, Marseilles, Frankfurt and Brussels. Managers of the principal theatres in these cities will provide bookings for the Frohman attractions and will be interested financially with him in the tours of companies. Through this arrangement, just as in America the leading cities and towns are booked with attractions in New York, so the leading Continental cities will hereafter

be booked with attractions from Mr. Frohman's offices in the Globe Theatre, London. When a play has succeeded in London it will be sent to the Continent, and when a successful play has been produced in Paris it will go on tour to the other houses in the circuit. In this way the Continent will be supplied with the successes of the leading producing centres of Europe, and there will be a constant interchange of the big dramatic and musical pieces, not as now a sporadic tour of a success with an inferior cast.

It would seem that Charles Frohman never stops dreaming. But he always realizes his dreams, wild as they at first sight may seem to be, and this by sheer force of his wonderful imaginative faculty and indomitable will. The manager has often said that imagination rules the world, and those who know him can only say that imagination rules him. Charles Frohman is, was and ever will be a dreamer. As Bernard Shaw once remarked of him, "He is the most wildly romantic and adventurous man of my acquaintance. As Charles XII became a famous soldier through his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Charles Frohman has become a famous manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined."

All his life Mr. Frohman has demonstrated this. With but fifty cents in ready money, but, as always, an imagination on which he could draw for an endless fortune, the adventurous young "Charlie" Frohman spent his last cent to see the first per-



White CLARA LIPMAN
To star this season in her own play, "It Depends on the Woman"



Gould & Marsden
WILLIAM FARNUM
will continue to star in "The Little Rebel"

fore midnight that night, with no other funds than self-confidence, born of an insurmountable imagination, he had bought the road rights to this great war-time play, as a gambler would say, "on a shoe-string!" This was but three or four years after he had marked out a theatrical career for himself at the age of seventeen by quitting his job as an advertising clerk in a newspaper office in New York and taking a company presenting that fine old play, "Our Boys," to Chicago. Three years after this first venture, before he was twenty-one he organized Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels and took them to Europe. And three years after spending his last fifty cents to see the initial performance of "Shenandoah" he divided \$200,000 among those who had come in with him on the scheme—Al Hayman, of San Francisco, and W. R. Hooley, of Chicago, whom he had persuaded to risk \$1,500 each, besides paying \$100,000 to the author, Bronson Howard. Four years later he entered this same Boston Museum as its manager and lessee.

Fast upon the initial start in Boston he secured a theatre in New York; then two more, and finally four altogether, with interests in others. Then he began to cast his theatrical net over theatres in nearly every city of any consequence in the country, and finally succeeded in doing the same thing in London. Now he has achieved beyond even his wildest speculations and has spread his net over Europe. There is but one thing left for him to do—to establish an around-the-world chain of theatres, a globe-encircling circuit.

Just then I was startled by the suddenness of a chime issuing from that same moon-faced clock, the hands of which now stood at 9:30. Instantly Mr. Frohman stepped over to his desk from the stone mantle-piece, by the side of which he was standing at that time, and picked up a typewritten slip of paper lying before

formance of the great old war play, "Shenandoah," on the stage of the historic Boston Museum. Along with hundreds of others, he stood up at the rear of the crowded theatre. But he only stood there until he saw how the play was going to turn out. Then he hurried out to the offices of Mr. Fields, who owned the play and the theatre. Be-

him. On it were notes regarding the day's work. It read:

Rehearsals { Criterion—"The Girl from Montmartre."
Harris—"The Model."
Empire—"The Perplexed Husband."
Lyceum—"The Mind the Paint Girl."

Then, apparently forgetting that he was being interviewed and that he had a caller, he made a bee-line for the door. No matter who is present, when Mr. Frohman's chiming clock warns him of a rehearsal which he intends to attend he bursts out of the room without even an unceremonious nod of the head. The next hour or two the fixed answer for all who seek him is, "Gone to rehearsal."

And then he always goes alone—hurrying unseen and unseeing from theatre to theatre. So few know what Charles Frohman looks like that almost nobody recognizes him during the very rare moments that he is to be seen on the street. His air is that of a man catching a train. The door-tenders of his theatres speak of him as the "to and fro-man." They never know when he is coming and he is already out of the theatre by the front way

while they are still standing at attention to let him out through the stage door.

Long before I could gather up my hat, pencil and paper he had disappeared, been swallowed up among actor-folk lounging about the sidewalks of Broadway. As I passed the different groups—an endless chain of actors telling each other of their "triumphs" on the road, to the discomfort of passers-by, leaving them barely room to squeeze through—such remarks as these greeted my ears:

"Frohman wrote me that he wanted me for the 'lead' in Gus Thomas' new play, and asked me to come to see him as soon as he got back from England, but 'the wife' likes to travel, so I guess I'll stick to the road again this season. Frohman is a good friend of mine; I've known him for years."



White
EDNA ABARBANEL
To be seen in a new comic opera entitled "The Gypsy"

"I'm to see Frohman myself to-morrow," spoke up another self-possessed, chesty thespian, in a voice that echoed and re-echoed to Forty-second Street. "He has offered me the 'lead' with Ethel Barrymore this season."

And so on, and yet not one of these airy thespians recognized the great manager



White
FRANK MCINTYRE
will appear in "Oh, Oh, Delphine" this season.

(Continued on page 91)



Thomas Byron

The courtyard of an English Inn with the platform on which strolling players are performing "The Nice Wanton." It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Bell.



An open place in an English village with the pageant wagon representing Noah's Ark. It was made by Mr. Joseph Wickes, under the direction of Mr. E. Hamilton Bell. Presented by Mr. Winthrop Ames.

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, of Columbia University, is of the opinion

A DRAMA MUSEUM

that when you are in Rome you should do as the Romans do. That is, he is firmly of the opinion that when his students study Greek drama, their minds should not conjure it up as produced on the stage of the Empire Theatre, but should imagine it in the Theatre of Dionysus. And an idea of that theatre is much better gained by placing a model of it before the student than by all the written specifications he might read.

To that end, Professor Matthews has begun a Dramatic Museum which bids fair to be of vital importance. At present it is in its incipency and it needs to be properly endowed, for the reproduction of models is not an inexpensive matter, inasmuch as the time spent on one is equivalent to the time spent on many a master's thesis. There are now in the museum five models of importance, not counting the model for the scene in "The Return of Peter Grimm," donated by Mr. Belasco. Through the kindness of the Paris Opéra, a model of the Valenciennes mystery stage was prepared and presented to the University. This has served as the nucleus for the collection. The second model came from Germany, and represents accurately, under the scholarly guidance of Dr. Fritzsche, the Palais-Royal Theatre, erected by Richelieu for the performance of his own pieces. The stage afterwards became the scene of many of Molière's best-known comedies.

Mr. Hamilton Bell and Mr. Joseph Wickes have done much to aid Professor Matthews in the erection of these models. Theatre-goers will remember that at the New Theatre, as an illustration of a mystery play, recounting the wayward manner of Mrs. Noah, a pageant wagon was very accurately represented in the street of a mediaeval English town. This model was donated to the museum, as was also Mr. Wickes' courtyard of a Tudor Inn. This latter was procured for Prof. Matthews through the courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Ames.

But perhaps the most important model was that of the Fortune Theatre, which, through the munificence

of Mr. Clarence Mackay, was won away from England, much to the disappointment of the English press. Now to show how delicate these models are, not only in material construction but in accuracy, it only has to be noted that in the shipment of this model damage was done to it. So much so that when it was opened at Columbia University many hours were spent in piecing it together. And this could not have been done but for the deftness of Mr. Wickes and the accurate knowledge of Professor Matthews. People may speak of the difficulty of putting together a cut-up puzzle; but there is much intellectual zest in this piecing-together what might be considered the material core of the stage of a past day.

Professor Matthews is eager to increase his collection. He has sent forth a pamphlet outlining what is most needed to enhance the value of this model-phase of his museum. He needs a model of the Theatre Dionysus, one of the Roman Theatre at Orange, one of the Spanish Theatre at the time of Lope da Vega, one of the so-called Antique Theatre, one of the stage on which the Italian comedy-of-masks was performed, and one of Drury Lane at the time Sheridan held sway with "The School for Scandal." To those who would like to gain some clear conception of the structure of these theatres, no better reference could be given than Professor Matthews' own

book on "The Study of the Drama," wherein he persistently upholds the influence of the structural stage upon the form of drama through the ages.

But when these models are assembled, that will not be the sole exhibition in the Dramatic Museum. As soon as one begins forming such a collection, ramifications present themselves, without which a museum would be incomplete. Have people not wondered how much better it is to see the print of a costume than to read a description of it? Take Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare," or the more recent volume of Wm. Winter



The Stage of the Mystery acted at Valenciennes in 1547. Exposition of 1878 and now in the library of the Opéra. It was made by M. Marius Seyet, under the direction of M. Marius Seyet.

This is a duplicate of the model prepared for the Paris Exposition of 1878 and now in the library of the Opéra. It was made by M. Marius Seyet, under the direction of M. Marius Seyet.

on "Shakespeare on the Stage." There are many pages in both devoted to the variation in costumes as seen in the varying conceptions of actors in the same rôle.

Professor Matthews has already begun gathering prints which will illumine whatever reading his students do upon the subject. This history of stage costume is an important item, and when a manager produces a play of a particular era he wants to have at hand whatever contemporary records are available. None of the public libraries have deemed it necessary to specialize in this direction. Therefore, the Dramatic Museum has a field in which it may grow to significant power, being in a city of theatrical life.

Naturally, at Columbia, when Professor Matthews begins to collect data dealing with the architectural features of a theatre, the Avery Architectural Library will rightly wonder wherein the province of a Dramatic Museum ends. But I should say that it never ends; it should be inclusive of everything pertaining to the theatre. And when one reaches that conception, the museum becomes then only one phase of a greater institution, a Dramatic Library.

Everywhere and on all occasions the need for such an institution should be emphasized. When, not long ago, Mr. Frick, the financier, proposed to transfer the Lenox Library—now on the site he has bought for his new residence—to Central Park, and when his proposal was combatted by people who are rightly guarding the future of the Park, why was it that some one did not proclaim: "Here is just the house for Professor Matthews' Dramatic Museum?" For there is room in such a building for this incipient collection to grow vastly. Already Professor Matthews is beginning to assemble some valuable books to the aid of his students—books outside the regular richness of the Columbia Library. What he needs at hand are volumes of theatrical criticism as enlightening as those by Lamb and Hazlitt; and he also would pay attention to the gathering of playbills, such as those that dotted the walls of Mr. Aubrey Boucicault's home not so many years ago. How easy it would be for students to follow the dramatic progress of Dion Boucicault if there were a complete set of his playbills in existence! For when a man such as this writes, translates or transposes some three hundred plays, a chronological record is indispensable without them.

A complete collection of theatrical biography is necessary, as throwing light upon the temper of the actor and upon the conventions of his time. A collection of American drama is essential, and though the student at Columbia University always may go to the New York Public Library to consult the very rich titles in the George Becks Collection, should the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University attain such proportions as to assure its future, all earnest students of the stage would like to see every val-

uable collection of such magnitude transferred to the museum, which will be a city affair as well as a university feature.

There is no doubt that in years to come, instead of seeing a student wasting his precious energies in tracing the significance of the split infinitive in Shakespeare, we shall see him doing laboratory work in the field of drama. Has the history of scene painting ever been exploited by the American student; has he ever studied the mechanical significance of stage effects throughout the dramatic periods; has he ever seriously examined into the claims of Gordon Craig, to determine whether this so-called New Art is really new? These are the fields opening before us and becoming more and more important.

When "Oliver Twist" was revived, in the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre there were collected whatever stage materials relating to Dickens the management thought would be of interest. There were costumes worn by Jefferson, E. L. Davenport, and Fanny Davenport in Dickens rôles; there were strange

prints of the characters in Dickens' stories; there were playbills of past performances. And in this small collection there was shown vast public interest. Such a collection on a still larger scale is what Professor Matthews would like to see. He claims that Columbia may some day own original manuscripts of plays not now obtainable in print. And should the families of dramatists turn over to an institution such records as will make the dramatists available to the student, they will be doing a service to the future.

It is certain that had there been some initiative taken in the matter, New York would have seen a permanent dramatic memorial raised to Clyde Fitch. Instead of which Amherst College was bequeathed his library and a fund for a lecture-course. We want the farces of Charles Hoyt where they may be studied; we want the plays of Bronson Howard and such letters as will show his personality and his critical attitude. These are a few more of the features needed in such a museum as Professor Matthews has started. Much has been written on this subject, and an earnest appeal should be made wherever an opportunity presents itself—for the preservation of dramatic records in a safe and public place. Professor Matthews is to be thanked for this initial effort. Of course it is not a new idea, but it is new in America. The French Government has had a hand in the making of stage models ever since 1878, and many of these models have been transferred to the library of the Opéra. The Columbia idea was doubtless developed from that. But it is more than likely that its development was necessitated by Professor Matthews' insistent note in the classroom and in his books, that the physical aspects of the theatre are very necessary for consideration. It is always the playhouse and the play—never the play alone.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Model of the Fortune Theatre, Golden Lane, London. Built 1599-1600. This model exhibits the reconstruction of the Elizabethan Theatre (built by Edward Alyn and Philip Henslowe in the time of Shakespeare) made by Walter H. Godfrey, architect, of London, in 1907, from the original specifications preserved at Ipswich College. It embodies the views of Mr. William Archer, of London, concerning the arrangement of the staff insofar as the details were not distinctly specified. The original contract with the builder, Peter Streete, amounted to the sum of £400 sterling. The model was constructed from Mr. Godfrey's drawings by James F. Magnus, engineer, of London, in 1911.

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, misses the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mummer has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage and yet are not part of the entertainment, would

Anecdotes of the Stage

** All volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief and have humor and point.*

EDWIN BOOTH was not given to luxurious living. His meals were at all times frugal, and he relished a dish of pork and beans with the same pleasure that the small boy experiences while licking the molasses from his bread. He disavowed pink teas, or teas of any other shade or color, and Welsh-rarelets was as scarce with him as writers' erump to Milo de Venus. One day, however, a wealthy acquaintance escorted him into a fashionable dining-room where the beau monde usually congregated. Booth seated himself at the gorgeous ly-decked table with diffidence and reluctantly took the menu proffered him by the polite Parisian waiter. The great tragedian viewed the card in a perplexed way. It was all in French. Booth's friend had given him order fluently and the waiter stood waiting for the actor to say something. But the latter remained speechless, staring continually at the pastebord before him. At last the waiter, growing impatient, exclaimed: "What ees eet you'll haf, monsieur?" Booth, seeing an opportunity for a little fun, replied: "Why, bring me some *e pluribus unum*, a little *rex populi* some *honi soit qui mal y pense* and a portion of *erin go brangh*." The waiter, unabashed and without a smile, hurried away and imagine Booth's surprise, ten minutes later, when the foreign meal-manipulator returned with a big, deep dish heaped with—HASH! The joke was on Shakespeare's distinguished interpreter, and he enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Siddons had performed Lady Macbeth in the provincial theatres many years before she attempted the character in London. Referring to the first time this part was allotted to her, she says: "It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family had retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many of us do, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination and development of character at that time of my life had scarcely entered into my imagination. I went on with tolerable composure in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget) till I came to the assassination scene, when its horrors rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up the candle and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day, I rose to resume my task, but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating any business for the remainder of my life."

The late Sir Henry Irving and May Robson, the well-known American actress, once happened to be playing engagements at the same time in San Francisco, and one evening they chanced to dine at the same hotel. The actress often tells how the celebrated English tragedian caused her to lose her dinner, though she was immediately hungry. Whenever she would start to take a mouthful of food, Sir Henry would exclaim in a loud voice: "Why, Miss Robson, how can you make such a noise taking your soup? How can you run such a risk of ending your life by cutting your throat with your knife? See, how you are dropping your gravy all over the front of your dress? The actress, of course, was annoyed at so much attention being drawn to her. It was unlike Irving's usual courteous manner, and entirely uncalled for. Towards the end of the repast, totally unable to continue her dinner; and not having been able to enjoy a mouth-

ful of food, she laid down her knife and fork, prepared to leave the table in disgust. Happening to look at a table opposite she observed there the most objectionable form of country bumpkin, who, in the eagerness of his desire to watch and overhear the conversation between the two stars, was guilty of all the bad breeding which Irving had so cleverly attributed to her, as his only way of replying the offense.

Miss Robson and Ethel Barrymore were once playing in the same company. It was Ethel's duty to play on a piano in the wings a piece that May pretended to play upon the stage. The cue given to Ethel was when she heard May say very distinctly to her lover: "I will play for you to-night," she should start to play. When the time came and May walked to the piano and ran her hands over the keys, saying "I will play for you to-night," no music came. May thought she had not spoken loud enough, and so repeated her statement several times, each time in a louder key, while the lover and the audience waited in vain for the notes. Finally in despair May said, "I don't think I will play for you to-night," and walked off the stage in high dudgeon to find out what was the matter. She found Ethel totally oblivious to her surroundings and duties, stretched out on a sofa behind the scenes, enjoying the latest novel.

Few people have any idea what agonies actors suffer from sudden lapse of memory. James E. Murdoch, the tragedian, recounts that not long after his first appearance on the stage one night at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he was announced to recite a poem, then a great favorite with the public, entitled "The Sailor Boy's Dream." He says: "Fearing that the prompter, who was old and nervous, might fail to render me such service as I felt very sure I should require, I asked my friend, Mr. Edwin Thayer, to stand in the wings with the manuscript in his hand and watch the recitation word by word. He consented, and took the prompter's place, and I went on, made by bow, and began the poem. I was a little flustered at first, but soon recovered self-possession, gaining confidence at every line and warming up as my subject was developed. At the climax of the terrible wreck, however, as I struck the attitude of horror, I suddenly felt the ground swimming under me and all my blood seemed tending to my brain. I stole a glance at Thayer, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the manuscript, but he did not look at me. Clapping my hands to my head, I started forward with my eyes raised to Heaven, and began a wild apostrophe to the dread power of the "Storm King," altogether unconscious of what I said, while word after word poured from my lips in a vehement torrent, until I brought the stanza to an end amid a burst of hearty applause. As my excitement subsided, the missing words returned, and, well-nigh exhausted with the conflict between memory and emotion, I finished my recitation and bowed myself off. Scarcely was I out of sight of the audience when Thayer cried out, in a tone of wonder and admiration, "Where did you get that other verse?" "Why didn't you prompt me?" said I. "Prompt you!" he exclaimed: "you never did better in your life. Where did you get the new lines?" "Why," I replied, "I forgot the words, and in my fright I spoke what came uppermost, and don't know what I said." "Neither do I," said Thayer: "but, words or no words, accent and rhythm were perfect, and the effect was fine. You must try and recall those words." But I felt that they had fled to the chaos from which they came, never to return, unless perhaps in some recurrence of that fearful delirium called "stage-fright," which all actors dread above everything else, and which is more apt to paralyze the tongue than to keep it in motion.

John Quincy Adams was fond of the drama, and often might be seen in attendance at the theatre in Washington, where his bald head was a conspicuous object among many other distinguished lovers of good acting. He always preferred to occupy a comfortable seat in what was then termed the pit.



Moffett

DONALD BRIAN

This popular singing and dancing star will appear this season in "The Marriage Market"



There he could see and hear better than in any other part of the house, and moreover was not liable to be disturbed by people coming and going during the play or between the acts, the peculiar character and arrangement of the seats being such as to pre-

clude the possibility of persons passing readily between or over them when occupied. One night Mr. Adams was seated in his favorite place in company with Hon. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. The play was "Fazio" with Mr. and Miss Kemble in the principal characters. It was a benefit night, and the house was crowded with the most celebrated and fashionable people of the Capitol City. Mr. Adams was deeply interested in the play, but found time occasionally to observe the impression it was making on Mr. Johnson, whose impulsive nature required an admonitory hand now and then to keep him in his seat, from which he would occasionally start with sudden abruptness at some unusually effective passage in the acting of Miss Kemble, who seemed to have taken entire possession of that gentleman's faculties, so thoroughly was he absorbed in the trials and sufferings of the character she was representing. The last scene of the tragedy was on, and the audience had become completely engrossed in the contemplation of the life-like acting of the heroine. It had reached its climax. The frantic shrieks of the heartbroken Bianca rang through the theatre, while the curtain slowly descended and shut out the sorrows of the mimic world. Then the audience, gradually recovering from the sad impressions of the tragedy, began, as usual, to observe the state of things in front of the curtain. "But," in the words of Mr. Adams, "there sat Johnson perfectly entranced, wholly unconscious of everything around him, his head rigidly bent forward, with his hands clasped down on his knees, his hair all disordered from the previous spasmodic clutches of his fingers, his eyes flashing and fixed steadily on the green curtain before him, which a few moments before had fallen on the frenzied and unearthly screams of the exhausted actress, the sound of whose voice seemed still to be ringing in his ears." As the strange figure was attracting the attention of the people around him in a manner that was not pleasant to Mr. Adams, he placed his hand on Mr. Johnson's shoulder, and shaking him gently, said, "Come, Johnson, come—the play is over!" Thus aroused, he started abruptly to his feet and exclaimed in an audible voice and in the most energetic manner, "By Heaven, Adams! she's a horse! she's a horse!" "Now," said Mr. Adams, who perfectly understood Johnson's eccentric manners, and who enjoyed the whole affair in his quiet way, "those who did not know the distinguished Kentuckian's passionate love for horses might think this a very rude thing to say about a lady; but as a fine horse to him was one of the grandest and most beautiful objects on earth, the honorable gentleman, enchanted as he was with her acting, could not have paid Miss Kemble a more genuine compliment or expressed his unbounded admiration in a more natural manner."

It was a benefit night at the Victoria Theatre, London, and the last appearance of J. B. Dale, an old-time actor, without a relative in the world, except a son, who had gone to Australia many years previously and had not since been heard of. One of the plays on the programme was "Luke the Laborer, or the Lost Son." As the time approached for the curtain to be rung up on the drama, it was discovered that the actor, who was to impersonate the son, was not in the theatre. Thereupon the stage manager went before the curtain, announced the fact to the audience, claimed their indulgence and said a member of the company would read the part. Instantly, a man in the pit rose from his seat, went to the stage door, asked for the stage manager, told him he was an actor and up in the part of the son and would play it if he would let him do so. The manager consented and when the father and son met on the stage J. B. Dale greeted his own son.

On another occasion in the same theatre, Charles Kean, the tragedian, a frequent visitor to that country, was playing the title role in "Louis XI." In the dying scene Billy Cahill had to go on and say, "The King is dying, the King is dying." This he did with a brusque. The gallery gods, with whom Cahill was a great favorite, immediately recognized his voice, and greeted him with applause and roars of laughter. Kean said enthusiastically in a low tone, "Take him off, take him off. I cannot die with that man on the stage." After the curtain fell Kean sent for Cahill and said, "Mr. Cahill, you may be a very good comedian,



but you cannot play tragedy. You must not appear any more during my engagement, and I will see to it that you receive your salary just the same." And he did.



If ever a certain utility actor was ever placed in a puzzled and nervous condition it was shortly after he had been cast for one of the minor characters in "Macbeth." The title role was in the hands of the celebrated William Charles Macready, who was merciless to those artists whom he looked upon as his inferiors. When the utility man came on the stage at the first rehearsal Macready told him to stand at a particular spot on the stage, where a nail had been driven in, when he delivered his lines. When night came he walked on, but could not see it, and began walking round and round in an effort to discover its whereabouts. In a hoarse whisper Macready exclaimed, "What the Devil are you doing?" The answer came in quick but subdued tones: "Looking for the nail, sir, looking for the nail."

Many years ago in Dublin there was a musician who staged the operas for Bunn, the celebrated English manager. While an opera was in course of preparation a celebrated London star, whom we will call Mr. Brown, was engaged to play a few nights in tragedy. The manager was in a strait for members to fill up the small parts, only the principal performers coming over from London; and the young Irish musician being up to everything in the way of fun, agreed to "go on," for some of the small characters, when necessary, to oblige his friend, Mr. Bunn. The sequel he tells in his own words: "The part in question was Lucullus, the gentleman in 'Damon and Pythias.' That's the man that kills the horse, you know. Well, the young gentleman who was cast for the part got sick, and at a moment's notice I was summoned from the music-room to 'go on' for Lucullus. Mr. Brown wasn't exactly the man to take things easy, he being a great gun, and I found him roaming about at large, pretty much as you might imagine a huge mastiff would that had lost his bone. Well, the tragedian looked at me and said, 'You're Mr. Murphy, are you?' 'Yes,' sez I, 'I am that same.' 'You're not the biggest man I ever saw,' he grumbled. 'No, sir,' sez I, 'but, you see, I'm an Irishman, and may make up in pluck what I lack in flesh.' 'Yes,' sez he, 'but the part you are to play is not a plucky one, as you are pleased to say. Lucullus is rather a timid gentleman, but a kind-hearted one, and, as you are so good as to help us in this emergency, so far the part will be suited.' 'Thank you, sir,' sez I. The rehearsal went on. I read the part, and when we came to the scene where Lucullus tells Damon how he killed his horse, Mr. Brown went over the business of the scene for me; he showed me how I was to stand, and how I was to kneel, and all about it. Well, he picked me up at the right time from my knees, and gently knifed me on the other side of the stage with a bump that made me think all the lungs were lighted, and a full head of gas on at that. 'I beg your pardon,' sez he; 'you're lighter than I thought you were.' 'Yes,' sir, sez I; 'and bedad! you are a good deal stronger than I thought you were.' 'Well,' sez he, 'Mr. Murphy, you will oblige me and serve yourself if you will tie a twisted handkerchief around your body just under your arms, with the knot in front resting on your breast beneath the folds of your tunic.' 'And what will I do that for?' 'Why, sir,' sez he (and I thought he said with a sardonic smile), 'why, then, you see, when I clutch you in my fury I shall have something to hold on to stronger than the slight stuff of your dress; for I have known cases where the tunic wasn't strong, and it gave way in my clutch, and Lucullus was somewhat hurt.' 'Hurt?' sez I. 'Yes,' sez he; 'that is, frightened, maybe, more than hurt.'"

"In this stage of the proceedings I made up my mind to trust to Providence and my lucky stars, that had often got me out of scrapes, but with this reservation—that if I escaped death at the hands of an infuriated tragedian this time, I would never tempt my fate again, outside of the dangers and perils of an opera at all events. I went home, read over the play, and got ready for the night. Well, seven o'clock came, and ten o'clock came, too. I got along pretty well till the scene where I have to tell him about the horse, and then—holly St. Francis!—what did I do? 'My horse! my horse!' sez he—'where's my horse?' 'I have killed him,' sez I, and then came a yell as if something hard had dropped on Damon's head. I looked up, and such a face I never saw outside of a menagerie. His hands were up above his head, his mouth frothing, and his eyes. (Continued on page 74)





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FAMOUS WOMEN

(Continued from page 58)

well paid for the unmanly part he had played.

The months passed, and there was still one achievement that caused speculation on all hands. Would Louis present her formally to his court? The comtesse and Jean said that he would. They had set their hearts upon it. But there was much to be overcome. The king's daughters objected to the lack of reverence shown to their lately deceased mother. Du Barry's life-long enemies were intent upon denying her this favor. But the king spoke the word, and all humbly prostrated themselves before her.

And forthwith began the reign of extravagance that quickly squandered a fortune that had been estimated at from seven to twelve millions of dollars. Pompadour's "sister us the deluge" was speedily coming to pass. The poor were starving. Money that should have paid for their bread was wrrenched from their hands for a trinket of gold for the favorite. They howled and stormed, but she basked in royal favor, and although there is no reason to believe that she was even true to her royal lord, even after this great sacrifice, she dominated and ruled until a terrible attack of smallpox left her friendless.

Doubtless the most successful of all dramas making the Du Barry the central theme of a play was devised by David Belasco for Mrs. Leslie Carter, when that actress was at the height of her career. Jean Richepin, the Algerian-French poet and dramatist, long put forth the claim that he was the real author of the work. He proved that he had submitted to Belasco a drama upon the same theme, but the courts did not uphold his contention that the story was taken from him. Du Barry was history. Her life was free material to dramatize and to be used to make use of it. And Belasco's version became world-famous. Richepin's was but another attempt to make an historical character live in the drama.

ARCHIE BELL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
80 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

A Book of the Opera

A most interesting volume, and one which probably will find its way to the bookshelves of every music lover, has just been published by the Victor Talking Machine Co. It is entitled "The Victor Book of the Opera" and contains stories of no fewer than seventy grand operas, with three hundred illustrations and descriptions of seven hundred opera records, the whole most attractively presented in a handy volume of nearly four hundred pages, handsomely bound in cloth and gold. The work is far more than a mere catalogue of the operatic records as the title might convey. The work takes each opera and tells about its history all that is worth knowing. It gives some account of the composer, details of the circumstances under which the opera was produced, presented in a chronological record of its revivals. There are also given the complete casts and portraits of the principal roles. In addition to this there are many fine half-tone engravings, showing the principal scenes, and copious excerpts from the principal arias and a complete synopsis of each opera.

For every person who can attend the opera there are a thousand who cannot, and this latter class have quickly discovered that the operatic record is a very satisfactory substitute. They have found that it brings the actual voices of the great singers to the home with the added advantage that the artist will repeat the favorite aria as many times as may be wished, while at the Opera one must usually be content with a single hearing. Even though the scenery and costumes may be lacking the absence of these accessories will now be atoned for in some measure by the graphic descriptions and numerous illustrations in this new Victor Book of the Opera, a work unique in many respects. There are many books describing the plots of operas, but we do not know of any in which can be found all these features: Titles in various languages, with pronunciation of each; date and place of original production; date and place of first production in America; cast of characters and pronunciation of the same when necessary; brief and clearly stated synopses of plots of seventy different operas; translations (all or part) of the text of several hundred separate numbers; every act and scene indicated with description of the stage setting; every separate number mentioned in its proper place in the opera, and the numbers placed in the order in which they occur. In a word, a most valuable and almost indispensable addition to any library.



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Anecdotes of the Stage

(Continued from page 96)

rolling. My heart was beating so thick and fast I thought it must burst the knotted band that was tightening over my chest. 'I am standing here,' sez Damon, 'to see if the great gods will execute my vengeance.' I looked up at him, and felt that my hash would soon be settled; so, not waiting for what I felt would be instant death, I slipped gently off the stage and ran down under it, where they keep the stage-properties all jumbled up in the dark, and quietly hid myself in an old Tom-and-Jerry watch-box that stood conveniently open. Well, now, I know you'll ask me how Damon got out of the scrape I had got him into, but, as the man says in the play, 'If you want to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me.' All that I saw after that was only what I heard. First came the prompter's voice calling out, 'Lucullus! Lucullus!' while the people were thumping and howling away like mad. 'Lucullus! where in the devil's name are you?' Damon is waiting for you, and storming like a fury. 'I have no doubt he is,' sez I to myself. 'I would do just that same thing if I was Damon and somebody else Lucullus. But if I stir out of this till I'm hungry, the devil himself may get my supper.' And I didn't. I heard a great rumpus over my head on the stage, but I soon died out, and I was left in the dark. I leave you to inquire how that scene came to a close. All I have to say is, that it wasn't finished after the manner set down in the prompter's book. But one thing you may depend upon: Mr. Murphy was never called upon to do or say any part, large or small, where Mr. Brown or any other strong-muscled tragedian was concerned.

Ellen Terry, the distinguished English actress, says: 'A successful actress must have a good heart, and the three is, imagination, independence and industry.'

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JULES MASSENET DEAD

Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet, the composer, died suddenly in Paris on August 13th last. But he had been suffering for a long time from cancer, but his death was entirely unexpected.

Massenet came of good parentage and inherited his talent from his mother. He was born in 1842. His father left the army to become a manufacturer; his grandfather was a professor of history at Strasbourg. The family moved to Paris in 1848, and at the age of ten Jules presented himself at the Conservatoire. He was received unanimously after an astonishing execution of Beethoven's Opus 19. At this time he was very poor. His father gave him no allowance, and as he did not wish to be a burden to his aunt, with whom he lived, he secured an engagement to play the triangle in the orchestra of the Gymnase Theatre, receiving for his services the insignificant weekly stipend of 7 francs 50 centimes (about \$1.50). In 1862 he carried off the Prix de Rome and took up residence in Italy. On his return to Paris the young musician came under the direct influence of the poet, Armand Silvestre, and his first compositions were inspired by Silvestre's poetry. Then at last came fame and fortune. The Legion of Honor was awarded to him in 1876, and in 1878 he was elected member of the Institute and became professor of composition at the Conservatoire. "Manon" was produced in 1885. The best-known of his later works are: "Werther" (1882); "Thaïs" (1894); "La Navarraise" (1894); "Sapho" (1897); "Cendrillon" (1899); "Griseleide" (1901); "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1902).

THE LATE JULES MASSENET

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A Busy Day With Frohman

(Continued from page 91)

as he brushed by them a moment or two before!

Had I not seen the typewritten rehearsal slip, Mr. Frohman would have been lost to me, but as it was I found him at the Criterion. Taking a seat in the rear of the dusky balcony unnoticed—for I was not supposed to be at the rehearsal—I strained my eyes to watch every move of the little "big manager."

Ten minutes before the actual time set for the rehearsal found him in his seat, in the third row of the orchestra on an aisle of an absolutely empty auditorium. There must be but one other person in the theatre and that a secretary seated just behind the manager. Then, as at a regular performance, the footlights flash up, the curtain ascends, and the performance, in rehearsal, begins. It must be borne in mind that the preliminary work is done. Nobody can ever entice Charles Frohman to a rehearsal of a play while the actors and actresses are still holding their parts in their hands, not yet having memorized the lines. That is why he has three or four stage directors, all simultaneously conducting rehearsals at different theatres. It is torture to the manager to watch a tangletot rehearsal with parts. Besides, it is Mr. Frohman's contention that stage direction is "not so much teaching an actor to read his lines correctly as to read between the lines intelligently." There must be but one manuscript visible when he comes to the theatre, and that one only when the producer steps out of the wings to help an actor halting in his lines.

The play goes on with apparent promise of continuing until the end without interruption. But all the while Mr. Frohman, sitting motionless and gazing straight ahead, drinks in everything that is said and done without ever moving, is quietly murmuring to the secretary, "Good-by," "cane," chair," "lights," and similar points. Then the act ends and the curtain falls. But it has barely touched the stage than it crawls up again.

Mr. Frohman is up from his aisle seat, hurries toward the stage, takes an animated position just in front of the brass rail enclosing the orchestra pit. His first act is to reassure everybody upon the stage that they have done well, for it has always been his theory that fifty or a hundred times more is said, of, or instilled into, a reassured than a frightened actor. And one who has watched the results obtained from this practice will agree with him. Having secured the friendly and close attention of the players, he turns to his secretary, who whispers the last point—"lights." On hearing it, Mr. Frohman calls for the electrician, who scrambles on to the stage and leans over the "foots" to hear what "the chief" has to say. Toward this man in the blue jeans, as toward the actors, there is first of all the same reassuring manner, first putting the man at his ease and then making it possible for him to listen attentively and to understand.

"The effect you are getting in this scene," says the manager, leaning toward the workman, who perry through the glare of the footlights, "is of twilight. Now, the front of the stage is the fourth wall of your room, so you cannot begin to turn your lights at the footlights. You must begin with the back of the scene, the windows at the rear. Check your border lights, beginning at the back and move forward. Now try it."

"The experiment is made quickly. That's it; but not quite so fast. Now, once more. That's it. Fine! fine!"

While this is going on the players stand by and drink it all in. It sort of transfixes them when they see the part that lights play and the ease with which they respond to the manager's will. Then it comes their turn.

"Chair," whispers the secretary. "Now, Miss So and So," Mr. Frohman begins, in a very pretty and demure, demure-like sotto-voce, "that chair annoys you; it is in your way. But the chair is all right. Later it is needed just where it is, so you see you are in the chair's way. Don't worry about it though, and don't try to dodge it; that makes you act awkwardly. Sit down on it. That's it. It is just a small point, and I'm sure you will feel more comfortable now."

The secretary whispers "cane." "Mr. So and So, you are not a drum-major, but a young lion-vivand. Don't carry your cane as though it were a gun one minute and a sword the next. What is the cane anyway?" "Why, why—a walking stick," half-stammered the young actor, much perturbed.

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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the critical discussion of plays and playwrighting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwrighting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who shirk conditions, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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"Then use it as such. Now, let me see, just walk over to that chair. That's it. Don't you feel now that you have a walking-stick in your hand. (Of course you do, and I think it makes you do the scene infinitely better. You have the idea."

And so on through a number of points. If you want to know what a hundred horsepower dynamo would act like in full operation, if it had five senses and a soul, follow Charles Frohman from one rehearsal to another at the opening of a theatrical season. In making from fifty to sixty productions a season in two countries, covering plays each requiring from ten to two hundred players, you can easily appreciate the pace he sets for himself, and how difficult it is for one to dog his heels at rehearsal time. WENDELL PHILLIPS DOWSE.

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France Honors an Actor

(Continued from page 50)

"He is a born actor, not the made actor, and certainly not the actor who, born with genius, has strengthened it by study. He can act merely as he feels to-day. He rarely plays the same part twice alike, and this is a sure sign of imperfect art, for when an actor has once found the proper emphasis, the proper tone and the proper gesture for a phrase he should always seek to give the phrase just the same emphasis, just that tone and accompany it by just that gesture. At one time he may be able to do it more effectively than another, but he should always try to do this. To this fundamental principle of the art of acting, which all great actors have complied with, Mounet-Sully cannot conform. He cannot think out a part in all its details and gain a mechanical mastery over them, leaving his mind free to the full effect of his emotion. He is only good when the part exactly suits his oriental and barbaric and somewhat fustianous temperament." It will thus be seen that he and Coquelin did not agree in their construction of the Diderot Paradox, and once when called upon to play the lead in a modern comedy the author, Emile Augier, found that what the actor acquired one day he lost the next. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "try to have a little less genius and a little more talent."

"Le désordre du génie" would seem to apply to the practical details of this actor's art, for a description of the various dressing rooms at the Comédie, printed years since, describes the one occupied by Mounet-Sully as follows: "The lives in the midst of a picturesque confusion which is the despair of the sweeper Dennis. 'One must touch nothing, disturb nothing. Those dusty yellow jupons must be left there on the chimney-piece just as they are.' *(Pant par louches)* And on the walls in lieu of pictures are dusty wreaths of paper laurel and oak leaves, radiant with faded ribbons and inscriptions in letters of gold that record bygone scene triumphs. The portieres are old silk stuffs; the furniture consists of Spanish coffers bristling with wrought-iron clasps and arabesques; the ornaments are antique arms, bows and arrows, flaming quivers, Assyrian javelins, a queer mixture of player's trappings and bric-a-brac."

Yet these surroundings are not surprising for a player whose greater activities are devoted to the title role of "Hernani," a part which he ever played with royal romanticism and picturesque plenitude; with Ruy Blas, the servant lover of a queen; with Hamlet, with Othello, scenes only, but he must have made a gorgeous picture as the noble Moor; with Creon in "Antigone," and last, but not least, with that marvelously pitiable king (Edmund Rex in Jules Lacroix's adaptation of it) in "The King of Navarre."

It would seem that Mounet-Sully's lasting reputation would rest upon his assumption of the fate-pursued Tholian King. It was from first to last a noble and convincing drama. L'oeur, as some have been inclined to style him, that weakness became an asset of real value in the majestic and classical pictures he presented during the earlier scenes of the play, while the rare note of awesome terror and ghastly anguish were denuded with moving strength as the horror of his awful situation dawned upon him. And what a regal figure of pitious solitude he made as he silently groped his way into the open in expiation of his crime against the gods.

It is only occasionally now that Mounet-Sully appears in public, but as he practically confines himself to this role it can be truthfully said of him that he never laps superfluous on the stage.

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THE NEW SEASON

(Continued from page 69)

hopes also to present Tennyson's play, "Becket," made famous in this country by the late Henry Irving. Three more Scotch companies are being brought over for the production of "Buntly Pulls the Strings."

John Cort promises at least five important productions for the season 1922-23. Lina Abarbanel will sing the title rôle in "The Gypsy," a new comic opera by Pleyel and Luiders, to be seen in November. Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her season early in October with a new comedy entitled "Whom Does Helen Belong To?" The piece is an adaptation by Ferdinand Gottschalk from the German "Wem Gehört Helene?" by Eberhard Buchner. The Cort Theatre, which is in the course of construction in West Forty-eighth Street, directly opposite William A. Brady's Playhouse, will be completed early in October. This theatre will be opened with Laurette Taylor in a new play by Hartley Manners, entitled, "Peg of My Heart." Miss Taylor will be under Oliver Morosoff's management. Margaret Hinton will continue in "Kindling," beginning her second season at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, on November 4th.

THE NEW PLAYS

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.
"Just Like John." A farcical play in three acts by George Broadhurst and Mark Swan. Produced on August 12th with this cast:

Mrs. Cornelia Dawley, Florine Arnold; Patty Emerson, Lela May; Dora Endicott, Helene Lockery; Montague Baxter, Wilfred Clarke; Harry Kenyon, Wallace Worley; John Endicott, Walter Jones; Marjorie La Guerra, Helen Robertson; Prince Vladimir, Vladyslaw; Louis Mason; A. Page, Elmer E. Redmond; An Officer, Thomas Barrett; A Waiter, Robert Andrews; A Detective, Walter Craven.

Even though the moving picture industry seems disposed to gobble up the older and more antiquated of the playhouses, plentiful capital seems equally ready to put up two new theatres for every one of the old ones diverted from their original purpose. The newest home of the drama, the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, threw open its doors for the first time on August 12th and a very pretty and comfortable one it is. It seats about one thousand persons and in lines suggests the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Ivory white and light green make up the color scheme, the seats are roomy and each one commands an unobstructed view of the stage. Its proportions are excellent and the aesthetics admirable for the probable performance of intimate comedy and repressed drama. Its destinies will be directed by the hustling Mr. W. A. Brady, who for his initial offering presented what the programme described as a frankly farcical play in three acts called "Just Like John." At a guess, and it is probably not very wide of the mark, the greater part of the piece came from Mr. Swan's pen. As Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld would describe it, Mr. Broadhurst undoubtedly supplied the "colloquial embellishments" for the dialogue has all the ear-marks of his facile, up-to-date wit. "Just Like John" may eventually be whipped into better shape, but in its original form it lacks the consecutive and consistent rattle of successful farce. There is too much talk in establishing its premises, and like a joke which needs a full and elaborate setting "in three" fails of its purpose.

CRITERION. "The Girl From Montmartre." Farce with music in three acts by Georges Feytaud and Rudolph Schanzer. Music by Henry Bereny and Jerome D. Kern; American version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Dr. Peyron, Richard Carle; Gabrielle, Marion Abbott; Dr. Brumage, William Danforth; General Peterson, Al. Harz; Clemantine, Moya Mannering; Lieutenant Corbignon, George Lederer; André, Alan Morris; Duchessa de Valmonte, Bertha Holly; London, Lenora Pawle; Akos, Percy P. Jacob; Mme. Sauverre, Mercia Cammell; Mme. Hauriart, Louise Demoreau; Mme. Le Chaux, Dai Turgeon; Mme. Vautier, Lela Ley; Mme. Veron, Hazel Tatum; Miss King, Clara Hamilton; Baroness de Granville, Mary Gilmore; Baron de Granville, George T. Chancer; Mont. Sauverre, John Hamilton; Mme. Orville, Alice Carrington; Etienne, Ralph Nairn; Frazier, Hattie Williams.

For musical comedy libretto nowadays the disposition seems to be to search the past for some successful farce and turn it into a book with a new musical setting. This is what Charles Frohm has done in the matter of "The Girl From

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Montmartre," for it was just thirteen years ago to the very month that at this same playhouse Mr. Frohman produced "The Girl From Maxims," the basis for the new vehicle which presents Hattie Williams and Richard Carle as joint stars, a combination, which it is later projected, shall be sent to England. It is to be hoped by that time that another and more entertaining medium will be secured for them, as "The Girl From Montmartre" is not an inspiring production.

Georges Feydeau's original farce is a composition of rapid and involved movement. It concerns a Dr. Peysson (originated here by W. J. Ferguson) who after a night out unconsciously brings back to his home Praline, the girl from Montmartre. His wife is as jealous as she is unapproaching and his efforts to account for her presence are further complicated by the doctor's uncle, who mistakes "the girl" for the wife and invites her to the marriage of his niece. Praline loves the bridegroom-elect, the prospective bride loves someone else, so the complications which ensue can easily be imagined. But farce of this kind, which depends upon its logical sequence, cannot be arbitrarily interrupted by interpolated song and dance, and so there is a constant advance to a comic crescendo, which never gets there. For musical purposes Rudolph Schuster made the version and for use here the Messrs. Smith, H. B. and Robert B. brought into play their respective fountain pens. Their accomplishment would suggest that their Attic ink was running low, nor will Henry Bereny's music add anything to his reputation. There is an ingenious use of the Vitaphone in the final act.

Richard Carle, as the philandering doctor, is seriously funny and the dashing Praline is good, maturely portrayed by Miss Williams. But Parisian verve and dash and vocal arias are not to be numbered among her accomplishments. Al Hart is his usual self as Dr. Brumage and Marion Abbott gives the real touch of comedy to her assumption of the ugly wife. A pair of uninteresting lovers, who have nothing to do, are agreeably cared for by Moya Manning and Alan Hudie. Lennox Pawle, a comedian of talent and resource, is wasted on a vacuous part, and so is Ralph Naim as a footman.

BROADWAY "Hanky Panky" A jumble of jollification in two acts. Book by Edgar Allan lyrics by E. Ray Goetz and music by A. Baldwin Shiano. Produced on August 5th with the following cast:

Curtis, Waigle, Flo May, Doris Waigle, Myrtle Gilbert, Penelope, Fred Goodale, Sir Rufus Wellingford, Hugh Cameron, Herman Bierhorster, Bobbie Smith, Wilhelm Ransmatt, Max Rogers, Solomon Bumpkin, Harry Cooper, Clara, Schenck, George, Mrs. Inna Carr, Virginia Evans, Blackie Dwyer, Carter De Hart, Cleopatra, Christine Nelson, Harry Montgomery, Ruth J. Cameron, Henry Ransmatt, William Montgomery.

"Hanky Panky" is the same opera, of the same ownership, once known as "Hokey Pokes." The former production perhaps having less hanky panky and the present one less hokey pokes. It is more delightfully described on the bills as "a jumble of jollification in two acts." It is the kind of thing contrived by the producer, who, at the final rehearsal, stamps on the stage and cries aloud, "A laugh, a laugh, anything for a laugh," and forthwith proceeds to cut out all lines dealing with the story because they are not funny, and substitutes "gags" that have been proven by long use to be the purpose. The result is a series of disconnected and generally unintelligible ideas. He proceeds on a system, ignorant of the definition of comedy, but sure of his laughter. This is the case with many of these musical productions awkwardly designed to amuse and nothing more. They have touches of humor, but they have a superfluity of farce and a lack of consistent comedy. It would be difficult for the people concerned understood the distinction. "Hanky Panky" was pieced together to entertain. Pieced together fits the case, because the opera is no more or less than a (generally) diverting bodge-bodge that rattles about the stage for a set time. It could have been longer or shorter to fit any time limit. Promising threads of plot interest crop out in ravelled ends here and there, but they always break away from where the biggest crowd on the stage is busy and where some real fun is going on. Hugh Cameron, a good enough comedian, does not look the character of Chester, but does not seem to be in serious states, not altogether favorable. As the stenographer, Miss Florence Moore, according to her part, "didn't give a—ahem for anybody," but she works with energy that might disprove it. No other girl can wrinkle her nose and utter a witticism with quite the same effect. Her performance, with her husband, William Montgomery, was one of the brightest spots in the piece.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with play-ers' purely personal affairs will be ignored hereafter.

S. E. W., Jr., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Did the English actor, C. Aubrey Smith, ever appear with Marie Doro in "The Media of Marston"?—A.—"The Media of Marston" was produced November 18, 1903, with C. Aubrey Smith as Sir Marcus Chedden and Marie Doro as Carlotta.

A Reader, Mobile, Ala.—Q.—Can you inform me as to how many letters written for moving pictures? Do they require a complete story or just a plot or synopsis?—A.—There is a book published by The Magazine Make Publishing Company entitled, "How to Write a Photo-play," which will give you the information you desire. The address of the publishers is 211 Fourth Ave., New York City.

L. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can you inform me who wrote the lyrics in "The Quaker Girl"?—A.—The lyrics were written by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenback. Q.—Is May Vokes in the east and what part does she take?—A.—Miss Vokes plays Phoebe.

A Reader, Jersey City, N. J.—Q.—How can I keep posted on the plays in New York City?—A.—Subscribe to the Theatre Magazine.

L. L. C., Detroit, Q.—Please give an account of Sallie Fisher's stage career.—A.—Sallie Fisher made her debut in 1890, singing in the chorus of "The Burgomasters," followed by a season in "The Chaperon." In 1902 she played for a few weeks the leading ingenue role in "The Claretian," and later, was given the prima donna role in "The Billionaire." She appeared the greater part of that season at Italy's Theatre, supporting Jerome Sikes. On the death of Mr. Sikes in 1903 she joined Frank Daniels' company. From that time she has played in "The Office Boy," "A Knight for a Night from Now," "The Tailor's Man," "A Knight for a Night," "A Stubborn Cadiarella" and "Modest Suzanne."

A. M. R., Seattle, Wash.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of the stage career of Mrs. Gott?—A.—Write to B. Hyton, Marlboro Building, New York City.

A. M. Z.—Q.—Can you furnish the address of a reliable day broker?—A.—There are many. Miss Elizabeth Marlboro, 105 West 49th St., Sanger & Jordan, 1420 Broadway, N. Y. City; John W. Rumsey, 152 West 4th St., and others.

D. C., Brockton, Mass.—Q.—What is the best way of getting a play read?—A.—By persisting in sending it to actors and managers. Q.—Have you ever published interviews with Bruce McRae and Madame Simeon?—A.—See the February, 1912, and November, 1911, issues.

C. G., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—What is the birthplace of Mrs. Fiske, of Maude Adams?—A.—Mrs. Fiske was born New Orleans, La.; Miss Adams' birthplace is Salt Lake City. Q.—What is E. H. Sothern's full name?—A.—Edward Hugh Sothern.

E. N. H., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of Lily Elsie and Gabrielle Ray?—A.—We have never published a picture of Gabrielle Ray, but you will find a picture of Lily Elsie in the October, 1911, issue.

S. L., Boston, Mass.—Q.—How can I copyright a play?—A.—Send the title and a fee of one dollar to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, and the proper papers will be sent to you.

M. I. R., Rome, N. Y.—Q.—Give a short sketch of Ethel Johnson's stage career.—A.—She was born in Chicago, and made her debut in that city in 1901 in the chorus of "The Burgomasters." Shortly afterward she was given a part in that play. She then appeared in "The Teardrop," "The Stocks," "The Pearl" and the Pumpkinkin," "The Red Mill," and "The Old Town."

B. J., Allenhurst, Q.—Can you give the name of a book dealing with the opera singers of today?—A.—There is a book entitled "Stars of the Opera," published by Funk & Wagnalls, which gives sketches of the lives of the present-day opera artists.

C. G. W., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Please give a sketch of Eleanor Robinson's life.—A.—Eleanor Robinson was of a theatrical family, and was born in Lancashire, England. She was brought in America at the age of six and received her education at a convent on Staten Island. Her debut was made on September 18, 1897, when she played Margery Knox in "Men and Women." She played in Milwaukee, St. Paul and Denver until 1906, when Larkie & Co., of New York, engaged her to appear in "The House of Gold." Later she was seen in "Unlabeled Birds," "In a Balcony," "A Gentleman of France," "Audrey," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Sally Jane," etc.; all of which plays have proven successful. A few years ago she married and retired from the stage.

J. L. J., N. Y. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published a picture of Douglas Fairbanks?—A.—In the January, 1912, issue. You can obtain the number direct from this office.

E. E. G., Washington, D. C.—Q.—In what number of your magazine have you published a picture of Julia Marlowe and L. H. Sothern?—A.—See the August 1911, issue.

Librarian, Ferndale, Cal.—A.—We do not sell pictures of artists. Pictures of Mr. Britton or any other actor or actress can be had at Sarnoy, 250 Fifth Ave.

B. N., Greenville, S. C.—Q.—Please tell me if John Drew ever played in "The House of Gold"?—A.—John Drew appeared in "This House in Order" at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 8, 1906.

F. G. H., New York City.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of the Coburn Players?—A.—See the contraband illustration of this issue. Q.—Are these players still appearing in New York City?—A.—No.

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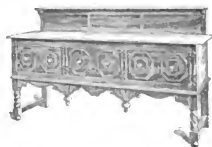
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A CHAT ON FALL FASHIONS



COSTUME BY PREMET; HANDSOME GOWN OF ACCORDIAN PLEATED
BLUE VOILE DE SOIE

HAVE you noticed all the specialty shops that are opening up in the fashionable shopping centres of New York?

These, together with the exclusive shops of long standing, are catering largely to the gowning of the women who find it so much more satisfactory to select from a stock of ready-to-wear garments.

So large is the demand for this class of wearing apparel that many of the prominent dressmaking establishments throughout the country now find it advisable to have on hand gowns, not as display models, but for actual sale.

Purchasing a gown in one of these exclusive shops precludes the danger of duplication, which is the chief objection to ready-made garments and it ensures excellent style.

The creations of the specialty shop are copies of exclusive French models and so in this convenient shop it is possible to purchase an exact reproduction of, for instance, a Paquin costume at

New York prices. Duplication is so remote that it is scarcely worth consideration.

The other day I happened to be in a prominent shop of this class when a woman entered and remarked to the attendant: "I must have a little street dress in a hurry. Can you give me anything ready-made in a good style?"

Immediately there were brought forth three models in charmeuse, and, as I glanced at them, I perceived that they embodied all the very latest style features.

I will tell you about the one the customer selected and you can judge for yourself. It was of black charmeuse made up in one of the latest modifications of the panier. The front of the skirt was plain, thus retaining the fashionable straight line, and the panier was adjusted at the back and side normal waist line in flat pleats that formed a puff two-thirds down the skirt and gave a pleasing, graceful effect. The Robespierre waist had a little vest of white satin, with a touch of cerise, trimmed with tiny black velvet buttons and edged with a double frill of white net. A sash



MODEL BY DRECOLL; EMBROIDERED WHITE LINON WITH BLACK
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combining the black and cerise encircled the waist. No doubt the price, \$39.50, will surprise you as much as it did me.

In another shop I saw a suit of wool corduroy. By the way, this is one of the new fashionable materials. The velvet velours and peaux de souris are very beautiful, too, and many of the fall walking suits are made up in these handsome weaves. The one I saw was in a mixture of oxford and royal blue. It was made up in one of the new pleated skirts that are going to be so popular. The pleats being at the side, front and back, near the bottom, in no wise detracted from the long, slender lines of the present fashionable figure. The beautiful soutache braided collar and half cuffs had a touch of blue and the revers and turned-back cuffs were of an exquisite fur-finished velvet in oxford, together with the large buttons, giving the suit a decidedly smart effect.

The present vogue of white skirt and colored coats has created a strong demand for the white satin waists in semi-tailored designs. Of course, the Directoire influence dominates here as well as in all ready-made garments this season.

Charmeuse is a favorite material and I noticed a pretty model in one of the shops the other day. It is in white, with the collar, tie and cuffs of colored charmeuse, and the idea is to have this color match the suit. The firm will make these waists to order for only \$7.50. This charming little waist which closes with white horn, ball-shaped buttons, has a Robespierre collar forming deep points at the side and ending in a flowing tie at the low front opening.

Brocades will be very much worn during the coming season, and in the same shop is an exquisite waist in white brocade satin, not a heavy design, but a delicate tracery, and this model also shows the popularity of color combination. Amber is a particular favorite in combination with white, and this waist closes with amber buttons down the front and at the sleeves. The Robespierre collar is finished with a picot edge tie of amber silk.

In waists the satin charmeuse and messalines are favorites. Chiffon continues to be popular for the dressy models, but tulle and net are considered a little newer. Where colored waists are selected the suit colorings must be followed.

In mentioning ready-made garments, I must not overlook the new coats. A prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing a line of smart English top coats. They are in the popular seven-eighths length and the material is the soft, imported chinchilla which gives warmth without weight, and which is one of the new favorite coating fabrics. I particularly admired a model in taupe. It has a matching lining of soft silk and a soft crush collar, which, by the way, is new and exceedingly fetching.

This new collar is a modification of the Directoire idea and quite different from what we had had. It is now considered smart to have the high collar closed to the throat, but it is so arranged that it can be folded back and worn open, in *rever* style. These top coats have the regulation sleeve.

In the motor and utility coats there are beautiful models in bouclés, wool velours, chevrons, diagonals and fancy mixtures.

The heavy, imported bouclés in the new illuminated colors are especially attractive and look so comfy. They have the new raglan, deep set on sleeve and the high, convertible Robespierre collar and deep cuffs are of matching velvet. Large buttons add to the smartness of the coat, which can be had in brown, green, blue, black and white.

Mentioning white coats reminds me of the white mackinaws I saw a few days ago at the surprisingly low price of \$12.50. These belted Norfolk coats are just the thing for present country wear and will do for out-door sport wear. They have adjustable collars and large pearl buttons, and are a very chic garment of excellent value.

The specialty shops have long ago become noted centres for the exclusive millinery trade, and these are now displaying beautiful models, prominent among which are the combinations of velvet and maline that are now in such favor in Paris.

For early fall the demand is largely for tailored hats, and so the

other day I looked around in a Fifth Avenue parlor where tailored and semi-dress hats are featured.



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FRONT; LACE COLLAR AND CUFFS

HANDSOME GOWN OF BLACK CHARMEUSE
AND MACRAME LACE EMBROIDERED WITH
WOOLENS IN BRIGHT SHADES

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The velours, with their simple grosgrain band, are very smart and excellent types of the fashionable tailored hat, and the velvets and plushes, that embraced the semi-dress variety, combine all the latest Parisian ideas.

The shapes especially are very smart. Among them are some large hats that will be worn later in the season, but in the small and medium-sized shapes that will prevail for early fall it is apparent that the crowns are smaller both in height and circumference, and that they fit the normal head.

The display shows that black and white effects have lost none of their popularity, and particularly fetching is one hat of black velvet with the fashionable, low, round crown and slightly tilting brim.

The trimming consists of a band of white picot edge ribbon encircling the front half of the crown and terminating at each side in a downward turning white brush aigrette. This is a decidedly smart model.

In fact, this entire exhibition of hats impressed me with their superior degree of elegance and smartness, which shows the amount of thought and care expended in designing the tailored and semi-dress hats that now hold such a prominent place in fashion's realm.

"Shall I get crystal buttons for my fall suit? If not, please tell me what to get and where you would recommend me to purchase them."

This is a recent query that came to me, and as it is one of interest at the beginning of a new season, I will give you the latest information on this point.

Of course, you know buttons are to be a leading factor in fall trimmings just as they have been all summer. The crystal button has had a continuous popularity throughout the season and is seen on many of the new dresses, but its present vogue seems to be more centered upon waists and light-colored dresses.

For fall the horn and bone buttons will be largely used on dresses for general wear, but for all dressy gowns the crocheted button will be employed.

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Now that this has become such a strong trimming feature, the manufacturers have put forth every effort to produce a handsome button, and the beautiful displays in the shops attest to their success.

The objection to the unsatisfactory wearing qualities of the crochet button has been overcome by one manufacturer who shows a beautiful assortment of buttons made up of a specially prepared silk called "Sida floss." Women have long been using this same floss for embroidery purposes and I have frequently heard its durability extolled.

These crochet buttons are being shown in all sizes from the tiny trimming button to the beautiful, large specimens that will adorn the handsome fur coats of the coming season.

As buttons are more of a trimming feature, they are being shown in novel shapes. The ball effects are probably the favorites, but the cone, barrel and olive shapes are given a large representation and the crochet patterns are varied and extremely pretty.

These buttons are made up in the two hundred different shades of the floss, so you can imagine there will be no difficulty in matching any material. Particularly fetching are the black and white combinations which, of course, will be in great demand, since we are to have another black and white season.

As metal is the dominating note of the new trimmings, this firm is now producing handsome novelties, in tinsel crochet buttons. There are six colorings, among which the antique gold, which is the leading tone in the coming season's metal effects, is prominent. These tinsel buttons are the latest novelty. As they are untarnishable, as well as an attractive trimming, they will, no doubt, prove popular.

The shapes are circular, oval and square and the ball shapes are prominent. In sizes there is a wide range, the smallest being about the size of a pea.

Mentioning trimming reminds me of the strong vogue of lace that we have had all summer. The new fall displays give the assurance of the continued lavish use of this material. We see it in its various types with Venice in the lead, but macramé is still a favorite, while in the lighter effects the shadow and Chantilly divide favors. The Bohemian characteristics are very prominent in the new laces. The combination idea is also apparent, and we have beautiful laces combining shadow and Chantilly with Venice and Bohemian.

Metallic effects are very prominent, and here again the old gold is the favorite. An elegant dress pattern that I noticed in one of the exclusive shops is of fine black Brussels net; by the way, the nets bid fair to supersede the chiffons before the end of the season.

This net has an exquisitely embroidered border, thirteen inches wide, combining black silk with the metal effects, in which the various tones of gold blend beautifully with the silver shadings and produce a result at once delicate and handsome.

The waist length has a three-and-a-half-inch-wide border to match that of the skirt. I never came nearer breaking the tenth commandment than I did when I gazed upon this charmingly beautiful dress material.

Among the queries this month is one that has been so frequently asked that I am going to quote the letter: "I am going to be married early in October. It is to be a church wedding, and my friends insist that it would be a dreadful breach of etiquette to wear anything but white. Now, I look perfectly hideous in white, and I am sure no one ought to blame me for wanting to look my best upon my wedding day. Please advise me."

I hope my reply brought happiness to the little October bride, because, in renouncing white, she is right in line with the reformers of fashion who have, for some time, been agitating this question. At several recent fashionable weddings in London the brides were attired in gowns of delicate pink, which is the color selected as a substitute for the cold white that so many brides object to. That this color should be selected is but natural, since leading dressmakers have, for some time, been using a shell pink lining for the white satin bridal gown, in order to give it a soft, becoming glow. A prominent modiste told me recently that she has several orders for pink wedding gowns to be worn at coming fall weddings.



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Kate Stanwood

Harriet Burt

Clifton Crawford

Olive Ulrich

CONTENTS: OCTOBER, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

COVER: Portrait in colors of Miss Lydia Lopoukova

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "My Best Girl"

TITLE PAGE: Scene in "Within the Law"

PAGE

THE NEW PLAYS: "The Perplexed Husband," "The Merry Countess," "The 'Mind-the-Point' Girl," "The Governor's Lady," "Ready Money," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "The Master of the House," "Little Miss Brown," "The Model," "Discovering America," "Within the Law," "Honored Jim Blunt," "My Best Girl," "Fanny's First Play," "The Count of Luxembourg," Hippodrome.	97
THE CRITIC—Poem	98
SCENES IN "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"—Full-page plate	101
STAGING A POPULAR RESTAURANT—Illustrated	103
STUDENTS IN A GREEK PLAY—Illustrated	104
SCHNITZLER'S "ANATOL" A NEW FORM OF PLAY—Illustrated	105
SCENES AT THE HIPPODROME—Full-page plate	106
SCENES IN "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"—Full-page plate	107
BELASCO'S NEW LEADING WOMAN—Illustrated	109
BILLIE BURKE—Full-page plate	110
PLAYERS OF THE FILM DRAMA—Illustrated	111
SCENES IN "READY MONEY"—Full-page plate	112
AMERICA'S RICHEST ACTRESS—Illustrated	113
FRENCH SUCCESSES SHORTLY TO BE SEEN HERE—Illustrated	114
SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS BROWN"—Full-page plate	117
THE MIMIC STAGE—Poem	119
ROYALTY'S FAVORITE PLAYER—Illustrated	120
AN AMERICAN OBERAMMERGAU—Illustrated	121
SCENES IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS"—Full-page plate	122
REMINISCENCES OF AMERICA'S OLDEST ACTRESS—Illustrated	123
BONNIE MAUDE—Full-page plate	124
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	125
	xix

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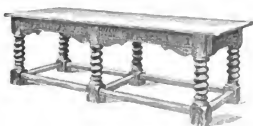
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THE THEATRE

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OCTOBER, 1912

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White

Richard Gilder
(Orme Caldara)

Mary Turner
(Jane Cowie)

Act III. Richard: "Talk to me! Don't lose your nerve. Talk to me!"

SCENE IN BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW," AT THE ELTINGE FORTY-SECOND STREET THEATRE



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HILLIE BURKE SINGING "MIND THE PAINT" IN "THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL" AT THE LYCEUM

EMPIRE. "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND" Comedy in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced on September 2 last with this cast:

Thomas Felling.....John Drew	Dulcie Elstead.....Margaret Watson
Clarence Woodhouse.....Hubert Drew	Aurora Margel.....Alice John
Pills.....Walter Soderling	Kathleen.....Mary Boland
Sophie Felling.....Nina Severing	

In "The Perplexed Husband" we have a little too much of Sutro and not quite enough of John Drew, but the popularity of this actor shows no trace of diminishment. He is always equal to his play, and sometimes better than his play, as in this instance. He is refined in personality and methods, and while he is always John Drew, he is infinite and unfailing in expression. What he does in this play, according to the prescription of the plot, is not very edifying or altogether reasonable, but he does it with so much humor and light and shade, and so humanly, that Sutro's more or less mechanical figure becomes real and delightful.

A man returns home after an absence of several months expecting to be greeted with the customary effusive love of his wife. Her manner has changed. She has found out that she has a soul of her own, and that a wife's attitude toward her husband should not be that of a dependent or in any way the inferior. She has installed in the house a leader in the feminist movement, called the Master, along with a suffragette friend, a strongminded woman. The husband's sister consels strategy to get rid of the intruders and to bring the wife to her senses. The plan is simple enough, but artificial. The husband has had a typist, a beautiful and romantic creature so possessed of a Greek soul and high imaginings that he had discharged her. He now brings her to his home to measure temperaments and aspirations with the Master. The result is that the wife becomes jealous, the Master and the Greek dreamer are sent away to visit Athens together, and the wife returns to the arms of her husband, more than ever anxious to hold him by all feminine charms of dress, love and obedience. Thus, the play is hardly one that deals directly with the suffragist movement. It is delicate satire, but the dramatic argument does not touch the general question. It is as if the play were designed to enable Mr. Drew to express as many light emotions as possible in his own inimitable way.

THE NEW PLAYS

He begins with perplexity, passes through mild and incredulous surprise, uses self-suppression, is angry, mollified, specious in cajolery, gentle, firm, persuasive, everything in turn. Miss Mary Boland, as the typist, with the adopted Greek name of Kalleia, is the airy figure of good-nature satire employed by Sutro. Her gowns are classic and beautiful, designed by herself; her soul is really pure. In short, Kalleia, as played by Mary Boland, is a delightful piece of beautiful nonsense. The small cast is capable and agreeable.

LYCEUM "THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL." Comedy in four acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced September 9, with this cast:

Assistant Facemonger, William Raymond; Colonel the Hon. Arthur Siddalsh, J. Palmer Collins; Baron Von Rottenmayer, Ernest W. Lacey; Captain Nicholas Jeyes, H. E. Herbert; Lionel Rorer, Morton Seltzer; Sam De Castro, Leo Cooper; Herbert Fulkerson, E. Douglas; Stewart Henegar, David Hawthorne; Gerald Greenwood, John Morley; Carlton Smythe, Louis F. Mason; Douglas Glen, Arthur Fitzgerald; Albert Falk, Kenneth Lee; Wilfred Tawish, Barrett Barker; Leonard Shirley, Cecil Newton; Vincent Bland, Bernard McFarland; Morris Cooling, Evelyn E. Cline; Louis, Arthur Louie; Walter, Louis H. Gault; Hon. Mrs. Siddalsh, Jeanette Lewis; Lily Parradell, Billie Burke; Jimmy Birch, Carlton McComas; Gabrielle Kato, Mabel Freytag; Edith Monroff, Edith Campbell; Dagmar Dore, Ruth Joyce; Nina Trevelyan, Hazel Leach; Flo Connelly, Vera Milish; Sybil Desmond, Jeanne Shelby; Olga Cook, Jeanne Eagles; Evangeline Venturo, Anna Rose; Mrs. Upjohn, Lydia Rachel; Gladys, Marie Fitzgerald; Maud, Louise Rich.



Portrait of Basil Gill

Who will play the Emperor in "The Daughter of Heaven" at the Century Theatre

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is not an elderly man, but the output of his later years certainly shows a Jovian disposition to nod. "Preserving Mr. Pannure," added nothing to his reputation and it cannot be said that "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" (a clumsy title at best), now on view at the Lyceum, will add a title or jot to the reputation he gained as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanager," or "The Magistrate," to cite extremes of his facile art.

When he so skillfully, sympathetically and charmingly depicted stage life of the mid-Victorian period in "Trelawney of the Wells," he sketched something akin to a masterpiece. Life on the stage is again the subject of this, his latest output. But sympathy and charm have yielded to the sordid material spirit of modern times and while the new comedy is undoubtedly a veritable transcript of London life behind the scenes as it exists to-day, it is neither as profitable nor as entertaining as its wholesome predecessor.

Miss Billie Burke assumes the rôle of Lily Parradell, reigning

favorite at the Pandora (thin disguise for the Gaiety). She is marvelously popular, graciously beautiful and splendidly chaste in spite of her surroundings. A man of family, but man of purpose, Captain Nicholas Jeyes has squandered his opportunities in dancing attendance on her for several years. Then comes along one of the pampered aristocracy, the young Viscount Farncombe. Smitten, he urges her to be his bride. But after telling him of the more than lowly nature of her birth and up-bringing, she feels she is pledged to Jeyes, whose intimacy with the family is misunderstood by Farncombe. The Captain, however, resolves not to stand in Lily's way—which several, including her mother, regard as a eugenic necessity to British posterity—makes the sacrifice, retires to Rhodesia, and Lily and the Viscount await the ringing of the marriage bells.

Not a vast amount of dramatic significance on which to build a play, but sufficient to supply two admirable theatrical scenes, in one of which the Captain telling of the futility of a theatrical hanger-on, retails his wasted years with cynical fervor and dramatic realism. Admirably played, too, was this part by H. E. Herbert, while the nice youthful enthusiasm of the Viscount was earnestly expressed by William Raymond. The title rôle is acted with vivacity, charm, spirit and feeling by Miss Burke.

The stage settings are rich and handsome, the company is a large one and a host of well drawn, if conventional figures, are carefully portrayed; but mention should be made of Lonis Massen's individual characterization of the theatrical manager. "The 'Mind The Paint' Girl," in spite of good dialogue, is something of a disappointment, but "it will do."

CASINO. "THE MERRY COUNTESS." Play in three acts. Music by Johann Strauss, lyrics by Arthur Anderson, book by Gladys Unger. Produced on August 20 with this cast:

Ilka, Fritzie Van Busing; Countess Clouard, Jose Collins; Dr. Bernzander, Claude Flemming; Count Clouard, Forrest Hall; Hochheimer, Tom A. Shale; Adele, Yvonne Dolly; Felice, Rouska Dolly; Mimmo, Mabel Hurling; Prince Orloffsky, Martin Brown; Inspector of Police, Frank Rose; Nightingale, Frank Farrington; A Warde, George Lyman; Hatton, A. W. Baskcomb.

The Casino finds its novelty this season in an old opera, "Die Fledermaus," with its merits added to and its faults subtracted. The original Strauss music is largely retained, while the great composer's works have been drawn upon for additional melodies. "The Merry Countess" has taken on a livelier movement in its action than the original opera had in any of its several versions used in New York. Miss Gladys Unger's new libretto is not to be described as more than clumsily skillful, but the new episodes do add needed comedy. The fantastic prison of the last act is the scene of farcical doings not entirely in keeping with the romantic foolery of the old story, but it is all exceedingly amusing. Apart from the irresistible Strauss waltzes and captivating melodies, it is as a production that "The Merry Countess" excels, beautiful to the eye and animated with interpolated dances.

Miss Jose Collins as the Countess was a revelation, being new and being equal to the exacting nature of the music of the part. She rendered the celebrated aria in the second act in a manner that won her unstinted applause. She is young and a novice in acting, but her unheralded qualities will go far toward sustaining the success of the opera, which draws new life from so many quarters. Maurice Farkoa, as Gabor, was another artistic success, equally in singing and acting. Miss Fritzie Van Busing has the difficult part of Ilka and sang

with charm. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb was very droll as the jailer. Martin Brown and the Dolly Sisters, in a dance with plenty of grace and spirit in it, touched with oddity, gave us something new. That the production was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt for a private performance at Newport is a mere incident in the career of the production which which has opened the Casino so auspiciously.



White

MIRIAM CLEMENTS
Now appearing in "Discovering America," at Italy's

REPUBLIC. "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY." A play in three acts by Alice Bradley. Produced September 10 with the following cast

Daniel S. Slade.....Enmett Corrigan	William.....Jack Smith
Senator Strickland.....William H. Tucker	Martin.....Franklin Hande
Robert Hayes.....Milton Sills	Jake.....John N. Wheeler
Wesley Merritt.....Robert McWade, Jr.	Mary Slade.....Emma Dunn
Langham Hunt.....Bert Hyde	Katherine Strickland.....Gladys Hanson
Ex-Governor Hibbard.....John A. Dwyer	Mrs. Merritt.....Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Colonel Smith.....Will H. Shelton	Susan.....Jane Briggs
John Hart.....Albert Lane	A Girl of the Streets.....Eddie Murray
Charles Tugan.....Harry B. Wilson	A Scroolwoman.....Judith Smith

When Miss Alice Bradley was enthusiastically summoned before the footlights on the first night of "The Governor's Lady," through her spokesman she said that she had brought to Mr. Delasco "only an idea," and that the play which had moved so genuinely and entertained so thoroughly was really his.

Be that as it may, the idea is a very human one and the treatment shows that the master hand of American stagecraft had been working overtime. Daniel Slade prospers, grows ambitious politically and socially, and so outdistances the homely companion of his earlier struggles, who finds no pleasure nor satisfaction in her new surroundings of luxury and wealth. He wants a divorce, that he may marry Katherine Strickland, young and a social factor. Horrified at the thought that their long friendship is to be dissolved, Mrs. Slade refuses the suggestion, but resolves to make herself the helpmate her husband so needs. But he replies that it is too late, and in the scenes between them growing out of this situation there is a world of emotional depth. Mrs. Slade, however, agrees to a separation, and then follows an interview in which the wife and her would-be successor meet. Touched by the older woman's beautiful devotion, Miss Strickland resolves to sacrifice herself and so tells the wife, who then learns for the first time that it was on account of a woman that Slade wanted a divorce. Now comes her chance for revenge.

Since youth and beauty have thrown him over it is her turn now to secure a divorce, but in an epilogue which occurs in a Childs' restaurant—a wonderfully graphic reproduction of the real thing—they are brought together again.

It is, of course, the human equation, the big and moving struggle between the coldly stern man of successful affairs and his shrinking wife that make the scenes, and they are, indeed, incidents of a marvelously touching kind, handled with virile force and dogged determination by Enmett Corrigan and by Emma Dunn, whose impersonation of the wife is beautiful in its sweet simplicity. The political characters which project the underplot are skilfully drawn. The rôles of Wesley Merritt, the editor and his scheming wife are portrayed with great humorous truth and fidelity by Robert McWade, Jr., and Teresa Maxwell-Conover, while Gladys Hanson shows grace and feeling as Miss Strickland and her devoted admirer, a young lawyer is acted with manly fervor by Milton Sills. It is a long cast which is employed in this wonderfully interesting and perfectly staged play and acquires itself with that thorough finish and skill always to be found in a Delasco production. The four scenes are perfect in their suggestive appropriateness.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S, "READY MONEY." A comedy in three acts by James Montgomery. Produced on August 19 with this cast:

Stephen Baird.....William Courtener	Quinn.....Gordon Barbey
William Stewart.....Norman Tharp	Phyllis.....Smith Davies
Solider Rosenbaum.....Leo Honnelly	Ned.....Guy Nichols
Sam Welch.....Harry Miller, Jr.	Paul.....Alfred A. Hense
Summer Holbrook.....George L. Tucker	Ricky.....Clarence Rockefeller
James E. Morgan.....Scott Cooper	Grace Tyler.....Margaret Greene
Hon. James H. Tyler.....James Bradburn	Ida Tyler.....Eugene Wallace
Jackson Jevs.....Joseph Kolgour	Mrs. James H. Tyler.....Ella Harding
Captain West.....Ben Johnson	Margaret Elliott.....Elizabeth Nelson

The extraordinary number of plays featuring rascals, during



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Clarence Woodhouse (Robert Draper)

Act IV. Thomas Pelling (John Drew)

Act IV. Thomas Pelling: "Explain some more. Tell her in Greek."

Kathia (Mary Roland)

SCENE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S COMEDY, "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Warburton as Sam Siskley

Eugene Ventrone as Mrs. Blount

Gollan Steele as Rose Blount

Edith Barwell as Nancy Siskley

Astrid Lee as Gertrude Blount

Leslie Fisher as John Blount

CHARACTERS IN ARNOLD BENNETT'S AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S PLAY, "MILESTONES" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE.

the last season or two, does not mean that theatre-goers are becoming criminal in their tastes. The popularity of this type of attraction is merely because the particular offenders of the law are shown as not only human—having emotions and processes of thought like other people—but as exceptionally bright into the bargain. In "Ready Money" a counterfeiter is featured; and the audiences applaud to see him outwit the honest minions of the law. To be sure he isn't the worst counterfeiter in the world, for he confines his efforts to one thousand dollar certificates, and he succors a young man who is down and out by letting him pass the bogus currency on a fifty per cent. commission. He may have played a trick on his audience as well as his victims, for he mentions a head of Washington as being on a thousand dollar bill and there are probably not many who know enough about it to say nay.

Stephen Baird, a young fellow with plenty of friends, manners and good looks (to say nothing of a sweet fiancée), but no money, is half owner of the Sky-rocket Gold Mine in Gallup, Arizona. He bought it for thirty thousand dollars. The mine has produced nothing as yet, because Steve has been vainly trying to sell stock, and his partner, Mike, awaiting money to buy adequate machinery, is unable to work it to any appreciable degree. It is New Year's Eve, and on January 2 Morgan is going to take the mine for his mortgage. Steve is staying at the apartment of his wealthy friend, Sam Welch. While there he meets Jackson Ives, occupation unknown, who offers to assist him. Ives finally pledges him to secrecy, introduces himself as a master counterfeiter, and invites Steve to take a wad of his bogus money, not to spend it, but just to show it

and keep fifty per cent. Steve, facing ruin with a quarter in his pocket, finally accepts. One glimpse of the money, and Steve's friends, believing he must have struck gold, crowd to buy his stock. They will have none of his explanations. His heretofore antagonistic mother-in-law-to-be calls him her dear boy, and his fiancée promises to read the circulars concerning his mine. This literature he places in her bag, which appendage she duly leaves behind her at departure. Morgan, not knowing of the sudden rise of his young friend, gives him an indefinite loan of five hundred dollars. This money Steve sends to his partner, who promptly

puts on a double shift to dig for gold. Ives appears. He is being trailed by detectives of the Secret Service. He knows that he cannot be touched if he has no evidence in his possession, so he places the counterfeited money, which Steve has, into an envelope addressed to Steve's office. But before Steve can mail it, it is found on him. He secretly substitutes that envelope for the one in the forgotten bag of his fiancée. The unsuspecting detective bids him give the envelope to Ives that Ives may be arrested. He does so. They spend the night in the Tombs and are discharged in the morning when nothing but the stock circulars are found. Steve's fiancée brings the other envelope to his office. The detectives appear, seize it and arrest Steve and Ives. Ives bids them examine the money. They do so, declare it genuine and depart baffled. Steve pays off

his mortgage to Morgan. Word comes that Steve's partner has struck gold, and Ives, with an artist's pride, destroys his false certificates rather than have them doubted, promising in addition to lead a better life.

All this is the best kind of fun; the sheer cleverness and the un-

The Critic

Oh, creature with the heart of stone,
And frigid manner all thine own,
Why plague us so?
To thee no playwright knows his art;
No actor comprehends his part;
All—all is woe!
Rare clown indeed who e'er beguiles
Thy frozen features into smiles!

A scribe thou art whose careless pen,
Must earn a dollar now and then,
To banish debt;
Sarcasm, wit—a deadly brew—
With ridicule and venom, too,
Dost thou beget.
A critic? Not I still insist,
Thou art but petty humorist!

LESLIE CORTIS.

expected turns are highly diverting. Nothing but admiration may be expressed for William Courtenay's portrayal of Steve, or of Joseph Kilgour's delineation of the smooth and tactful lives, alias Walker. Ben Johnson, pleasantly remembered for his work at the late New Theatre, made a shrewd and suave detective. Margaret Greene and Ida Darling were excellent as the fiancée and her mother. James Bradbury, Leo Donnelly, Henry Miller, Jr., Alfred A. Hesse and the entire company deserve commendation for work of the first order. The settings are adequate.

Soon after he is found dead. Anthony is jailed for his murder and about to be hanged. His father appears, bribes officials generally, rescues Kirk with the crew of his yacht disguised as United States marines, and approves of the widowed Mrs. Cortland sailing back to New York with him. In the first place, it is melodrama pure and simple; and in the second place, melodramatic heroes are made of better stuff than Kirk Anthony, who remains shiftless to the end of the chapter. The Ne'er-Do-Well never does, and little sympathy is to be bestowed upon him be-



Copyright, Charles Fishman. Louise (Ida Darling) Louise. "You mustn't hold me" Duncan Corbett (Frederick Perry) SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "THE MODEL," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

LYRIC. "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" Play in four acts by Charles Klein. Produced on Sept. 2 with this cast:

Kirk Anthony.....Hale Hamilton	Brad Walter.....Samuel Johnson
D. K. Anthony.....DeWitt C. Jennings	Huggins.....Solney Blair
James Werck.....Robert Fischer	Betty.....Edgar Nelson
Stephen Cortland.....Orlando Daly	Ringold.....Jus. R. Garry
Remon Alferez.....Macey Harlam	Edith Cortland.....Katherine Kaelred
Cushing.....R. B. Kengereles	Sella Werck.....Beatrice Noyes
Hagan.....George Staley	Mrs. Johnson.....Ethel Jennings
Alban.....F. N. Coulton	La Veranara.....Albion De Gonzalez
Jefferson Locke.....Franklyn Seagriff	Mrs. Runnels.....Beatrice Craven
Dadden.....F. W. Strong	Mrs. Redden.....Rachel Arlos

Every pack has a joker in it—even that belonging to Charles Klein. He has held a good many aces in a long playwrighting experience; but sooner or later his joker was bound to turn up. Still, it may not be his joker, after all, for the program "presents Rex Beach's novel" and not Charles Klein's play. However, the distinction is well drawn because the piece is told along in a narrative fashion, inventing situations as required, and with little relation between beginning and end.

Kirk Anthony, college athlete and millionaire's son, thrown aboard ship in a drunken stupor in the name of a criminal anxious to mislead his pursuers, is disinherited by his father and compelled to work on the Panama Canal. He is aided by a Mrs. Cortland, who knows his condition, and with whom he is in love. Her husband, misconstruing her motives, presents Anthony with his wife in the presence of friends he has invited for the occasion.

cause he makes practically no effort to help himself. Kirk has no right to show love for a married woman, much less to the wife of his host, or she to encourage it. The husband was eminently right in suspecting his wife, and in place of being a villain he is more of a gentleman than the worthless rounder who supplants him. The interposition of the father is a clog to the wheels of justice, for there is nothing to prove that Kirk Anthony did not murder Cortland. He said he was going to, and one didn't see how Cortland really did die. One of the most truly dramatic scenes in the piece is Cortland's denunciation of Anthony and his wife.

As to the rest, there are occasionally bright moments loosely thrown together in a rambling design. For all the Panama Canal has to do with it, the action could have taken place in Lima, Ohio—where the beans come from. Katherine Kaelred has a very limited opportunity, but she does ample justice to the part of Mrs. Cortland. We would, however, like to examine the diacritical marks in her dictionary. Hale Hamilton is exceedingly convincing in the title rôle. The U. S. Consul became a bright spot as illuminated by Robert Fischer, and the saucy daughter found a pert interpreter in Beatrice Noyes. Macey Harlam, as Remon Alferez, a local pooh-bah, acted a difficult part with spirit and significance.

(Continued on page 21)



No. 1. Gladys Hanson, Milton Silly, Terresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Favorites. "I always said to him, 'Rob, she'll come home to you in the end.'" No. 2. Robert McWade, Jr. and Terresa Maxwell-Conover. Act 2. Wesley Merritt (Mr. McWade, Jr.). "I've mortgaged my property up in the life for clothes, man." No. 3. Emmett Corrigan and Emma Dunn. Act 3. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan). "Oh, hell, what's the use? Nothing but trouble and scandal." No. 4. Milton Silly, Emma Dunn, Gladys Hanson. Act 3. Mary becomes convinced that Katherine is the other woman. No. 5. Emma Dunn and Emmett Corrigan. Act 4. Daniel Slade (Mr. Corrigan). "I'll introduce you to them after we're married."

DAVID BELASCO Staging a Popular Restaurant

for Zola! France has no Childs'. Childs' is essentially an American institution, and even more than American is it essentially of New York. There is no genre picture of New York life, or that of Philadelphia, or a half dozen other cities, to be painted without a Childs' restaurant occupying its proper place in the perspective: a Childs' with its geometrically arranged assortments of provender, its burnished coffee boilers, its neat, white-aproned "Ham-an" waiters, and, most significant and characteristic of all else, its motley gathering of hungry and hasty patrons—people recruited from literally every walk of life, for who so rich or so mighty has not some time or other invaded the democratic precincts of Childs'.

Not content with this scenic triumph he next proved—that the audience was taken back to nature unawares and absolutely forgot that they were in a theatre. He conquered, for stage purposes, all of the elements. Then he went after the unseen, and in his famous Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods," he produced a remarkable scene showing the River of Life, with the souls of the dead passing through the ether to the Promised Land.

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Photo White THE RESTAURANT SCENE IN "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" AT THE REPUBLIC
A Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. All of the fixtures, the tables, chairs, coffee boilers, dishes used in the restaurant scene in the new play were obtained from Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company and were installed by employees of that firm exactly as if a new restaurant were being opened on the stage.

Return of Peter Grimm the lights were used only at the entrances of Peter simply to accentuate them and to get him on the stage. As soon as he had entered upon the scene the spotlights that were trained on the door through which the spirit entered were removed and the footlights and border lights, used to light the scene itself, were turned on. From then on just two things did the trick. For it was a trick, a mental one, such as the sleight-of-hand performer distracts the attention of his on-lookers from his hands with, by saying something that tricks their minds so that they fail to see the slip of the hand.

In this play Mr. Belasco achieved the highest possible point, since he actually, through the lines of the drama itself, put the audience into a receptive state, and so much so that there was hardly a single person at any performance but that looked upon David Warfield as a spirit in the "dead" scenes of the play. But, too, had it not been for the remarkable quality of Mr. Warfield's voice that first attracted Mr. Belasco to this actor when he was a burlesque music hall performer, even with all of the master hand's strokes it would have been impossible to get the spirit of this play over the footlights.

Having done these things in the pursuit of stage realism, there was nothing else for Mr. Belasco to do but to come back to earth and select some ordinary, every-day scene for stage representation. After reading the manuscript of "The Governor's Lady," which called for a restaurant setting in the last act, instead of placing the scene in a Broadway lobster palace, as nine out of every ten managers would have done, especially as the time of the action was to be around midnight, Mr. Belasco got right down to every-day life, the thing that counts most of all on the stage, and chose one of Childs' restaurants as the scene, a thing that perhaps no other manager would have dared to do.

In the setting of the last act of this play he may in all truth be said to have surpassed himself. That scene, representing as it does the interior of a Childs' restaurant in New York City on a midnight in the depth of winter, must stand as the last word in stage realism. None other, save perhaps a Zola, could have held in his mind's eye its multitudinous detail, or have had the art to translate that detail into concrete terms. But then, alas

Avenue, and seated them to one side of the Childs' restaurant at that location and let the last act be played there.

But, having in mind the comfort of his patrons, Mr. Belasco let them remain in their cushioned seats and instead he brought the restaurant to them! This is a fact. He actually transported a real Childs' restaurant to the stage of the theatre, strange as this may seem.

Everyone by this time knows that a Belasco production is nothing if not realistic in every detail. Several years ago, when he introduced a rainstorm in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," he rigged up water pipes having holes such as are in a shower bath tubing over the stage and turned on real water, which fell to the stage and splattered and formed puddles. So when he planned a Childs' setting for the last act of "The Governor's Lady," instead of calling in his scenic artists and ordering them to paint a canvas scene, as most managers would have done, he wrote a letter to the Childs' Restaurant Company and told them what he wanted and negotiated for a complete restaurant equipment. He had installed on the stage of the Republic Theatre a Childs' restaurant, complete in every detail.

All of the fixtures—tables, chairs, hat and coat racks and stands, cash desk, cash register, cigar counter and food counters, coffee boilers, ovens, heaters, dishes, ice-box and the griddle-cake cooker in the window—were obtained from the Childs' Restaurant Equipment Company, and were installed by employees of the concern exactly as if a new restaurant was being opened! It is complete even to the signs: "Watch Your Hat and Overcoat," "Not Responsible for Personal Property Unless Checked by the Manager," and the milk sign; also a framed picture of Childs' new restaurant, seating 1,000, at Tennessee Avenue and Boardwalk, Atlantic City. There is, also, the familiar white clock, keeping actual time, on the scene.

The counters and ice-box are of tile, exactly the same as one finds in the numerous eating-places of the same name, and the griddle-cake cooker is the real article, heated by electricity, as are the later improved models used in the newer and larger restaurants. By the griddle cooker, also, is the little nickel-plated dumb waiter to send "cakes"

(Continued on page 2)



A GREEK play, whether given in Greek or in English, is still regarded in this country as something of a curiosity. But there have been, since the first one at Harvard in 1881, at least forty performances of which there is record. They have

been produced in all sorts of conditions and under all possible theories of stage management, with costumes all the way from bed-sheets, as once at Bryn Mawr, to the most accurate archeological restorations studied out in Athens itself as at Harvard in 1906. Little Beloit College, in Wisconsin, has the record for number, having given six, more or less informally. One remarkable performance was given at Hull House, Chicago, by Greek boys of the slums declaiming the ancient lines with modern Greek pronunciation. But the most active "producing center" just now is Wabash College, in Crawfordsville, Ind., which last spring gave as its fifth annual production the "Elektra" of Sophocles.

Professor Hains, of the Wabash Greek department, and one of the present authorities on ancient Greek life, was the "angel" of the performances. The actors and the "chorus girls" were all men, as in the ancient Greek productions. The costumes and settings were accurately studied out from Greek vases and statues, but were all purchased and made in the little town of Crawfordsville. Greek costumes were extremely simple, the *chiton*, or undergarment, being merely a loose linen shirt clasped at the shoulders and gathered at the waist, and the outer garment nothing more than a rectangular piece of cloth about six feet by eight. Professor and Mrs. Hains bought quantities of unbleached muslin at 5 cents a yard.

The priest offers prayer to the god Dionysus, the patron of the drama. This ceremony was condensed from the ancient Greek rites performed at the opening of their dramatic festivals, but is not usually given in American productions of Greek plays.

Students in a Greek Play

was unusually elaborate in every little detail, enabling the promoters to create the true classic atmosphere, without which no Greek play can be adequately or satisfactorily presented.

And so with all the properties. The sacrificial lambs were hired from a neighboring farmer, and behaved very well, except when the priest inadvertently burned their tails.

For part of the costumes of the Sythian "barbarians" (accurately copied from excavations in Asia Minor) Professor Hains used as a pattern his own pajamas.

But Professor Hains is no purist or mere archeologist. He wants to prove that the Greek plays are not dead but very much alive, and he holds it as one of the crowning moments of his life when, at the climax of his "Oedipus Rex," a great part of the audience was seen to be in tears.

He does not object to anything that will strengthen the effect. He even uses a spotlight to follow the "lead" about the stage in important scenes. Each author receives a particular sort of stage management.

"Euripides' stuff," Professor Hains says, "is mostly melodrama, but it certainly gets across." He is trying to prove, in his annual Wabash production, that Greek plays are good stage plays, and always, when adequately presented, "get across."

H. K. MODERWELL.



King Agamemnon sees retribution approaching in the person of Orestes, who has just killed his mother, Clytemnestra, in revenge for her unfaithfulness to his father.

Schnitzler's "Anatol" a New Form of Play

WHEN Mr. Ames presents at the Little Theatre next month Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," he will introduce to American theatregoers a novel form of dramatic composition—a sequence of dialogues. Instead of sitting through three or four acts, during which we become intimately acquainted with a group of people, sometimes an entire community, watching the unfolding of that part of their lives interesting and climactic enough to serve as a plot, we shall have a glimpse at five episodes in the life of a very episodic young gentleman from Vienna. Each episode is complete in itself, like a perfect bead, but it is only when they are strung together that they become the finished piece of jewelry. The string that holds them is the unfolding of Anatol's personality. Each bead has a different color, given to it by the individuality of the *vis-à-vis* in the episode—always a woman, of course. Anatol is an arch-connoisseur of love. In his life there is never one great climax to be portrayed, but many little crises, each to be depicted in a separate sketch.

In a letter to a friend, Schnitzler explains his choice of this dramatic form. It is his forte. In conventional drama, he is never quite successful. "My dear friend," he writes, "as far as that grotesque realism is concerned, which considers it its duty to get along without stage-manager and prompter, that realism in which a fifth act frequently fails to be reached because a tile has fallen upon the hero's head in the second act—I am not interested. As for myself, I let the curtain go up when it begins to be amusing, and I let it go down at the moment which I consider fit."

"Anatol" is not a new play, nor is Schnitzler a new dramatist. The play is over twenty years old, and its author this summer celebrated his fiftieth birthday. A practicing physician of Vienna, Arthur Schnitzler has made literature his vocation, and in that capacity has attained first rank among Austrian and German writers. On the continent he has long been a favorite among playgoers, and in this country as well as in England he is rediscovered spasmodically. His work includes a long list of plays and novels, many of which have been translated into English. At the Irving Place Theatre in New York several of his one-act plays have, at different times, been given in the original, as well as two of his longer plays, "Liebelei" in 1897 and "Freiwild" in 1899. At the Berkeley Lyceum a few years ago Charlotte Wiehe appeared in a French version of "The Last Supper," one of the "Anatol" dialogues. To the English-speaking public of this country he is known through "Liebelei," which was produced under the title "Flirtation" by the Progressive Stage Society in New York in 1904, and as "The Reckoning" in 1907, when Katherine Grey played the part created in this country by Agnes Sorma, and through "The Green Kakadu," which was produced by Mrs. Fiske as a curtain-raiser to "Hannele" in 1910.

In reading the English version of "Anatol," by Granville Barker—even in reading the original German—one gets the impression that the author must be a Parisian, so sprightly and champagne-like is the dialogue. That is because Schnitzler is a Viennese, and

because the Viennese are more like the Parisians than their neighbors, the Germans, in their handling of life, love and literature.

"Anatol" and "Liebelei" are generally regarded as Schnitzler's best works. The title of the latter, "Flirtation," indicates the theme, which might be summed up in the slogan: "*A bas la grande passion; vive l'amourette!*" The physician as playwright applies medical methods in distinguishing symptoms from causes and in diagnosing the cases of hypochondriacs of love. For his characters, emotion, and not the will, is the firmament of life. They do not try to master the situation in which they find themselves, but are content to let it master them. They weave fantasy and romance about somewhat ordinary love affairs, and prefer their own illusions to reality. Nowhere is this brought out more clearly than in the first "Anatol" episode, "Ask No Questions and You Will Hear No Stories."

Anatol, sceptical of the faithfulness of his present lady-love, decides to test her by questioning her sub-conscious self (which is supposed to be reliably truthful) when she is in a hypnotic state. Having put her into a trance—for that is one of his powers—he prepares to cross-examine her, but when it comes to the vital question he loses courage. How horrible to know the truth, if she does not really love him and him alone! He knows he is a coward, braces himself for a last effort, and speaks sternly, judicially:

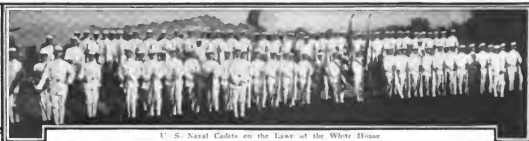
"Hilda—do you?"— (*He fails, then makes a further effort.*)
 "Hilda—are you?"— (*He fails again and turns distractedly away.*)
 Then for the third time:
 "Hilda—have you?"— (*He begins to sweat with the emotion of it.*)
 "Oh, Lord! Hilda—Hilda!"— (*He throws conscience to the winds and himself on his knees beside the pretty girl.*)
 "Oh! wake up, my darling, and give me a kiss."

It is because of this—that no matter how many illusions are shattered, there is always a new one to replace the old—that the cynicism threading these episodes does not seem convincing. One feels that it is expressed more out of a desire to appear clever than through conviction. Though the episodes are essentially comedy, they are tainted with a melancholy of sadness here and there—the melancholy of the incompleteness of a life of little loves that is inevitable with the peripatetic amourette. Schnitzler traces for us in these episodes the psychology of intimacy, the contempt it may breed and the sometimes incomprehensible forgetfulness that may follow it. There is always separation, always a going-away. And so, even at the last, when Anatol leaves to go to his own wedding, one doesn't feel in the least sure that he isn't going to go away from there also; for, as he says himself elsewhere, "It's always somebody else one gets married to."

Anatol is a bachelor of leisure, whose vocation in life is the dangerous and fascinating one of falling in and out of love. A man of moods, he may be regarded as the product, in temperament and taste, of the over-civilization and the over-cultivation of the times. "What a lot one loses by being a man!" is his view. "There are a dozen ways of being an interesting invalid, and a fellow can choose his own. But there is only one way of being in rude health—and that's such a dull one," He is not, in the true



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
 Author of "The Affairs of Anatol"



U. S. Naval Cadets on the Lawn of the White House



A Berlin Summer Garden



Scotch ladies dancing the Highland Fling



Picturesque Dutch peasants crowding a market place in Holland



A Fishing Village in Brittany



Girls of Brittany at play



SCENES IN THE SUMPTUOUS NEW SPECTACLE AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

sense, a modern Don Juan, because he does not grow and develop through his experiences, but merely passes from one *petit amour* to the next, like a bee sipping honey from a row of lovely flowers. He calls himself a Toy-Philosopher; dreams of being a hero, and knows himself to be a fool.

His feminine friends, though there are a few naive and unsophisticated among them, are often smarter and quicker even than he. They are all attractive and alluring, of course, and different enough to display the conquering hero's versatility and catholicity of taste. There is Gabriel, the virtuous one, who, having family traditions and a real social status to uphold, resists temptations and settles down to a soul-killing domesticity; Mimi, the insolent, heartless flirt, who might be called a grafter "*an coquette*," and Lona, the elemental woman, who gives vent to a natural temper in a very elemental, natural way. Hilda is just a plain girl (and she's prosaic enough to end up by marrying a milkman), and Bibi, a "useless bit of baggage," who is, unknowingly, the dealer of the heaviest blow to Anatol's pride.

If Anatol is the string that holds these episodes together, then Max, his confidant, is the clasp of the chain. According to his own statement, his principal task is to foster his friend's illusions. When he does try to prick Anatol's bubble, to make him see the plain facts in a given situation, his only success lies in receiving Anatol's pity for being a man who walks through the world with eyes open and imagination shut! "You swallow life whole. Max—I taste it." There is "an honest, unromantic" air about him that makes him a refreshing antidote to the over-sensitized, sentimental Anatol. Much as the hero pretends to scorn the philistine views of the prosaic Max, one knows that the latter is absolutely essential in the capacity of equilibrator to the daring young man who takes too frequent and too lofty flights into the realms of the little love-gods. He must also serve as the guardian of a precious and inimitable past (done up in a bundle and de-



Photos White 1. Betty Scott. 2. Helen Cleggett. 3. Celeste Campbell

THREE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913"

posited in his rooms by Anatol, about to take a holiday), and in more instances than one he must play the part of the accomplice who gets the hero out of a tight place or the new broom that sweeps obstacles—such as dead loves—from his path. He is not merely a good-natured fool, but always a good friend who is willing to help and advise, and accepts as rewards for all his services the pleasure and the satisfaction of seeing Anatol's discomfiture when he has failed to take advantage of those services or that advice.

In "The Last Supper" we see how useful Max may be, and how Anatol sometimes "gets it in the neck"—to use a very vulgar phrase to comment upon a very polished young man. Anatol is perturbed in spirit; he has lost his interest in Mimi, finds that she bores him, and finds a substitute who bores him not. He believes, above all, in honesty in these matters of the heart, at least in this case he does, for did he not say to Mimi, at first, when they were very much in love, "Whichever first discovers that the thing is wearing thin, must tell the other one straight out." With him, now, it has not only worn thin, it is positively threadbare. But how tell her?

In a private room of a fashionable restaurant, where he is waiting for Mimi, who is to be his guest, Max is taken into consultation. A plan whereby the ally is to break the news in an exceedingly gentle and tactful manner is well under way, when the subject of the discussion enters. Over the oysters, which she eats with a relish, she justifies her interruption of these plans by making them unnecessary with the announcement that her "thing" has worn thin, too. Anatol, hurt and indignant, demands a thousand explanations, which Mimi vouchsafes with a joyousness of spirit that increases as the supply of champagne diminishes.

"It's him your considering, not me," declares the dismissed lover.

MIMI (with friendly candor): I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol.

ANATOL: Thank you. I'm happy to say that leaves me cold.

MIMI: Don't be nasty.

ANATOL: Would you be sur-



Write
No. 1. Edith Cortland (Katherine Karlrod), Kirk Anthony (Hale Hamilton). Act I. Kirk: "I wish you had a sister." No. 2. Act I. On Board the S. S. "Santa Mart"
Edith: "We have sighted land, Mr. Anthony." No. 3. Act II. Hale Hamilton, Carmen De Gonzalez and Francis X. Conlon. The Spanish girl tries to sell her wares
No. 4. Act 2. Stephen Cortland (Orlando Daly): "I am going to give you my wife. You've had her from the first, now she's yours"

SCENES IN "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

prised to hear that I hope to get on very well without you in the future.

MIMI: Really? (*Anatol throws his belated bomb.*)

ANATOL: I am in love, too. (*It is received by Mimi with the indifference of scepticism.*)

MIMI: Think of that.

ANATOL: And have been for some time. Ask Max. I was telling him when you came in. (*She smiles at this in a most irritating way.*)

MIMI: Yes, . . . I'm sure you were.

ANATOL: Yes, . . . She's younger and prettier than you.

MIMI: I'm sure she is.

ANATOL: And I'd throw six hundred and seventy of your sort into the sea for her. (*Mimi, not in the least impressed or distressed, laughs loud.*) You needn't laugh. Ask Max.

MIMI: If I were you I should have invented all that a little earlier.

ANATOL: (*aghast*)! But it's true. I haven't cared that much about you since . . . ! You've been boring me till I could only stay in the room with you by sitting and thinking of her.

But it all sounds so ineffective that Anatol, summoning his virile imagination to his aid hints at blacker and baser deceit than this even. Mimi, having retaliated by calling him a cad and a brute, a pretty scene threatens when the timely waiter brings in another course and causes the lady to change the conversation.

"Ice," cries Mimi, and does them the same justice as she has the other courses of a very palatable dinner—for is she not going to renounce all delicacies when she is "on with the new," a penurious but rising star in the profession? Anatol's aesthetic sense is shocked by this display of materialism. He cries:

"Can you eat ice at a moment like this?"

MAX (*starting on his, too*): Yes, of course she can. It's good-by to them forever.

MIMI (*between the spoonfuls*): No more ice—no more claret—no more champagne. (*Then, as she gets up to go*) And, thank goodness—no more Anatol. (*But on her way to the door she notices on the sideboard the cigars. She helps herself to a handful. Then turns with the sweetest of smiles.*) Not for me. They're for him. (*She departs.*)

MAX: I said it'd go off all right. (*Anatol is speechless.*)

To the question whether these episodes are moral, one is tempted to equivocate by saying that they are artistic. Schnitzler's writing is always refined; there is nothing ugly or coarse or vulgar, nothing repellent here. One must be grateful to him for what he does not say. He has the gift of silence and says the unsayable without asterisks and without offending.

E. E. VOM BAUR.

FROM the land of roses and magnolia trees, from that wonderful

Belasco's New Leading Woman

Georgian Atlanta which arose, phoenix-like, from the ashes and devastation of the Civil War, came five years ago Gladys Hanson, the interesting and talented young Southern actress, who is now appearing at the Republic as the principal woman character of Alice Bradley's play, "The Governor's Lady," Mr. Belasco's first production of the new theatrical year.

An exceptional stage presence hers! A beautiful head, with nobility of mind and soul reflected in the face, and lovely hair, arranged simply and naturally set exquisitely upon the noble column of her neck, which rises above her matchless shoulders to create an imposing silhouette, and superb feminine lines, she is physically almost without a rival among women players. Beauty unalloyed to talent is like the camellia without fragrance. Miss Hanson has both. She not only exhales charm, she is the full bloom, perfect rose. Grace is in her slightest movements, in her uprisings and down-sittings, in her gestures, her outbursts of feeling, her repressed passion, and, most of all, in her beautifully trained and well-modulated voice. She is an artist to her finger tips, and that the emotional fervor of the South exerts a considerable influence on her stage work is seen in her portrayal of her new character.

It was in "Dundreary," the season when E. H. Sothern revived his father's famous play, that the charm and temperamental power of Gladys Hanson were first recognized. In this revival, in which she played the part of

Georgina, she received much praise from the critics for a spirited and finished performance. It was not her first experience on the New York stage, however, for it was in Daniel Frohman's production of Rex Beach's play, "The Spoilers," that she was given her initial opportunity. The run of the piece was interrupted after a month, but Miss Hanson did not suffer, for Mr. Frohman quietly informed Mr. Sothern of her exceptional ability. The star immediately offered her an engagement, and then followed

a busy, hard-working time in Shakespearean repertoire. During that period she played such parts as the Queen in "Hamlet," Katherine in "If I Were King," the sister in "The Fool Hath Said," Lucy in "Richard Lovelace," Julie in "Riethoven," and the Duchess in "Don Quixote."

After two years of this invaluable training and experience, she was engaged by Charles Frohman to support Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges." The following year she was seen in "The Scandal" and later in "Raffles." Last year her season began in Mrs. Fiske's production of "The New Marriage." The play was not a success, but, undaunted and with a firm belief in her own powers, she assumed the title rôle in the Chicago Company of "The Woman," continuing in that part successfully throughout the winter until last spring, when she was given the part of Katherine Strickland in "The Governor's Lady."

These varied impersonations have proved her versatility, her faculty of so assimilating a part as to make it seem a phase of her own experience. From childhood she has been taught to know and like the best in plays, in music, in books, in art of any sort, in people—so that her cultivated powers of discrimination have helped along the progress upward. Her mother, an accomplished musician, cultivated her musical ear from infancy, and from this influence we are indebted for the melodious tones of her speaking voice. Her parents tried to dissuade her from choosing the stage as a career, but her thoughts and desires constantly urged her thither.

One of her critics has described her as "a creature of destiny, a living witness to prove that over the mountains lie the Hills of Dreams, which are only to be reached by physical, intellectual and spiritual effort."

Herein lies the secret of Gladys Hanson's success. All of these attributes are hers. She has beauty, mentality and talent. Under Mr. Belasco's guidance there are no heights in the drama to which she may not reach.

ELEANOR RAEURIN.



GLADYS HANSON AS THE QUEEN IN "HAMLET"



Sereny

BILLIE BURKE

This popular young actress is now appearing in "The Mind The Paint Girl" at the Lyceum Theatre



MARY FULLER
A popular Edison player



MARC McDERMOTT
A popular Edison leading man



ALICE JOYCE
A favorite Kalem player



MAURICE COSTELLO
A well-known Vitagraph player

WHILE the moving picture owes its popularity chiefly to the wonderful

mechanism that makes it possible, the players who create the characters seen on the screen should not be overlooked. They contribute no inconsiderable share to the astonishing success which has attended the growth of this remarkable theatrical industry. Although it is silent drama, as revealed to the public, the personality of the player is as important a factor as in a regular stage production. The actor or actress having a so-called "magnetic personality" loses none, or very little, of this subtle quality when seen in film plays. In fact, the same attributes possessed by celebrities of the stage, such as good looks and attractive personality, are found to characterize the players who have been successful in their portrayals before the moving picture camera. The truth of this is recognized by the manufacturers themselves. Progressive picture producers and theatre managers now feature the players in their advertising matter almost as prominently as the picture itself.

Some of the leading players of the film drama have become very popular throughout the country. At first the identity of the actors was not known. Nobody cared. But after seeing the same faces in pictures time after time, patrons of the "movies" began to pick out their favorites and learn their names. They now watch for announcements of photo-plays in which their particular favorite appears, and endeavor to see all of that player's characterizations. There are matinee idols of the "movies" as well as of the legitimate stage. While admirers of a star of the real theatre may have an opportunity to see their favorite once a season and in one part, the popular motion picture players may be seen every week in different rôles, and during the course of a year they play many parts.

Of more than ordinary interest is the manner in which these actors and actresses, who devote all their time to this new branch of the profession, perform their duties. Their work differs essentially from the

Players of the Film Drama

methods in vogue on the regular stage. Owing to the swiftness with which new pictures must be produced, the players are not afforded the same opportunity to study their parts as in stage work. There are no lines to commit to memory, as all motion picture plays are written in the form of scenarios, which give the story briefly, the scenes, and important stage business.

Only the leading members of a company prepare for their rôles in advance. They obtain the scenario from the stage director, read it over to form a conception of the part, and to decide upon their costumes. The minor members know nothing of the story or the parts they are to play until the picture is called for rehearsal. Then they are simply told by the director to "make up" for a policeman, a butler, a maid, a merchant, an Indian, or whatever the case may be. By the time everybody is made up and dressed, the scene is set and properties there to work with. The director explains the story, and tells the players how he wants it to proceed, for this aids them in giving a realistic portrayal.

A scene is rehearsed several times, and when it is satisfactory to the director, he calls out, "All right, this is the picture!"—which in film parlance means "camera man get busy" and "actors do your best." The players then go through the scene as rehearsed, and it is photographed by the motion picture camera.

Although interior scenes are taken in the studio with "set" scenery specially painted for each play, the exterior scenes, with but few exceptions, are rehearsed and photographed outside the

studio—in the street, in the park, on the water, or wherever the locale of the story demands. Moving picture actors, made up for their parts, may often be seen on Broadway or other prominent thoroughfares playing a scene for some photo-play.

The players seem to derive a great deal of enjoyment from their work. There is a sort of intermingling of toil and pleasure in posing for pictures, as it affords opportunities for outings in the country, automobile rides, visits to the beach, and other

(Continued on page 12)



MIRIAM NESBITT
Well-known leading woman with the Edison Company



JOHN BUNNY
A popular player with the Vitagraph Company

Scenes in "Ready Money" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre



White Leo Donnelly, Elizabeth Nelson,

Ida Darling,

Fay Wallace,

Norman Tharp, James Bradbury,

Margaret Greene, Henry Miller, Jr.

Act I. "Where is Stephen?"



White

William Courtenay

Joseph Kilgour

Scott Cooper

Act III. Stephen Baird (William Courtenay): "Here is your check, Mr. Morgan"



Callcott & Bacon

Harvey

THREE CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS OF LOTTA CRABTREE, THE MOST FAMOUS COMEDienne OF HER TIME

ONE night last spring a certain auburn-haired actress of great renown and popularity was playing an entertaining little comedy at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston. After the play was over a petite, lovable old lady, who had been sitting in a stage box watching the performance, made her way with an escort back of the scenes and met the fair young star with the reddish tresses. Then for the first time bystanders, members of the company, and even the stage hands—who knew the identity of the elderly lady—noticed that the young star was almost exactly the size of the visitor, and that, curiously enough, the hair of each was almost the same color. Excepting occasional streaks of grey the hair of the elderly visitor was almost as attractive a red as that of the star who was receiving the homage of a dozen admirers.

"Miss Burke," remarked Victor E. De Kiraly, the affable business manager of the fair Billie, "let me present to you Miss Crabtree."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Crabtree," replied Miss William Burke, extending her hand cordially.

"And I am pleased to meet you, too, my dear," responded the charming and gracious lady. "For several years my friends have told me that in you they have seen me reincarnated as I was in my younger days."

The large round eyes of Billie Burke grew even rounder and larger. "Really?" she smiled. "Then you were on the stage, too?"

Miss Crabtree sighed, and there was almost a note of regret in the wistful way she spoke.

"My dear child," she said kindly, "I retired from the stage before you were born. The public has little use for us after we have passed the meridian of life. That is why I am delighted

America's Richest Actress

to see you so successful when you are young, beautiful, fascinating, magnetic. Make the most of your wonderful youth, my dear. Guard it carefully. Take no liberties that will tarnish that splendid beauty which now so becomes you. Ah, yes, you are indeed very like what I was when I was your age, my dear Miss Burke, and now see—it has been so many years since I was a star that even to the elder generation I am only a name. Yet it seems only yesterday that I was playing in crowded theatres to capacity audiences and receiving the

applause of the multitude. Not that I regret that it is all past. No, no! I have lived my life, I have been successful and I have retired. The stage demands new faces, new ideas, new stars; and I am glad since they have taken you to their hearts that after all, in a way, you are something like what I was like when I was your age. It is an indirect compliment to me, my dear. And now, my dear Miss Burke, that I have seen you, talked with you, and learned to love you also, I must say adieu. It is very late for an old woman like me to be around. My car is waiting, so I must go. Come and lunch with me to-morrow—I love to look at your auburn hair, for mine, too, was red when I was young. Good-bye."

And, aided by her escort, the little elderly lady bowed gracefully with the air of a grand dame making her exit after a big scene, walked to the stage door and disappeared into the handsome limousine car which was waiting outside.

"What a dear old lady," cried Miss Burke, in an amused kind of tone. "Who was she?"

"That," replied Mr. De Kiraly seriously, "was Lotta. In the days of her greatest renown she was the most famous comedienne



Photo Chap. S. Howard

LOTTA AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY

of her time. Also, she was the most popular. She is to-day the richest actress in America."

And for the benefit of others besides Miss William Burke it may be added that Lotta—otherwise Miss Charlotte Crabtree—is to-day the possessor of a fortune estimated by her closest associates at not less than \$4,000,000. Most of this great fortune is invested in Boston real estate, where she owns outright the Park Theatre, valued at over \$600,000 and two hotels in the heart of the business district, the two together conservatively estimated at being worth \$1,500,000. She owns a dozen other splendid pieces of real estate, a large farm in the suburbs, and countless stocks and bonds in various railroad and industrial enterprises.

Furthermore, every dollar of this enormous fortune was made on the stage, although a few lucky investments added to the bulk of Lotta's fortune after she had retired. In fact, she made far more than \$4,000,000 during her stage career, and except for a few bad business speculations, in which large sums of money are said to have been lost, she would be worth nearer ten millions to-day than the paltry four millions at her disposal.

Lotta—as she was briefly and affectionately known during her entire stage career—is the daughter of a Scotchman, James Crabtree, who emigrated to California



LOTTA WITH ONE OF HER STABLE PETS
The actress's affection for animals is well known, and she is particularly fond of horses.

rush. He took with him his wife, his little daughter, then about six years old, and a son two years younger, William Crabtree. Lotta was then a little tot with bright red hair, who sang and danced to entertain the miners. As she grew older she found that the Californians liked the spectacle of a red-haired kid dancing, singing and playing the banjo, and she found it profitable to travel from one camp to another. Her mother was always with her on these travels, and soon Lotta—as she was billed—became a popular entertainer all along the California coast.

By the time Lotta was sixteen it is said that she was such a favorite in the dance halls and mining camps that whenever she sang and danced—and played the banjo as an accompaniment—the miners fairly rose to their feet and threw gold coins upon the stage to show their appreciation.

In these dance halls and saloons, with an improvised stage for the entertainers, and no price of admission, it was always customary for the generous patrons to throw small coins upon the stage as pay for the performers, but until the advent of Lotta it is not recorded that anyone ever received a deluge of \$5 gold pieces.

Lotta herself, in telling of her early days in California, has often told her associates that when her mother came out to pick up all the coins in a small basket after her act there would often be as much as \$400 and \$500 in one collection.

During the time from 1853 until 1865 Lotta sang and danced her way up and down the Pacific Coast. Then her shrewd mother, who by this time had become her manager and mentor—owing to the death of her father—conceived the idea that Lotta could make a great deal of money if some one would provide her with a play to be given in a regular theatre at full admission prices. Between mother and daughter, and with the assistance of the brother, they evolved a nondescript kind of entertainment which could scarcely be called either a play or a comedy, in which Lotta was shown as a waif of the mining camps, in a little ragged dress, the

guardian angel of a good-hearted but poor miner, who was so discouraged that he had taken to drink. Then, of course, the little ray of sunshine came in to cheer him up and make him persevere, until at last he struck the gold quartz which made him a millionaire.

The whole idea was to give Lotta a chance to fill out a full evening's entertainment, with the assistance of several actors, and Lotta put in most of the time doing her specialties. But even in these early ventures Lotta struck a sympathetic and pathetic note which showed that even though a comedienne she could draw tears as well as smiles.

An invasion of the East came naturally enough, and her success was absolute and unqualified. Under the wise management of her mother, Lotta appeared in dozens of plays, all of the same general Western character, except "Little Nell and the Marchioness," which was her most ambitious dramatic achievement. In all of the Western comedy dramas Lotta was the neglected waif of either the mining



Lotta having fun with her favorite dog



A corner of Lotta's summer home at Squantum, Mass.

camp or the street, or the poor sister in a Cinderella drama who, in spite of hardships and adversity, was still bright, cheerful, happy and gay, with a philosophy of cheerfulness. And at intervals the plot always stopped abruptly to give her a chance to sing, dance, or play the banjo. The best known of Lotta's plays were "Zip," "Musette," "The Little Detective," and "Mam'selle Nitouche." The last named was from the French, and Lotta scored her greatest success in this.

The plays in which Lotta appeared would seem archaic enough in these days of the theatre, no doubt, but in the twenty years between 1865 and 1885, the American public revelled in the offerings of Lotta. Wherever she appeared, the theatres were packed. In San Francisco, the town which had first witnessed her triumphs, the City Council passed a resolution accepting an offer of Lotta to present to the city a fountain to be placed on Market Street, in the heart of the town, and this fountain—still known as Lotta's Fountain—is one of the sights of the city which endured earthquake and fire.

In the office of John B. Schoeffel, the veteran manager of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and who incidentally was the manager of Lotta for several seasons, is an interesting book of the receipts of the Park Theatre for the season 1882-83. In this book, turning casually the dusty pages a few weeks ago, I noticed that Edwin Booth played at the Park Theatre for four weeks to receipts of about \$7,500 weekly; Lawrence Barrett played his classic repertoire to only about \$4,000 weekly, and then Lotta inaugurated a four weeks' engagement in her popular repertoire. Instantly the receipts jumped up to \$9,500 the first week; \$9,700 the second week, and the last two weeks were played to approximately \$10,000 a week.

An interesting and rather unusual feature of this entry of thirty years ago in Mr. Schoeffel's book is the fact that every night the book showed such items as "Paid to Mrs. Crabtree, \$831.67," or some other unusual amount. This is explained by the fact that Mrs. Crabtree was a unique business genius, who personally managed her daughter's affairs, and trusted no one. It is the custom of most theatres playing stars and companies on sharing terms—that is, dividing the gross receipts according to a certain percentage—to make the settlements at the end of the week. This is because the average company manager does not want to collect money every night and carry around several thousand dollars in

his pockets. Mrs. Crabtree, however, would never trust any theatre over night. She often said that if the theatre burned down during the night she would have her money, and therefore she preferred to collect at every performance.

But the dear old lady also didn't like to carry money around, and so she usually asked for a check. And thereby hangs a funny story as told by Mr. Schoeffel.

"I think it was that very season of 1882-83," said Mr. Schoeffel, "while Lotta was playing the Park Theatre to such enormous receipts I owned the Park Theatre then in association with my partner, the late Henry E. Abbey. Mr. Abbey was operating in New York, putting on several big productions. He scarcely ever knew the value of money, or how hard it is to accumulate it. All he knew was how to spend it in case he wanted to obtain a certain result. This led him to wire me one day: 'Must have \$25,000 to-morrow by two o'clock.'

"This was no small order, for I happened to know that my bank balance was very light, and I wondered how I would raise the money. I finally went to my friend, the president of a certain bank where I carried my account, and told him I must have \$25,000 that very day.

"He excused himself, went in to see the cashier, came back in a few minutes, and said: 'Of

course you shall have it. Just write out your check.'

"I explained that my bank balance was not big enough for me to write any such check, and that I was at least \$20,000 short.

"'Nonsense,' he replied. 'The cashier says your account is now over \$26,000. Simply write out your check and we will cash it for that amount.'

"I hurried back to the theatre, went over my check book carefully, and then compared it with the bank statement. Would you believe it, not one of the checks I had given Mrs. Crabtree during the past month had been cashed, and the good lady who was so afraid of the theatre burning down, had checks of mine for over \$20,000, which she carried around in her handbag. She showed them all to me that night at the theatre. That was an example of her careless business methods. I made her cash the checks, and then the bank kindly took my note for ten days for the amount Mr. Abbey needed."

At the height of her success as a star, in 1888, and without any farewell tour, Lotta suddenly retired from the stage. What reason actuated her, no one knows.

(Continued on page viii)



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GRACE GEORGE

To appear this season in "Turandot," a Chinese play by Volmouster, which Prof. Max Reinhardt produced in Berlin with great success



Photo Larcher, Paris

THE HARUKARI SCENE IN PAUL ANTHELMIE'S DRAMA, "JAPANESE HONOR," TO BE PRESENTED HERE BY CHARLES FROHMAN

French Successes Shortly To Be Seen Here

ARRANGED for production in New York during the coming season are two plays that were received favorably in the theatres of Paris, which receive a subsidy from the State—these are "Primerose," now in the repertory of the Théâtre Français, and "L'Honneur Japonais," which was seen at the close of the last season at the Odéon. Of this tale of old Japan and "Primerose," which is a scene of modern Parisian society of to-day, there is nothing in common, it is needless to say, except that for both pieces translation and not adaptation would suffice.

Paul Anthelmie, author of "Japanese Honor," a drama in five acts and six scenes, is an old man; there are indications that his play is not of recent composition, but had been awaiting that timeliness which is happy for author, play and theatre alike. "Japanese Honor" is old-fashioned, agreeably so, and bears no family likeness to recent Oriental plays, as, for instance, "The Typhoon." Its success might inspire publishers to bring out a new edition of Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," a book long crowded to the wall by the interpretations of Pierre Loti, Percival Lowell and Lafcadio Hearn. Possibly, however, the popularity of "Japanese Honor" is due more to its sound construction on good, if antiquated lines, than to its theme.

Readers will make a mistake if they believe that because these two plays come from the two subsidized Parisian theatres they are equally endorsed by the French, and their appeal was made to exactly similar audiences. For Frenchmen the cachet of the Français cannot be duplicated. No other theatre in Paris has a history like that the large, dim salle and dingy dome of the Comédie can boast. The "traditions" of this theatre are not mere catchwords, but a most beneficent reality essential to the customary comfort of Parisian life. The Odéon is not in any degree a rival of the Théâtre Français, though it is a smaller copy of that establishment. Its function is to operate as a *pépinière* or nursery for its elder—to try young talents, shape them, make them flexible, and then hand them over to the upper house. The arrival of an author at the Français is an incontestably greater event. It was assuredly the triumph in the career of Messrs.

G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, who have been writing for a dozen years for the smaller theatres, to have their "Primerose" given there. The piece was a success, as it amply deserved to be, but there are many Parisians who could not forgive M. Claretie for bringing out "Primerose" on the first French stage. It is a pretty little story, and as modest as Zola's "Le Reve," but while everyone admires, indeed, the restraint exhibited by the authors of it (who wrote also "Le Bois Sacré," a piece spoiled for us last year under the absurd title of "Decorating Clemence"), everyone must marvel, also, at its lack of theatrical "situation." "Primerose," with de Féraudy as Cardinal de Merance Mlle. Lecoute in the name rôle, and Grand as Pierre de Lancrey, was played as well as possible, and upholstered even better. The first scene, a hall in an ancient château at Angers, for splendor and perfection of detail gave even the Parisians something to rave about; but the piece was said—in whispers—to be, according to the vulgar phrase, "too thin" for the Théâtre Français. Upholstery has never played such a part at this State theatre as during the reign, now a long one, of the present director. He proved very early that he was a radical, and he has introduced a hundred novelties. During his administration—a brilliant one—the Théâtre Français has made money. This it had rarely done before, and conservative Parisians, who think an institution so closely protected should be able to cultivate art for art's sake, complain that to make money is beneath the dignity of a rich State theatre.

The story of "Primerose" can be told in a few paragraphs. Maria Rose, whose "little" name "Primerose" lends the play its charming title, is a delightful young member of the aristocracy, whose sweetness of manner and nobility of character endear her to children and grown-ups alike. She has a rich count for father, a beautiful and kind stepmother, an adoring and match-making aunt, a cardinal for an uncle, and a pretty but whining young nephew. Surrounded by these persons and others who represent amusingly and sufficiently realistically modern French society this young woman has grown up until she has passed, by a year

or two the accepted marriageable age. This is a disappointment to most of the relatives, but a real grief to the matchmaking Mme. de Sermaize, whose joy appears a little excessive when "Primrose," in a deliciously written scene, confesses that her heart has been touched at last, and that she has written an avowal of love to Pierre de Lanery, a man of forty, rich and cosmopolitan. To this letter, which she caused to be given Pierre on the day of a religious fête, when her uncle the cardinal is performing the ancient ceremony of "blessing the dogs," Primrose is nervously awaiting an answer. Between receiving it and the time appointed for his reply, Pierre gets word of his utter loss of fortune. It would be dishonorable, of course, for him to expose the great heiress, and as delicately as possible Pierre rejects her. Business, he explains, calls him back to Texas, where his funds are invested. In passing it may be noted how intimately Pierre knows Texas, for he has penetrated so far into the darkness of that State as to become acquainted with a tribe of cannibals!

Primrose, not to be fribbled off with excuses, assures Pierre that she will wait for him; he will not permit this—at length she is forced to believe that he does not love her. What is left? The convent. Uncle Cardinal permits himself to be used to expedite her retirement from the world.

In the second act Primrose, having passed her novitiate, is sent out in her habit and accompanied by a nun to "make commissions." Her first is to her own family, and there she encounters Pierre returned from cannibalistic Texas with a new fortune, able to reveal his love without dishonor, and to clear away the doubts his abrupt refusal had caused. But it is too late. The lovers hold back their tears and Primrose returns to her cell.

The French Government, no less, obligingly provides material for a third act and a happy ending by sequestering the property of religious orders and banishing such sisters as refuse to return to a secular life and habit. The mother superior of Primrose's convent takes refuge in Belgium, and writes to the young woman to join her, but once convinced—the Cardinal convinces her—that her spiritual marriage is dissolved, Primrose promises to make herself and Pierre happy. This is the little story, embellished, it is true, by the well-known sparkle of the collaborators, and made moving by the artful use of old devices. To make it

go surely required the resources of the Comédie Française, of actors and decorations.

The opportunities of M. Anhelme's play fall to the men of the cast. This is as it should be in a theme so masculine as a story of the old Samrai, a caste which no longer exists in Japan. The time is one of transition, falling at the period of the final extinction of these noblemen, and perhaps at the beginning of the reign of the progressive emperor, who died last August. This dignity appears impressively in the last scene of the final act of "L'Homme Japonais," and the words which he speaks to bring down the curtain foretell the extirpation of all antique models, including that of honor. The play, as a dramatic composition, seems to go back to the date of the "Tour de Nesle" and similar pieces where common intrigue and simple breakage of a certain commandment were not sufficient theatrical food for Parisians, whose palates demanded monsters of virtue and vice with murders interpolated—a vast, delightful complication of crime. Yagoro, the hero played by Joubé, Prince Osaka by Des Jardins, and the other male characters have everything to do with the plot, and Mlle. Delmas, very much admired at the Odéon, was obliged to be contented with "Chrysanthème," a small, decorative bit.

All things considered, the tragedy of "Japanese Honor" is a decent tragedy; it may be almost said, provokingly decent. True, one of its acts, the third, passes in a tea-house, where the characters of the ladies are no better than they should be, but the spectator is too wide awake not to be sure that Yagoro is passing his time there not because he loves loose company, but that he may hoodwink his enemies into believing that he has fallen out of honor, and so be in a better position to perfect his conspiracy against them. We feel, throughout, that Yagoro is an amiable Japanese, driven by fate to commit crimes of which murder is but one, and for him we have all through the warmest sympathy.

The plot of the piece turns on an incident which Western minds would consider trivial, while Orientals esteem it of deep consequence. In order to compliment Prince Sendai, a fellow nobleman, Prince Osaka presents him with a fan signed by a famous painter, Yoroibon. The recipient of the gift is delighted, and turns over, in his mind and aloud, to members of his band of



W. H. P. de Cordoba Forrest Robinson Malcolm Williams Florence Reed Benjamin Graham Eva Randolph

Act III. Bettina (Florence Reed): "Did I not tell you he had an inspiration?"

SCENE IN "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE



White

Richard Dennison
(William Morris)

Mrs. Richard Dennison
(Oliver Harper Thorne)

Act II. Mrs. Dennison searches for the lady whom she thinks her husband is hiding

SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS BROWN," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE.

Samurai, ways of acknowledging the compliment, when the artist Yoriobon is introduced, looks at the fan, denies that he decorated it, and pronounces the signature a forgery. Sendai, outraged, begins at once to think of vengeance. He accuses Osaka of insulting him by means of a counterfeit. Osaka protests his innocence, Sendai's rage increases, and he insults Osaka by striking him across the face publicly. There is nothing left for Osaka but disemPOWERment—*hari-kari*,—and he suicides in this unpleasant but strictly Japanese fashion, leaving to his Samurai, of which hand Yagoro is the chief, the task of avenging him; not an easy task, for Sendai is protected by his vast wealth, his numerous retainers, and, more than all, by the friendship of the Emperor. Moreover, it is, or was, customary for the Samurai who have lost their head, to renounce home and family ties, and to wander lawlessly about the country, a band of Roundins. This tradition is faithfully observed by Yagoro and his fellows, and the fable marches through many disagreeable incidents, which we are induced to pardon—nay, admiringly to witness—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection, to the denouement which can be nothing less than the violent murder of Prince Sendai.

Antique, it must be admitted, as is the machinery of "L'Honneur Japonais," the dialogue is not contemporary with the piece by Dumas, nor to the "Juif Errant," which may be called the father of this kind of play. It is, on the other hand, quite modern in a certain nervous aptness to the situation, as may be seen by the following translation of the concluding scene of Act IV:

(Yagoro's beautiful daughter Miya has just been married to Kintzei, a Samurai of Osaka, when his chief returns to call him to aid in the assassination of Prince Sendai.)

MIYA (supplicating): Even should the attack succeed, they would not let Prince Sendai's murderers live. You are lost to me.

YAGORO: Silence, my daughter! Kintzei, I have seen you grow up, I admire your character. To-night I come to announce the great honor that has befallen you, and to rejoice with your friends. We are glad to put you at our head, because you are a trained warrior, and our society has for its end the forming of courageous men.

KINTZEI: If I refuse, you will despise me?

YAGORO: Before we set out I wish you to know what kind of men you refuse to associate with, so that you may measure the depth of shame into which you fall. This man (designating one) is Kobayashi, he never was a Samurai. He never took the oath. Nothing obliges him to follow us, but he was a devoted servant of his master. The morning after Prince Osaka's death he humbly solicited the favor of joining us. I was obliged to tell him that in a warlike enterprise none could join who was not exercised in arms. He understood me; he has practiced and drilled assiduously, and at the first sign he has come hither to aid in our vengeance.

KOBAYASHI: I thank you again for admitting a poor slave like me in your noble work. I will cheerfully shoulder my share of the task.

YAGORO: Here is Oukami, who leaves behind him with two children

only their father's reputation. This is Yamato, who has quitted a newly wedded wife. And this man is not of those who bathed his hand in the blood of our master, yet he is with us. Tell him why, Oukami.

OUKAMI: He is Saito, Takeshi-maya's son. He was not at the taking of the oath, but his father was. That father died before the great day of retribution. On his deathbed he gave his sword to this son and bade him receive the oath as a legacy.

SAITO: Happy am I to be able to prove my respect to the memory of my father.

YAGORO: Tell him how Otori was bound to us.

OUKAMI: He tenderly loved his old mother, a woman like your own.

YAGORO (to Kintzei): You remember her—your mother?

OUKAMI: That noble lady seeing that he hesitated, fearing to leave her alone in the world, killed herself after uttering to her son these words: "I would not see you unfaithful to your lord, out of tenderness for me. Execute your project."

OTORI: I have not only to avenge our prince, but my mother also. If anyone has pity on Prince Sendai, it will not be I.

YAGORO (to Kintzei): These are the men whose company you disdain. They are not exceptional; our country counts them by millions, ready to die

for their duty. Consider well before you refuse to join us.

KINTZEI (sadly): Your conduct will be admirable; I would be one of you if I could. Every man knows what he can do. All the Samurai of Osaka are not here. There are others like me who do not feel obliged to follow you.

YAGORO: Since you desire the safety of cowards, adieu!

THE SAMURAI: Adieu, Kintzei.

OUKAMI: Adieu, Kintzei. May the memory of this night prove not too heavy to bear. (They go out.)

MIYA: Let them go. Not a man will return from that doomed enterprise.

YAGORO'S WIFE: Well, is it not a Samurai's profession to know how to die?

KINTZEI (deciding to join his father-in-law): Miya, my well-beloved, adieu!

MIYA (freeing herself from the arms of her mother and precipitating herself into those of Kintzei): What do you mean?

KINTZEI: Do you believe that a man of my rank can endure an affront of this kind? I would have it here—in my heart—forever.

MIYA: You swore to me but an instant ago that you lived only for me. Why have you so quickly changed?

KINTZEI: I have looked shame in the face. Because I love you with all my soul, I am going where duty calls me. Heaven has made you too rare a creature ever to be the wife of a dishonored man! (He rushes away, and Miya falls weeping in her mother's arms.)

The taste of an exhibition of barbarism like "Japanese Honor" may be questioned by American audiences; but there are in this play qualities which should bring it success here. It has a kind of rude but robust moral, and it has also a sort of nobility of sentiment. One would have to be a genuine student of historical Japan before he could say that the story of this novel drama, as a picture of ancient manners and morals, is not garbled, but having accepted the view of a

WILLIS STEELL.



From *Comedia Theatre*

Mlle. Guinault leaving the Paris Conservatoire after winning the first prize for tragedy. The artist hadly overcame her strength, for she is escorted to the cab in an almost fainting condition.

The Mimic Stage

Four acts! There you have a play,
A mimic world, true now as if 'twere yesterday,
Recording as the finger of the fates
Those few, strange, simple aggregates
That make up at the basis of all life
The story of our human strife.
Birth, marriage, death, the life to come.
These are the separate items in life's sum;
And these four pictured on the stage
Are all the play from prehistoric age.
Act one reveals temptation's puny birth;
Follows the wedding of corruption with true worth,
Whereon the second crisis in the play appears;
Then at the curtain's rise upon act three
We look upon the death of purity.
And tears are in our eyes. Hark, hark!
Act four breeds hope again. It is the afterglow.

ELIZABETH JELLIFFE MACINTYRE.

strange society, one would hesitate to pronounce it untrue to human nature.

WHEREVER you happen to meet Sidney Valentine, you are liable to note that he wears a handsome pin in his tie. If you chance to meet him often, you will observe that he always wears the same pin. There is for this fidelity to a stickpin a commendable reason, which an examination of the pin will reveal. It is fashioned in the form of a crown, beneath which is built, of small diamonds like the crown, the letter "E." Upon the diamond "E" rests a figure seven wrought in rubies. "Edward VII, King of England," is the message signalled by the actor's favorite pin. It was a Yule gift from the late King, after one of three command performances given by him at the behest of his sovereign, two of which were at Sandringham, where the monarch retired to spend his birthday anniversaries, and where he entertained and did what he liked, sans all court formalities.

"Here I enjoy myself as does any country gentleman," said Edward VII of Sandringham. After another of these command performances Mr. Valentine received a similar token of his monarch's good will, a pair of sleeve-links of similar design. But quite as much as this the actor treasures the evidence of the admiration of that uncrowned monarch, the American theatre-going public. "At last," he wrote on the margin of an American newspaper which he sent to his devoted wife in London. For the newspaper contained a review of the opening of The Little Theatre, with "The Pigeon," and emphasized the versatility of Sidney Valentine, whom we saw playing the polished advocate in "The Butterfly on the Wheel," and later the sullen reprobate, a gin-soaked, drunken cabby.

For which discovery America makes claim to a greater critical perspicacity, since Mr. Valentine had been playing in London for twenty-three years, having left off coquetting with the provinces in 1889, and held the post of an established and admired actor in the world's metropolis for that time, yet in that long term of service no British analyst of an actor's quality had ever referred to his exceeding versatility. His name had been coupled with "thorough," "pains-taking," "finished," "artistic," but he had to come to the States to acquire the deserved term, "versatile." When he played in "The Terrible Meek" a Roman captain, being a voice in the dark for fully fifty minutes, audiences recognized in him rare values of elocution, and critics wrote "very" and "remarkably" and "exceedingly" before "versatile."

Mr. Valentine's methods are an example of "infinite pains." He trusts no iota of a performance to the inspiration of the moment. Every inflection, every slightest gesture, every move-

Royalty's Favorite Player

ment, is the result of searching study. His rendering of a rôle is as complete as a master workman's finished mosaic. He has been for thirty-one years on the stage, his debut having occurred on Boxing Day, 1881, at Wellington Hall, Dover. Joining T. R. Nugent's Stock Company touring Wales, he ran the gamut from pantomime to Shakespeare. This wandering repertoire company frequently gave six pieces in one week, besides farces and burlesques. This hard but invaluable experience was followed by a similar one with Mr. Walter Searle in a stock season in Scotland.

Thus, according to Mr. Valentine's conviction, he "was started right." Circumstances compelled him to play every part that came his way. Any line the stage manager chose to fling him was his line. This was the foundation for versatility laid. In his opinion, all actors should be versatile. "He should be able to play any part," he says: "That is what actors are for." He joined Mr. Collette's company, playing Richard Forester in "The Colonel" for two years. His debut in London was made at The Prince of Wales Theatre, playing whatever the stage manager chose and varying from utility to leads in "My Awful Dad," "The Liar," "A Game of Speculation" and "Cut Off With a Shilling."

Yet a taste of this quality as an actor was sufficient to lead Edward Compton to assign him the rôles of Young Marlowe, Joseph Surface, Captain Dudley Smooth, and The Squire in "David Garrick." In 1886 he played Tony Lumpkins in "She Stoops to Conquer" with signal success. This engagement at the Strand Theatre aligned him with the London favorite players.

Serious illness menacing his career on the stage, even his life, followed and continued for two years. Recovering, he joined Sir Charles Wyndham's company, remaining at the Criterion for four years, during which he was never out of the cast. By the following year, when he achieved distinction in the rôle of Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," it became apparent that the more marked an individuality the happier was he in his rendering of it. He received emphatic testimony of this when he played Mr. Stoaich, M.P., in "The Bumble Shop," with such force that the pit angrily jeered the person and utterances of the character he portrayed. Subsequently he went to the vaudeville. For a considerable time he was a member of the Lyceum Company. As a member of Sir Henry Irving's company he played Nathan Oldworthy in "Nance Oldfield," Jerome in "The Lyons Mail," and Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice."

ADA PATTERSON.



Copyright, Langfey. SIDNEY VALENTINE



Copyright Alfred Ellis & Walley
In "A Marriage of Convenience"



In "A Privy Council"



Copyright Alfred Ellis & Walley
In "Fraud's Widow"

IT has long been prophesied and at last the prediction is coming true—the American stage is redeeming itself. In this the stage is only following the lead of the drama itself, which of late has been striving and in a large measure has attained redemption. This is self-evident in the vast improvement noticeable both in the themes and technique of the plays produced during the last decade.

As in most things artistic, we are far behind Europe in matters pertaining to the dramatic art, but we are fast gaining ground and there is hope that America may yet lead the world in this art, as she is destined to do in other things that make for human progress. But the stage, at least, has much to learn as yet from the older centres of art and there are at least two European theatrical movements which as yet have found no counterparts in America. These are Oberammergau and Bayreuth. An earnest attempt, however, is now being made to establish an enterprise in America which shall embody many of the features of the Passion Playhouse, and which may in time include all that is best in Wagner's consecrated festival theatre.

As is proper, this enterprise emanates chiefly from the church, for the stage is the legitimate offspring of the church, although it has long been treated by its mother as a step-child rather than one of its own flesh and blood. But the church is beginning to realize its delinquency in this regard, and it is remarkable that the idea of this enterprise should have its conception in the oldest place of worship in New York—old St. Mark's in the Bowery. This is largely due to its energetic pastor, Dr. William Norman Guthrie, who took charge of it last year, and who, among many other innovations, is planning the building of a theatre to be operated in connection with the church. In this he has the co-operation of a number of professional players, who, entirely independent and in fact unknown to Dr. Guthrie, have been working towards a similar end, but were brought together at the psychological moment and are now bending their united efforts towards the redemption of the stage on a practical basis. The motive and, to some extent, the methods of this enterprise are here outlined:

It must be recalled that a beginning was made last year by a performance of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," given for the first time in English, and that repetitions of this play, as well as the production of several others are planned for the coming season. These will naturally be limited by the lack of a suitable auditorium and by the membership of the company, but it is expected that, by the beginning of another season, the company will muster a full quorum, sufficient for all practical purposes, and have a theatre of its own. The latter achievement is to some extent contingent upon the former and the much more difficult of attainment. It is comparatively easy to build a theatre. It is not so easy to organize a company of competent artists to play in it. It is in the hope of augmenting the nucleus of such a company which already exists that this article is written. Idealism still exists—nay, it persists. Men are still hitching their wagons to stars and are doing it more and more frequently. All sorts of conditions of vehicles are to be found in the procession. Surely the car of Thespis will not be lacking.

The stage is the compendium of all the arts, of many of the



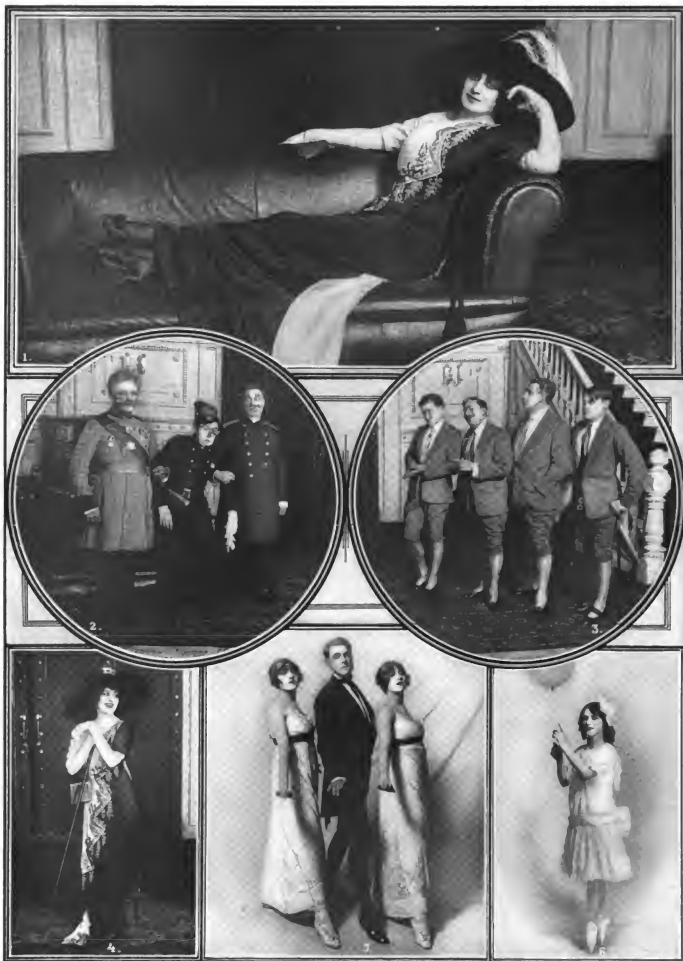
REV. WILLIAM N. GUTHRIE,
Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, who plans to create
an organization in New York comparable with the Oberammergau players

An American Oberammergau

not only through the cleanliness and uprightness of their own lives, but also through their art. To this end they must of necessity have got beyond any incentive of gain, vanity or ambition. They must be willing to give their services freely and in return content themselves with that minimum which will suffice for their needs. For this last point there are two reasons, a spiritual and an economic one. Firstly, that in any endeavor which has a spiritual basis superfluity is a hindrance; and, secondly, that by the lessening of expenses it will be possible to bring the drama in its highest form within the reach of the multitudes who are now denied the benefit of its message on account of prohibitive cost. A high ideal, truly, and impossible of realization, it may be thought, and yet it is realized often in other spheres of activity. Thousands of men and women do thus consecrate themselves to the church, charity, missionary work, etc. Some artists do—musicians, painters, even poets. But alas! few histrionic artists, though they have greater need of it than any others, for the truly great actor must have a keen and deep knowledge of human nature, otherwise he cannot truly portray it. Knowledge of others can, however, be gained only by knowledge of self, and conquest of art can only come through conquest of self. This attainment is doubly difficult in his case, for the nature of his work requires that he should lay open the recesses of his inmost soul to the public gaze; something which no one can do without deterioration unless the act is performed as a sacred function, as a sacrifice to the glory of God and the service of men. This means high attainment, but not an impossible one, and when the desirability as well as the possibility of a realization of this ideal is recognized many fine souls who now devote themselves to other altruistic work will seek the stage, and then it will become, even more than in the distant past, a potent factor in the evolution of the race.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that this enterprise is to be self supporting, as indeed it must

(Continued on page six)



Photons White

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS," NOW RUNNING AT THE CASINO

No. 1. Jose Collins as Countess Rosalinda Clignet. No. 2. Frank Farrington, A. W. Backlund and Tom A. Shale in Act III. No. 3. Forest Hoff, Maurice Parkes, Claude Flemming, and Martin Brown in Act III. No. 4. Jose Collins as the Countess. No. 5. The Dolly Sisters and Martin Brown. No. 6. Mlle. Dazic, the popular dancer.

Reminiscences of America's Oldest Actress

Mrs. Sol Smith is the oldest actress on the American stage. In her eighty-second year she has finished the extensive memoirs from which the Theatre Magazine, embarrassed by the mass of such material, has made the excerpts that follow. Her book might appropriately be named "Fifty Years on the American Stage," for last May she celebrated that memorable night, half a century ago, when she made her debut on the stage of the famous Boston Museum, of which her father, W. H. Sedley, had been director for twenty-five years. Her mother, Sarah Kiddle, was one of the most popular actresses of that time. Mrs. Smith, while a musician and comedienne of high merit, achieved her greatest success as the portrayal of old women. She has been the Nurse of many Inlets. She played with Booth and Barrett, with Lester V. Black and Drew Bronson, James A. Herne, Richard Mansfield, Rose Coghlan and Edith Ill'ysse Matheson. Beginning her theatrical career as long ago as May 12, 1862, as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens, she is rounding it into the present and future by a two-years' contract recently signed with Mrs. David Belasco.

ALTHOUGH reared in the atmosphere of the theatre, my tastes inclined me in the direction of domestic life, therefore the stage did not possess any alluring charm for me; but after endeavoring to provide for the necessities of my little family by teaching music I was forced to abandon my attempts to earn a livelihood by this means and accept the more lucrative promise of income which the stage presented to me.

I asked my father, W. H. Sedley, who for twenty-five years was stage director of the Boston Museum, to give me instruction, which he flatly refused to do, saying: "Select some small part—do not attempt to be too ambitious—something in which you can introduce your music. I will see your performance, and if I think you exhibit any ability, after that I will give you my aid. I want to see what you can do alone." Therefore, as Mrs. Sedley Brown, at the Boston Theatre, on the night of May 12, 1862, I made my first appearance on any stage as Margery in "The Rough Diamond," with John E. Owens as Cousin Joe, for the benefit of E. L. Davenport, a most interesting man and a fine nature, for whose abilities I had always entertained an earnest admiration. In addition to the claims of the beneficiary, the popularity of my parents and the social interest attached to my debut in my native city combined to make the occasion an attractive one and resulted in the net sum of twelve hundred dollars being placed at the disposal of Mr. Davenport. The newspapers spoke flatteringly of my success and before long I made my second appearance in public at the Boston Museum on the occasion of my father's benefit as Marie in the drama, "The Child of the Regiment," singing all the music of the opera, an unusual thing to do outside the Opera. At the ending of the first act, in bidding adieu to the soldiers, I broke down completely with emotion. After the curtain had fallen, my father said to me: "My child, you have one requisite for an artist—earnestness; but never again be so earnest as to forget to act."

My third appearance was at the Boston Theatre, when I played Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover" for the benefit of honest Tom Comer, the highly esteemed leader of the orchestra of that house. This proved an evening of coincidences, for, strange to say, it was not only the last benefit he ever had, but it was also the anniversary of the marriage of my father and mother, at which he had officiated as groomsman.

*Published by permission of Mrs. Sol Smith.

My ability for the stage having been sufficiently indicated by the success which had attended me in my first steps, and no engagement presenting itself at home, I came to New York, applied at the Winter Garden for the Summer season and secured an opening in August, 1862, to appear as Margery. This was the real beginning of my professional career. The necessity of estab-

lishing myself in the estimation of the public made the occasion of my metropolitan debut one of serious importance. I had my own living to earn, my children to rear and educate. I went, very properly I think, to the editors of the various newspapers, stating my case and asking the favor of their attention and kindly consideration, which, I am pleased to say, they courteously extended, all bestowing a favorable verdict on my efforts. Laura Keane attended the performance on the occasion of my second appearance in New York and engaged me, affording me excellent opportunities in many delightful plays she was producing at the time. I was very happy in such parts as Sophia in "The Road to Ruin" and Gertrude in "The Little Treasure." My personality was adapted to vandyville and burlesque; my hair, abundant and fair, had the touch of gold which distinguished one branch of my family. This attribute was the only means of obtaining for me the title rôle of a play in which I appeared, called "Blondette." Following this engagement, I became associated with Mrs. John Wood. Among other pieces, I supported Mrs. Wood in "Brother and Sister," "Fair One With Golden Locks," and "Actress Fly Daylight," at a salary of thirty-five dollars per week and a clear half benefit. My benefit was given me after Mrs. Wood's, which took place at the close of the season. I had one hundred dollars more in the house than Mrs. Wood, but this was on account of the weather—mine was a fine evening, Mrs. Wood's very stormy. My bill was "Actress Fly Daylight," in which I played a delightful soubrette part, and "Good for Nothing."

At the termination of that season I accepted a short engagement at the Boston Theatre, during which I played Lazavillo in "Don Caesar," Maria in "The School for Scandal," Georgina in "Money" and Ely in "The Colleen Bawn." One night, in the scene where Danny Mann throws Ely into the water, the trap which was in readiness for Miles and Ely to ascend was left open. I was thrown the wrong way, and seeing the open trap I screamed so loudly that the attention of the carpenters below was attracted. Looking up, they saw my danger and calling a number



MRS. SOL SMITH
As the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"



Harvey

BONNIE BRAUDE
Recently seen on tour with Helen Ware

*"A Daughter of the Gods,
Dramatically Tall and Fair."*
—THEATRON

of their comrades they arranged themselves in such a way as to catch me as I fell, thereby saving my life.

This engagement was brought to a close by the death of Mr. W. R. Blake, who was taken ill while playing Sir Peter. I was the Maria. In the last scene, as he did not

enter on his cue, I went off, and found him at the back of the stage in great pain. I insisted upon his returning to the stage, which he did; but he could not articulate a word. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrows (Lady Teazle) did all that she could, but the curtain was dropped and the poor old gentleman was carried into the greenroom and laid upon the floor unconscious. He was not in a condition to be removed that night. The next morning I went to the hotel and did not leave him until a nurse came late in the afternoon. The following day I went to him and remained until he passed away. I gathered together all his valuables and sent them to the safe of the hotel, addressed to Mrs. Blake, who had not yet arrived. I returned to the Winter Garden, New York, then under

the able management of William Stuart, acting Mrs. Swansdown in "Everybody's Friend," and Margery in "The Rough Diamond," John S. Clarke being the stellar attraction as Major DeBouts and Cowin Joe. This bill ran for sixteen weeks. During my connection with this house, our greatest American actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, made his long run in "Hamlet." During this memorable engagement Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, the leading lady, was very ill. I was taken out of the part of Osric and went on as Ophelia for a week.

I also assisted Mr. Henry Placide in "Cartouche," in which I was assigned the sombrette part. Mr. Robert Stoppel, husband of Matilda Heron and father of Bijon Heron, was leader of the orchestra and composed a song, the words of which were written expressly for me by the lamented George Arnold. "The Heart of Midlothian" was performed for my benefit; I had the assistance in the cast of my father, who came on from Boston, making his last appearance in New York on this occasion.

During the season of 1866 I went to California in the interest of Dion Boucault and E. H. Hesse, to produce "Arrah Na Pogue" in San Francisco at the Metropolitan Theatre, then under the direction of Charles Wheatleigh. Mrs. Judah, the "old woman" of the company, was a great favorite in San Francisco, but there was no part for her in "Arrah Na Pogue." Therefore, in response to an appeal which Mr. Wheatleigh made to me, asking if something could not be done, I wrote in the part of an old beggar woman who had not one word to say, but a quantity of such effective business that Mrs. Judah made a big hit. Mrs. Annie Yeamans also appeared in that production and

made a success in the barn-door jig.

Mr. Wheatleigh was obliged to return to New York on account of the death of his wife's father, so I undertook the management with great success. After "Arrah Na Pogue" I did "The Mountain Sylph," "The Bronze Horse," and a play called "Anadis," written for Mrs. John Wood by a gentleman of San Francisco. In this last I played a protean part—a fairy, a boy and a peasant. One night in changing from the boy to the fairy I made a mistake and changed to the peasant. My cue was given. Notwithstanding all the changes were made at the wing, I could not rectify the mistake quickly enough, so the curtain had to be dropped and the manager was obliged to make an apology for me. That was the first and only stage wait I ever made.

At the conclusion of the run in San Francisco, I made a tour of the miming districts with "Arrah Na Pogue." As an incident of this trip, I may relate that one night at Green Valley I was singing "The Wearing of the Green" and

roused the audience to such enthusiasm that gold pieces were showered upon the stage, in which there were so many holes and cracks that the next day the stage hands picked up ten dollars beneath it and I reaped an unexpected harvest.

The trip proved a monetary success and I returned to San Francisco with a very comfortable balance to my account; but it did me little good. A person who abused my confidence gambled away thirteen thousand dollars, leaving me stranded in a distant region with hardly twenty-five cents in my pocket, one child at my side and others to be provided for in the East. A benefit was tendered to me which resulted in replenishing of my empty purse to the amount of eight hundred dollars. On this occasion I was presented with a beautiful bouquet, in which reposed a superb pin, earrings and sleeve-buttons of amethysts surrounded by small diamonds. I never knew who sent them.

During that visit to San Francisco there were two very severe earthquakes. At the time of the first shock I was sitting at breakfast at Mr. Wheatleigh's house, with Madame Anna Bishop and a Mr. Squires, who at that time assisted Madame at her concerts. All at once there was a fearful noise. Everything was thrown off of the table and we all rushed to the street. The sight was dreadful. Mr. Daniel Dandmann, who was living at a hotel near by, ran down the street in his night shirt, looking like a ghost. St. Mary's Cathedral, on the corner, was crowded and a number of persons were injured by all sorts of debris falling upon them. At the time of the second shock, I was sleeping in the Occidental Hotel. I was thrown from my bed, and my little girl, who was lying beside me, was nearly thrown from the win-



Model

EDWIGE REICHER

This interesting young actress will be seen in the leading rôle of "June Malheur" with which Mr. Winthrop Ames will inaugurate his new playhouse in this city

dow, all the panes of glass being demolished. It was a terrible experience.

On my return to New York, I appeared at Wallack's in "The Lancashire Lass." Mr. Wallack said to Miss Eytinge and me: "Settle on your colors between yourselves." Miss Eytinge said she would wear black and white; I was to wear green and white. We were discovered on the stage, Miss Eytinge with a black and white striped silk, I with a green and white precisely like it—and the furniture covered with blue and white of the same size stripe. Poor Mr. Wallack, sitting in the box, held up his hands in horror. After the act he came to me and said it was really the funniest picture he ever saw.

I was a very quick study. On one occasion I was called upon at four P. M. to go on that evening as Lydia Languish, a part quite unfamiliar to me. I believe I spoke every line that night, and without a rehearsal. Another time, Miss Gannon being ill, I was sent for at eleven in the morning to appear that night as Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale," with Mr. Wallack, at the Academy in Brooklyn. About five in the afternoon I received a telegram: "Your son, Sedley, was skating and fell through the ice. After some time he was taken out unconscious." I was horror-stricken, but I had no time to think, for just then Mr. Wallack came for me in his carriage and, in spite of my anxiety, I was obliged to go with him. As the curtain fell at the end of the act where Rosa is supposed to bind up Elliot Gray's arm, her back being to the audience the curtain hit my head—not very hard or I should not be here to mention it; but it stunned me and I remained unconscious twenty minutes. I was very weak during the remainder of the play and terribly worried about my boy, although a telegram had been received during the evening saying that all danger was



White

ROBERT HILLIARD
To be seen this season in "The Argyle Case"



Hange

GEORGE MACFARLANE
To star in "Shan Magu," an Irish play by George H. Jessop

over. But my anxiety during that evening may be imagined.

While under Mr. Wallack's management I was sent to make a tour of the country in a sensational drama called "Lost at Sea." During one of the performances a flashlight was sprung too near me, and though my life was saved through the presence of mind of Mr. L. R. Shewell, I lay for a month at Springfield, seriously injured. The flame caught my hair, which was hanging over my shoulders, and I was very severely burned. Dear Lizzie Madder, mother of Mrs. Minnie Madder Fiske, nursed me night and day. When I had sufficiently recovered to reappear, I was made the recipient of a benefit given at Wallack's Theatre. It was not until a year later that I was able to resume my professional labors. When I did return to the stage I joined the company of Miss Jane Coombs, appearing in various light comedy parts in such plays as "The Wife's Secret," "The School for Scandal" and "The Hunchback," which formed the features of her repertoire. On June 11, 1871, I was married to Mr. Sol Smith, one of Nature's noblemen.

Before my marriage, Mr. Smith exacted a promise that I would never act again, as he did not wish his wife to work, having plenty of means to take good care of myself and family. But the promise, lightly made, was not destined to be kept very long. While on our honeymoon, which we spent in London, we were dining one evening with the Chippendales at Camberwell. Among the distinguished guests was Mrs. Stirling, who was considered the greatest living Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." She was very fond of Mr. Smith, he having visited her many years before. She said: "Sol, dear, your wife will make a great Nurse one of



White

RUTH CHATTERTON

The popular young actress now appearing on the road with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow"

these days." "No, no," said my husband. "She has promised me that she will not go upon the stage again." Mrs. Stirling shook her head. "Ill luck often comes when you least expect it. One never can tell," she said. "Why do you think that she would be good as the Nurse?" asked my husband. "No one will ever compare with you." To this the dear old lady replied: "She has a big requisite that I do not possess—pathos; I can tell that by talking with her."

I asked Mrs. Stirling why so many clever actresses made the Nurse so old and decrepit and dressed her so peculiarly. She was Juliet's nurse, having lost her own baby. How could she

have been so much older than Lady Capulet, who was only thirty-six at Juliet's birth? As Italian women mature so early it would have been impossible for the Nurse to be so old. As to her lameness, she was born lame. The loss of teeth meant nothing, as many lose their teeth at twenty. Mrs. Stirling replied: "My dear, I see you have marked these points and you are right. She was an Italian duenna, not an old Curtis in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' as she is usually dressed." Mrs. Stirling gave me her picture in the part, telling me the colors, and I copied it.

My visit to London was very enjoyable. The courtesy of the English theatre managers, during our stay was overwhelming in every way. One night we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, and afterwards went to the Lyceum, where we occupied Mr. Bateman's box. The play was "Fanchon," the title rôle being played by Miss Isabella Bateman. Henry Irving, then a young man, was attempting Laundry Barbeau. I really never have seen anything so bad. During one of the acts Mr. Bateman came to the box. Mr. Smith said: "For goodness sake, Papa (we all called Mr. Bateman papa), have you no person in your company that you could give that part to? Mr. Irving is atrocious." "Yes, yes," said Papa, "I know that; but, Sol, mark my words, that young man is going to make a big mark as a producer and an actor of certain parts before he is much older. I am now giving him his experience." Certainly Papa was right. Where shall we find a second Sir Henry Irving?

Miss Adelaide Neilson had been rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet." She objected to the lady who rehearsed the Nurse, and I was asked as a great favor to do it. It was the first old woman's part that I was called

upon to play, and I objected on account of the short time given to prepare myself, for the request was made on a Monday and the play was to be performed the following Thursday. However, I did it. I had already committed the words to memory, as I had a good many other parts that I never expected to play—simply to improve and cultivate myself; so I consented and proceeded to have my costume made. It was not much to do, as it was very simple. When I went upon the stage dressed for the part Miss Neilson expressed surprise and delight at the correctness of my costume, which was a reproduction of the one worn by Mrs. Stirling and copied from the

(Continued on page vi)

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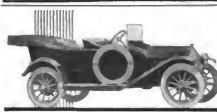


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(157)

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America's Oldest Actress

(Continued from page 155)

that distinguished actress. I continued in the support of Adelaide Neilson during one of her tours of this country and can express nothing but admiration for her rendering of the character of Juliet. During our trip she told me much of her early life. Her mother was an actress. Before she was twelve years of age she had become acquainted with many plays, for she read her mother's playbooks, and it was her childish custom to act before an audience of attendants. She attended the Methodist church and once went out to service as a nursemaid. She was known at this time as Lizzie Ann Bland. Her first appearance was made at the Royal Theatre, London, in 1865, as Juliet. She was then called Adelaide Lesson, which was afterwards changed to Adelaide Neilson. She passed away suddenly in Paris, August 15th, 1880, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery. Her grave is marked by a white marble cross, on which is inscribed:

"GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL. RESTING!"

Many short engagements found me for brief periods under the direction of John T. Raymond, Dion Boucicault, Leonard Grover, and others of equal note. It would be impossible for me to forget the short but delightful experiences that in support of J. C. Williamson and John E. Burns brought me under the management of A. M. Palmer, alike distinguished for his good sense and business sagacity in dramatic affairs. After a long illness, which debarr'd me from all active participation in dramatic work during the winter of 1908, I rise again with strength renewed and energies repaired, eager and anxious to resume my duties in my chosen path of labor.

MARY SELLEY SMITH.

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AN OPERATIC NOVELTY BY ALBA. In Italian. Loreley—*Al, dunque ci Mamerà*—Catalani. This opera by Alfredo Catalani (1854-1903) was to have been one of the Metropolitan's novelties for the 1911-12 season, but was not produced. The work was brought out in Turin in 1890, and in a revised form in 1900. London heard it first in 1907, with a cast including Selma Kraus, Journet, Bassi and Sammarco.

A MACDOWELL MELODY BY ZIMBALIST. Long Ago—MacDowell. This young Russian violinist cannot complain of any lack of warmth in the reception accorded his first American tour, as the audiences were most numerous and enthusiastic. The more one hears this young artist the more one is struck by the completeness of the impression of his seriousness of purpose—none of the posing, sensational straining for effects which have marred the work of many artists.

ANOTHER GLUCK—ROSSINI. Scabab Mater—*Quis est homo*—Rossini. The poem of the Scabab Mater (Lamentation of the Virgin Mary), one of the finest examples of medieval Latin, is supposed to have been written by Jacobus de Benedictis in the thirteenth century. Besides the plain-chant melody used in the Roman church, there are many musical settings; but by far the best known is Rossini's great composition first performed in Paris in 1842 with Grisi, Albertazzi, Mario and Tamburini. Rossini's work has been criticized as being too operatic in style for church music, but it is undoubtedly one of the grandest of church compositions. The duet *Quis est homo* is one of the most celebrated of the numbers, and its noble strains are effectively given by these two singers, whose duets have set a new standard in the recording of women's voices.

TWO INTERESTING GLUCK RECORDS. Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark—Bishop.

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America's Richest Actress

(Continued from page 110)

she told her friends she was tired of acting, had made enough money, and intended to enjoy life. The public at first did not believe that its favorite comedienne and sourette was in earnest. They had grown to expect farewell tours, with fanfare of trumpets, but Lotta never appeared on the stage again. She went to Boston, one of the cities which had been most cordial in her support, bought a home and settled down. Except for occasional trips to Europe and to California, Lotta has lived in Boston for the past 25 years, and her old associates and friends always look her up when they visit Boston.

One of the most beautiful features of her retirement at present is the homage paid her by a certain theatrical element of the elder generation, who knew her in the days when her name was a household word and who treat her to-day with the same respect, obedience and courtesy that the present generation would bestow upon any one of half a dozen prominent women stars of the present day. A box at any Boston theatre is always at her disposal, and there isn't a Boston manager who doesn't meet her at the door when she arrives and who does not personally escort her to her chair of honor.

Lotta to-day is 66 years old. This on the authority of one who has known her most of her life, who has been associated with her in business, and who himself admits that he is but three months older than she is—John B. Schoeffel, hale, hearty and active, whose boast it is that he is the oldest theatrical manager to-day in America who is still actively engaged in the business.

After her retirement from the stage with a fortune which even then ran into the millions, Lotta endeavored to find amusement and interest in a dozen different ventures. She backed her brother in a number of enterprises which failed. Her mother invested money in many wild-cat mining schemes which proved worthless. Lotta herself at one time owned a racing stable, racing under the name and colors of her brother, but personally active directing the enterprise and enthusiastic over the outcome of each race. This cost her a pretty penny. She has given liberally to charity, has aided hundreds of her former friends in the days of their adversity, and yet withal has been a shrewd business woman.

After the death of her mother, Lotta was compelled to look after her own life, to handle her own business affairs, and here she proved skillful and clever. In one deal alone she made over \$500,000—curiously enough, from her old friend, Mr. Schoeffel. When the firm of Abbey & Schoeffel ran perilously near the rocks of bankruptcy, and their creditors almost threatened to sink the ship, money was badly needed. Abbey & Schoeffel owned the Park Theatre outright, having paid \$150,000 for it. When cash was needed badly they tried to sell. The best offer they could get was \$300,000 cash from Lotta. Others would have paid more in time, but Abbey & Schoeffel needed cash. They sold to Lotta. Within three years the Park Theatre was assessed at \$300,000, and to-day Lotta pays taxes on the property for \$600,000.

Lotta was never married—almost a miracle when one considers that her youth, beauty and charm fascinated an entire nation, and that she was deluged with the attentions of lords and thousands of admirers. But watchful mother kept the admirers from worrying daughter too much. Perhaps there is a grim note of pathos in this guardianship of a mother for the brear winner of the family. Undoubtedly Mrs. Crabtree feared that if Lotta should marry, her capacity as a money-maker would suffer, and that perhaps the ruin of management and the bank account would be taken from her own careful hands. At any rate, all woovers were carefully "shied away," and Lotta was condemned to a life of celibacy. There is a story told by the great Lotta was disappointed in an early love affair in California, and that memory of this disappointment made her resolve never to listen to any other wooer. Whether this be true or the fact remains that throughout her successful career she turned down many matrimonial offers, and remained a spinster.

Those who knew Lotta in her younger days declare that she was a perfect picture of what Billie Burke is to-day, with perhaps just a little more of the suggestion of a sourette. If one could imagine Billie Burke with all her beauty, acting skill and fascinating charm, coming on the stage in short skirts, doing a clog dance and then playing the banjo, one can conjure up a

picture of what Lotta of a generation ago was like.

To-day Lotta still has the reddish hair. She still has the same kindly smile and the gentle disposition which endeared her to the hearts of the American public. She lives quietly in one of the two hotels she owns in Boston. The summer she spends at her large stock farm about thirty miles from Boston. She serves all milk, eggs, butter and poultry from her farm at the hotel. This is one of her hobbies, and the menu cards bear an announcement to the effect that all dairy products come from "Lotta's Farm," as it is officially known.

While the hotel is leased to a manager, Lotta reserves for her own use a beautiful suite of rooms, and it is said that no detail of hotel management escapes her. If she notices that a bell-boy calls the name of a guest in a tone too strident for sensitive ears, she will see that the boy receives instructions in decorum. She dines alone in the cafe of this hotel, as a rule, and guests of the hotel who know her by sight feel greater confidence in the food they are eating when they know that Lotta selected her meals from the same bill of fare offered them. In a hundred small ways, Lotta makes her presence felt in the hotel which she owns, and which just now is one of her hobbies. Her oblique love for her profession finds a manifestation in her instructions to the manager that all theatrical people who are guests of the hotel must receive special consideration and usually special professional rates. This order has resulted in making the hotel a general rendezvous for all the theatrical people who, not knowing Lotta personally, regard her as a person who moves about the lobby or the cafe. But there are hundreds of other guests not posted on theatrical history, who perhaps gaze curiously at the smart-looking, almost prim, elderly lady with the reddish hair, not knowing that this unassuming, quiet, lovable spinster was once one of the most famous actresses in America; the only one on record—except Mary Anderson—who ever retired at the height of her career, and the only one, without any exception, who ever made millions of dollars by her art.

WILL A. PAGE.

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Players of the Film Drama

(Continued from page 215)

pleasant experiences, all of which come in the process of making picture plays. Some very delightful trips have fallen to the lot of the photo-players. One of the leading companies was sent to the Thousand Islands last summer, where they spent several months taking pictures on the Islands and in Alexandria Bay. Companies have visited Bermuda, Florida, Mexico, California, and one was sent to Ireland to produce a famous Irish play on Irish soil. Recently players journeyed all the way to Jerusalem, where they spent the summer reproducing Biblical stories.

In contrast to these features, there are times when they are called upon to do trying and more or less hazardous things—such as dueling, capering in boats, riding bucking horses and jumping out of windows. An actor occasionally undergoes the sensation of having a wagon-load of kegs or bricks fall on him, or he may have to jump through a coal-hole. These latter methods are familiar in some pictures. Almost any of the prominent picture players can recite some thrilling experiences they have had or accidents that befell them, from some of which they do not always emerge unscathed.

Miss Mary Fuller, one of the Edison Company's leading women, tells of a time she was called upon to ride horseback in a picture when the steed provided was not the usual jumpy livery stable horse but a real bucking bronco, hired from a circus. She says: "I was riding full tilt when suddenly the horse just stopped—a habit of broncos. But kept on going. Never would I let a little thing like that impede my progress." She might have broken her neck, but luckily came off with only a sprained back.

An actor in one of the prominent film companies says he was once asked to roll down the side of a slanting roof and hang by his hands to the edge until a dummy could be substituted for the fall to the ground.

The leading people of the film stock companies are clever in their line of work, and they give some very remarkable portrayals, considering the short time they have in which to prepare each part. A few of the famous characters that have been successfully played in motion pictures are Napoleon, Becky Sharpe, King Lear, Sydney



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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be bold and to validate the principles set forth in its book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any when periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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"'T is a drink for the gods," and my sweet ladye fayre,
Raised a glass to her ripe, rosy lips,—
And honeybee-like, on a hollyhock spike,—
She daintily sips and sips:
"I drink to your health, to joy and to wealth,
To years of delight and of cheer;
And to this I drink,—bid your glasses to clink.—
To PABST FAMOUS 'BLUE RIBBON' BEER."



"As water that springs from the hillside and sings,
And laughs its way down to the glade,—
Just as pure this beer, so drink without fear,
For 'T is best the world ever made.
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With nothing to shun nor to fear,—
Drink once more to my toast,—the Nation's great boast,—
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lieu, and Judas Iscariot.

Those who play in the film drama have the
advantage of permanent employment—fifty-two
weeks constituting a season for them, whereas
on the stage a player nowadays may only work
twenty or thirty weeks out of the fifty-two.
When an actor once secures a position with a
film producer he thinks twice before he returns
to the legitimate. The salaries received are
about equal to those of the stage, the leading
people being very well paid.

The question has been raised as to whether
moving picture acting unites one for future work
on the regular stage. There are arguments pro
and con, but the subject does not worry those
concerned, as there is a good future in their
present vocation.

Nothing seems impossible to the motion picture
producer or player. Recently a well-known com-
pany, in presenting a photo-play of "The Corsi-
can Brothers," succeeded in having both brothers,
who were played by the same actor, appear
in the picture at the same time! The result was
very weird and remarkable.

Among the most popular favorites in motion
pictures are Mary Fuller and Marc McDermott,
of the Edison Company; Maurice Costello, John
Bunny and Florence Turner, of the Vitaphone
Company; Gene Gauntier and Alice Joyce, of
the Kalum Company; Mary Pickford, of the
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Essanay Company; and Arthur Johnson, of the
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Staging a Popular Restaurant

(Continued from page 104)

and "sinkers" upstairs to the ladies' diningroom,
which, however, is not in use during the action
of the scene in the play, it being around midnight.

The only parts of the stage restaurant that
are not exactly the same as the original, are the
walls, floor and ceiling. Inasmuch as the scenery
has to be transported on tour, these should
not be of tile, but the walls are the next thing
to it, and absolutely defy detection, even from
the feet. They are made of a hard rubber-like
asbestos composition, which is at once fire-proof
and possesses a tile-like appearance. This back
drop wall of the restaurant scene provides a
splendid rear fire curtain, should the theatre ever
take fire.

An asbestos canvas painted to represent mosaic
tile is used for the ceiling and the floor. This
scene is the most fire-proof ever presented in
a theatre, and marks a new era in stage scenery.

Even to the electric arc-lights hanging from
the ceiling, the scene is an exact replica of the
original restaurant, formed of its actual parts.
On the large show window by the grille heater
is the name "Childs" written backwards from the
audience, and showing properly from the outside.
Not the slightest detail has been over-
looked to make this scene an exact counterpart
of the eating-place that is so familiar to every-
one.

With the fixtures installed and the stage Childs'
open for "business," the next step was to pro-
vide food for the patrons. Mr. Belasco has
scored as a stage caterer before, as recall to
mind the realistic spaghetti-eating scene in "The
Music Master." Never would he stand for stand-
ard eatables, nor "pre-digested" food, either. Of
course, with a complete restaurant equipment on
the stage, he could cook the necessary things
right there in plain view, as is done in any
Childs'. So far so good, but he had to have
food—various breakfast foods, puddings, pies,
cake, sandwiches, bread and fruit an hand, and
in their usual places.

Again he arranged and contracted with the
Childs' Restaurant Company to supply their new
eating-place on the stage of the Republic Theatre
with food, just as each of the real restaurants is
daily supplied from the main plant. This is
what is done at every performance. If the un-
happy don't believe it, just wait around the stage
door before a performance and see a Childs'
wagon drive up and deliver a load of trays and
pots and kettles containing food enough to run
any of their usual sized restaurants.

It has proved a bonanza to the players, who
know that they will get something to eat in that
scene anyway, and don't mind so much if they
have not time to eat before coming to the theatre.
Already, many of the Company are about to
form themselves into the "Baked Apple Club,"
so fond are they of this part of the Belasco-
Childs' bill o'fare. Mr. Belasco and William
Elliott, his young co-producer of this play, too,

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are keen on this part of the performance, and always try to arrange to be at the Republic in time to help eat the baked apples, a huge pan of which greets the eyes of the audience in this scene at every performance.

During the rehearsals before the opening of "The Governor's Lady," the Chids' scene paid for itself in providing meals for all hands, doing away with the usual caterer, and the tables and camp chairs in the lobby of the theatre. Not so much time was lost over meals, either, for the genuine atmosphere of the scene seemed to instill the players with that hurry-up "quick-lunch" pace that pervades the real Chids'.

Charles Frohman would delight in such a scene in all of his plays at rehearsal time, for he has said that "a rehearsal accompanied by a sandwich is progress, but a rehearsal interrupted by a meal is delay."

There is only one man at the Republic who is not altogether satisfied with the stage Chids'. He is the property man, and he says that taking care of a restaurant and keeping track of real dishes and food is somewhat outside the province of his experience. But, nevertheless, he is thinking seriously of going into the restaurant business in the summer time when things are dull theatrically, and of opening up a quick-lunch place at a nearby summer resort. He says he hates to let the experience go to waste.

Another thing that for some time threatened a strike at the Republic was that the scrub women have more to do during the run of "The Governor's Lady" than formerly, since they must wash the dishes used in the last act.

In pointing out the details of the scene, Charles Emerson Cook, Mr. Belasco's envoy extraordinary to the press, committed the unpardonable by remarking in all seriousness that it was no "Chids' play" to write this scene.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DORSEY.

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 105)

48th STREET THEATRE. "Little Miss Brown." Original farcical comedy in three acts by Philip Bartholomae. Produced on August 29 with this cast:

Dor Clerk, Ned A. Sparks; Porter, Tom Lempler; Telephone Girl, Rae Bowden; Eulalia Burke, Terese Decker; Mr. Burke, Charles Carey; Philip Brown, Richard Taker; Bethley, John P. Hens; Miss Brown, Ellen Mortimer; Little Miss Brown, Madge Kennedy; Night Clerk, Sidney Macy; Madge, Madge Kennedy; Richard Dennison, William Morris; Mr. Dennison, Olive Harper Thorpe; Joseph Crows, George Panofsky; Robert Mason, John Bowers.

A playwright once tried to temper a complete tragedy with a complete comedy and failed; in much the same way Philip Bartholomae, the capable young author of "Over Night," has endeavored in "Little Miss Brown," to write a farce upon a tragic situation. Little Miss Brown arrives in a strange town at midnight, and failing to find her fiancé awaiting her, applies to a hotel. She is refused admittance because she is alone, and because she has no money. By the advice of the sympathetic telephone operator, she appeals as a married woman to the night clerk who has just come on duty. A porter blunderingly identifies her as the expected Mrs. Dennison, and without objection, Miss Brown is sent to the apartment reserved for that lady. Mr. Dennison arrives at the hotel, expecting to meet his wife, and to receive money from an uncle who is staying there. In the belief that Miss Brown is his life partner, he is sent to the apartment. They occupy adjoining rooms all night. In the morning the real wife appears, discovers the situation, and sends for her lawyer, who happens to be Miss Brown's fiancé. The husband, compelled to send for his attorney, selects Miss Brown's other gentleman friend. The fiancé renounces Miss Brown, and she renounces her engagement ring. The other young man declares his absolute faith in her, whereupon she transfers her wavering affection to him.

In the meanwhile, the lawyer has got the money from the uncle for Dennison. Miss Brown poses as the wife, and the real wife pretends to be her mother. When the truth comes out, Miss Brown compels the uncle to disavow the efforts of Dennison by threatening to tell his wife of his all night escapade at a sporty inn. She concludes by declaring herself an adventuress who tried to blackmail Dennison, whereas the jealous wife forgives and condones with her husband, and the lawyer for the defense takes little Miss Brown into his arms. Miss Brown's innocence is poorly established—even to the efforts of Madge Kennedy, who portrayed her, cannot redeem the girl. Innocence, in the sense of purity, is not established by a condition of ignorance. Her free use of hotel conveniences, her staggering order of Manhattan cocktails for the sake of the glazed cherries in them, her calm

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appropriation of the candy Dennison has brought his wife, with no money to pay for what service she is given, are more cheeky and bold than thoughtless. Generally speaking, however, the scenes are good; and their humor would be much stronger in appeal if the horrible taint on the honor of a pure girl did not hang over everything like a pall. Another thing that prevents continuous interest is that the ends of acts and scenes are too weak and too general to bridge the intermission with any suspense. Ned Squawb secured a disaster like the horse-to-death day clerk. As is common in all Brady productions, there is an abundance of "bit" or episodic parts. William Storris presented a very convincing Dennison—more than can be said of Elsie Harter Thorne as the wife. The rest of the company was quite capable, special mention earned by Charles Stanley as the uncle and Mattie Ferguson as a maid.

HARRIS. "THE MODEL." Comedy in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on August 31 with this cast:

Peabody, Harry Lifford; Clarence Amberg, Reginald Mason; Louise, Gail; Mrs. Lange, Duneson Coverly; Frederick Perry; Otto Lykman, Joseph Tomber; Emily Bergeret, William Corbridge; the Earl of Woburn, Catherine Calhoun; Mr. Witherspoon, John Pines; Eggleston Witherspoon, George Clarke; Celeste Bergeret, Emily Fletcher; Madeline Bergeret, Elizabeth Footman; Patsy McCoy; Lange, Frank McCormack.

Reforms succeed in ratio to the persistency of the conditions at which they are aimed. Statistics of affairs that have ingrained themselves in the human race from the first even unto the last generation, demand proportionately patient and intelligent opposition. A wisp of straw cannot prevent the ebb and flood of tides; and the frail young woman presented by Augustus Thomas in his latest play, "The Model," can do no more to disprove a basic idea in human nature than the unmarried woman who stands unclothed before a man, is to be condemned, if not for her act, for her criminal intentions.

Duncan Coverly, an artist, loves Louise, his model, but is engaged to marry another woman. His friend, Emily Bergeret, a novelist, advises him to marry his fiancée and continue to love the madam. This Duncan will not do, a fact that Bergeret is thankful for when he learns that Louise is his own daughter. Louise is driven from the household of Duncan's fiancée, where Duncan has secured her employment, because she has been a model for one of his nude studies. Accordingly the artist renounces his bride-to-be, who loves him anyway—and marries Louise. The play affords Mr. Thomas an excellent opportunity to expound a few phases of his broad, altruistic philosophy that has made his plays generally of a high intellectual order. A more living, more lovable character than Bergeret is difficult to imagine; the rest of the characters are real, too—every one, from the boy with the changing voice who is forbidden to look at the curtained study of the nude, the carefully trained little girl who has been educated to find the beauty in art, the reporter who salutes every male stranger as colonel or captain, to the model whose love is self-sacrificial, the artist who will not tolerate hypocrisy even generally, the selfish fiancée and her tantalizing cousin. In the same way the "Seven Ages of Man" may be the opinions of Laurence Goulo rather than of Shakespeare himself, so may these characters possess better titles to their utterances than the author of their being. But the purpose of the play as a whole is a message from Thomas. The great qualities of his thoughts are contempt of all that is foul-minded, mean and sordid, and a love of truth and the highest ideals of man as opposed to essential worldliness. No one can doubt the truth of his views on art, for he was an illustrator before he became playwright. But people are too much comforted with the clean life to accept the contention that woman may appear nude before man and remain virtuous. He has Bergeret draw the distinction between the naked and the nude: the day and the spirit; but, after all, that is not the point at issue. The vindication is for the model not the artist. It is the property of an unmarried woman unveiling herself in masculine presence. The conception of the artist may vindicate his clean mind, but not that his model, who cannot see with his eyes, and whose state of mind, at best, is only that of trust in his honor. *Hani soi qui mai y pense* may be argued, as well as that a professional model for the nude would be dramatically impossible in like circumstances; but the present and who never beds who is posed in the altogether, could not but have a sense of shame and a consciousness of sex in the unfamiliar procedure. To say that Thomas has

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not produced a worthy play is a gross injustice. Its scenes are animated, its characters genuine, and its dialogue cultured and brilliant. It is worthy of the interest and attention of every man and woman who cares to be elevated by their entertainment. Nothing but the highest and most sincere praise may be spoken of William Courtleigh as Bergeret. Better acting is very rarely seen. Artistically speaking, Frederick Perry, as Duncan Coverly, looks as if he was drawn by James Montgomery Flagg, which means that he is a young man of excellent appearance, aside from his qualities as an excellent actor. Miss Gail Kane makes an exceedingly sweet and convincing model; but her slight smile, retained in trying moments, gives her an air of irony that does not belong to Louise. Katherine Calhoun is eminently satisfactory as the fiancée, but Reginald Mason injected a trifle too much melodrama into his portrayal of her villainous cousin. Fidelity Page, Viola Phugath, Alice Gale, John Findlay and George Clarke are also notable in an entirely capable cast.

39th STREET THEATRE. "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE." American comedy-drama in four acts by Edgar James. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

Frederick Hoffman, Malcolm Williams; Anna, Grace Brady; Harry, Ralph Lewis; Mrs. W. Williams, Sara Brown; Alston, Forrest Robinson; Mr. Valentini, Lawrence Foy; Barbara, Helen Reimer; Mrs. Curtis, Ella Randolph; Bettina, Florence Reed; Theodore Seyditz, Eddie De Cardozo; Senator Stevenson, Benjamin Graham; Rose, Ella Rock.

We have so often been presented with erring and misguided wives upon the stage, that a return to neglectful husbands is a relief. However, the nature and duration of their error depend upon the circumstances of the neglect. That a respectable man may be swayed from obligations met for twenty-five years to a home-loving family by the seductiveness of a charming young interloper may be proven in the theatre; but it is a moot question outside.

The moral of all this is that men whose wives have stood by them faithfully through the years should learn to appreciate them. It is not so much an assignment of mastery in a home to husband or wife as it is a definition of those qualities necessary for the authoritative head of any household. An excellent company were cast for the parts, and acted with sincerity and conviction. Forrest Robinson, beloved by many as the old dragageur-ventor of "The Fortunate Hunter," was admirable as Alston, the lawyer. Malcolm Williams made Frederick a genuinely sympathetic figure. As the second wife Florence Reed gave a delicate characterization, for she succeeded in ingratiating herself with her audience as well as with her employer without antagonizing either. Helen Reimer made the unnecessary figure of Barbara, the old servant-living, and almost won her place in the action by her careful and excellent work.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." Musical romance in two acts. Music by Franz Lehar. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Basil Hood; American libretto by Glen Macdonough. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Juliette, Frances Carleton; Pierre, A. Percy Woodley; Raymond, Wm. L. Hubert; Grand Duke, Wm. C. Foyot; Russell Simpson; Norah, Harold I. Rehill; Emmeline, Ida Van Tass; Coralie, George F. Rankin; Count of Luxembourg, George C. Minton; Valerian, C. S. Humphrey; Mentschikoff, A. C. Reed; Panibelsky, Harry W. Smith; Grand Duke Rudolph, Frank Moulton; Angèle Didier, Ann Swinburne; Regent, Fred Bishop; M. Valmont, A. W. Woodley; M. de Treasse, Harry Johnston; Mirette, Bessie Gross; Liorette, Eleanor Scott; Eleonore, Dottie Wang; Clairette, Beth Harmon; Princess, Richard, Gladys Humphrey.

"The Count of Luxembourg," the much-heralded comic opera which for the last year has been sung all over Europe, has at last reached our shores. Franz Lehar's music always makes a strong appeal, and while it is not Lehar at his best, as revealed in "The Merry Widow," nevertheless there are enough waltzes and sentimental songs to make it a popular success. The highly improbable libretto introduces the Grand Duke Rutzenoff, who is in love with Angèle Didier, a famous prima donna. His uncle, the Czar, will not allow him to marry a woman of low rank. A title must be obtained at any cost. A marriage is therefore arranged between Angèle and the Count of Luxembourg, and they are united without seeing one another. Only to be divorced after three months, when it only be a simple matter for the Grand Duke to marry the Countess. They meet, fall in love, and the divorce does not take place. Angèle remains the Countess of Luxembourg and the Grand Duke marries the Princess Kozloff, to whom he has been engaged for some twenty odd years. This new opera has brought forth two new artists, who immediately won the hearts of the audience. Ann Swinburne not only looks An-



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kele, but her voice is of excellent quality, and she uses it with skill and discretion, and in addition acts extremely well. A real tenor that looks young and also sings well is a rare occurrence these days in comic opera, and George L. Moore is doubly welcome on that account. The solo in the first act, "Day Dreams," sung by Miss Swinburne, and the duet, "Love Breaks Every Bond," alone would fill the house. Frank Alvanian as the Duke was extremely funny. In his two songs, "I Am in Love" and "Routise Pootise," he put the audience into hysterics. Frances Cameron and Fred Walton acquitted themselves with credit in the parts of Juliette and Brissard. As a production it is all extremely beautiful. In the hands of such capital players as Herbert Greham and Julian Mitchell we had the right to expect perfection and we got it.

FLTINGE 42nd STREET THEATRE.
"Within the Law." Play in four acts by Bayard Veiller. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Sarah, Georgia Lawrence; Smithson, S. V. Phillips; Richard Gilder, Dora Cadden; Helen Morris, Catherine Tower; Edgar Gilder, Edmond Mitchell; George De la Mare, Brandon Hume; Mary Turner, Jane Cowl; Detective Sergeant Lester, John Willard; Agnes Lincoln, Florence Nash; Joe Garson, William R. Mack; Fannie, Martha White; John, William A. Brown; Eddie Griggs, Kenneth Hill; Inspector Burke, Wilson Taylor; Thomas, Arthur Elbert; "Chicago Red," Arthur Scudlough; Dan, Fredrick Rowe; Edna, Edna Rubin; Dan, Frederick Rowe; Williams, Joseph Dickson; Policemen, etc.

The study of criminology in its romantic aspects is engaging our dramatists. Mr. Bayard Veiller comes to the front, for the first time, with a very successful venture into the domain of vice made entertaining, but not exactly instructive, with "Within the Law." The title of the play is in the nature of satire, suggesting as it does the methods employed by all respectable rascals, but it is not made altogether clear in what meritorious way the heroine of the play acts always "within the law." She is a much persecuted girl, and in one particular she exacts her revenge with great ingenuity without being criminal. She secretly marries the son of the shopkeeper (the owner of a large department store) who had "sent her up" for the felonious appropriation of articles of comparatively small value, but sufficient to constitute a criminal offense. Another girl was the real culprit. After her release this heroine becomes the associate of thieves and blackmailers.

Jane Cowl, as the shopgirl, gets sympathies with her emotional declamations against the injustice of insufficient wages and in reality is always in the position of sinning less than she has been sinned against. In the logic of crime she is unanswerable. The most interesting character in the play, in performance, is a baldheaded criminal, a pretty girl in the early twenties or less in years, who has not been sinned against, unless it be a sin of punishment to put young offenders in these prisons where they have every opportunity to graduate into the profession of vice. However, there are no moral lessons to be drawn from this play. Florence Nash, as this young criminal, is captivating in naturalness of her acting. Surely she is not applauded by way of commending the character. It may be said that the play is not to be taken seriously, and that consequently one may yield to the enjoyment of it without self-reproach.

PARK. "My Best Girl." Musical play in three acts. Books and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf, score by Clifton Crawford and Augustus Barratt. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Peter O'Brien, Jack Pater, James O'Neill, Harry Perkins, Harrison Garrett; Miss Wellington Ballway, Florence Edney; Col. Wellington Ballway, John Hendricks; Beatrice, Olive Ulick; Samuel Brown, Harry Williams; Capt. Robert Denton, Harry Fairleigh; Gus Bunker, Frank H. Bickert; Daphne, Helen Morris; Harry Burt, The Little Stranger, Corliss Waid; Richard Vandenberg, Mr. Crawford; Don Lane, Rita Stanwood; A. Scrogens, Louis Bessie; Tommy Lawton, Louis Lere; Carl, Bessie Bell; Geraldine Le Monde, Edrene Marshall; Singsongers, Miss Rose Clark, Salesmen, Soldiers, etc. Staged by Sidney Ellison.

Comic opera impressions will not hereafter be compelled to go abroad for their books if the literary firm of Channing Pollock and Renold Wolf is to be continued. Foreign invertebrate conceptions would in many cases seem to have laid their day, and it is only right they should be displaced if native talent can turn out such a bright and entertaining and witty show as "My Best Girl," which serves Clifton Crawford as a star at the Park Theatre. Here is a capital story full of comic movement and humorous stage surprises. A young man about town gets into trouble, to evade which he assumes the name and identity of a deserter from the U. S. Army. Of course in his new person he is apprehended, and then his troubles as a recruit begin. Richard Vandenberg is an admirably dark character, and the lively spirits, acrobatic agility and reserved

comic expression which mark the light comely acquisitions of Mr. Crawford into abundant opportunity for usefulness in a constant succession of funny scenes. The lyrics are really brilliant in their apt application; the score however, is not up to the standards of the rest of the show, but to it Mr. Crawford has contributed a couple of numbers that have the necessary popular lift and melody. The star is ably supported especially by Sam Soward, who makes a refined and appealing picture as the history teacher. The sport gives one of his familiar and really expert pictures of a gallivanting army officer. Edward Nicander as a chaffeur and Harry Fairleigh as an army captain do excellent work.

DALY'S, "DISCOVERING AMERICA." Play in four acts by Edward Knoblanck. Produced on September 7 with the following cast:

SONG
Peter: Delafield, Lewis Waller; The Principessa Teodora: Phipps; Miriam Clements; Sir Edgar Lambourne, Reginald Dane; Lady Lambourne, Ina Rorke; The Countess Christine Schomberg, Suzzette Cotta; Cardinal Rosetta, Henry Cavill; George S. Brown, John Alden; Ernesto, Albert Prince.

NEW YORK
Ruth Dix, Midge Tüheradge, Mammie Fogarty, Etene Foster; Albert Marsh, Edward Wade; Willie Jenkins, Malcolm Duncan; Howard Harding, P. L. Kirk, Gus, Master David Ross.

There are many qualities in Lewis Waller to be admired, his courage to assume the responsibilities of a protecting manager, his readiness to undertake a moderate risk, his fellow players may shine by their own light, but above all his attitude as a loser. No one could countenance defeat with a better grace or feeling that creditable effort had been expended to achieve success. "Discovering America" gives full opportunity to observe all the qualities named. It contains some good scenes and some poor ones made effective by excellent acting.

The plot is carelessly thrown together, with many possibilities ignored and makeshift devices employed to make it coherent. Most of the characters are episodic, and, in one or two cases, quite disadvantageous. The play shows America at a strange disadvantage. The play is set in the United States, in one country with the poor side of another, is obviously unwise. We are slangy and rude, perhaps, but not quite so unreservedly as Mr. Knoblauch would make it appear. But that is not important. The play pinches; the reason for the failure is because it is too full of pinches. It is a piece of theatrical property. Lewis Waller made Peter as living a figure as possible out of the available material, as did Maudie Elene Foster, the more living part of Rnth. Elene Foster, the more human and Surette Costa interpreted the other important parts intelligently and with discrimination.

[illegible]

COMEDY. "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY." Play in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced September 16 with the following cast:

THE INDUCTION.
 Servant, Valentine Penna; Cecil Savoyard, Tim Ryley;
 Count O'Dowda, C. H. Croker-King; Fanny O'Dowda,
 Elizabeth Rodon; Mr. Trouser, Walter Kingsford; Mr.
 Vaughan, Maurice Elvey; Mr. Gunn, Frank Randall;
 Mr. Flawner Bannell, Lionel Page.

Mr. Robin Gilbey, Sydney Paston; Mrs. Gilbey, Kate Carlyon; Jennings, Walter Creighton; Don Delaney, Eva Leonard Boyne; Mrs. Knox, Mary Barton; Mrs. Joseph Knox, Arnold Lucy; Margaret Knox, Gladys Harvey; Lieutenant Duvallet, Herbert Dansey; Bobby, Quentin Tod.

It matters not whether the program throws doubt upon its authorship, no one but G. Bernard



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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

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NEW YORK



Shaw could have written "Fanny's First Play," and if one likes Shaw, here is the Shavian cynic and philosopher at his daring best. Fanny O'Dowda, daughter of a Count of the old regime, writes while at Cambridge a play which her father promises shall be acted by real actors and reviewed by real critics, the authors' identity of course, being concealed. As an induction, O'Dowda, the courtly aesthete of pre-Victorian days, has an interview with the very commercial theatrical manager of modern times, who cites the methods he employed to get the critics there, a colloquy of delightful wit in its contrasting values. Then come the critics, cheerful satires on the originals of London, in which more fun is poked at their pomposity and ignorance.

The curtain draws and "Fanny's First Play" begins. It is a satire on two smug puritanical British middle-class families. The younger representatives are tentatively engaged, but each gets into a scrape and are respectively sent to jail. The boy has yielded to the fascinations of Darling Dora, a music hall favorite, and the girl has carried on a perfectly harmless flirtation with a French naval officer. The consternation of their parents is presented with much humorous force and the various family councils provide the author with numerous opportunities for the display of his characteristic cynical observations. Nothing escapes his biting satire, convention, religion, sociology, politics, all make "copy" for him, and the result is dialogue that fairly corruscates with scintillant wit. The dénouement is particularly Shavian. The boy pairs off with Dora and the militant daughter of the house of Knox marries the family butler, who by the death of an elder brother becomes a Duke.

Then follows the epilogue, more brilliant foraging at the expense of the critics, who, ignorant of the authorship, hesitate to commit themselves as to the value of the piece. For as one says: "If he's a good author, then he's a good piece; but if he's bad, then the play must be bad." The play is admirably acted by an English company, especially rehearsed for the production by Granville Barker. It is hard to say whether so good is the playing, but C. H. Croker-King as O'Dowda, Walter Creighton as the butler, Arnold Lucy as Mr. Knox, Gladys Harvey as his independent daughter, and Herbert Dunsany as the Frenchman, contribute characterizations truly admirable. "Fanny's First Play" is an intellectual treat.

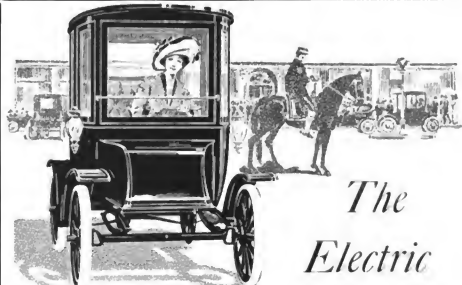
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HUDSON. "Honest Jim Blunt," Comedy in three acts by William Boden. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

Miss Jensen, Louise Closser Hale; Thomas Y. Jones, Forrest Wagon; Sol Polakoff, Henry Dugan; Henry Stratton, Frank Loner; James Bunt, Murphy; Sidney Thomas, Charles Lait; Cyrus Green, Frederick Closser; Jeremy, Charles Lait; Midge Hale, Violet Henning; Baroness Langmuir, Mariel Hope; Fredrick Harman, Frederick Hec; Charles Wilson, Harold Motter.

The Lieber Company on Sept. 16 at the Hudson Theatre, put over a genuine theatrical surprise when they announced the return of Tim Murphy in a new and extravagant comedy in three acts, called "Honest Jim Blunt," by William Boden, an unknown playwright. Expectations did not run high, but within five minutes after the rise of the curtain the laughs began to come, and till its final fall there was delicious fun and amusement for all concerned. Mr. Boden took "Col. Mulberry Sellers" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" rolled them into one, and then started James Blunt upon a series of incidents that contained truth, humor, drama and pathos. A swindler in reality, but softened by a genial hopefulness, very telling, Jim had his adventures in Wall Street. A girl himself, an unscrupulous partner, left him to face the firm's angry creditors. But Jim was resourceful, and if he had time to turn around in "felt sure all would come out right, and it did, for the bad man came back with the goods and his nephews could be the daughter of the big financier who was opposing him, and so Jim came into Easy Street, but for his own good and the good of his relatives, it was deemed advisable that Jim should be sent to the Argentine, a fate which he accepted with easy pathetic grace. A born farceur, Tim Murphy played the tale right in imitable fun and skill. It was a genuine creation and ought to do for him what "The Man from Home" accomplished for W. T. Hodge. Staged by W. H. Post, the farce was played with great briskness and variety in the acting, of which valued work was done by Louise Closser Hale; Frank Lovee, Charles Lait, Frederick Bond and Violet Henning. The dialogue of "Honest Jim Blunt" sparkles with fresh American wit and humor.



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A CHAT ON FALL NOVELTIES



Evening afternoon gown of black velvet. Collar of white lace. White velvet hat with purple agate.

AS I was making a purchase in one of our popular specialty shops the other day I met a woman who was so successfully veiled that I recognized her only by her voice.

She is one of our favorite actresses, but she admonished me not to reveal her presence in town just yet. She confided to me that she was on her way to a well-known beauty specialist, where she is taking treatment for a slight skin eruption contracted during her ocean voyage.

Upon her solicitation I accompanied her, so we could discuss "all the news." We found the genial woman who works such wonders in the midst of preparations for moving into more spacious quarters on Fifth Avenue, which will be an advantage to her large clientele, but she graciously devoted herself to me, and while the patient was undergoing her treatment I was receiving valuable information, which I will generously pass on to you.

If you are among those unfortunates who tan in spots, in common parlance known as freckles, do not despair. You can get a freckle lotion and cream that does wonders, and if used in combina-

tion with the Madame's skin tonic you will speedily have your usual soft, creamy complexion restored.

If you are too impatient to await permanent results, there is a lotion you can apply which will effectually cover up the tan while you are under your treatment.

But the specialist informed me that she has just perfected a preparation that will remove tan in "the twinkling of the eye," which will be a boon to the vacationists who are now returning home and will so soon take up the social life where good complexions are essential.

Those of you who have not minded the tan, but do find consequent scaling so annoying ought to use the cream that so quickly obviates this roughness of the skin, and, by the way, this is an excellent cleansing cream, too. It is very mild and just the thing for a sensitive skin.

I should like to have learned more of the secrets of beauty, but the appearance of my companion terminated our interesting conversation.

"Now that I have company, I believe I will do some shopping," she exclaimed, and then followed an afternoon of sartorial surprises, for the Fall stocks were just coming in.

First of all there were the lovely evening coats. Those for limousine wear are, of course, more decorative than useful and are made up of chiffon, handpainted tulle, silver brocade and beads.

My companion suddenly exclaimed, "There is a wrap copied from a Drecoll model. I saw it at the Paris opening."

It was a beautiful, full-length coat beaded in white and black effect on white chiffon. The black beads form a wide border panel that ends in a graceful front drapery, and the back falls in long, straight, narrow lines. The collar and deep cuffs are of the black beads, and the coat is lined with soft white silk.

In the more serviceable wraps the velvets and plushes are prominent. The linings are generally costly, and a feature of these is that the upper part of the coat lining is usually different from the lower.

The much-discussed panniers seems to have been relegated to the evening coats this season. One in sage green velvet has the pannier outlined with white marabout, a favorite trimming for evening garments, and handings of the same fur edge the entire wrap.

Drecoll is showing the most beautiful velvet mantles this season, and most of them are fur trimmed. And I wish you could see the lovely display of wraps that Poiré is making," remarked my companion. "This house, you know, is noted for its mantles. Most of them are fur trimmed, but there were many evening wraps of brocade silk or velvet trimmed with wide bandings of gold braid and lace.

"Gold seems to be a prominent color this season. I remember two gowns worn in the New Theatre in London in 'Ready Money.' Miss Hilda Antony appears in the sweetest yellow chiffon. It has a band of gold lace from beneath which falls a wide band of the loveliest old tinsel lace. This is caught by a blue satin flower at the side. And then the bodice is beautifully trimmed with gold lace and a deep yellow belt finishes the exquisite costume. In the same play Miss May Whitty shows the preference for gold in a superbly handsome coat of rich black and gold brocade and a toque of gold lace with a black velvet brim and nodding black plumes."

"Miss Lydia Billbrooke wears a handsome brocade evening coat glittering with gold in 'Find the Woman,'" I interpolated. "Are her gowns really so handsome?"

"Yes, they are all you hear about them, and she is certainly the best-gowned woman on the London stage this season. One of her creations is a brocade silk in exquisite pastel shades. The slashed skirt is outlined with dark marabout, which also forms one

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shoulder strap over the pale chiffon short sleeve. The preference for contrast is shown in the other sleeve and shoulder straps of pearl beads, which also forms the bandings on the corsage and the skirt slit trimmings. A puffed mass of the chiffon is artistically arranged on the skirt where the velvet and pearl bandings meet in an exquisite combination. A sash of the chiffon falls from the end of the fur shoulder straps to the foot of the skirt.

In the evening coat you just mentioned, the gold lace forms nearly the entire sleeve, and a broad band of the same outlines the pannier of the coat. "But I want to get a white evening coat," and after a little search she found a beauty in a cream white broadcloth.

Both the cut and trimming are so novel that I must tell you about it. The entire back is outlined in round scallops underlaid with a fold of black satin. The deep coachman's pelerine is similarly edged. Long, narrow rever trimmings of black satin are ornamented with white broadcloth buttons. The sleeves are especially unique, the under portion being edged with the scallop trimming and the upper part, which is about six inches longer, being cut with a square edge that falls gracefully as a sort of straight flounce. It is an extremely picturesque theatre coat that can be had in any color combination.

Before leaving this exclusive shop we stopped to admire the teagowns, for this place specializes upon and is noted for its negligée garments. These ranged from the dainty little robes to just slip on in the boudoir to the elaborate gowns that are now considered correct for all informal home gatherings.

There was an elegant one in a small dotted cream net, over an old rose foundation of messaline, that ends in a wide foot border of the most exquisite pattern. This closes down the front with small rose silk buttons. An overdress of heavy broadened crêpe de chine in old rose is shorter in the front and shows a novel trimming in a wide band made up of narrow folds of matching rose silk in a lattice design. This edged the sleeves and bottom of tunic, where tiny balls of the silk fall from the points of the lattice. A "V" inset of the same at each side of the front opening ends in a shower of the balls. A frill of the net, finely necked, is banded in silk and falls from the bottom of a gathered, collarless yoke of the net where the overdress is attached.

The charming effect of this combination and the exquisite lines produced in the development of the garment are indescribable, and so I was not surprised when my companion emphatically announced, "I am going to have a copy of that model before the season is over."

A charming white charmeuse negligée seen there has a long fichu with tiny tucks and a hand-worked open silk stitching along the hem. The back forms a sailor collar that is edged with a heavy lace banding and ball fringe. The long pointed ends in front are finished off with silver tassels. The seams of this garment are ornamented in the open-work stitching that is quite a novel and pretty finish.

Tunics are still much in evidence. In the tailored gown they are in flat effects and often fall over plaited skirts. One in black broadcloth we saw that day has a tunic front and a back panel that ends in side plaits. The black velvet band outlining the low neck opening of the cutaway coat gives the garment a soft touch. A novel vestee and standing collar is of Gobelin blue velvet and silk braid, combined in a basket weave that is delightfully pretty.

In the dressy gowns tunics are popular. Miss Katherine Kaelred, who, by the way, is wearing some exceptionally pretty costumes in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," wears a most attractive gown in the exquisite combination of mauve and old gold, which is made up of a chiffon tunic over a satin skirt.

Miss Hazel Dawn has been wearing a sweet little gown in "The Pink Lady." It has a long, narrow, cream serge tunic that is open at the side and reveals the underskirt of black and white horizontal striped silk. This also shows below the front of the tunic. The pretty gown is in Empire effect and the combination idea is beautifully carried out. The striped silk forms a novel vest and the broad sleeve banding, as well as a piping for the serge belt that fastens in front with a pearl buckle.

The pannier has developed into many adaptations of this mode. Miss Hattie Williams in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion Theatre, wears a handsome gown showing an artistic development of the pannier. The straight skirt of handsome net lace falls over an under-

dress of flowered taffeta. In order to preserve the long, slim lines the pannier of peach-colored taffeta is fastened to the back of the wide giraffe of the same material, and the fullness is restrained at the sides by coquettish little puffs.

Another novel pannier of the stage is seen in an exquisite gown worn by Miss Gladys Hanson in "The Governor's Lady." The flat panniers are shaped like a Capuchin hood and have the points weighted with long crystal tassels that fall at each side over the skirt of white satin.



Front of golden brown chiffon and satin. Small yoke of Gema lace

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In one of the shops we saw the new winter coats. I especially admired a seven-eighths coat in chiffon plush. It had the belted back and a soft crush collar. It was of a lovely mole shade.

Have you noticed what a strong predilection the new colorings have toward the fur tones? There are the soft brown shades and the taupe, lynx and grays. At the recent Paris openings it was apparent that rich, warm colors are to be brought to the fore. Albeit shows a strong favor for the reds, even to the vivid flame color or "Satan" red, as it is sometimes termed.

In London "carrots" has sprung into sudden popularity. It is a cross between brick red and vermilion, for which no more appropriate name could be found; and now a new color in Paris is called "The Garden of Allah," because it looks so much like the "Garden of Allah" sand. It is a brownish tan tone, very soft and beautiful, and has won the hearts of the Parisians.

As we passed one of the shop windows my companion remarked, "Isn't this idea of white mourning just the best thing ever?"

We stopped to admire the beautiful white crêpe hats, the crêpe and chiffon wraps and the ravishing neckwear in white crêpe and net.

Now that Miss Kaelrid looks so charming in her white mourn-



Reverend dress for white mourning with a falling lace apron. Also, white dress and made with a full drop of fine net. Tucked panel at front and wide band of beautifully worn lace show under lattice work of ribbon with ball drops. This exquisite model is a most recent importation.



Smart riding outfit. Habit of gray cord, black derby and patent leather boots. White pique stock and extra heavy riding gloves. Tan crop with silver trimmings.

ing at the Lyric Theatre, this idea, which was recently introduced by the widow of John Jacob Astor, will, no doubt, find widespread favor, and it will not be surprising if some day white will be the adopted mourning in our country just as it now is in China.

"I want one of those striped flannel kimono. Have you seen them?" queried my actress friend. I directed her to a shop where there were the softest negligees in delicate colored stripes. The attendant showed us one in the loveliest gray and pink, banded with soft gray silk, and she told us they were kept busy supplying orders for these from the Vassar girls who are loyal to the alma mater colors.

The customer, however, decided she would prefer having one made up. I immediately recommended the Vivella flannel, which wears so well and does not shrink. We were astonished and delighted at the immense range of exquisite patterns. There were stripes in every conceivable shade and combination on white and colored grounds. The black stripes on white are very smart. Then there are black and navy grounds with white stripes, which make such nice suits for Southern wear. My companion chose a

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delicate lavender with white stripes for her kimono, and then she selected a light tan gown with a brown stripe for a house to wear with her brown suit, and I imagine the combination will be quite fetching.

There are the plain Viyellas, too, in white and many beautiful tones, polka dot effects and checks and plaids, among which the black and white effects are particularly noteworthy. The Tartan plaids are beautiful, and there are smart effects in the blues and pale greens that are largely used for hunting and motor skirts. And then we spied a pile of the most exquisite woollens with contrasting silk stripes! The texture of this material is unusually soft and the colorings most beautiful. It seems the ideal material for a handsome serviceable shirtwaist, such as will be much used for general wear when the weather grows cooler.

Our next purchase was gloves, and, of course, one pair had to be those smart white kids with heavy, broad, black stitching and the pearl clasp. Most of the new gloves have those pearl clasps, and the long evening gloves have the cutest little buttons of pearl in the ball shape. There are three of them, and they give an air of distinction to the glove. There was a large assortment of kid gloves in the pretty gold shades that are now sharing honors with the whites.

We also stopped to select a few collars. Of course, we had to have the latest novelty, and that is the Medici collar. This is simply a high stock with the frill of lace falling over the back, which is but another variation of the popular Robespierre genre.

Some of the new collars have small pelerines of silk or satin attached to a standing collar, with a deep Medici single or double ruff of tulle.

By this time we were both foot-sore and weary, and while I preferred to hasten home and rest, our favorite theatre star elected to stop in at the foot specialist's to have her feet "restored," and, of course, I was urged to "just come in for a minute."

I did not regret it, because the foot doctor, who is a hand specialist as well, gave me much valuable information.

I learned of a nail polish that works wonders. It is applied with a camel's hair brush, and it will give the nails that desirable sea-shell tint and a gloss that will remain for two or three days.

I saw a hand lotion that ought to be on every dressing table during the coming cold winter days. It effectually cures chaps and quickly removes all roughness. It is both healing and soothing, and an excellent preparation for keeping the hands soft and white.

I was surprised to see my companion return from her treatment so quickly, and she joyfully exclaimed, "I feel like a different person now!" And then, as we walked on, I heard all about the excellent foot tonic that brought about this speedy result. A single application will take away that tired feeling, and it promptly relieves aches and allays inflammations. It is an effective remedy for the burning and nervousness which is so annoying. "And when I get those dreadful crampings of the toes this foot tonic helps me right away," said the lady. "I cured a bunion with it and I use it for every ache and pain I have. In fact, I would never be without the preparation. It quiets the foot nerves and so at once relieves the ache and weariness. You see how quickly I recovered now, and my feet did ache dreadfully when I went into the Doctor's parlor."

That ended our day's shopping tour, and when I reached home I found this query, "Please tell me a good place to purchase riding accessories and what is the latest in evening neckwear?"

Since the Horse Show is so near at hand I thought you would be interested, and so I am publishing my reply.

In a secluded corner in one of our prominent Fifth Avenue shops there is a good-sized room devoted entirely to the outfitting of riders. There are small rooms for fittings, and here every convenience is afforded for selecting everything from the especially designed underwear to the handsomest riding habit.

Exclusive materials are used in the development of habits, and they make a specialty of Priestley cravenette fabrics, in which an extremely smart habit can be purchased for less than \$40.

For evening the correct neckwear is the standing collar and the satin puff tie, either in black or white. By the way, this firm is showing an exclusive model in hats. It is a helmet shaped derby and can be had in either black or brown felt. The tricorne is a natty little

head-gear, too, and admits of such variety in adjustment that it is becoming to any face. Particularly smart are those with Oxford crowns and plain black brims.

I almost forgot to tell you about the pretty gowns I saw in "The Girl from Montmartre." As this play now starts on a tour through the country you may have a chance to see them.



Smart costume of leaf green broadcloth, trimmed with scalloped flouncing. Hat of white Antelope plush with sprays of Paradise.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

It is difficult to single out the prettiest costume of Miss Hattie Williams. A coral chiffon shows a delightful development of the panner. A drapery falling gracefully over a petticoat of the same is caught low on one side with buttons and over this the panner, attached to the waist in small pleats, extends in an uneven length which is outlined at the bottom by a narrow band of silk. The bodice is striking in its simplicity, the modest V-neck being outlined by a collar, that falls deep in the back, of matching shadow lace. Fur bands outline the short sleeves.

The hats of Miss Williams are especially noteworthy. One in black satin has a rolling brim and two white plumes overlaid with black munitia, which is one of the most pleasing methods of carrying out the black and white idea.

In "A Slice of Life," Miss Williams wears a superb tea gown of amber satin over which there is an artistic drapery of a floral-bordered lavender chiffon graduating from a white to the deepest purple at the edge. Shadow lace, about nine inches wide, forms a charmingly applied frill that passes diagonally across the entire costume, losing itself at the right shoulder.

Miss Moya Mannering is a veritable model in fashionable girlish gowns and a decidedly pretty one, too. Her wedding gown was the acme of youthfulness and a charming model for a young girl's dancing frock.

It was of white silk voile slashed at the left side and worn over a petticoat of fine lace that formed pleats in the slash opening. With the movements of the wearer there were glimpses of tiny pink rosebuds that peeped out from the lace frill of the petticoat, which is a popular style-note this season. The dress is extremely simple, made with a round décolleté bodice and a long open front tunic. All the edges have a wide trimming of spangles in the form of the Greek key pattern, a fad band of the same also outlining the slash edges where a cluster of pink roses just conceal the joining.

Just as I was leaving the last shop I visited, a show case of fans attracted my attention. They were the small celluloid fans, pretty cut out in fancy designs and handpainted in dainty floral patterns. The reasonable price, fifty cents, surprised me. I immediately purchased one and it is my first contribution to the "Christmas Shelf." There are cute little bags of satin especially made for these fans. These, including the fan, are 75 cents, and others containing pretty small feather fans are \$1.

And I really must tell you about the very latest stockings. Of course they are sheer silk and there is the daintiest of lace insets right over the instep. The lace is of a pattern especially designed for this purpose and starting a few inches from the toe extends upward about ten inches. One pair show the chamoisier in the center surrounded by an artistically traced pattern.

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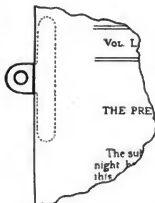
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THE success with which *The Theatre Record* was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

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CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 1912



Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLLOW

COVER: Portrait in colors of Miss Martha Hedman.	PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky"	
TITLE PAGE: Viola Allen in "The Daughter of Heaven"	129
THE NEW PLAYS: "Henry V." "Milestones." "The Attack." "The Case of Becky." "The Affairs of Amstel." "A Scrape of the Pen." "June Madness." "Steve." "Tantalizing Tommy." "Broadway Jones." "The Woman Hater." "The Brute." "The Charity Girl." "Oh! Oh! Delphine." "The New Sun." "The Daughter of Heaven"	130
SCENES IN "A SCRAPE OF THE PEN"—Full-page plate	133
SCENES IN "THE WHIP"—Full-page plate	135
ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE	136
SCENES IN "THE CASE OF BECKY"—Full-page plate	137
BRILLIANT SEASON FOR THE METROPOLITAN—Illustrated	138
DRAMATIC ACTION IN OPERA	Karleton Hackett 141
LOUISA ALCOTT'S "LITTLE WOMEN" ON THE STAGE—Illustrated	E. E. v. B. 142
SCENES IN "LITTLE WOMEN"—Full-page plate	143
A NEWCOMER ON BROADWAY—Illustrated	Karl K. Kitchen 144
THE DUTY OF THE STAGE	Lyman Edwyn Davis 145
MRS. FISKE—Full-page plate	147
THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S NEW GROVE PLAY—Illustrated	148
SCENES IN "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"—Full-page plate	149
THE BEST DRESSED ACTOR ON THE STAGE—Illustrated	Wendell P. Dodge 150
MAIGRE TITHEPAGE—Full-page plate	151
LAURETTE TAYLOR—Full-page plate	153
A CHAT WITH THE AUTHOR OF "READY MONEY"—Illustrated	Ada Patterson 154
SCENES IN "OH! OH! DELPHINE"—Full-page plate	155
FROM THE TANKS TO BROADWAY	George C. Jenks 156
SCENES IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG"—Full-page plate	157
"SHAKESPEARE WELL ACTED PAYS," SAYS LEWIS WALLER—Illustrated	A. P. 159
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	Emilie E. Hoffman xxi

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc. Postage stamps should be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the actor, and its character, and its character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

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No. 141

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OTTO SARTOY Co.

VIOLA ALLEN

Now appearing at the Century Theatre in the title role of Pierre Loti's and Japhis Gaudier's play, "The Daughter of Heaven"



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



DALY'S THEATRE "HENRY V." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced September 30 with this cast:

Duke of Exeter.....	Wallace Erskine	Duke of Gloucester.....	Lewis Waller
Duke of York.....	M. Delany	Duke of Bedford.....	J. M. Wright
Archbishop of Canterbury.....	Douglas Ross	Constable of France.....	Herbert Jarman
Bishop of Ely.....	Arthur Wylie	Duke of Burgundy.....	Frank McEnroe
Sir Thomas Grey.....	Donald Soper	Reginald Bane	Reynold Bane
Sir Thomas Erpingham.....	Thomas McLeod	Isabel	Henry Carvill
William	Frank Woolfe	The Hostess	Lina Roke
Capt. Fluellen.....	Alec F. Thompson	Princess Katherine.....	Madge Titheradge
Nym.....	Thomas London		

There is a Shakespearean following in New York City, and it is a big one, too. Present the Bard in a playhouse at popular prices and the box office man has his hands full. Broadway audiences are not as poetically attuned, but he high-brow or pin-head, he is a foolish theatre-goer who overlooks his opportunity to see "Henry V" so well produced.

This is the third production that Shakespeare's chronicle play has had here in thirty-seven years. The Rignold one at Booth's and the Mansfield one at the Garden were more elaborate spectacularly. But to bring out the merits of this splendid series of patriotic events, couched in such glowing language, it needs not the fresh gorgeousness so associated with comic opera. Mr. Waller's scenery, costumes and accessories are entirely adequate. They provide all that is needed for the eye, and the star and his associates do full justice to the stirring periods, humorous flashes and sentimental passages that mark the play in which the Master is said to have poured out his heart's best in the delineation of the Mad Cap Prince who became so excellent a King. The condensation of the text has been capably accomplished, and the arrangements of scenes is such that continuity, clarity and the unities are all observed.

Waller in the title rôle is at his heroic best. There is splendid dash and romance to his portrait, even if it lacks the great essential youth, but his reading is a delight to the ear, crisp, vivid and varied. The company, too, in its entirety reads well, while several of the players deserve special mention for their admirable work.

Miss Madge Titheradge makes a beautiful figure as Rumour, and claims with really splendid dignity and expression. She doubts, too, the Princess Katherine, an impersonation of witching Gallic grace and charm.

Solid British worth and devotion are well expressed by Wallace Erskine as Exeter, while there is fire and distinction in Henry Carvill's rendering of the Constable of France. The bluff Williams is portrayed with hearty freshness and feeling by Frank Woolfe, while the

leading comely rôles, Fluellen and Pistol, are most humorously realized by Alec F. Thompson and Herbert Jarman. The former's fiery and voluble little Welshman is a gem of characterization. In short a capital performance and excellent company all around.

LIBERTY THEATRE. "MILESTONES." Play in three acts by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Produced on Sept. 17 with this cast:

John Rhead.....	Leslie Faber	Emily Rhead.....	Gladya Mason
Gertrude Rhead.....	Avriel Lee	Nancy Sibley.....	Barrell
Mrs. Rhead.....	Eugene Verne	Arthur Prece.....	Frederick Lloyd
Samuel Sibley.....	Warburton Gamble	Lady Rhead.....	Gillian Scaife
Rose Sibley.....	Gillian Scaife	Lord Monkham.....	Pouglas Isbert
Ned Pym.....	A. G. Onslow	Hon. Muriel Pym.....	Margaret Madson
Thompson.....	Wm. D. Fagan	Richard Sibley.....	Frank Aronson

"Milestones" is quaint, novel and interesting, but it is not the epoch-making play that the fulsome London notices seem to indicate. Its novelty—the progression of generations—each of the three has an act to itself, makes a far stronger appeal by its ingenious idea than by its brilliancy of literary expression. The dialogue is neat, clever and servicable, but it has not the poignant depth of big suggestion. It pleases. It fails to stir.

The action all takes place in a single room. The first happens in 1800 and the furnishings suggest all the terrors of the Victorian era. Here John Rhead, head of a ship-building firm, quarrels with his partner brother-in-law on account of his advanced business ideas and shatters a romance. Twenty-five years later another generation copes with a similar crisis. Again narrow-minded selfishness blocks the way and more heart pangs and disappointments occur. But in 1912 there is a declaration of emancipation. The latest generation refuses to be coerced. It declares for independence and it carries the day. The dominating pride of old age is forced to acknowledge defeat and the youth of to-day starts with every prospect of happiness and prosperity.

This quaint conceit is from the joint pens of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. The change in period makes for nice differentiation in costume, manners and moods, and the English company, especially imported for the production, shows careful selection and most thorough rehearsal. Leslie Faber, already known here, carries through the three acts. His youth, middle age and the serene and yellow are capably marked by him and show the resources of his alert and polished art. His wife is also portrayed with skillful resource by Gillian Scaife, while the third character to figure through the entire play is Rhead's sister, Gertrude, the living sacrifice to pride, who acts as a sort of protesting chorus and who aids the youngest couple in their fight for



Motene

SIGNOR TITTA RUFFO

Celebrated Italian baritone who will make his first appearance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 19 next in the rôle of "Hamlet"

freedom. This rôle was most sympathetically portrayed by Anriol Lee. For dramatic purposes of contrast some of the parts seemed very aged for their years, and natural youth occasionally peered beneath the outward symbols of advancing years.

GARRICK THEATRE. "THE ATTACK." Play in three acts by Henry Bernstein. Adapted into English by George Egerton. Produced on September 19 last with the following cast:

Alexandre Merital.....	John Mason	Julien Merital.....	Clinton Preston
Antoine Frenet.....	Sidney Herbert	Suzanne.....	Edmond Fitzgerald
Garancourt.....	Wilfred Braggott	Renée De Rouil.....	Martha Hedman
Daniel Merital.....	Frank Halliday	Georgette Merital.....	Eva Denison

Sometimes even an established dramatist may write too frequently for a single player. After a time he dramatizes solely the personality of his star. This would seem to be the case with Bernstein in his three-act play, "The Attack," which Guitry presented in Paris and in which John Mason is now appearing at the Garrick.

"L'Assaut" (its original title) is hardly a play. It is a recitation of the past in the life of Alexandre Merital, a prominent and successful political figure, who in his youth, to save a starving wife, embezzled. He had long since paid the debt, but a disreputable journalist sells the information to his rivals, and Merital is forced to sue for libel. However, the principal in the attack upon him has a far shadier past, and by some incriminating evidence which he has obtained Merital breaks down the opposition and saves his good name. Before all this mixup a young friend of his daughter has fallen in love with him, and in a scene (he has long since been a widower) between them, remarkable for its technical difficulties, and verging closely on the absurd, he accepts her love, for she practically forces it on him. Vindicated, however, by the courts, he feels he must tell her the truth, which he does in a long declamation about his unhappy youth, his struggles, his fall and his redemption. She understands and the final curtain falls. It was in this recitation that

Mr. Mason showed how broad and polished is his art. It was a story told with graphic feeling, poignant remorse and splendid tonal variety. In the other scenes he was equally sound and sure; but the character, probably racial, lacks the sympathy for big response. Sydney Herbert gave a virile and well-drawn rendering of his political rival, and the young girl who proposed to Merital was played with nice delicacy and restraint by Martha Hedman, a Swedish actress with a pretty face. The remaining rôles were "fillers," and the two sets very handsome and appropriately French. The second in particular was a gem.

BELASCO THEATRE. "THE CASE OF BECKY." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Dr. Emerson.....	Herbert Branning	Professor Balzano.....	Charles Dalton
Dr. Peters.....	Harry C. Browne	Thomas.....	John P. Brown
John Arnold.....	Eugene O'Brien	Dorothy.....	Frances Starr

"The Case of Becky" is romantic and yet real; improbable, if not impossible, yet scientific. To reconcile such opposing elements in a play requires skill, and that skill was possessed by Mr. Locke, who devised the play, and Mr. Belasco, who produced it. The success of such a piece as this depends upon controlling or subduing the point of view of the audience. Critical opinion might easily reject the happenings as improbable, impossible, inconsistent melodramatic, unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; but with impossible characters made very human, diverting and dramatic, criticism as often finds itself complaisant rather than antagonistic. If one does not regard the incidents as weirdly impressive, he may consent to their entertaining quality. The truth is the audiences of this play, whatever convictions or disbelief they may carry away with them as the power of hypnotism, can and do afford to take the play seriously during its performance. The characters are few, only six in number, and there is a concentration of interest that tends to tensify at every moment of the action.



White Max Mimi Anatol
(Oswald Yorke) (Doris Kirane) (John Barrymore)

The Rupture in the Restaurant. Mimi: "I don't think I ever really liked you, Anatol!"

SCENE IN ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S PLAY, "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

A Doctor has at his sanitarium a patient, a girl of about eighteen, with a dual nature, whose personal identity he has never been able to establish. Her history is mysterious. At times she is sweet in disposition, fond of reading, neat in her dress, mild manner, tractable, affectionate; at other times, the transition often being sudden, she is violent, uncontrollable in temper, un-

tractable, vicious, dishevelled, a different creature in every way. These contrasting moods constitute in the action a material part of what may be described as the performance, for it is as a performance that the play is most remarkable. The incidents in which the rebellious girl figures have so much detail in their variety that an account of them would call for a voluminous record; but it is in these details that much of the interest consists.

Miss Frances Starr in the dual rôle may be said to be inimitable. At all events, it is difficult to imagine any other actress of the day acting the part with the peculiar temperament needed, with the same neatness of execution and with the same celerity of change in emotion. The story is simple. A traveling hypnotist, giving an exhibition in the town, calls on the Doctor and presently claims this patient as his own daughter. The Doctor demands proof that he is her father. There is some doubt about his credentials and the refusal to give her up is delayed. In the last act the traveling performer comes, for the last time, to demand his child. The scene is in the Doctor's laboratory. Here we have Mr. Delasco's resources as a producer at his characteristic best. We see, before the impostor arrives, the use of the various electrical contrivances. Electric sparks six inches long are turned on to gratify the curiosity of a visitor. A musical electrical box is heard which puts a patient to sleep. The twirling blades quivering with light are turned on. The impostor arrives. The Doctor sees that he must extract the mystery of the man from him by means of hypnotizing him. This is accomplished by gradually getting him to test the influence of the contrivances that he scorns as modern scientific foolery and charlatanism. The impostor claims that hypnotism can be exercised only as a personal gift or power. The result is that the claimant of the girl is placed under the spell and confesses. It is discovered that he had used the girl in his performances and had kept her under his influence, and still had her under the same influence. More than this, it now appears that this same man had hired away the Doctor's wife years ago and kept her also for his purposes, the wife having died in the meantime. In short, the girl is the Doctor's own daughter.

It is in this romanticism that the play is weakest, but the play is now over, and the romantic improbability has been paid for by the absorbing interest of the action. It may be said, with much truth, that the play is an exhibition of Mr. Delasco's supreme skill in handling material that would be very hazardous in other hands. Much of the success of the play undoubtedly lies in the excellent ability of the actors chosen for the task, for it may well be described as such, for making reality out of the more or less unreal. Charles Dalton as the impostor gave a rare and amusing, as well as forcible, performance. Mr. Bruning as the Doctor was no less efficient. There are a few touches of love comedy between the nurse and the attendant young doctor.

WEBER'S, "A SCARPE of the PEN," Scottish comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Produced on September 26 with this cast:

Katie (Clapham)	Jean Evans	Mattha (Ingis)	Carl Lyle
Irish	or, Millie	Jean (Lewler or Menner)	John Barclay
Phoebe (McGill)	Helena Baird	Peter (Duke)	Edward Chester
Norman Scott	Helen MacGregor	Miss Pringle	John Hamilton
Mrs. Baile	Adam Barton	Tommy (King)	Marie Stuart
Geordie (Fox)	J. Crighton Russell	Mrs. MacAlister	Jean Power
Hugh (Murray)	W. G. Robb	Village Natural	Avon Adams
Sherbert	Faurett Lomas	Birdshead	Kate Evans
Lester (Ingis)	Agnes Bartholomew	Watty (Weir)	Roy Cochran

Graham Moffat's Scotch plays are interesting, not only because of what they are, but because of what they are not; they are not problem plays. They concern the ordinary happenings in the ordinary life of ordinary people. The stories are not new, being more or less conventional, but there is a very great novelty in his treatment of them. The novelty also largely consists in the authenticity of what he puts before us. Mr. Moffat is as well acquainted with the methods of the stage as he is with his characters, and consequently is always entertaining. It may be that he has used theatrical exaggeration in some of his types, but they are always diverting. The Hired Mourner in "A Scarpe of the Pen," for example, is a type that must have had real life in



Inte
MARJARET ANGLIN
Edward Sheldon's new play "Egypt," recently seen in Chicago. This piece is a story of a child who has been stolen by rapists and when arrived at maturity is reclaimed to her mourning parents.

Scenes in the Scotch Comedy "A Scrape O' The Pen" at Weber's.



Mattha Ingles (Carl Lyle) Hugh Meniers (W. G. Keith) Jean Meniers (John Burrows) Leerie Ingles (Agnes Bartholomew)
Act I Mattha: "We're no speakin'!"



Agnes Bartholomew Lila Entropy Carl Lyle
Finale of Act I Leerie: "My own gud man!"



Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle
Act II Scene 1. Mattha: "And where are the sons we begat, Leerie? Scattered to the ends of the world!"



Carl Lyle Agnes Bartholomew Alec Ingles (Leopold Frost)
Act III Alec returns from Africa after being absent seven years and finds his father still stern



Agnes Bartholomew Carl Lyle Leopold Frost
Finale of Act III. Alec tears and burns the hot a' paper and scrape of the pen



White Katherine Holm Robert Fielding
(Adelaide Nowak) (Charles Waldron)
Act 1. Robert Fielding: "How would it be if we tried for the miracle?"
SCENES IN HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S PLAY "JUNE



Frederick H. Hollis, Jr. Jane Thornburgh
(A. Dylton Allen) (Renee Kelly)
Act 2. Frederick: "But I can't see you from down here"
MADNESS" RECENTLY SEEN AT THE FULTON THEATRE

some fashion in rural communities in Scotland, or, if he is largely a fantastic creation, he is exceedingly droll and diverting and real. He is purely incidental to the action. Never did woeful visage inspire more mirth. He wears a white hand of crepe on his tall hat, weeps at every proper opportunity and declines to attend family prayers because he is taking a holiday. However, the Hired Mourner is only a single item among many types. The ease with which Scotch marriages used to be made has furnished material for many plays, but "A Scrape o' the Pen" is nevertheless a novelty. A young woman, thinking her husband by a Scotch marriage, with whom she had never lived, died in South Africa, gets information that he is alive and is about to return home. The brief certificate of marriage has been found by a stranger, a woman, returning from Africa, who delivers it to the parents of the young man in the presence of the new, happily-married woman. The old people have grown to love her, know that the wandering son is worthless, and have a sore struggle with their scruples of conscience as to what to do with the paper. They finally destroy it, but it is first brought out in a scene between the two signers of the marriage declaration that the girl had discovered his faithlessness to her in that when he left for Africa he had left behind him a maid whom he had betrayed, who had died of a broken heart after having given birth to a child. This child the woman has cared for. He resigns his pretensions. The paper is destroyed. This surely is a simple and even conventional story. But the situations are not worked out in the old emotional way for the sake of theatricalism. They remain dramatic enough. The young woman whose domestic happiness is threatened has less to do in the way of engaging our attention than the two old people. They are delightful. Their one quarrel is a touching exhibition of Scotch character, stubborn and narrow crabbedness on the one side and gentle simplicity on the other. The aged man reproaches his wife because she has

bought a new hat of a kind that he regards as proof of the sinful propensities of her pride. They quit speaking. The young woman of the "Scrape o' the Pen" reconciles them. The family prayer meeting, at which the old man read a dry chapter of Biblical genealogies because it was in the regular order of reading the good book clear through every year, was as amusing as a farce and as true in its humor as life itself. The wife, a quaint, gentle old woman, was delightfully acted by Miss Agnes Bartholomew, while the old husband, in the hands of Carl Lyle, was an equally pleasing performance in its companionship in art and nature. The play is episodic, and all the better for it. The eighteen characters, with the many other types seen on the village square on the wintry night when a spinster bride was conducted to her new home, are plain, lovable, distinctly Scotch honest folk. "A Scrape o' the Pen" is a little play worth the while, constantly entertaining with good sentiment and genuine comicities.

COHAN'S THEATRE, "Broadway Jones." Play in four acts by George M. Cohan. Produced on September 23 with this cast:

Warkin	M. J. Sullivan	Mrs. Scottswood	Helen F. Cohan
Jackson Jones	Geo. M. Cohan	Judge Scottswood	Jerry J. Cohan
Robert Wallace	George Farnum	Chas. Scottswood	Mary Murber
Mrs. Girard	Ada Gilman	Joan Richards	Myrtle Tanswell
Peter Penelope	William Walcott	Huggins	John Venton
Sam Scottswood	Russell Pines	Harry Hopper	Ed. Hubbs
Dave	Jack Klendon	Grover Wallace	Fletcher Harvey

For a long time there was a disposition to regard George M. Cohan as a peculiarly ephemeral product of Forty-second Street and Broadway. That time has passed. Mr. Cohan is now to be reckoned with as a dramatist of originality and technique and a light comedian of effervescent youth and individual charm. "Broadway Jones," as written by him, is a combination farce and comedy. Its plot is so simple that it is almost juvenile. But Mr. Cohan is a true observer of men and conditions, and applies the little comic and pathetic touches of life in a way which makes his completed fabric something distinctly (Continued on page 12)

SCENES IN "THE WHIP," AT THE MANHATTAN



Act 1. Captain Sartorius warns the ambitious couple that he must stand by the story of the fraudulent marriage



Act 2. The witness as a man dummy overhears the plot against the race



Act 3. "The Whip" is started for the Newmarket track



Act 4. Captain Sartorius cuts off the "lorry" from the Newmarket express



Act 5. The collision at the mouth of the tunnel



Act 6. Ready for the start in the great race

Humor is the spice of life. He who has it not, mistakes the one thing that makes the daily grind endurable. Perhaps more than any other calling, the profession of the mimner has been productive of humor. The comic incidents that frequently occur on the stage, and yet are not part of the entertainment, would

Anecdotes of the Stage

fill volumes. It is our purpose to print, from time to time, short and true anecdotes of the stage and its people. Players and managers are invited to contribute any amusing experiences of this nature they may have had. The only condition imposed is that the stories be true, be brief, and have humor and point.



THE elder Sothern was a firm believer in the noisy audience. He considered that the theatre-goer if pleased with the entertainment should consider it a duty to make loud demonstration of his enjoyment. William G. Rose tells a good story of one occasion when the actor was paying "Dundreary" in a small town where the manager of the theatre had recently been to New York. He had visited Madison Square theatre, at that time under semi-religious management, where dim light prevailed in the auditorium and loud applause was deemed decidedly indecorous. The manager returned to his town and gave a quiet "tip" on what was "the real thing" in New York theatre manners. Sothern and his company played the first act without evoking a laugh or a "hand." When the curtain fell he listened for the customary call, but there was only silence—awful silence. Then before the second act he gathered his company and said: "We don't seem to be hitting 'em at all. We must pitch in for all we are worth in this act." Six or seven times he went like Trojan, but apparently without result. At the end of the second act the local manager went to Sothern's dressing room and began to congratulate him on his success and to tell him how delighted his audience was.

Sothern interrupted him: "Don't grieve me," he said. "Why, I haven't heard any laughter or applause."

"Laughter—applause," returned the manager, proudly, as he drew himself to his full height and thrust his hand behind the breast folds of his coat; "I should hope not, indeed! There was one man snickered, but we jolt him out."

Madame Rudersdorff, the mother of Richard Mansfield, was for a time at the court of Vienna. Richard, fascinated as a child by the stories she told with admirable mimicry of the great personages she met in the Austrian capital, used in later life to recall many of them. The Esterhazy family had attached to their mansion or palace a private theatre, in which it was the delight of their friends and themselves to give representations of plays then in favor before the Emperor, the Court, and the elite of Vienna. Madame Rudersdorff was naturally in great demand, and, besides being called upon to fill the chief rôles, she spent no little time in instructing the Princesses in the art of stage "get-up." Despite all her exertions, however, the performances did not always run as smoothly as might have been desired, and one in particular seems to have come to thorough grief. I cannot remember what particular play it was the Esterhazy's had announced, but, whatever it was, the Emperor graced the performance with his presence, seated in a delightfully comfortable fanteuil very near the stage; and all the court was there in grand gala. The Emperor, having been conversed in silence (for he was an imperial chat-erloo), the first act commenced, and everything went well until the elder Esterhazy, staided to the heart, had to fall dead on the stage, and chose to fall just beneath the huge candelabrum. Now, most unfortunately, owing to a draught in the upper regions, the wax-lights of the candelabrum were dripping and one by one drops of hot wax fell upon the upturned face of the prostrate Count. He bore it like a Spartan for some time, then he began to wink violently (the Emperor leaning forward was eagerly watching the situation), and at last, an extra hot drop having struck him between the eyes, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Der Teufel mag hier socht sein—ich aber nicht? (The devil may be dead here—*but not I*), and walked himself off amidst the laughter of the audience and to the great delight of the Emperor."

Joseph Jefferson was sensitive on the subject of his retirement from the stage. The interviewer put the question of farewell to him generally received a rather sharp, but pleasant reply. The story is told of a newspaper reporter in the South who once got the best of him. The actor came down stairs at the hotel and was much disturbed to find a long, but mysteriously worded article in which the word retired was closely connected



with his name. He knew the managing editor, and made a half-hearted complaint. The reporter was called in and asked where he got the story.

"The city editor told me to see Mr. Jefferson," said the young man, "and ask him if he was going to retire."

"Well, did you see him?" demanded the editor somewhat sharply. "No, sir," replied the reporter. "I sent up my card to his room and it was sent back in a few minutes with this written on it: 'Mr. Jefferson has retired.'"

And then the actor, who used to sleep twenty years in every performance, took the reporter out and bought him a \$5 hat.

The late Mrs. Gilbert in her interesting reminiscences tells of an amusing incident she over witnessed in Dublin. "I remember we were just going to open our show—we were something like the famous Ravel Brothers, only our work would be serious comedy while theirs was farce—and we went in to see the performance of 'Pam', as actors always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let Mephistopheles down to the under-world. He went halfway down, and then stuck; they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: 'Hurrah, boys, he'll fall, and the house roared.'"

The same actress, speaking of her experiences with Augustin Daly, says: "Mr. Daly was very exacting in his training of the subordinates and would not tolerate anyone standing about as if uninterested in the action of the piece. Once, I remember, Miss Irwin, in the character of an avowed tramp, had to lean against the corridor, always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let Mephistopheles down to the under-world. He went halfway down, and then stuck; they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: 'Hurrah, boys, he'll fall, and the house roared.'"

George Bernard Shaw's keen sense of humor enabled him, of course, to enjoy hugely an incident which happened a few years ago in London. When his "Arms and the Man" was first produced, the satire was heartily received. At the fall of the curtain there were loud calls for the author, to which Shaw finally designed to respond. The audience was still applauding when suddenly one dissenting voice in the gallery "bowed" with the full power of a very strong pair of lungs. Shaw looked up at the disturber and said, very seriously:

"Yes, sir, I quite agree with you; but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

During a performance of "Arizona" in a small Connecticut town an elderly gentleman, with multifarious whiskers, accompanied by his wife, occupied seats in the last row of the orchestra. Underneath the setting forth of the cast in the programme was the usual synopsis of the scenes, the last line reading: "Act 4 same as Act 1." When the curtain fell on the third act the old man picked up his hat and umbrella and said to his companion:

"Come along, Maria. We can catch that 10.30 train if we hurry. The programme says the last act is the same as the first, and I don't see no use of waiting to look at it over again." And they hustled off homeward.

The Hon. William C. Preston, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, was well (Continued on page 171)





Photomontage

No. 1. Frances Starr in the dual role of Dorothy and Becky. No. 2. Act I. Dr. Emerson (Albert Brunning), Becky (Miss Starr), Miss Pettigrew (Mary Lawton), John Arnold (Eugene O'Brien). Becky makes an unconventional exit. No. 3. Act II. The doctors watch Becky's strange mental phenomena. No. 4. Act II. Dorothy comes down stairs in obedience to a voice which must be obeyed. No. 5. Act III. Professor Rahnam exposed. Dorothy learns that Dr. Emerson is her father.

SCENES IN EDWARD LOCKE'S CURIOUS PLAY OF DUAL PERSONALITY, "THE CASE OF BECKY"



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SINGIOR CARUSO



GERALDINE FARRAR



LUCREZIA BORI
New soprano



WILLY BUERS
New baritone



STELLA DE METTE
New contralto

BRILLIANT OPERA SEASON

MUSIC, "heavenly maid," is going to be the most favored of the arts this winter. With an opera season longer than any previous one ever attempted at the Metropolitan Opera House—for it is to be twenty-three weeks this season—with visiting opera by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, with four important local orchestras and one from Boston, with Europe opening its flood gates of concert soloists—all these promise a season of music the like of which the ears of New Yorkers have never yet encountered. The word "encountered" is used advisedly, for it is going to be an artistic battle royal when violin bows and ivory piano keys will be crossed in musical combat.

Of surpassing interest is, of course, the Metropolitan opera season, which begins November 11th. Ginlio Gatti-Casazza, general manager, has been abroad all summer, searching in the old world's highways and also in its byways, for artists with which to populate his company and for novelties with which to add lustre to his repertoire. The result of his searches, extending back a twelve-month, are that we are to hear new singers—Friedla Hempel, a German lyric soprano, famous for her coloratura; Lucrezia Bori, a Spanish soprano, who has won spurs in Paris, and considered a great find, for, in addition to her admirable qualities as an artist, she is said to have great personal stage charm, coupled with two rare and highly important items, namely, youth and beauty; then, for smaller soprano parts, there are to be heard two American singers, Louise Cox and Vera Cirris. Also among the contraltos are there two new American singers, Stella de Mette and Lila Robeson. Nor are new American recruits missing in the men's voices, for there is listed Paul Althouse, a native tenor. A new Italian tenor, Umberto Marvez, will be heard, as will a famous new German tenor, Jacques Urhus. The latter is most highly praised in the Kaiser's domain, and he sang a few special performances in this country in Boston last season. Two new baritones appear on this season's roster, Willy Buers and Eduard Erhard, and a new basso is Carl Braun—all three being Germans. Then there is a new conductor, Giorgio Polacco, of whom Gatti-Casazza speaks enthusiastically. He has the reputation abroad of being an admirable leader, has conducted in Italy, Spain and South America and was in this country for a while, conducting the English performances of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," produced by Henry W. Savage.

And now for the returning favorites. Not a single big name will be missed from the list. Here they are for your exultation: Caruso, Farrar, Fremstad, Destinn, Gadske, Alda, Homer, Matzenauer, Maubourg, Burrian, Martin, Slezak, Jörn, Hensel, Amato, Scotti, Weil, Gilly, Goritz, Rother, Griswold, Didur, and Witherspoon. All three of last season's conductors will return—Toscanini, Herz and Sturani. To the list of first ballet dancers a new name will be added, Eva Swain, an American girl. Then, too, the Metropolitan is to have visiting artists from the Chicago and the Boston opera organizations, and these names include Carmen Melis, Cecilia Giagliardi, Charles Dalmores, Giovanni Zenatello, Clarence Whitehill and Edward Lankow.

As for the new works to be heard, let the list be headed by "Cyrano," an American opera to be sung in English. The composer is Walter Damrosch and the librettist is William J. Henderson—the former the conductor of the New York Symphony Society, and the latter a well-known author and music critic. The story is based, of course, upon Rostand's familiar "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the rôle of Roxane will probably be sung by Alda. The production of "Cyrano" is a continuation of the announced policy of the Metropolitan Opera House directors to further the cause of the native composer and of opera in



JACQUES URLUS
New tenor



LOUISE COX
New soprano



CARL BRAUN
New basso

FOR THE METROPOLITAN

English. This will be the first performance on any stage of "Cyrano."

The only other real novelty of the list is the Russian opera, "Boris Godounoff," by Moussorgsky, and possibly one other, a French work, namely, "Le Chemineau," by Xavier Leroux. There appears to be a dearth abroad of suitable novelties. Boito has not yet completed his everlasting "Nero," Charpentier is slow in finishing his "La Vie de l'Poète," and Claude Debussy seems to be tardy in putting finishing touches to three operas, "La Chute de la Maison Usher," "Le Diable dans le Beffroi" and "La Légende de Tristan"—all of which new works will find their way quickly to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House when completed.

Still, the next best thing to a novelty—and in some cases it is infinitely preferable—is the revival of masterpieces. So Mozart's "The Magic Flute" will be sung for the first time in years, handsomely trapped out and with a star cast. Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be revived for the opening performance of the season, also with a notable array of singers. Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" will be produced for the first time by the Metropolitan company, although it has had performances in this opera house by the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago singers. Puccini's neglected "Manon" will be revived, and as Massenet's tuneful operatic version of the same subject will again be given, the public will have two "Manons" to choose from. It is also likely that Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna" will be heard here.

The regular repertoire will be chosen from the forty odd standard operas that the Metropolitan artists have at their finger tips and that have been produced here. They need not be catalogued in this article, but represent the very pick of former presentations by this company.

That, in a nutshell, is what may be expected of the Metropolitan this season.

And it is "promise-grammed," backed by the standards of Gatti's régime, which aim for highest artistic achievement.

No details of the five performances of the Philadelphia-Chicago company in the Metropolitan are available, but they doubtless will present an array of novelties here. An important addition has been made to the roster of artists that have been engaged for that organization by Andreas Dippel, namely, Titta Ruffo, probably the most sensationally famous baritone of the day. Philadelphia and Chicago are both to enjoy long seasons of grand opera at the hands of this company, and then there is to be a trip to the Coast in the late spring. So grand opera will flourish like the bay tree all over this land, Boston supporting its own company. But New York is to have the longest season of any of these cities, and the advance subscription is the biggest in the history of the Metropolitan, for it is said to approximate a million dollars.

Yet all this outpouring of music is but one phase of New York musical life, for there are to be orchestral concerts and recitals in endless array, afternoon and evening. A new concert auditorium, the Æolian Hall, has been added to the public music places of this city and will share with Carnegie Hall the burden of housing eager music makers and insatiable music lovers.

Forty concerts alone will be given by the Philharmonic Society, Josef Stransky conducting. Walter Damrosch will again lead his men, the Symphony Society of New York, in a series of regular subscription and educational concerts, and also in a series of Young People's Symphony concerts. Educational concerts for wage-earners will again be led by F. X. Arens in his series of People's Symphony concerts, and the Russian Symphony Society, conducted



FRIDA HEMPEL
New soprano



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CHARLES PALMORES

Dramatic Action in Opera

To many people it will seem as though this matter should be disposed of in the same fashion as the chapter on snakes in Iceland—there are no snakes in Iceland. Nevertheless, while the view, which considers that there is no dramatic action worth serious consideration in opera, is widely held, it is quite untrue to the facts. There are two reasons why people who are accustomed to the theatre fail at first to appreciate the histrionic force of the artists of the opera. First, it is another art from that of the actor in the regular drama, which must be understood and judged from a different point of view. The action on the stage of the theatre which purposes to reproduce the image of life in the actual world, to copy the daily fact of living men, sets before the actors another goal from that of the opera singer who deals with a medium in which life is seen through a poetization of that fact rather than a reproduction. Then the music with its intricate laws of pitch and rhythm compels a much slower tempo for the action of the drama, depending more on the psychic unfolding, with only now and then at the climax anything approaching the speed of movement to which we are accustomed in the theatre.

Another point, often overlooked, yet vital in the matter of appreciation, is the distance from which the action of opera is usually viewed by the audience. In our opera houses the bulk of the audience sit at a distance from the stage great enough to carry them outside the walls of the average theatre, yet they somehow expect to feel the same intimate contact with the singers that they are used to in the theatre, which is a manifest impossibility. The powers of facial expression will only carry about so far, and what the audience cannot see with its own eyes might as well not exist, yet it is unfair to deny these powers to the singing actor just because the people sit too far away to observe them. Consequently the actor in opera has at the very beginning a handicap that is inevitable in the very nature of things. To receive the best effects of the music as a whole the audience must sit far enough away so that the intimacy on which the artist depends for his playing of the part is impossible.

Any fine performance of opera is two totally different things according to the location of the auditor. If he goes far back or up into the gallery, to gain the ensemble of the music perfectly blended and mellowed, he cannot gain the dramatic feeling, while if he comes far enough forward, so that the personality of the artist can reach him with full force, he loses something of the illusive charm of the music. Besides this, no matter what the intention, only a very small portion of the audience can approach the stage near enough to feel the intensity of the dramatic action, so that at every performance of opera the vastly greater part must be beyond its range. There is no possible way of remedying this state of affairs, since it is inherent in the fundamental law of the opera house, but this does not change the fact that for the few near enough to see, there are magnificent portrayals from the singing actors.

In the theatres there is a constant movement to run down the size of the auditorium in order to make possible the intimacy between actor and audience on which the finest effects depend, and it is to be hoped that some day the idea will take hold on the directors of opera, that some things are ridiculously misplaced on the cavernous stages of the great opera houses. There are a number of operas, which in our loose way we call "grand operas," merely because they are sung in a foreign tongue, and given at the Metropolitan, which were never intended save for the conditions of a small house, and are shorn of half their charm as at present given.

For a modern instance take that altogether delightful gem, "The Secret of Susanne," of Wolf-Ferrari, which it was our good fortune to see one evening on the stage of a private club, with a small orchestra. It had a spontaneity and charm about it, and



Modest

HENRY B. WARNER

This popular actor will be seen shortly on Broadway in a new play

the audience received an impression from it, which was never possible on any of the big stages where we had seen it so often. Even though it was given in Italian, the action was so expressive, and the artists made it carry so well, that people who had seen it before under other conditions were thoroughly surprised to find what there was in it, and the skill with which the singers brought it out.

On the other hand, suppose you see it from a good seat in the balcony in the Auditorium in Chicago, where it was given a number of times last winter. The singers on the stage are in cold fact a half a block away, or as opera-goers measure distance in New York, a full block, and four stories below. Now what chance would any actor have of making the glance of his eyes carry? The actor is put to no such test, but the singer has to meet it every time he steps onto the stage, and trying in some way to solve the problem he is led into an overemphasis, which makes him stilted or exaggerated. KARLETON HACKETT.

Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" on the Stage

THE carping critics may say that "Little Women," the dramatization by Marian de Forest and Jessie Bonstelle of Miss Louisa Alcott's popular book, is not a play, but they cannot deny that it is a success. It succeeds because it is true.

It is true not only because every one of the characters has been taken from life, and because the setting on the stage is an exact

replica of the setting of the story, but because it depicts the simple joys and sorrows, the fun and the tears that enter into our everyday existence, of which the world knows so little and we ourselves so much! It treats of the big and the little things that come into our ordinary lives to try tempers and to make destinies. The play makes its appeal not as a dramatic story, nor as a *genre* picture, but as a family chronicle full of humanity and true sentiment and free from theatrical effect and studied emotion. It is realism in its truest sense—a piece out of life which we know to have had its beginning long before the curtain rose, and which will go on even as we return home to continue the thread of our own lives.



Michael
JESSIE BONSTELLE.
Who first conceived the idea of putting "Little Women" on the stage.

The scene is laid in the sitting-room of the March home, which, down to minutest detail, is exactly like that in the old Alcott house, which, thanks to the clubwomen of Concord, Massachusetts, stands to-day as it did when Bronson Alcott discussed transcendentalism with the others of that famous group of New England philosophers and when Louisa first exercised her genius by writing penny-dreadfuls. In the last act there is a short scene played in the Plumfield Orchard, where so many of the March girls' pranks and games were played.

The play opens, as does the book, with the girls discussing the throes of thrift, especially severe around Christmas time. Jo, as usual, is sprawled out on the hearth rug reading a book; Meg is giving eldest sisterly advice, most of which is directed at and assimilated by Amy, while Beth is quietly and unobtrusively attending to her household tasks. This chatter and banter leads to the rehearsal of Jo's latest creation of the pen, a thrilling melodrama, in which Marie Parey, as the dashing Roderigo, struts about in the identical boots worn by the original Jo and which she got "from a friend who knew a lady who knew an actor."

This act includes the incident of Jo's sacrifice of her one pride—her glorious chestnut mane of hair—and the pathetic little "private moon" she held when she finally realized the significance of her sacrifice. It closes with the arrival of a telegram from the war hospital summoning Mrs. March to Washington and the departure of "Marmee" for the South.

When the second curtain rises the convalescent father has returned home to face the difficulties attached to large families and diminished incomes. Help comes with the publication of Jo's first "thriller," and further complications in family affairs with the arrival of Dan Cupid. Meg lets him in—to Jo's utter disgust and dismay and to the delight of everyone else, for John Brooke is as nice and honest a lad as one could find. But Jo turns him out, for she tells Laurie, her loyal playmate, that she can never love him nor any man!

The genial German professor, Dr. Baehr, here makes his first appearance, as does the irascible Aunt March, whose tongue is as sharp as her heart is warm. The curtain falls as Amy, a vision of loveliness, arrayed for the hall, hesitates upon the stairs, unwilling to interrupt her mother, who is seeking to comfort Laurie with the reassurance that some day he will surely find the girl that was meant for him. It is an ominous moment!

In the third act we find all the excitement and bustle of a

household enlarged by the arrival of twins—Meg's famous "Demi" and "Daisy." We have a demonstration of Jo's "genius burning" as the scarlet bow on her bonnet of inspiration signals a warning for silence! We see the beginning of a love affair for the impenetrable Jo and the death of her beloved little Beth.

A jolly scene in the orchard, where the doctor makes love to Jo, under difficulties and an umbrella, and a soberer scene of like import between Amy and Laurie end the play.

After Miss Alcott had published the first part of her book she was flooded with letters of inquiry, criticism and protest. Everybody was saying, "And then?" So she wrote Part Two to tell them what happened "then," but not before recording a protest in her diary: "More letters from girls to ask whom the little women marry, as if that were the only end of a woman's life. No! I won't marry Laurie and Jo to please anyone."

History, as is its habit, repeated itself, and so, just as soon as it was announced that this book was to be dramatized, the collaborators were besieged with offers of daguerreotypes, clothes, furniture and furnishings to make the setting historically correct, and suggestions for better endings and changes in the plot which the writers thought would be more satisfactory.

"Their chief worry is the marriage of Laurie and Jo," said Miss Bonstelle. "Girls seem to think the dramatization is made to remedy all the disappointments in the book. But it would be only disloyal to the 'Little Women' themselves to make any radical changes as in the relation between these two, but Miss Alcott has made such a genuine life-study of all her characters that even after these years they cannot be retouched without vitally affecting the whole story. Whatever you may find in the play which you do not recall having read in the book, be assured that we have the authority of Miss Alcott's diary for putting it in. In the book, you know, not much is written about Beth's death, but we have made a scene of this because it helps to emphasize the sweetness and the spirituality of the child and the tender big-heartedness and strength of Jo. When Beth says: 'This morning I watched the sunrise as the darkness faded into the gray and the violet. I watched and waited . . . the sky got rosy and beautiful and then—everything seemed to stand still, as if God's hand had rested on the earth for a moment. And then—the glory of the sun! It was like going through a long, dark passage—or a grave—and suddenly coming into light! And—Jo, dear—I knew, then, that the Angel of Life was waiting for me!—when she says that, she is merely repeating what little eleven-year-old Louisa Alcott confided to her diary.'"

Because the centre of the story is the centre of a true woman's dreams—the home—this play makes its special appeal to the feminine part of the audience. But it is said on authority by those who were there to see and hear, fathers and brothers went to see it, too, that they laughed just as heartily over the funny and the foolish things that happened, and that they blew their noses very hard and coughed alarmingly as they contemptuously regarded the women-folk shamelessly using their pocket handkerchiefs for a wee bit of a weep!

With what sentiment the American woman cherishes her "Little Women" this little poem, dedicated to the players and written by May Goldrich Hewes, serves best to show:

Dear comrades of those happy days,
When as a little girl I read
With many smiles and many tears
Of the quaint things you did and said,
I little thought as then I scanned
With eager eyes each glowing page,
That you would step from our Book-Land
And I should find you on the stage!
Yet here I greet you as of old—
My "Little Women." As I see
The story of your lives unfold
The breath of youth comes back to me.
My spirit playmates! here I greet
Your living presence warm and sweet.

E. E. v. B.



No. 1. The four "little women"—Beth (Gladys Huette), Jo (Marie Farris), Meg (Alice Brady), Amy (Berkeley West). No. 2. Marmee (Gertrude Berkeley) and the four little women. No. 3. The courteship of Meg. No. 4. The passing of Beth. No. 5. Amy asks Laurie (Howard Esterbrook) to borrow her glove. No. 6. Jo in the apple orchard.

SCENES IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF "LITTLE WOMEN" NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE PLAYHOUSE



Sarny

MARTHA HEDMAN

Swedish actress brought to America by Charles Frohman to play *Bene* in "The Attack."

A Newcomer on Broadway

A CROWN of wonderful flaxen hair, milk white skin and deep blue eyes, a young woman of great charm of manner, that sparkling, blonde type which has been the ideal of the Scandinavian races for centuries—that is Martha Hedman, the Swedish actress who made her American debut in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre last month.

Prior to her first appearance here as John Mason's leading woman, Miss Hedman was quite unknown in America. In fact, she had never before acted in English. Her success on Broadway will doubtless encourage her to remain here. The part she played in "The Attack" gave her little opportunity to show of what she was really capable. As the young girl who makes love to the elderly French Senator, she played with nice delicacy and restraint a most difficult and exacting rôle. Not only has she a pleasing personality, but she showed fine technique, careful schooling, and held herself well in hand throughout. The critics were not slow to give her as much credit for talent as beauty.

For several years Miss Hedman has acted in the leading theatres of Stockholm. The strength and sturdiness of the North is apparent at a glance, and yet there is a certain softness about her features which suggests the temperamental qualities of the South.

"Until the first performance of 'The Attack' in Buffalo, a week before the New York opening, I had never acted in English," said Miss Hedman in her apartment at the Hotel Majestic the other day. "I went to London about a year ago to visit my sister, who is on the stage there. I liked England so well I remained there for several months. Of course, I studied the language and I was soon able to make myself understood, although I do not speak it fluently. Last summer I met Mr. Dion Boucicault, and he brought me to the attention of Mr. Frohman, who engaged me for 'The Attack.' Before I sailed for America I went back to Stockholm for a brief visit and I witnessed the Olympic games before sailing for New York.

"Where was I born? I was born in Ostersund, a little town in northern Sweden, where my father was postmaster. When I was fourteen I went to Helsingfors, Finland, where I entered one of the government schools for the stage. One of my teachers was Siri von Essen, August Strindberg's first wife. She took a great interest in me. In fact, she made me her private pupil and devoted practically all of her time to me. When I was eighteen, Albert Ranft, the Charles Frohman of Sweden, engaged me for



Sarny

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF MISS HEDMAN

one of his companies in Stockholm. Almost before I knew it I was playing prominent rôles. I appeared in several of Strindberg's dramas and in Shakespearean repertory. Strindberg's scene I interested in me, and I was intimately acquainted with each of his three wives. His first wife died within a few weeks of his demise. His second wife is now living in London, while his widow, Harriet Bosse, is one of the leading actresses in Stockholm. I understand 'The Father' is the only one of Strindberg's dramas that has been produced in New York. That's a pity. He was a very great man, but it will be many years before his dramas are understood here. To-day you would call 'Miss Julie' unfit for presentation. Ten years from now you will hail it as a great drama."

KARL K. KITCHEN.



LOBBY OF THE NEW SPICOKLES THEATRE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

This splendid new playhouse built by a wealthy resident of San Diego is said to represent an expenditure of \$4,000,000. It is described as one of the most beautiful theatres in the world. The walls and ceiling of the lobby are entirely of pedraony, and to utilize the transparencies of this beautiful stone electric lights are concealed behind the slabs so that the beautiful decorative effect is secured. The house was formally opened on August 23 last with "Bonny and Paid For."

HEALTHFUL amusement is a social necessity. No scheme of education is complete until it provides for the cheerful and innocent relaxation of the human mind. And the psychological moment has come for the churches of every name to make this matter a part of their recognized mission to the world.

On a recent holiday I visited one of the noted pleasure grounds of London and saw the shadow of care lifted from the faces of the multitude. Thousands of men had laid their worries down with their tools or locked them up with their papers, and had thrown themselves into the holiday current with all the spontaneity of little children. In the afternoon of the same day I went into one of the darkest corners of the great city and saw the people in whose lives all laughter had died away. And while I watched them there and reflected how great a service some generous Briton might do for his country and for his king by moving the whole of East London to Epping Forest for a day, I suddenly remembered having seen that same look of deadness to pleasure even on the faces of many pleasure-seekers, not alone in Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath, but in all London; not in London alone, but in steadfast and beautiful Edinburgh, where a many-a palace of ancient nobility has become the fortress of modern wretchedness; in every city of Europe and the world. Wherever the people are gathered in groups or multitudes, there you will discover men that stand sullenly apart from the common joy, alone in the crowd, on their souls not only the burden of London and all the world of to-day, but the burden of Babylon and all the yesterdays, and on their faces the lingering shadow of the dark ages!

For such as these it is not enough to build a church and call them to prayer. Religion must everywhere manifest that social

The Duty of the Stage

By LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS

Lyman Edwin Davis, LL.D., of Philadelphia, Pa., will be one of the speakers at the Second World's Christian Citizenship Conference at Portland, Oregon, in June next, when students and students from all parts of the world will discuss the stage and all manner of amusements found to be in competition with the church. Liberal church men, such men as the Rev. Percy Stirkway Grant, Rev. Dr. James S. Martin and Rev. Dr. James McMan have come to regard the stage as a factor for good if directed for good, and their idea is to meet the natural conviction in a rational way, i. e., make the church as interesting and as uplifting as the decent stage.

wisdom which recognizes the window of earthly hope as a necessary complement to the window of heavenly faith. Joy must be made to spring forth in the path of loneliness; and even the desert of despair may become a garden of happiness if men will only dig occasional wells of laughter!

In an up-to-date asylum for the insane they keep a good artist for no other purpose than just to sing a laughing-song, because they discovered that certain phases of melancholia are cured in that way. There is a kind of social melancholia abroad in many lands to-day. And when I saw the shadow of the disease again in Hampstead Heath I could not rid myself of a certain strange wish, rising almost to the heights of prayer, that for one day at least all the church bells of London, including the chimes of the great cathedral that broods so lovingly over the city yonder in the distance, might be attuned to the laughing-song, to dispel, if possible, this malady which has quarantined so many souls from the joy of the multitude.

But while we may all believe in the ministry of amusement, our age has permitted and encouraged the degradation of all the popular pleasures. All proper amusement is the healthful relaxation of body, mind and spirit. But our standard of amusements to-day, beginning and ending with the stage, is pitifully low, and the contagion of mediocrity is forcing it constantly downward. It is just as true of a people's recreations as of their money that the bad will drive out the good, and when the bad is accepted at par value the good will perish. It is not enough to have right opinions on this subject. That will no more influence the healthful culture of the community than will gold hid in the garden help to relieve a financial panic. Every thoughtful Anglo-Saxon must inquire what to do. The recreations of a people largely determine their character. A man's

earthly ideals, as well as his religious hopes, will go with him to church, and rise to his loftiest mount of prayer; but his everyday life will uniformly find the level of his pleasures. What is the natural drift of a man's nature, when he lets go? What will a man do when he has nothing to do?

What kind of material is your boy's pleasure-hour building into his character—gold, silver and precious stones, or hay, wood and stubble? These also are questions of the day! It is the duty of society, if led only by exalted self-interest and self-preservation, to fill the empty places of human life with intelligent amusements. This obligation lies, big with weal or woe, at the door of the churches; and perhaps the most important social adjunct of Christian duty at this moment is the elevation of the drama, and the displacement of those demoralizing by-plays which are shrivelling the youth of this Twentieth Century.

In what respect has the stage degenerated? What elements of power has it lost since the days of its greatest influence? Let us approach the subject on the positive side, rather than the negative, and recall the two great elements of dramatic literature; the two elements which represent the deepest well-springs of literature, and which have given to the stage, whether in Athens or in London, whether in Germany or in America, its every golden age, its every star of renown.

In the first place, the masters of dramatic literature have reproduced human nature in all its tragic fullness; human nature true to itself, the evil and the good alike, unrestrained by any authority, save only the master-motives of the soul and the dominant forces of environment. They have given to the stage the whole man, the typical character, in all its integrity. If separate attributes and passions are delineated it is only to develop and photograph, all the more clearly, the final unit of personality.

Shakespeare makes you see the sordid ambition of Macbeth; Sophocles makes you see the very essence of woe in the person of Oedipus; Goethe makes you see the genius of social iniquity in the person of Mephistopheles; Dickens makes you see the ugliness of false humility in the person of Uriah Heep. But these formative traits are introduced simply to mark the evolution of a complete nature; and, in the final presentment, what these great masters have compelled you to see is Macbeth himself, and Oedipus himself, and Mephistopheles himself, and Uriah Heep himself; and so vividly to see them that they are forever walking before you on the stage of human life. That kind of drama, properly understood, is elevating and ennobling, because it makes vice repulsive and virtue beautiful. The Bible itself thus photographs human life in all its rugged fullness, for the Bible is not only a revelation of the divine will, but a revelation also of human nature; a looking-glass for the souls of way-

ward men. What is the other enduring element in dramatic literature? Moral inspiration! If there is one immortal book in any literature, it has been made immortal by the self-radiant halo of some great and eternal truth.

Take for example Shakespeare's King Lear, when he is on the heath in the midnight thunder-storm, and at the moment when the ingratitude of his children is about to compass the overthrow of his reason; and yet, for the moment, his reason all the keener for its frenzy of righteous indignation. It is then he utters that pathetic apostrophe to the storm:

"I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness!

I never gave you kingdoms; never called you children."

Where did Shakespeare find the demons of human nature with which he peoples the hearts of those ungrateful daughters? He found them right there in London; for the city is human nature tortured with devils. Where did Shakespeare find that moral genius which presides over the tragedy of "King Lear" from first to last, rebuking the sin of ingratitude as by the voice of heaven? That, too, he found in London, for the city is also human nature transfigured on the mountain.

In a word, every genius who has contributed literary greatness and moral good to the stage, has achieved that result by presenting human passions in conflict with moral forces; and he has so presented this conflict that whether for the moment good or evil wins the victory, the aftermath of influence is for the good of humanity. These great elemental principles must be restored to the drama, and there is happily in many quarters, both behind the curtain and in the arena of public sentiment, an honest endeavor to elevate the stage. All creative work in literature follows, however afar off, the first creative work of all: the common clay of human nature, in all its ugliness; and then the fashioning hand of genius; and then the breath of moral energy! And, for the public welfare, for the preservation of the State and for the salvation of human society, these voices must echo, through whatsoever whispered influence, some lofty sentiment such as Sophocles uttered for the Athenian stage more than two thousand years ago:

"O may I live
Sinless and pure in every word and deed.
Ordained by those firm laws that hold their realm
On high."

LYMAN EDWIN DAVIS.



Gold & Marsden
As Gabor Szabo in "The Merry Countess," at the Casino

ence, some lofty sentiment such as Sophocles uttered for the Athenian stage more than two thousand years ago:

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Sinless and pure in every word and deed.
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On high."

LYMAN EDWIN DAVIS.

Maude Adams and a company of over fifty players left New York on Oct. 3 for Charlotte, North Carolina. Charles Frohman gave the first of two hundred performances of "Peter Pan," which piece interspersed with special University performances of two other Burrie plays, "The Legion of Leonora" and "The Ladies' Shakespeare," will constitute Miss Adams' repertoire for the next season and a half. The present tour is a wide one, touching points as far apart as New Orleans and Vancouver.



Sarony

MRS FISCHE

This distinguished actress will appear in New York in December in a new play by Edward Sheldon entitled 'The High Road.' The play deals with modern American life, and in it Mrs. Fiske will have a role of great dramatic and psychological interest.



Photos, Gabriel Moulin

THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

The Bohemian Club's New Grove Play

THE famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented their annual grove play in the club's primeval grove, near Guerneville, California, on Saturday night, August 10, last, when Joseph Redding's blank verse drama, "The Attonement of Pan," was presented to a distinguished audience, comprising a thousand San Francisco members of the club and their friends, and also a large number of guests from Eastern cities, among whom were many literary and artistic celebrities.

It is doubtful if the full beauties of Redding's blank verse story can ever be thoroughly appreciated outside the Grove, for much of its charm depends upon the natural forest atmosphere and the traditions of this unique club. The music by Henry Hadley, leader of the San Francisco symphony orchestra, on the other hand, will be enjoyed anywhere. It is generally conceded to be the most original work of Mr. Hadley's career, surpassing in freedom from convention "The Four Seasons," which until now has been considered his best effort.

Pan, Arcadian deity of pastoral life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zephyrus, youngest son of Astræus, father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon Eos disclosing to Pan her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia. Astræus, discovering their flight, in rage calls upon his Harpies, and sends them forth

in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son. Ten years elapse, and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep at the base of a statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmed veil, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning, to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls and nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight. They gather courage, and after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris, whom they crown as Flora, goddess bountiful. Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while the nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion in a brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion rushes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies

from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the heart. He falls dead at the foot of the statue. The hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the music of their dance the nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus

leads Flora from the scene. Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air. The last scene returns to the home of Astræus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his cave. His mighty prowess and his Harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far from the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus, Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence and that she has pledged the union of the twain. She will return to Astræus if he also will give consent to this great union. The father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astræus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes

are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and amid a great flood of light, which illuminates the forest, he stands before the world once more the perfect child created at birth.

Foremost in the cast was David Bispham, transformed for the evening into the pastoral deity Pan, who in his early days was called to rule in fair Arcadia. The remainder of the dramatic personnel were: Zephyrus (as a child), youngest son of Astræus and his wife Eos, Master Nielson; Zephyrus (as a youth grown), Harold Baxter; Eos, wife of Astræus and mother of Zephyrus, afterward Anora, Richard M. Hotaling; Astræus, Father of the Winds of Destruction, Myron Wolf; Nicotæ, one of the Harpies, Randal Borough; Acholoe, another Harpie, Harris Allen; Orion, a demigod and hunter, J. Wilson Shiels; Silems, cup bearer to Orion, Henry A. Melvin; Chloris, an Arcadian Nymph, J. C. Dorin. On August 24th last the University of California presented "The Attonement of Pan" at the open-air Greek Theatre at Berkeley.



DAVID BISPHAM AS PAN



After atoning for his sin Pan is transformed

Scenes in Shaw's Comedy "Fanny's First Play" at the Comedy Theatre



Photo: White

Mrs. Knott (Mary Barton) Margaret Knott (Clady Harvey) Joseph Knott (Arnold Lucy)
Act II. Mr. Knott: "There's only one thing I care about in the world—to keep this dark."



Mary Barton

Arnold Lucy

Act II. Mrs. Knott: "If a girl hasn't happiness in herself she can't be happy anywhere"



Juggens (Walter C'reighton)

Bobby (Quentin Tost)

Act III. Bobby: "Would you call me 'sir' if you were not paid to do it?"

"TRIFLES make perfection," written The Best Dressed Actor on the Stage than that splendid actor, Charles Fechter. Not the actor,

in grease paint across a large gold-framed mirror that hung in the green room of the old Boston Museum in the "palmy days," made an indelible impression on the mind of John Mason, who was then playing with the Boston Museum Stock Company. "These few words have been my motto all through my career on the stage," he said, while waiting in the wings at the Garrick Theatre, before his entrance in the third act of "The Attack," a few nights ago.

Trifles, such as the manner of wearing one's necktie, one's gloves—one's entire dress; the way different persons carry themselves—stand, walk, sit—these, Mr. Mason says, are not trifling to the careful and thoughtful actor. "Really," he says, "as with a woman, the first thing that strikes my attention is a man's dress. I can always describe what kind of a gown a woman wore after seeing her, even if only for a moment. Likewise, a man's attire impresses me. A man's station—his position in society, his profession, or business, or trade; or, perchance, his criminal vocation, can to a large extent be told from his clothes and his manner of wearing them. Like the woman who exclaims, 'Oh, what a beautiful gown she has on!' I always note the kind of clothes a man has on, and how he wears them. That is the first step."

To one who has seen John Mason, either on or off the stage, it is very apparent that dress is his strong card. We always think of him as the best dressed actor on the stage. Dress and John Mason are closely associated together, and in every stage characterization he is particularly careful as to the clothes he should wear for his part. He will practice for hours holding a glove in his hand to get some particular effect, or study how far down over his cuffs the sleeves of his coat should come. To an audience, these little things are not noticeable in themselves, but they all go to make up some certain effect the actor wishes to produce.

"I believe absolutely in the mechanics of acting, not in any inspiration on the stage," says Mr. Mason. "Self-control is the actor's greatest safeguard. I know there are actors who surrender themselves to the sway of passion. I once saw E. J. Henley and Julia Arthur rush off the stage after a passionate scene at the old Union Square Theatre, and in their blindness carry an old-fashioned back-drop with them. The most tremendous scene in a play could not blind me to the fact that my coat-sleeve pulled down to my hand would produce an ugly effect. I would be careful to see that a quarter of an inch of my cuff showed below the sleeve."

Walking through the streets Mr. Mason notes the dress of those he passes, even as a woman pauses at a shop window to view the latest Paris creations. After he has formed a complete mental photograph of what a person wears he then takes in any little peculiarities the person may have. This is how he goes about, always studying people, using this thing and that afterwards in his stage portrayals.

Sometimes he draws on his memory for many years for a living example of the character he is about to portray. For instance, the prototype of Senator Merital in "The Attack" was none other

merely, but the man, both on and off the stage.

"I knew Charles Fechter well as a boy," said Mr. Mason, "and as I remember him he was just the type of Frenchman as Merital. He was an Alsatian, you know, and had all the mannerisms of an intellectual French statesman."

"When I had finished reading the play manuscript of Henri Bernstein's play, 'The Attack,' Senator Merital's speech, which gives the play its name, brought to mind an incident that occurred a great many years ago at the old Daly's, which was known then as the Broadway Theatre.

"I entered the darkened auditorium of the old playhouse in the midst of a rehearsal of 'No Thoroughfare.' Fechter was sitting at the prompting table with his head buried in his hands, his body shaking between sobs. It was evident that there had been an onslaught of acting that displeased him greatly. Then came the crisis, as he cried out aloud:

"Oh, it is not for myself, but for you—O God!"

"Instantly there passed through my mind Charles Fechter in the character of Obrenreizer in this play, and I saw that there was Merital as Bernstein pictured him to me. So I modelled my Merital after Fechter in this part, and as the man, off the stage, too. Obrenreizer was a villain, to be sure, but his features were cast in the same mould as I pictured those of the French senator."

The first thing that caught the eye of the audience when Doctor Seelig entered upon the scene in the first act of "As a Man Thinks" was Mr. Mason's perfect-fitting clothes.

"There is more truth than poetry in the saying that 'clothes make the man,'" says the actor. "First impressions count the most. Now, I do not say that my clothing of this part would fit any and every type of physician. As physicians differ, so do their clothes. The particular character of Doctor Seelig, for instance, would dress as I did on the stage. I know, for I found an exact prototype of Doctor Seelig in the person of an eminent Jewish physician who is the head of one of the largest institutions in New York, and who is one of the best-known and highest-ranking physicians in the country. For that very reason I do not feel that I can divulge his name. It would be as the doctors say, 'a breach of professional etiquette.' Then again, even though they may be keen on dissecting others, they do not like to be laid on the table themselves.

"As I have said, I was fortunate enough to find the exact living counterpart of Doctor Seelig before playing the part. It was a strange coincidence, too. The very day Mr. Thomas described the character to me I had the good luck to sit opposite to the original—at least, as far as I was concerned in my stage portrayal—in a street car. I suppose if I had not been thinking of the part, and if Mr. Thomas had not painted a striking word picture of the character for me I probably would not have seen the likeness in the man reading a newspaper opposite to me in the car."

Perhaps, in no piece did dress play so much a part with this actor as in "The Witching Hour," in which he appeared as a gambler.



Copyright Charles Fechter
Sidney Herbert and John Mason in "The Attack," at the Garrick Theatre



MISS MIDGE TITHERADGE AS PRINCESS KATHERINE IN "HENRY V"



White
EUNICE KELLY
Now appearing in "June Madness," at the Fulton Theatre



White
MADGE KENNEDY
Plays the title rôle in "Little Miss Brown," at the 49th Street Theatre



Satony
GERTRUDE HITZ
Leading lady for William Hodge in "The Man From Home."

"Gamblers always wear perfectly fitting clothes," he said. "They are fastidious as to their dress, and their clothes are always the best that can be made, even if they are 'loud.' His clothes must set just so, and, being a man of free-and-easy money, he does not spare a penny in getting the best there is. Of course, his tastes may not, and usually do not, conform to the standard, but, for all that, the gambler is natty, if sporty in appearance."

In dress, as in every other particular, Mr. Mason was the typical gambler in this play. "I will never forget when Mason made his first entrance on the opening night of 'The Witching Hour,'" said Augustus Thomas, the author of the piece. "I was standing near the right-hand stage box, which held a party of well-known gambling 'kings,' and when Mason made his entrance I overheard a couple of the men in the box remark, 'He's got the clothes, all right!'"

Speaking in the vernacular, he also had "the goods" in them, for throughout the piece he accentuated his acting by injecting telling little, though impressive, bits in his portrayal of the gambler that made the part real in every particular. In the first act he walked in a careless manner, and slouched when he sat down. As he stood talking he half leaned against and placed one leg over the corner of a table. Everything about him betokened carelessness in his personal habits except his dress. Even in this there was a marked difference in the last two acts, when the actor showed more care in the manner of wearing his clothes, and more taste in their selection. While no better dressed, so far as the quality of the material of his clothing went, he was more natty and less sporty in appearance as the play wore on. Mr. Mason told me at the time that he wished to differentiate between the two stages in his life—in the play. To show the gambler before being regenerated, and afterwards, he said, by his clothes. He not only clothed himself in the gambler's garb, being particular about the close-cut, snug-fitting garments he wore in the play—he actually got under the skin of the part.

When "The Witching Hour" was produced the "wise ones" along Broadway said that the character of Jack Brookfield was constructed around the life of Richard Canfield, the notorious gambler. Everyone "told you so!" Whether this was so or not, Canfield had been a favorite subject for mental dissection by Mr. Mason for several years, and when finally the actor was called upon to play the part of a gambler it was only natural that he should inject a little of this famous gambler into his playing of the part.

"All my lifetime I have associated more or less with men in the sporting set, and have been thrown into close contact with the leading gamblers of the world," the actor said to the present writer. "I knew Richard Canfield and before his famous gambling palace was closed I was often to be found there—yes, in the game, but playing a little game all by myself as well. I was there for two reasons. Like many others, I liked to gamble, but I also wanted to study the most interesting and highly sensitive 'type' that exists—the big professional gambler. Of course, Canfield was my favorite, and I studied and dissected him so carefully that I finally got so that I did things à la Canfield. Really, I had a hard time of it to keep from 'playing' Canfield when I was in the game at his place! But when I came to play Jack Brookfield I was very careful not to play Canfield. I modelled the part after a number of well-known gamblers.

One of the most striking bits of "business" employed by Mr. Mason in "The Witching Hour" was that he never once took off his gloves in the first act, after entering from the street, although the scene was the living room of Jack Brookfield's gambling house in Louisville. It was a small thing in itself, and the point of it was missed by about two-thirds of every audience, but it nevertheless "did the trick." It drew attention to the actor's hands, and that was what he wanted.

"You can always tell a gambler by his hands," says this actor. "The two small fingers are always

(Continued on page 153)



ANNA ARCHBALD
Seen in a wide range of roles with the Coleman Players in Rochester, N. Y. Miss Archbald is the daughter of Judge R. W. Archbald of the U. S. Commerce Court



Photo Matrone

LAURETTE TAYLOR

To appear in New York this season in J. Hartley Manners' play, "Peg o' My Heart," which has had great success in California.

A Chat with the Author of "Ready Money"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the pink faced youth who wrote the chief comedy success of the young season, "Ready Money," is an excessively nervous young man. No toy man strung on wires was ever more tense nor incessantly moving than he. He is an actor, and when the writer was with him the other day he spoke as an actor, thought as an actor, walked and smoked as an actor.

"We live wrong," he complained of himself and the members of his profession. "We sleep too much. A man in our profession sleeps the day away, gets up and stuffs himself with food, goes to the theatre, plays his part, dresses, goes back to his hotel and sleeps until time to stuff and go to the theatre again. What we ought to do is to go to bed at two or three and leave our sheets or blankets at ten or eleven. We ought to read a great deal, everything but novels. Actors seldom read anything except contracts. Every actor ought to read 'Sartor Resartus' again and again. It will teach him as nothing else could, to take the measure of a man. It enables us to see him naked of all his trappings, to look at him squarely in the soul. We ought to read Emerson, all of him if we can. If not then the Essay on Compensation will be enough. We're a rather crazy lot. We lack balance and that will give us poise. We need philosophy, and that essay read and reread will summarize for us the best philosophy in the world. If we make that essay ours we will acquire the balance we all need. We ought to read Ruskin. His 'Stones of Venice,' will make us see the things we should see. After thoughtfully reading that we will never pass a building without studying its construction. We will see a cornice for the first time and know the reason for it. We ought to read Samuel Clemens, his 'Mustang Gray,' which was written long ago and is little known, and his 'Bernard Lyle.'

"An actor ought to write. Having read a book or a story he ought to write a synopsis of it, regard it as play material and write the scenario. He ought to write, because choosing words to fit his meaning and writing them gives him a knowledge of their value that speaking will never do. An actor can read his lines better if he writes. For instance, there are lines in my play that seem to me plain enough. I've tried to write down to the bone, yet I've had great trouble in having them understandingly read. That is because actors have not written and so gotten a true idea of word values. The actors who write are all good actors. Tom Wise for instance. I hear him extract the heart's blood from a sentence."

"An actor's associates?" prompted the interviewer. "They should be men of other professions for his broadening?"

"Yes. But for the deepening of his own art he should associate with men of his own profession, but always men who are above him in attainment. I confess that I cultivated acquaintance with George Cohan for a purpose. He is a very successful young man, and I wanted to study him and find out why. It wasn't easy. It never is for an obscure young actor to know people worth while in his own profession. But I managed it."

"How?"

"I shall have to go back a few years to tell you." The cigarette shortened in his hand. He smiled. "I was an actor in the Spooner stock company, in Brooklyn. I was with it for five years. I was as most other actors are. I slept all the time I was not acting or rehearsing. I lived three blocks from the theatre, and one day I noticed that a large building I had passed without actually seeing it was a public library. Since we had begun then to play only three matinees a week I resolved to go in there and look the books over some day. I went in the next day. I picked

up a book. I don't remember what. I went back for another. I began to be a nuisance to the librarian. I would ask for twenty books at random, examine them and not find anything I wanted and send them all back. The librarian got tired of this excess labor."

"You may go back and look through the shelves yourself," he said, and after that I climbed the shelf ladders as a squirrel mounts from branch to branch of a tree. After a year he began to ask me where to find books. I read and read and read. That's the reason George Cohan and others allowed an actor playing a bit at the Gaiety Theatre, drawing forty dollars a week in 'The Fortune Hunter,' to go about with them. He had something to give in return for their society. He had read and remembered, had sifted what he had read and thought and scribbled about it."

"But the real writing, the writing of plays?" I asked.

The young man laughed. "I have only written one play," he said. "A play isn't a play unless it runs a hundred nights. But I began thinking about a play back in the Spooner stock days. It seemed to me there was nothing in what I was doing. It seemed to lead nowhere. And my thoughts turned not to play interpretation but to play construction. I began to talk about a play I wanted to write until my friends made faces. 'You write a play,' they laughed scornfully. But I kept on talking about it until I lost them. The play finally reached a title, 'The Native Sons.' I reached the stage of a first act and I sold the first act to Nat Goodwin, then finished the rest. He played it in the spring for eight weeks in California where it had an appeal because it dealt with California life.

"I next wrote 'The Aviator.' It didn't go. I studied its failure and said to myself: 'It must be the subject.' I thought, 'What subject does interest people?' I thought, 'Love, money.' There I stopped. 'The Fortune Hunter,' a success, was about money. 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford,' a success, was about money. I thought, 'I will write a play about money.' Anyone who uses his eyes sees what a difference the mere showing of a roll of greenbacks makes in the attitude of the world toward a man. I determined to write a play about it. I told George Cohan the story of it. We stopped on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street and he said: 'I think that will go.' I told Oliver Morosco and John Blackwood the first act, still unwritten, in George Cohan's office and they said: 'We'll take it,' and they paid me six hundred dollars. I finished it and it was used in the Morosco Theatre, in Los Angeles. But the last act wasn't right. I worked on it in this room for three days and nights. I never slept. The last act had to be ready for the Chicago opening. I wrapped a towel filled with cracked ice around my head. I finished the act and it was ready in time for the rehearsals for the Chicago opening.

"I'm at work now on a dramatization of 'Bachelors and Benedicts.' I am associated with a literary man. I'm not literary, but I think I know something of the drama. The play wasn't right. I knew that when I went to London and saw 'Milestones,' and other exquisite plays. I came back and ripped up my work and began at the first. I worked all last night. I haven't slept since night before last."

"Isn't that dissipation?"

"A form of it." He nodded indifferently. With young Mr. Montgomery work comes before the man.

The next instant he was back to acting and preparation for acting. "If we all wrote," he said, "rehearsals wouldn't be the hard times they are." He thrust the

(Continued on page 215)



Wise JAMES MONTGOMERY

Scenes in "Oh! Oh! Delphine" at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Photon White Alphonse Bouichotte Colonel Pomponnet
 (Frank McIntyre) (Frank Evans)
 Act II. Alphonse: "She's not my wife—she's my sister!"



Simone Madame Bax
 (Stella Hoban) (Helen Raymond)
 Act III. Simone: "You broke a looking glass last week."



Victor Tullieu
 (Scott Welsh)

Bimhoula
 (Octavia Brinker)

Act III. Bimhoula: "Carpet!"

From the "Tanks" to Broadway



Edith Taliaferro
Appearing in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in London, this season

WHEN a play fails so badly in New York City that it must be taken off at once, the average theatre-goer does not evince any surprise that another production is ready to take its place immediately. Sometimes the house is dark for a night of two; but, as a rule, while the failure is on its way to the storehouse its successor is taking possession of the stage, and will be quite at home when the curtain goes up in the evening. Yet Mr. Theatre-goer has never heard of this new play. Where it came from or who organized the company which interests it with such perfect smoothness and aplomb is all a mystery to him.

Vaguely he supposes the new offering has been in preparation for weeks, and that had not had the much-heralded society drama, "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," proved a hopeless "frost," his leaving the stage of the Arcadia vacant, the play which takes its place would have been put on in some other Broadway theatre with due impressiveness.

That is what the uninterested outsider may surmise—if he takes the trouble to speculate on the matter at all. But the man responsible for the collapsing enterprise, and who in the morning will see \$20,000 or so crossed off his bank balance by the stroke of a critic's pen, could tell a different story. It would be one

of hustle, resource and nerve-racking anxiety, which would open the eyes of the placid individual who takes all tremendous theatrical achievement for granted, and it would materially increase his respect for the *entrepreneur*.

The professional critic and discerning play-goer who sits in a theatre on a first night and cheerfully damn the play and performance from their orchestra chairs need not think they are the first to recognize a "flivver." Why, before the curtain went up on the third and last act of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager had seen it wouldn't do. If he wanted verification of his own verdict, he soon got it. He and some of his business staff had mingled unostentatiously with the newspaper critics in the foyer and had caught enough of their comments to anticipate what would appear in print in the morning.

Off to his private office goes the manager. With him are his lieutenants, including the press agent. A very brief conference, and then, while some one rings a messenger call, the manager writes a telegram.

"Rush that!" he tells the boy, as he slips a quarter "tip" into the young gentleman's hand. There is no class of business man which better understands the lubricating virtue of judicious "tips" than that of the theatrical calling.

By the time the final curtain falls on "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," the manager has an answer to his "wire," and on the strength of it, instructs the press agent to announce in every New York paper that the enormously successful farce, "A Son of a Gun," will be seen for the first time in the metropolis at the Arcadia theatre on Wednesday evening. Nothing is said about "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" in the notice written by the press agent. It is unnecessary. The critics will attend to that.

One more performance of the unlucky affair will be given, so as to keep the theatre open on Tuesday. By that time the company playing "A Son of a Gun," and which is in Lansing, Michigan, to-night, can reach New York. The scenery of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception," will be carried off to the storehouse as soon as the performance is over, and that of "A Son of a Gun" come in and be sorted out ready to be set before the carpenters and property men leave the theatre.

The next morning there will be a rehearsal, and the company individually will rush about the city to get little additions to their costumes that they feel they must have for a New York opening, although their outfit was good enough for "the road." Stage hands, stage manager, musical director and business staff will be all busy from early Wednesday morning till the curtain rings up in the evening. The performance may be a little "ragged," but you can't expect to bring a company in from the "tank towns" in a hurry and make them face a critical New York audience without their showing some nervousness.

The critics know all about this, and they are decent fellows, as a rule. So, if the piece is all right, they will make due allowance for loose ends here and there, and give the manager credit for his enterprise in so soon filling the place of the other play withdrawn.

If the piece is all right! There's the rub! "A Son of a Gun" has been doing well through Michigan. This very night in Lansing it has a big house and the people are enthusiastically pleased. There is a large advance sale for to-morrow in Pontiac, too. This proves the piece is "making good," as every experienced one-night-stander will testify. News, good or evil, travels several towns ahead of the company always—largely through "drummers," who are sure to "take in the show," and give their opinions freely in hotel lobbies and mercantile establishments afterwards.

Pity "A Son of a Gun" can't play Pontiac, its next stand. That's impossible, however. The company must leave Lansing to-night, and a whole month of one night stands are cancelled, including Pontiac. On Wednesday it will be found whether New York endorses the favorable opinion of Michigan. Is the piece all right?

The second act of the three-act farce, "A Son of a Gun," is on when the manager and proprietor of the organization, Eugene Swift, gets a telegram from the prominent New York "producer"

Scenes in "The Count of Luxembourg" at the New Amsterdam



Photon White

Act I The scene in Brissard's Studio, Paris



Juliette (Frances Cameron) Brissard (Fred Wiliam)
Act II. Juliette: "When I'm at home I generally drink watah!"



Angèle Dider (Ann Swinburn) Count of Luxembourg (George L. Moore)
Act II. The waltz on the stairs.

and theatre manager, Jacob Steinman. (There is an hour's difference in time between New York and Michigan, he it remembered.) Mr. Swift, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, is "counting up" in the treasurer's private office at the back of the box-office when the message is handed to him. He puffs at his cigar and cuts open the yellow envelope deliberately. He looks up and tells the boy to wait. In case there should be an answer, before he takes the trouble to glance at its contents. Something from the printer's about his lithographs, no doubt.

He reads the first few words of the telegram, but fairly devours the remainder. Then he starts up and almost swallows his cigar. He *does* inhale a quantity of smoke that makes him cough and splutter convulsively. The message is brief, but comprehensive. It reads:

"Can you open 'Son of a Gun' Arcadia Theatre, New York, Wednesday evening, November 22? Answer quick. Leave Lansing to-night.—JACOB STEINMAN."

Mr. Steinman takes it for granted his offer will be accepted. Hence his admonition that the company shall leave Lansing to-night. He knows Mr. Swift has been trying to break into New York for two months. "A Son of a Gun" has proved itself a "road winner," and Swift believes it can stand the acid test of Broadway. As for Steinman, he doesn't know whether it would be a "go" in New York or not, but he is willing to try it. In fact, he must, for there is nothing else available; that is, a production good enough and near enough to come in and open so soon. With the failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" Mr. Steinman has no faith in his own judgment, and he wouldn't say that "A Son of a Gun" would be a Broadway hit even if he had seen it—which he hasn't.

Swift has no misgivings, however. Road managers seldom have, where their attractions are concerned. All they want is the chance to get to Broadway and they'll show 'em! Will he accept this offer from Steinman? *Will he?* Where's a telegraph blank. Mind that boy doesn't get away! Dence take it! Give him a tele—Oh, here's one! All right! Hastily he scribbles:

"Jacob Steinman, Arcadia Theatre, New York City.—'Son of a Gun' company leaves Lansing to-night. Open Arcadia Wednesday sure.—EUGENE SWIFT."

Away goes the boy with the telegram and Mr. Swift resumes his counting of tickets. It is hard work, with his mind so full of this great chance that has at last come his way. *A New York opening!* By Jove, he must have a drink when he is through counting up! Wait a minute, though! Where's a sheet of letter-

paper? He takes one from the typewriter table and writes:

CALL.

"A Son of a Gun" Company—Next stand New York City. Open Arcadia Theatre Wednesday evening, November 22. Leave Lansing, Michigan Central Railroad, 12 midnight, Monday 23rd. All trunks ready immediately after performance. Richard A. Arns, Theatre, New York, November 20, 10:30 A. M. EUGENE SWIFT, Manager.

An usher carries the "Call" to the stage manager and tells him to play the third act as fast as he can. The stage manager reads the paper, gasps, and pins it to the call-board in the first entrance.

"New York? Well, I'll be—"

He can say no more. He is too full of emotion. His hand has been on the push-button, ready to ring down the curtain on the second act, as the usher gives him the "Call." He brings the curtain down now, and the actors all gather about the board. It is a good thing the orchestra is playing a loud military march, with plenty of cymbal and drum effect, or their exclamations must have been heard by the audience.

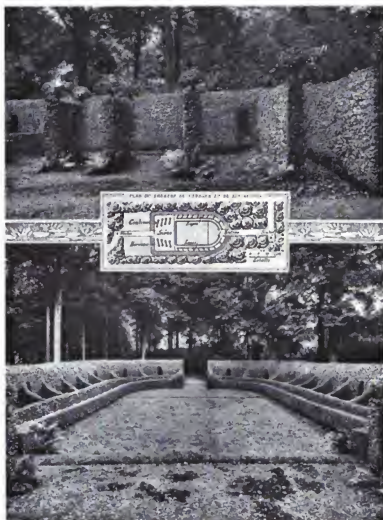
New York! After playing the "tank towns" for five weeks! It seems too good to be true. Until the stage manager calls "Third act!" the old-timers, who have played New York before, have a little fun telling the younger ones whose experience has been limited to "the road" that they'll need all their nerve. Then, having frightened the awe-stricken "kids" enough, the oldsters will

kindly add that "New York is nothing but a big bluff and the audiences are worse jays than you'll ever find in a jerkwater village. Just give them the best you have and let it go at that. You'll get through all right, kiddo; believe me!"

Then comes the third act. How it is played no one can ever remember. It is rushed through somehow, and at half-past ten costumes are bundled into theatre trunks and the company, most of them with daubs of make-up still on their faces, and their street clothes disheveled, unhooked, unbuttoned and untied, surge over to the hotel to get their hotel trunks ready. This happens to be a stand where the company has the use of its trunks, for Lansing is a fairly large city. When you play the "tanks" you see your hotel trunk only once a week, as a rule.

At 11:45, with fifteen minutes to spare—if the train is on time—company and baggage are all at the station. Swift, the manager, has worked like the hero he is for two hours. He has sent two more telegrams to Steinman, reassuring him that the company would be in New York on Tuesday, and he has had one encouraging "wire" in reply. Then he had

(Continued on page 159)



From Sketch

A PLAYHOUSE MADE OF LIVING TREES

At Leewegem, attached to the castle belonging to M. Van den Hecke de Lembeke, near Soetgerm, is a remarkable playhouse known as the "Théâtre de Châtaillon," otherwise the theatre of bonhomies. It is a very remarkable example of eighteenth century literary work, and has seen, amongst others, performances by actors of the Comédie Française. The upper picture shows one side of the stage; the lower picture the boxes. Inset is a plan of the literary playhouse.

"Shakespeare Well Acted Pays," Says Lewis Waller

IF you have a matinee idol shun him in the morning hours. The morning light is cruelly uncompromising. Morning suroundings are commonplace. Morning moods are antitheses to those of the night. If you want to preserve your illusions of your stage hero see him only by gaslight, or lamplight.

or at worst, by electrolers. See him when the hours of romance shed their soft glow over him, between the acts of the play in which you admired him, or at a supper or dance afterwards when the spell of the fictitious romance is still upon him, when he has not "let down" from the exalted state into which he got himself with his satin coat, his lace frills and his powdered wig.

After Henry V, Lewis Waller. Exit by limelight a brilliant, dashing rollicking only occasionally kingly, monarch, one little more than thirty, according to some of weighty Shakespearean authority. Enter by morning light a quiet man with somewhat stern face and grizzled hair, of fifty years or more, strictly speaking of fifty-three. Henry V spoke as a king and a warrior. Lewis Waller talked as a business man, referring not infrequently to dollars. Henry V was at moments leisurely; Waller was hurried. He confessed that he was busy. "Always am," he added with a smile that was a hint of Henry V's bantering one, but only a hint.

A morning call revealed him, early risen, a lean-jawed, smooth-shaven man, attired in a well cut business suit of snuff colored English cloth. He wore a bluish gray tie that matched and emphasized his blue gray eyes. He did well by the sartorial trick to call attention to the eyes for they were handsome, and when they turned full upon one contained a suggestion of youth and ingenuousness belied by the grizzled hair and air of entire sophistication.

Apocryph, perhaps, of this unsuspected appearance and vanishing we began to talk of surprises. Mr. Waller paid us a first visit last season, and liked us and the theatrical conditions we have created so well that he is paying us another, and will remain in the to him newly discovered country until April when he will set out for our west coast, there to embark for Australia in an around the world dramatic tour that will continue until Christmas of 1913. He came to America in the capacity merely

of an actor, playing Boris in "The Garden of Allah." He remained to produce a series of plays beginning with "The Butterfly on the Wheel" among them, producing and playing "Beaucaire," in which London had known him for a thousand performances, producing the shorter lived "Discovering America," and

"Henry V." When his world tour is over he will return to the United States in 1914 for a tour of the principal cities in his large repertoire.

Being with us and in a sense now of us the "surprises" we have given a long time London idol have a piquant interest.

"The cordiality of your players to a visitor and one of another land is wonderful," he said. "When I opened with 'The Garden of Allah,' at the Century Theatre, I received letters of warm praise from many actors. Some of these I had never met. It was very delightful and unexpected. I confess that had an American actor made his first appearance in London it would not have been so. It would not occur to us to write to him about his success unless he were a personal friend. We like American actors in London. Some of them have been great favorites there. George Fawcett, for example. He was wanted everywhere on both his visits. All the clubs welcomed him. But sometimes



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LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V

American actors appear in plays that make no appeal to us. 'The White Man,' the title under which we played 'The Squawman,' in London was a fine play.

"Believing, as I do, that under acting is a crime. I have been delighted in the theatres where I've been with the spirit of your performances. Your players have more dash and go about them than we have. In London there is such a dread of over acting that everything is underdone. Here you have no fear nor respect for the restraints so many of my countrymen practice in playing, and from this come the spirit and go in your work. I should always rather see a part over acted than under acted.

"No, pardon me. I don't agree that your theatres are the finest in the world." Mr. Waller had given me a surprise. "You do not? But you must admit they are more cheerful. The theatres I saw in London seemed to me subterranean. They were dark and chilly."

"In the last you are right. Your playhouses are better warmed. Ours are but slightly and not sufficiently warmed. Here your

audiences are sure of being comfortable and taking their amusements comfortably, so come to the play if they like it. But with us, in cold weather people stop away. But as for magnificence you have no theatre that will compare with our His Majesty's."

"But our new Amsterdam?" I ventured to protest timidly.

"A handsome theatre, but it is crowded between other buildings. His Majesty's occupies an entire square. It stands, so to speak, at the four corners of the four greatest streets in the world. You can see it for a long distance."

"Then the chief advantage is in the approach?"

"Yes, I think your playhouses, as such, present about the same average as our own."

"And our plays?"

"All the while I have been in this country I have been playing eight performances a week and so haven't had much time to observe your plays. 'Bought and Paid For' I considered a good play admirably acted. 'The Return of Peter Grimm' will remain in my memory as an unique play superbly acted by Warfield. 'Ready Money' is ingenious and deserved its success on both sides of the ocean. 'Kismet' and 'Milestones' I haven't seen on this side.

"No. It required no tenuity to give you Shakespeare. I had heard your American dictum that Shakespeare spells ruin, but that did not deter me. I think in the matter of Shakespearean productions the proverb is reversed. The supply creates the demand. If you give the public Shakespeare well enough acted it will always want him. I don't mean that Shakespearean drama will draw for such a phenomenal run as that of 'Bought and Paid For'—two years, but it will be made to satisfy the public and the producer in America. Here where you seem committed to the star system, you should want Shakespeare. Your stars should want Shakespearean plays because they give them the great opportunity to act which they need and desire. In America, where you seem to be committed to the star system, you should want Shakespearean drama. Your stars should want it.

"If I were disposed to criticise your splendid and hospitable country I should say that you would better be more temperate in exalting stars, as we are. Two or three successes do not make a star with us. A star to me means a person who can of himself or herself draw audiences regardless of the play. Anyone can draw in a good play with a good company. But the successful

star is a lodestone who must draw by his own power.

"I am glad I have had two seasons in this country and am glad to anticipate the third, in 1914. I should, for my broadening and education, have come long before, but I have led a busy life. I never had time. Latterly I allowed myself to think more

of it and when the opportunity came, though I did not think well of 'The Garden of Allah' as a play, I came."

"What do you think of the actor manager?"

"I think he is the greatest need of your stage. He knows plays and audiences and actors better than any man at his desk can possibly do. And if he have a well-balanced mind he can acquire the business experience and business judgment that are necessary."

"Why do you prefer romantic parts?"

The actor smiled as replied quickly:

"I cut my clothes to fit my cloth. I am more adapted to romantic roles. But I have played modern ones."

Lewis Waller, whose family name is Lewis, began his independent career as a clerk in a counting house in London. He entered it and there remained for five years to please his mother. He left, apologizing to her for the change, but reminding her how well he had recited Longfellow's 'Hesperus' and that poet's verses on slavery, when Lewis Waller was eight.

"I've given myself time to find out that I am a bad business man," he said. "But I will be a good actor."

"My mother is the best woman in this world or in any world," said he. "In a letter I had from her this morning she bids me go to Staten Island and find the house where she lived for a year. She also lived near Daly's, where I'm now playing."

"I've a daughter fifteen years old, named Nancy. We are great friends. I wish I could find a photograph of us out sailing together."

A tousled dark head atop of a tall body was suddenly thrust out of a neighboring room and as hastily drawn back to the accompaniment of a surprised exclamation, almost of alarm, on seeing a visitor of the opposite sex. It was Victor Lewis, the actor's brother and aide-de-camp, who was at his bath.

"It's time for rehearsal," he cried from behind the discreetly closed door.

The interviewer took the hint and Henry V., with a kingly air, courteously showed the way out.

A. P.



White

PHYLLIS PARTINGTON

Who is playing the prima donna role in "Gypsy Love," this season



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The Best Dressed Actor

(Continued from page 158)

turned into the palms. This is from constant dealing of cards, using only the first two fingers and thumb," he explained. "In time the fingers fall naturally into that position. If you watch a professional card player smoking, you will notice that he holds his cigar with the first two fingers and thumb, and that the two small fingers fall back into the card-player's position."

"Do you believe there is such a thing as hypnotism in acting?" I asked him when he was hypnotizing the audience nightly in "The Watching Hour."

"There is no doubt of it," he quickly answered. "Hypnotism, or whatever you may choose to call it, is the one great secret of the actor's success. Without it he cannot hold an audience—he cannot be successful. I know it and you know it."

"When an actor walks on the stage he either exerts an influence over the audience or he does not. And if he does not he might just as well quit right there. He may have everything else in his favor, but if he lacks that peculiar something which is felt the moment its possessor appears he will fail to make any real impression. The student of acting may learn something from experience, of course; he may even learn something at our awful dramatic schools; but he cannot learn to exercise a power that is not in him from the beginning."

"I have seen a young man bring in a card and make a greater impression than the actor with the whole play behind him."

I went on the stage just as the old school of acting was going out. I was in the company at the Boston Museum at the time, and after seeing one of Charles Frohman's companies play, I went back to the Museum and said: "Boy, the times have changed. There is a new school of acting." There is more hypnotism in the acting of to-day because it is more direct than it used to be. But the greatest actor of all, in my opinion, is the pleading lawyer who hypnotizes a jury. He acts to the hardest audience in the world—an audience of twelve men. And the secret of his success is hypnotism. Have I proved my case?"

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The Latest Victor Records

One of the most important engagements of the new opera season is that of Frieda Hempel, the young coloratura soprano of the Royal Opera House, Berlin. This young singer (she is not yet thirty) is a native of Leipzig, and as a child showed such musical talent that she was sent to the Leipzig Conservatory, where her unusual voice and great ambition caused her to make rapid progress. In 1906 she sang at Bayreuth as one of the Rhine maidens, and in 1907 made a few appearances in London, but her formal debut was in the autumn of 1907, at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. Mme. Hempel's success was immediate, Berlin opera-goers being delighted at the novelty of a coloratura singer who possessed not only a lovely voice but youth and beauty as well.

Huguenots—O, beau pays! Meyerbeer; Ernani—Ernani involami, Verdi.

MARGARET MATHERS—Paraisal—Ich sah' das Kind, Act II, Wagner.

This air is sung by Kundry in Act II, Scene II, representing the garden in which the flower maidens, led by the Kundry, tempt the "guileless fool," Paraisal. The youth is angered by their persistence and tries to escape, when Kundry, in the shape of a beautiful maiden, gently dissuades him and induces him to remain, telling him about his mother.

HERMAN JADLOWSKY—Carten—Air de la Reur, Bizet.

A SACRED NUMBER BY FAUCI. Marcel Jonhnet. Chapit, J. Faure.

The Century Theatre Club Prize

The Century Theatre Club, with a view to assisting in the encouragement of American playwrights, offers a prize of \$200, to be known as The Century Theatre Club Prize. The conditions are:

Any native-born American, who has not had a professional production, is eligible to compete. The play to consist of three acts or more, acting time of which shall not be less than an hour and three-quarters. The play to be either drama, tragedy, comedy or farce. (Musical comedies and librettos not considered.) Competition to open June 1, 1912, to close January 1, 1913; prize to be awarded in March, 1913. Manus. to be typewritten on one side of the paper, and return postage enclosed. Each Manus. must be accompanied by name and address in sealed envelope.

Author of "Ready Money"

(Continued from page 154)

fast vanishing cigarette into his mouth to stifle a sigh. "I don't lose my temper nor make a scene at a rehearsal, not consciously and deliberately, at least, but I am much in earnest. I say to the players 'Allow me to help you if I can. Naturally, I who have worked on this play for a year know it better than you who have studied a part of it for three weeks.' Once I gave a good natured lecture: 'Watch Mr. Courtenay,' I said. 'He is ideal, for if there is anything to be done he sees it. If something is missing from a chair he sees it and says: "That will show from the front. Hadn't it better be fixed?"'

"Watch Mr. Kilgour and Mr. Johnson as well as Mr. Courtenay. Watch them take their cues. If they haven't a word to say they take the cue mentally and they convey something to the audience. You know the size of their salaries, but I suppose you think they are 'lucky.' It is rare that any actor gets more than he earns. Once in five hundred times, perhaps, as a 'break'."

A philosopher said that if you bring the student habit into the affairs of real life you are sure to win. James Montgomery has brought into the profession of the stage those student habits. Furthermore he brought to it the hereditary habit of study. Through his mother he is a collateral descendant of John Hopkins. From his father, a singer with the Boston Ideals, he drew his taste for, and knowledge of the stage.

Born in Boston, circumstances permitted him only a high school education. But there were formed the student habits recommended by the sage, habits deepened by his burrowings in the Brooklyn public library.

"I study criticisms," he said, absently dropping the still burning cigarette. "Study them, and then read them. The fellows who write them must know something or they wouldn't get and keep their jobs. I am waiting now for a bunch of clippings. I shall learn a great deal about playwriting from them."

He trod out the menace of the mouldering cigarette, unmindful of the costly carpet. "I want to write plays and let them mean myself," he said. "I played the star part in 'The Aviator,' in Washington, and in 'Ready Money,' in Chicago. I think I can."

I think so, too, for he is thirty.

ADA PATTERSON.

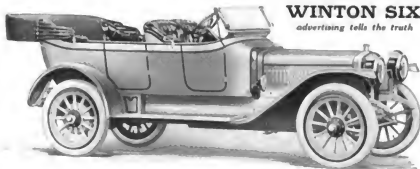
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New Dramatic Books

"King Stephen," historical drama in seven tableaux. By Edward Fales Coward. New York: Wilson & Burrows.

In "King Stephen," Mr. Coward has completed a drama of which Keats left little more than three scenes, or "tableaux." The play concerns itself with the middle of the twelfth century, a period that has been called the most troubled in English history. Then, because of the ambitious efforts of Maude, daughter of Henry the First, aided by Robert, Duke of Gloucester, to overthrow the reigning king, Stephen, who was supported by the warlike Henry, Bishop of Winchester, England suffered seventeen years of civil war (1137-1154). The drama opens with the defeat and capture of Stephen. Maude's triumph, however, is brief, for the fortunes of war are soon reversed, and Maude is compelled to flee to Oxford, where she is long besieged by Stephen. At length, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the death of Stephen's son, Eustace, hostilities end, and Stephen consents to make Maude's son, Henry, heir to the throne. In this delicate experiment, Mr. Coward has achieved an excellent piece of work in constructing a smooth and effective play in blank verse, which, as might be expected, is not free from Shakespearean echoes. Not only has he made a play of considerable literary merit, but he displays throughout evidences of a firm grasp of stagecraft. There is in the scenes, ample scenic variety and contrast, the story is lucidly and entertainingly disclosed, and the diction is singularly faithful, felicitous and vigorous. The result is a drama not only well worth reading, but one, moreover, that seems admirably adapted to actual performance. Those who now so loudly bewail the decline of the practicable poetic drama, are likely to find cause for revivifying hopes in "King Stephen."

Richard Bennett, the popular actor, is about to make his debut as a producing manager. Henry W. Savage had accepted a play by Margaret Turnbull, entitled "The Stronger Claim," in which Mr. Bennett was to have the leading part. Mr. Savage changed his mind, so Mr. Bennett has produced the play himself.



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From the "Tanks" to Broadway (Continued from page 158)

to make sure that the baggage car on the midnight car was full size, so that all his scenery could be got in, as well as his trunks; and he had to count his "people" to see that all were there, and to look after the tickets. Incidentally, he had to write Pontiac (he had already telegraphed the manager there that he could not fill the date), and tell him that the New York engagement could not be put off. The other "tanks" he would notify later. There might be law-suits because of his sudden canceling of all these bookings, but they would not amount to much, most likely. The larger towns must be "fixed," but the little ones were used to being disappointed, and took it as a matter of course.

The train is only half an hour late. The baggage and scenery is go aboard at one end, while the company tumbles on at the other, and soon the "Son of a Gun" company is fairly on its way to the metropolis, long before the New York newspapers telling of the awful failure of "Mrs. Winterbury's Deception" are in the hands of their readers.

A "Son of a Gun" opens at the Arcadia in due course, and in the laughter and applause that brings the curtain down at the end of each act the weeping and wailing over the sad fate of Mrs. Winterbury is drowned, while Jack's man goes up to his private room and smokes a cigar in peace. GEORGE C. JENKS.

'Anecdotes of the Stage

(Continued from page 158)

known as one of the most distinguished orators of his day. In early life he had not paid especial attention to the study of elocution and he relates how he had been led to a more determined, practical consideration of it. One night, after having seen Macready act, while lying awake revolving in his mind the many ideas he had received from the apparently perfect tragedian and the new light which had been shed upon the author's language, he was suddenly startled from his reverie and sprang from his bed. The first impression was that a terrible crime was being committed, for prominent amidst the unearthly sounds which proceeded from the apartments below the cry of "Murder!" had struck upon his ears, and he gasped out in agony. As he listened the sounds seemed to die away in suppressed, smothered tones. Again they became distinctly audible, and the voice assumed a weird character that seemed like the moanings of distress, at one time husky, and again hollow and sepulchral, with repeated exclamations of "Sleep no more! sleep no more!" and "Murdered! murdered!" all suggesting a fearful nightmare struggle. Astonished and bewildered, Mr. Preston stood doubting his sense of hearing or the reality of the disturbing sounds, when again came "Murdered! murdered! murdered!" in every tone of the gamut. No longer doubting, he sprang to the door and called loudly over the banisters to the dark void below: "Hallo, there! hallo!" A door opened and out flashed a candle and a nightcaped head. Then came a voice saying: "Don't be alarmed, sir. We are not alarmed; it is only Mr. Macready, the tragedian; he is dreaming or acting in his sleep, prancing the words of his part. Don't be frightened, sir; we are all used to such things here, sir. We are all used to it, so don't be alarmed." The head and the candle disappeared and Mr. Preston returned to his bed. The next morning an apologetic note brought an explanation. The tragedian, not being satisfied with his treatment of the murder scene in his last performance, had been submitting the words "murder" and "murdered" to a kind of aspirated and husky utterance in different degrees, high and low, and becoming interested in the trial had forgotten the dangerous proximity of the other inmates of the house and had applied a more than usual degree of force to his experiments; and thus the mystery was explained.

In the tragedy of "Macbeth" when Malcolm's army is seen approaching the castle—one of the officers of the usurping thane rushes into his presence, crying out, "There is ten thousand—" when he is cut short by Macbeth's thousand-and-indignant exclamation of "Get thee away!" to which the messenger replies, "Soldiers, sir." Now, on the occasion alluded to, the man came on in hot haste and said, "There is ten thousand—" when Macbeth, turning fiercely on him, cried out, "Soldiers, villain?" "No," said the messenger, in a tone of bewilderment—"no, no, Gesce, sir!" and then the two actors stood star-



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THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 5, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of all plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their cause of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor anticdrama, whether in private or professional life. It will be improved with the current purpose to be helpful, and to validate the criticism set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

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ing at one another in blank dismay, while peal on peal of laughter burst from the audience, in which the tragedian, unable to preserve his gravity, at last joined. Order having been restored, an attempt was made to go on with the scene, but the first line to be uttered by Macbeth being in reference to the affrighted appearance of the messenger, followed by an indignant inquiry as to who the soldiers were, it was too much for both actor and audience; the laugh recommenced and did not cease until the curtain fell.

A performer of the last century named Wignell was so poetically inclined that he could not deliver even an ordinary message without trying to make blank verse of it. "Wignell," said Garrick, "why can't you say 'Mr. Strickland, your coach is ready,' as an ordinary man would say it, and not with the declamatory pomp of Mr. Quin or Mr. Booth when playing tyrants?" "Sir," said poor Wignell, "I thought in that passage I had kept down the sentiment." That he never could do; his Doctor in "Macbeth" was so wonderfully solemn that his audience was always in fits of laughter at it. The old fashion of speaking a prologue had been set aside. One evening at Covent Garden the curtain rose for a performance of the tragedy of "Cato," and the play began without the usual poetic preface. The audience, jealous of their rights, set up a shout of "Prologue! prologue!" Wignell was then on the stage as Portius, and in his fantastically pompous way had pronounced the opening passage of his part—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily, with clouds, brings on the day—
when he was interrupted by renewed vociferations for the prologue. Wignell would neither depart from his character nor leave the audience without satisfactory explanation, and accordingly, after the word "evening," without changing features or tone, he solemnly went on with this interpolation:

Ladies and gentlemen, there has not been
For years a prologue spoken to this play—
The great, the important day, but with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

Dan Daly, at the outset of his career, says William G. Rose, once essayed the legitimate. All he had to do was to come to the centre of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The king is dead; long live the king!"
When the time came, Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he belched out at the top of his voice:
"Long live the king—he's dead!"

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 381)

vital and real. Broadway Jones is a white light spender who has run through his fortune. An uncle leaves him a successful chewing-gum factory, and it is his intention to sell it for cash as soon as possible that he may continue his spendthrift career and that he may also disentangle himself from his engagement to a rich but elderly widow to whom he has committed himself when his fortunes were at their lowest. There is a stenographer, however, who points out to Jones his duty. The town will be ruined if he sells, for his competitors are buying simply to close down the plant. Then Jones shows the man that it is within him; he checksmate all who would get the best of him, advertises to beat the band and runs his business up to a million a year, riddles the clutches of the widow and gives every indication of marrying the stenographer, played with a good deal of youthful grace by Myrtle Lannehill. In the breezy, good-natured, easy-going Jones Mr. Cohan has written for himself a role that fits him like a glove, and as a playwright he has been consistent, too, for he has not given himself all the bright and witty lines, of which there are a great number. Adia Gilman's comic little personality finds an agreeable setting in the grasping widow, and the star's talented mother and father are provided with roles that fit in well with their human, wholesome identities.

LITTLE THEATRE. "THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL." A sequence of episodes by Arthur Schnitzler. Produced Oct. 14 with this cast:
Anatol, John Barrymore; Max, Oswald Yorkin; Helma, Marguerite Clark; Bianca, Lili Kaye; Mimi, Dora Kneer; Walter, Alfred de Lillo; Isabelle, Katherine Emmet; Lene, Isabelle Levi; Franz, Alvin Fiske.

Arthur Schnitzler could hardly have desired a better stage than that of the Little Theatre for the production of his fascinating transcript from Viennese life, "The Affairs of Anatol." This novel series of dialogues between a young man, whose vocation is being in love, and five young



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Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

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women who further his amative career, demands, above all else, the setting of an intimate theatre. An account of Schnitzer's work has already been given in these pages. At that need to be added here is that the staging at the Little Theatre, with its attention to detail, that is neither exaggerated nor laborious, left nothing to be desired, and gave the spectator that feeling of complete satisfaction which comes from viewing anything that bears the imprint of a master hand. If the American audience finds its moral sensibilities shocked by these rimes episodes, it is because it allows itself to take them seriously. If it does not appreciate the subtle wit and the delicate satire of the play, it is either because it is not understood or because the actors did not quite succeed in infusing into their performance the Viennese flavor.

There was finesse and polish in the acting throughout, and especially in the work of Doris Keane, who, as the conscientious and carefree Mimi of the opera, playing fast and loose with the weathercock heart of the hero, merited the most spontaneous applause from her audience. Though Mr. Barrymore displayed well the fascination and the inconsequentiality of Anatol, he never succeeded in making an Austrian bon vivant and collector of a romantic pasteurized, prosaic, matter-of-fact American. The monotony of his voice and gesture helped to foil his good attempts. The playing of Oswald Yorke in the difficult role of the foil for the hero, though sympathetic and intelligent, gave rise to the conjecture that, had he portrayed Max in greater contrast to Anatol, he would have made him more convincing. Miss Margaret Clark was so exceedingly explicit as Hilda that it was something of a shock to learn, later, that she had found her happiness in marrying a milkman.

KNICKERBOCKER. "Oh! Oh! Delphine." Musical comedy in three acts, founded on the French farce, "Villa Primrose," by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemard. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on September 30 with this cast:

Colonel Pomponnet, Frank Drake; Fernande, Lila Benton; Blum, G. Clouston Glass; A Hall Porter, John Fairbanks; Victor Johnson, Scott Welsh; Jacqueline, Florence Grenova; Tante, Edwina Montague; Edwina Taylor, Annette May Day; Lulu, Dorothy Quinette; Distinguée, Eunice Marie Gagnier; George, Stuart Christie; Alphonse Bouchotte, Frank McIntyre; Delphine, Grace Edmund; Fierette, Mildred Manning; Bumbola, Octavia Brooke; Jolande, George A. Beebe; Luciere, Alfred Fisher; Simone, Stella Lawrence; Marie, Jessie Wetmore; Jeanne, Ethel Muller; Blanche, Dorothy.

If we must have musical comedy, let it be good of its kind. "Oh! Oh! Delphine" is naughty, but it is decidedly amusing and full of that French spirit and dash which at one time made Parisian farces famous all over the world. It is gay and tuneful with especially good lyrics; in fact, Messrs. C. M. S. McLellan and Ivan Caryll may be said to have scored again with another, "The Pink Lady." The piece made an unquestionable hit, and it deserves to succeed because it is well put on and entertaining throughout. The plot concerns an artist with six models, all of whom pose for his picture, "Venus Rising From the Waves." There is a comic opera colonel, a military lady killer, and two wronged wives who love each other's respective husband, a wonderful parrot, and a French girl who knows the knowledge of English is confined to one word, "carpet," and who when she wishes to say "I love you" whispers "Allahbala Goo-oo." There are many other characters who contribute to the general fun, and Frank McIntyre, who plays Alphonse Bouchotte, is a host in himself. He keeps the audience laughing all the time and has a number of good songs. The ditty, "Why Shouldn't You Tell Me That," put the house in an uproar, and "Everything's At Home Except Your Wife" made an equally strong appeal. Frank Doane was amusing as the Colonel, Grace Edmund was charming as Delphine and Octavia Brooke picturesque as the Persian carpet seller. The chorus and stage settings were unusually attractive. No such collection of pretty girls have been seen on the local stage in years.

FULTON. "JUNK MADNESS." Play in three acts by Henry Kitchell Webster. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Frederick H. Hollis, Edward Evers; Mrs. Hollis, Helen Taylor; Katherine Hollis, Katherine Jones; Ernest H. Hollis, Jr., A. Hyman Alter; Robert Fielding, "Charles" Fielding; Helen Hollis, Helen Hollis; June Thornburgh, Rene Kelly; Janitor, F. W. Perry.

Henry Kitchell Webster, the author of this "modern play," is a novelist. He has much to learn before he wins apex as dramatist. He starts with what is not far from a bold and daring idea. As a prologue of the stage a woman gives herself to a man for a period of ten days. At



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the expiration they are to part, never to see each other again and no questions are to be asked. A child is born of this union and as the play begins she is twenty-two years old. Her mother is secretary—salary \$12,000 a year—to a railway magnate, whose son is in love with June, as the fruit of the liaison is called. But Mrs. Magnate is jealous and has Mrs. Thornborough's past inquired into. Of course, no marriage certificate is forthcoming, while matters get a further twist when it turns out that the suitor for the hand of Katherine Hollis, the magnate's daughter, is none other than the lover of years ago and the father of June. But he "performs" himself like a gentleman, resulting in a clear case of much-ado-about-nothing, and a pitiful evasion of a complication based on a gratuitously unhealthy and far-fetched proposition.

HARRIS "Steve." Play in three acts by John T. McIntyre. Produced on September 28 with this cast:

Tom, Alphonse Elbert; Steve, Arnold Daly; Pike, Edward McWade; Tim Fitzpatrick, Harry Morris; Captain O'Brien, William Walker; Molly, Josephine Victor; Mary Brown, Julia Walcott.

In spite of his eccentricities and occasional mannerisms, there is a great deal of the real artist in Arnold Daly. It requires his daring and confidence in himself to come before his public as a star in a play like "Steve." The title role is a grifter, not a political one, but just the sort of ne'er-do-well who sponges on his hard-working brother, makes a stiff bluff about the big things he is going to do, and is the idol of an indiscriminating mother. Engaged to Molly, who has been a member of the Brown household since a child, he is planning an elaborate honeymoon. But he has no cash, and so he puts it up to his brother to save him from ruin, alleging that he is an embezzler, and that jail stunts him in the face. The brother draws on the funds of a union of which he is treasurer, but is saved in time from the consequences of his ill-advised kindness. Steve is shaken up in his true light, and Molly begins to see that she has wasted her affections on the wrong brother.

37TH STREET. "The Brute." Play in three acts by Frederic Arnold Krummer. Produced on October 5 with this cast:

Donald Rogers, Francis Gendinning; Edith Rogers, Ruth Shepley; Robbie, Stephen Davis; Mrs. Poon, Jerline Lewis; Alice Pope, Ethel Clayton; Emerson Hall, Voltaire Robertson; James Brennan, Ned McKim.

"The Brute" does not require detailed consideration, although we think it is fair to say that it is not an uninteresting play in its details. The story is not pleasing, and it is difficult to see wherein its author, a man of ideas, thinks it may instruct. A young wife, tired of the drudgery and comparative poverty of her life in a flat, is about to elope with a man who can supply her with luxury. She confesses to her sister, who, after attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, but agreeing to remain silent about the matter, says to her that she needs a good beating to bring her to her senses. Before the young wife can carry out her resolution a lawyer is announced, and in the presence of the household the husband, the sister and the mother, reads the will of the man in question, who has met death suddenly. The large fortune of this man has been left to the dweller in the flat. The husband consents to the acceptance of the gift, but will make no use of it for himself. The next act the young man engaged to the sister visits the family, now living in ostentatious luxury, and, not knowing the identity of the woman who has received the fortune, tells the husband of the story that he has heard about the will. The husband tears up a check, the first he has been prevailed on by his wife to accept from her, and, setting his child, a boy, leaves his wife and her fine house without ceremony. Later the wife comes to the old flat, where the husband is living with their boy, to negotiate for his possession and to induce her husband to reconsider matters and live with her again. He refuses unless she will give up the fortune. She refuses; for her part she will surrender it, but it must be kept for the boy. With this declaration she is about to leave the room, her suggestion having been rejected. He calls her back, tears the rope of pearls from her neck, announcing that she shall remain with him and give up every cent of the money to charity or otherwise. He has subdued her by asserting his mastery—the brute. It is simply an unpleasant play.

GLOBE. "THE CHERRY GIRL." Music play in three acts. Libretto and lyrics by Edward People, added lyrics by Melville Alexander, and

music by Victor Hollaender. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Becky, Blossom Seeley; Moe, Henry Fink; Mrs. Hopping, Ray Cox; Detective French, Herbert Denton; Van Hosen, D. L. Don; "Billy" Brann, C. Morton Horne; Rosemary, Marie Flynn; Officer "666," Edward Baker; Vesta Virgo, Oliver Fargo; Harry Holligan, Harry Turpin; Jeremiah Hopping, Ralph Herz; Cherub, Master Alfred Turner; Scraph, Master Allan Turner.

[illegible]

CRITERION. "TANTALIZING TOMMY." Musical comedy in three acts from the French. Book by Michael Morton and Paul Gavault, lyrics by Adrian Ross, music by Dr. Hugo Felix. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

Paul Normand, George Anderson; Gaston Bernier, John Park; Louis Gagné, Robert Pitkin; Aristide Minguet, Dallas Welford; Biff, Harry Clarke; Hector De Saurac Ipeac, Donald Hall; Toupet, Gilbert Tennant; Beggere, Bobby Newman; Gasmir, Jack Sayer; "Tommy," Elizabeth Rice; Julie, Dorothy Webb; Cecile, Peggy Forey; Florise, Valérie Elliott; Ziss, Frances Richardson; Annik, Margaret Langdon; Celeste, Madeline Harrison.

The story of "Tantalizing Tommy" from the farce used by Marie Doro a season or two ago, ingenious, at times amusing, but somewhat lacking in material for sustained interest through the play, is a case in point. Tommy is introduced at the original piece, "The Richest Girl." The idea of the piece is piquant enough. A very rich girl, hampered with attention and with everything she touches, is attracted to a young man, breaking down of her automobile near a country lodge, finds a young bachelor, averse to and unaccustomed to women, on whom her handiwork is wrought, and who is attracted to the young boy, and after a series of adventures with the object of her pursuit she succeeds in waking him up and inspiring him to animated love, nimble and ready to do anything for her. Tommy, the Brice was this enterprising mischiefmaker, with many pleasing qualities, but more amiable than spirited, after the manner of a Tomboy. There is a scene in which Tommy, after saying, "Good-bye, Away," "Just Like You," "I Am a Tomboy," "Zizi," "You Don't Know," "Irish Stee," "This and That and the Other," just where in the opera the scene is placed, is not clear, but perhaps in continuity of interest and in consistency

ASTOR. "THE WOMAN HATERS," Operetta in three acts from the German of "Die Frauenfresser," by Leo Stein and Karl Lindau. American book and lyrics by George V. Hobart, music by Edmund Eysler. Produced on October 7 with the following cast:

THE FOLLOWING CASES:

Tilly von Eberhardt, Doly Castles; Baroness Eberhardt, Herr Sturmer Robson; Frau von Kier, Herr Basse; Frau von Kier, Herr Basse; Helien Latties; Frau von Anlander, Elsa Ward; Gustaf, Dan Marble; Col. Liedwold, Chas. W. Kaufman; Capt. Senepp, Fritz Edvard; Herr Pfleger, Albert Mackling; Baron Silver, Bert Grossman; Herr Zimmer, Herbert Connop; Lieut. Wagner, Arthur J. Snyder; Herr Obermuller, Harry Lewand; Herr Krieger, Albert Heame; Marie, Mrs. Sanderly; Lord Lawrence, Lewis Kenyon; Marie, Wilton; Sallie Fisher.

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consistent story has driven producers and "authors" to adopting farces and plays to their needs. "The Woman Haters," in accordance with this sensible procedure, has some substance. A club of determined woman haters is confronted by an equally determined body of women, with a result that would satisfactorily balance the books of the most energetic matrimonial agency. The comedy is obvious and almost a ready-made kind, but there is plenty of variety in it and it serves. Mr. Hobart, in his book and lyrics, very cleverly turns to operatic opportunities everything available in the original German farce. The music by Eysler, Viennese in quality, is spirited, graceful and agreeable, and if at times it seems monotonous, the staging of the piece by George Marion, with the vivacity of the performers, may be relied upon in the promotion of such success as a fleeting comic opera of the day may have. Miss Sallie Fisher, who can really sing and put heart into her song, is not employed as actively in the doings in the action as Miss Dolly Castles, a character subordinate to her in the scheme of the play, but the few songs she has are worth the while.

WALLACK'S, "The New Six." Play in four acts by R. Macdonald Hastings. Produced on October 16 with this cast:

Hilary Cotts, Cyril Keightley; Maximilian Cotts, O. P. Heger; Jim Beninger, Julian L'Estrange; Will Grain, M. P. Harvey; Brabant, David Lilwellin Davids, A. G. Poulton; Stuart Campbell, Roland Rushin; Perl, Arthur Bowyer.

"The New Six" had advance interest stimulated in it more by the fact that its characters represented on the stage are all men than by the unusualness of its story. Its main claim to attention is the curious condition implied by its title. "The New Six" is specifically the act of being alive, to the detriment of one's relatives, Hilary Cotts, an artist, beloved by his friends, Jim Beninger, a dramatist, and Will Grain, a powerful M. P., contemplates suicide in order that his eleven brothers and sisters may come into their father's estate. The father had an intense dislike of Hilary, his eldest son, and arranged his property so that Hilary should have no share at all, among his children, Hilary excepted. This abused son, being a worthless sort of fellow, lived by the uncertain favor of his brothers and sisters, a circumstance which induced the father to incorporate in his testament a clause whereby his fortune was to be capitalized for twenty-one years, at the end of which time, or in event of Hilary's death, the original arrangement was to become effective. Grain, who is somewhat of a Socialist at heart, suggests to Hilary to make his death a useful one by murdering some scoundrel to humanity and being hung for it. Promptly there appears David Lilwellin Davids, J. P., L.C.C., M.A.B., a prosperous shopkeeper of some kind or other, who presently avers his own murder by converting Hilary to his way of thinking. But suddenly Maximilian, a wretched, half-starved brother of Hilary, arrives in time to recognize Davids as his late employer who discharged him for having criminal relations with a girl co-worker in the shop, and in time to kill Davids with Hilary's revolver. Hilary's opportunity having arrived, he assumes the guilt, the brother, however, Hilary killed David, and an innocent brother is tried and convicted. Here Jim Beninger, the dramatist, steps in, accuses Maximilian of the crime, traps him into an admission of guilt, which is repeated before the authorities, and Hilary is released. Max is saved by the inability of English law to try an acquitted man for a second time. He once more begs Hilary to commit suicide, so that the needy brothers and sisters and himself may secure the estate; but Hilary has come to the conclusion that his function in life is individually greater than that of all his family put together, so he buys his rapacious relatives off for one year by giving them the proceeds from the sale of a successful picture.

Here is another illustration that novelty in theme does not necessarily imply dramatic effectiveness. The obligation of a dramatist lies deeper than in supplying mere "newsiness" of material. All we have to assure us of the reality of Hilary's importuning relatives is the word of Hilary himself; and how can one literally accept the personal statement of a man so naturally prejudiced in his own favor? The dramatist does not appear until Hilary has determined to kill himself, too late for the particular purpose. The confession to the authorities that frees Hilary is merely told about by Beninger—who, as a dramatist, may be expected to have an inflated imagination; while the boy can have no gain whatever in acknowledging guilt save to meet the author's wish. What good points there are in the piece are mainly there through the ef-

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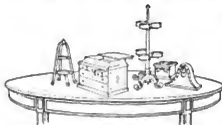
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forts of the actors. The last act is different to the ending provided for in the play as produced in London, where Hilary did die for his lecherous relatives. Cyril Keightley gave a convincing portrayal of Hilary, as did G. P. Heggie as the depraved brother. Julian L'Estrange developed the meagre part of Beniger. Harvey Braban was excellent as the M. P. A. G. Poulton made David's delightfully human, which credit may also be afforded to Arthur Bowyer, as a proxy and rather superfluous old servant.

CENTURY. "THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN." Play in three parts by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. English version by George Egerton. Produced on October 12 with this cast:

The Daughter of Heaven, Viola Allen; The Emperor of China, Basil Gills; Son of Spring, Norris Millington; Prince Falety, Lee Bakery; King Winged Arrow, Bernard Fairfax; Prince Daring Flight, Claude Brooke; Profound Sagacity, Clarence Henery; Poon Tvet, J. Wilmut; Exalted Thought, Marshall Wynn; Master of Ceremonies, Roy Merrill; Chief Eunuch, David Kirkpatrick; A Counsellor, Lawrence O'Leary; A Secretary, Alphonse Fabre; Well of Wisdom, Henry Bergman; A General Charles D. Hermer; A Doctor, Nicholas Burroughs; A Secretary, James Devore; Master of Ceremonies, Frank Russell.

As a scenic production, distinguished from the merely spectacular, "The Daughter of Heaven" is an artistic achievement. As a play, however, it proved a disappointment. If the original had any literary merit, it has been entirely lost in the process of translation. The dialogue is commonplace and the situations fell flat. The outline of the plot has already been given in this magazine. Necessarily a poetic drama, not written primarily for spectacular exhibition, is at times in conflict with a scenic production. The feminine personal contingent is not oriental enough. The maids in the Palace Gardens in Nankin are too European. The picture with which the play is opened is entitled "A Chinese Love Song." In the dreamy dusk a sail-boat garlanded with flowers slowly passes with its lovers in the union of dreamy song. The picture itself is a rare achievement in impressionism, as a prelude. Next is a room in the Emperor's Palace at Peking. With it begins a series of beautiful interiors, in which the beautiful refinement of Chinese decorative art is abundantly unfolded. The third scene is the Palace Gardens in Nankin. Here we have the characteristic garden landscape, the rustic bridge, the docile domestic fowls. The Emperor of the Manchus, coming as a pretended viceroy from the south, sees the Empress of the Mings borne by in her palanquin. The Throne Room in the Palace of the Empress in Nankin is a recollection of Chinese magnificence in decoration and in royal splendor. The dramatic action takes on some force here. The lovers have begun their tragic relation. The Empress, informed of the approach of an army of Manchus, sends away her son, a boy who is to be the future Emperor, for safety. The Manchus Emperor departs unrecognized. We next see the battlements near the wall of Nankin. The attack is made, a spectacular and melodramatic exhibition, with bursting bombs lighting up the murky air, with walls tumbling in, men buried to death from the battlements; men, in pursuance of fanatical devotion, throwing themselves on a flaming pyre, and finally the capture of the Empress. Outside the Great Gate of Peking we see the bchearing of rebels and Chinese life of the period. In the Throne Room of the Palace of Peking the two lovers enact the supreme moment of their destinies. The Empress must choose between her love and what she esteems her duty. She wavers, but decides that the two empires cannot be united by marriage, because rivers of blood run between, and she takes poison, the Emperor consenting to fate. On the occasion of first production the difficulties of handling the scenery were such that the waits and time consumed were intolerable. The principals are satisfactory. Viola Allen may, to some minds, lack simplicity, but as the Empress she has dignity and emotion.

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More Irish Players

William A. Brady is bringing a new company of Irish players to New York who will play Rutherford Mayne's play, "The Drone," with Whitford Kane in the leading role. Following so soon after the visit of the Abbey Theatre company from Dublin, the production will give good opportunity for contrasting last season's visitors and their plays with the actors and comedy of the Northern school. Among the players will be Robert Forsyth, J. P. Campbell, Joseph Campbell, Stanley Grestley, Bridget O'Gorman, Nellie Wheeler, Margaret Moffat, and one Scotch actor, Alec. F. Thompson, who is now playing Fluellen in "Henry V." with Lewis Waller.—Dramatic Mirror.



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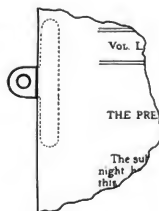
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FASHION'S NEWEST FANCIES FOR WINTER

WHY go to Paris to purchase gowns? The New York women who were so fortunate as to see the wonderful displays of Paris fashions, as presented during the past month by our progressive shops, will aver that it is a waste of time and nerve energy.

The fashion exhibition proved that the very newest creations of the leading French couturiers are to be had right in our own shops, and the woman who insists upon creations bearing the name of only the best Parisian dressmakers has a wide selection in the home establishments, and she who is content with a reproduction will, for one-third the price perhaps, get a garment so exact in every detail that it will not be distinguishable from the original model. This was unshakably proved by the models at one of the recent exhibits.

GOWNS.

To convince you, I will just mention a few of the wonderful French creations noticed at these displays. A charming model by Paquin in "Besnard," a beautiful new shade ranging between the cherry and rose, attracted much attention.

The exceptionally graceful draperies of the velvet underdresses were caught up in a delightful way by a velvet bow, at the front side of the modified pannier and the back showed a drooping panel coat effect over the pannier. The underarm pieces, the lower, mousquetaire, sleeves and the Melici collar were of velvet, while the rest of the gown was of a matching tissue brocade, the gold threads making an exquisite combination with the Besnard. Sleeve frills and a pretty jabot of fine creamy lace afforded a pleasing relief. Of course, there was fur on the gown, and this took the form of bandings around the neck and at the edges of the panel and sleeves.

An exquisite Poiret gown showed many new style features. The plain underdress was of white satin and the open front tunic of gold tulle, edged with a unique silver fringe. Over this was worn a tunic in long, coarse effect, of white shadow lace with a scattered floral design worked in beads in the prismatic tones. The edge was banded with a handsome trimming combining pearls, corals and rhinestones. Vari-colored roses of ribbon, folded to produce flat effects, were set against a background of head embroidered foliage. These afforded a novel and new favorite trimming for the corners of the lace tunic and the finish for the deep décolletage corsage. The sleeves are especially noteworthy in that they were of the gold net in mousquetaire style, falling well over the hands, and the shadow lace forming a pretty, short oversleeve.

WRAPS.

A Callot wrap in chiffon plush displayed the new drapery effects most beautifully. It was in the beautiful shade of midnight blue, which formed a most effective background for the exquisite Jap-

anese silver embroidery of the entire upper section. The embroidery ended in a point near the back waistline where the drapery was attached and fell in low classic folds across the back. The front fullness was gracefully caught together at the low side fastening. It had the new dolman sleeve, which is sure to be a favorite because it fits quite closely at the edge. In this model natural marabout formed the bandings. This was such a beautiful model that I inquired the price, and was surprised to learn it is only \$175.

Some of the reproductions are worth telling you about. I saw one that will be worn at the Horse Show. It was of the softest

velveteen in the new popular shade of fuchsia. It was lined with soft silk and had an interlining of French wool. It was made up in the pretty modified pannier effect with the edges outlined in natural marabout. The sleeves had the new close fit at the wrist. This was a copy from a Francis model, and I am told it can be had in any desired color at only \$59.50.

I saw one wrap that was perfectly adorable. It was made up of double-faced plush, very light in weight and yet so deliciously warm. This model was in the new three-quarter length with the desirable straight lines and a round edge at the back, all the fullness being caught at the lower front corners and brought up to the low fastening. The upper edges formed adjustable, deep revers and all the edges were bound in narrow black velvet. It was a delightfully comfortable wrap in an exclusive black and white pattern and would do equal service for day or evening wear.

SIMPLICITY IN GOWNS.

In all these Paris fashion exhibitions simplicity was the keynote. The fabrics were handsome, the colors rich and the trimmings magnificent, but the developments were simple. This was especially apparent in the tailored suits and one-piece

dresses, and this particularly recalls to me the exquisite, simple gowns of Miss Martha Hedman, the charming little lady who is doing such excellent work in "The Attack" at the Garrick Theatre.

Particularly good lines are displayed in the one-piece dress of velour-de-laine in Copenhagen blue. It is a Poiret model, and the perfectly plain skirt is gathered to the bodice at a slightly elevated waistline and falls in long, straight, graceful effect. A simple girdle of silk cord in blue and purple, ending in tassels, encircles the waist and forms a finish for the neck. The only relief is a small, quaint lace collar. This, like all Miss Hedman's gowns, has long sleeves.

Another of this popular actress' charmingly simple dresses is of white crêpe chiffon with three frills of lace over an underdress of white charmeuse, the dainty trimming of which is especially noteworthy. The skirt has a deep flounce edged with a lace frill, above which is a banding of pale blue satin ribbon overlaid with lace. The waist of the underdress is trimmed with similar bandings that



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form a delicate background for the semi-transparent bodice that is developed along simple lines.

The dainty collar of this gown is of the material and is merely hemstitched. It outlines the round neck, beginning at the front sides very narrow and falling in a deep, round effect to the slightly heightened waistline at the back.

Miss Hattie Williams had a similar shaped collar of matching lace on her coral gown in "The Girl from Montmartre." By the way, a few days ago I saw a reproduction of this gown in white in one of our leading shops.

EVENING GOWNS.

This brings me back to the shops and recalls a gown that one of our prominent specialty shops is making up for the Horse Show. It is very simple, but most effective. The underdress is of royal blue messaline, and the overdress of black net handsomely embroidered in steel beads and gold threads falls in a long, straight tunic effect. The bodice of net is developed so the embroidered edges outline the dainty vest of puffed white net, a favorite new style note, which forms a low, square neck. Small flat bows of blue messaline afford a pleasing trimming down the centre front. The short black net sleeves fall over undersleeves of the puffed

white net. A girdle of blue messaline falls in a single short sash end, which is edged with metal fringe. It is probable that this gown would be made up to order in any color.

FURS.

Of course, you have noticed that fur seems to be trimming everything nowadays, and the approaching cold weather will bring out the rich fur garments.

The other day I saw a beautiful set of ermine that is to bring pleasure to a Western society woman on Christmas day. It was made up in long stole effect and the muff was prettily developed along new lines. It was of white satin overlaid with ermine, and at the lower edge the satin showed as a deep puffing. Straps of ermine crossed the puffing and held together the shorter fur portions. The effect was very dressy. The stole was made up in the new solid skin effect. There were eighteen skins used, each finished separately and the charming result with the eighteen tails in three rows on the front can be pictured. A delightful Christmas gift, isn't it?

At the same shop I saw a Russian Marten set in which the rich brown tones were beautifully blended. You know brown furs are to be quite popular this winter. The set consists of a shawl collar with the new side closing, and the muff which had the stripes ex-



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tending diagonally, a novel as well as a decidedly pretty effect. And the fur coats! They are simply luxurious. The seven-eighths length is seen in most of the coats just now and this is comfortable for automobile wear, but not practical for general purposes, and so far for walking and general wear the smart three-quarter length will probably be accepted. The modified pannier effects are prominent in the new fur coats.

I noticed one the other day, made up in mole in stripe effect. You know this is a new idea, and is produced by reversing the fur. The back lines of this coat were perfectly straight and beautiful, the slight pannier drapery being confined to the front. The large collar and cuffs were of white fox fur, of course, the fashionable coat this winter shows two different pelts. This coat was extremely handsome, and not at all exorbitant in price.

The richness displayed by this year's trimmings, laces and velvets is also a characteristic feature of the woolen materials shown for Winter wear.

It seems almost unbelievable that such a soft, smooth, satiny-like finish could be put into woolens without the mixture of silk. Yet this soft sheen is achieved without the aid of silk, but through the peculiar weave and treatment of the material!

Two wonderful examples of the weaver's art are "Baby Lamb Cloth" and "Kitten's Ear" for dresses and suits.

The names themselves are suggestive of the delicate softness of the texture of the materials. "Baby Lamb Cloth" is so like the fur of the baby lamb that from a distance even the practiced eye is deceived.

This material may be had in becoming shades of laurier, taupe, mole, vareuse, navy and black.

The wonderful softness of the material so aptly called "Kitten's Ear" lends itself beautifully to the artistic draping effects of this season. This material is offered only in the always rich, appropriate black.

"Embossed Ratine"—another of this season's materials—is of such ultra-rich quality that its prohibitive price assures it of a permanently exclusive position in the realm of woolen fabrics.

Combined with cloth, or used as a trimming, it is most effective and smart.

"Peau d'Agneau" and "Peau de Chamois" are the names of two other ratine materials which will be very popular this season.

"Fish-scales Zibelines," in black, white, navy, Oxford and brown are being used extensively for suits and coats by the smartest tailors.

"Two-Tone Velour Majestic" sounds like the name of a velvet,

but it is in reality a woolen fabric. The name was evidently chosen because of the luxurious and stately richness of the fabric.

"Eluche Florentine" is a light-weight plush which lends itself admirably to collars and cuffs, and also to draping.

Corded materials in velvets and woolens are used extensively for dresses and suits.

Among the velvets, "Peau de Suede Corduroy" holds first place for popularity. "Bernard Unent Velvet Cord" is also extremely smart.

Among the woolen fabrics "Ottoman de Laine" in shades of taupe, blue and black; and Bedford Cord are the leaders.

Prominent among clinging crepe chiffons is Callot Crepe of a dull, soft finish.

One of the largest New York importers is introducing a dream in Charmeuse called "Faille Charmeuse." It may be had in taupe, tobacco, mole and prune.

"Voile Crochet" is an entirely new fabric on the market. It has the rich appearance of Irish crochet and the sheerlike texture of Voile.

Favorite among satins, which hold a high place this season, is the "Worth Satin." This satin is of an unusually beautiful finish, and the wide selection of colors in which it may be had, makes it adaptable for smart street dresses as well as charmingly beautiful evening gowns.

"Paquin Satin" is a novelty among satins, which will appeal to the practical. Finished the same on both sides, there is no left or right to it. Hence, when one side has done service, the other may be used.

Try as we may, we can give only a faint suggestion of the beauty of these materials imported by Haas Bros. of New York. The most vivid imagination cannot do justice to the exquisite texture of these fabrics. *They must be seen to be appreciated.*

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BED JACKETS.

These cool nights compel us to turn our attention to sleeping garments. Of course, we sleep with open windows all winter, and many of us do not care to discard the daintily embroidered nainsook night dress for the comfortable flannel and yet additional bed-apparel is necessary. And here is where the charming bed jackets come to our rescue. They are lovely, too, when breakfasting in bed and invalids find them so convenient. These loose, shortback jackets are easily slipped on, and while comfort-



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1332

AFTERNOON FROCK FROM
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day this week. It was of China silk, all accordeon-pleated. A deep collar was pin-tucked and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The V opening had a lace inset and the bottom edge, that was cut in points, was finished off with a frill of the lace, and it was so reasonable, only \$6.75.

CORSETS.

While at the theatre the other evening, I overheard my neighbor saying, "Oh dear! This corset is just about killing me. I haven't broken it in yet, and it digs into my side so, I am perfectly miserable," and I wanted so much to tell the unfortunate sufferer about the corsets that she ought to wear.

Flexibility is the present keynote of all corsets, and none should "dig in the side," but I know of one that has a patent side boning which bends with the body, and whether the wearer bends backward, forward or sideways, the corset bends, too; so it is impossible to be in the state of discomfort that the lady mentioned was. It seems to me the woman is rather foolish to wear a corset that must be "broken in," when she might, for the same money, have one that feels perfectly comfortable at the very first wearing. And then these stays do not break out either like the ordinary ones, but since they are absolutely pliable, they will retain their shape and preserve the graceful lines of the corset until it is discarded for the new model. Another excellent feature of this corset is the broken bone near the bottom of the back, which obviates the necessity of several attempts before one is comfortable in a sitting posture.

Special attention has evidently been given to the trimmings of these corsets as they are so practical, and then they are in the soft, flat effect that obviates the ugly lines which are often so annoying. In the popular priced models the top is finished off

able, they are very dainty. One I saw the other day was made up of crêpe de chine. The bottom was in pointed effect and edged with wide lace frills. A yoke in German Valenciennes lace was square shaped in front, and edged with a frill. It was finished off with a ribbon shower at the low front fastening. The short, pointed sleeves fell over dainty sleeves of net and both were edged with a frill.

And then there were the dearest bed jackets in crêpe de chine over China silk either in matching or contrasting shades. The edges are loose and finished off with narrow lace frills. As the silk lining extends a little, it gives the effect of double frills that is very charming. Double choux of ribbon adorn the front and conceal the attachment of the four ribbon ends that are tied to close the garment.

Some of these jackets have insets of lace to form a pretty border and all of them are sufficiently attractive to wear as boudoir jackets.

(I know of one shop where they are made up to order, which makes it possible to select your own color.)

This reminds me of a matinee I saw in a little shop one

with a broad banding of embroidery, which will stand general wear, and in the high-grade models there is a satin ribbon banding, which will not easily tear. An exquisite model in satin broché has a broad, white satin band at the top, below which extends a banding of shadow lace in Van Dyke points, which are outlined by a tiny frill of satin ribbon. The joining of the lace and ribbon band is concealed by trimming of silk cord in a pretty loop design. A bow finishes off the front.

While mentioning corsets I just want to say that it is surprising how careless women are in purchasing this article of dress, which actually determines the "style" of the wearer. And where we have so many shops that specialize on corsets, and where experienced salespeople will fit any figure, there is no excuse for ill-fitting corsets or the discomfort of the lady in the theatre.

TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Speaking of lotions makes me think of an inquiry I had the other day for something "good for pimples." I lost no time in telling the writer of a place where such ailments as pimples and eruptions are especially treated. But I also mentioned a lotion that can be applied at home, and as this is such a prevalent skin disturbance you may be interested to know about the treatment, too. Good things, like this, should be passed along, you know.

The manufacturer has made an exhaustive study of skin afflictions and has evolved a preparation that will effect a prompt and permanent cure, which is certainly gratifying to those afflicted with these annoying skin disturbances. And in these days of nervous strain, and the constant rush, which is the evil root of irregular habits, the victims of pimples and skin eruptions are counted by the thousands. And why go about with disfiguring pimples upon the face when they can so quickly and effectually be removed?

Why, the other day I saw a fashionably attired girl on Fifth avenue, and I could hardly believe my eyes. She actually had three blackheads on her cheek! I felt so sorry for her and wanted to tell her about a simple lotion that would remove them so speedily. And I really felt she ought to know that not only were these ugly spots disfiguring her otherwise pretty face, but neglecting them was only inviting more serious and distressing skin troubles. However, I passed on and I am hoping she will read this.

It seemed to be my fate, that day, to meet persons "in distress"—that is, I considered their state one of distress—and in each instance I had an almost uncontrollable desire to offer the "first aid."

This time it was a woman of avoirdupois who, I imagine, would have appreciated my assistance, but tact restrained me from telling her of a simple treatment that would do wonders for her. I know one woman who lost thirty-three pounds within a year, and is delighted over the return of her youthful lines in figure. Like Madame Nordica, this woman says she has "discovered a restorative of youth." You know Nordica returned from her summer vacation minus twenty pounds, and look-


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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

8 West 38th Street, New York

ing very much younger. She confessed that she had indulged in a treatment because "fatness is not only the enemy of youth, but of beauty as well."

She is not, as yet, willing to divulge her secret, but as long as we have such an excellent preparation in the market, we can abide her pleasure. The one I refer to is a treatment that really reduces the unhealthy fat, which, by the way, is the cause of so many disturbances in the general health. Then, too, it feeds the nerves and builds up the system generally. It is worth trying anyway. As it is used externally, it cannot cause organic disturbances, and since it requires no change in diet nor interferes with the daily routine of living, there is absolutely no harm in trying it.

DRESS ACCESSORIES.

I started this as a fashion talk, but I have widely digressed—still what is more necessary to correct fashions than a perfect figure and a clear complexion? So I haven't got so far away from my subject after all—but to return.

I suppose you have noticed the mode of wearing a single flower as an evening corsage bouton? The other day I saw some black roses that I think would look very smart, embedded in white tulle, for the popular black and white toilette. The tulle effect is a present fancy. And then these black roses with their velvet and satin petals give a rich contrast to the amber gowns that are now such favorites. A pretty one for the tulle combination can be had at \$1.45, while a perfectly handsome, large one is \$2.25. Beauties in red are only \$1.25.

POWDERED COIFFURES.

Speaking of the theatre reminds me of the white coiffures I noticed there the other evening. Of course you know that at the recent French races some of the women appeared with powdered hair and, naturally, the style of Madame de Pompadour was quickly taken up by the women of fashion in Paris, and now it has reached our shores. Our women, however, not favoring the idea of powdered tresses, are substituting white wigs. Even though this mode is still in its infancy, it is probable that before the end of the season it will be an established vogue. One firm is already busy filling orders. They make up puffs, fronts and entire wigs, and as the material used is not real hair, but yack, which is perfectly sanitary and makes up into charming coiffures which are vastly becoming, the cost is nominal.

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Contents, December, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

PAGE

COVER: Portrait in colors of Enrico Caruso in "Rigoletto"

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Lydia Lopoukova in "The Swan Dance"

TITLE PAGE: F. H. Southern as Hamlet

161

THE NEW PLAYS: "Julius Caesar," "The Yellow Jacket," "Hasturine, U. S. A.," "The Trust Marriage," "Bachelors and Benefactors," "The Point of View," "The Door of Peace," "Our Wives," "A Rich Man's Son," "The Blindness of Virtue," "Bella Donna," "The Lady of the Slipper," "Ziegfeld Follies," "Snow White," "C. O. D."

SCENES IN "THE YELLOW JACKET"—Full-page plate

165

THE OPERA SEASON OPENS—Illustrated

166

AN EVENING AT MADAME RACHEL'S—Illustrated

Alfred de Musset

168

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS MARC ANTONY—Full-page plate

James E. Dunning

169

WHERE OPERATIC REPUTATIONS ARE MADE AND LOST—Illustrated

Grace Bigelow Patten

170

A FAMOUS OLD PLAYGOER—Illustrated

Montrose J. Moses

171

THE SAILOR DRAMATIST—Illustrated

Eva E. vom Baur

172

MARY GARDEN AS THAIS—Full-page plate

Lucile Erskine

173

NAPOLEON AND THE DRAMA—Illustrated

Richard Savage

174

SCENES IN "THE GYPSY"—Full-page plate

George Jean Nathan

175

THE HOME FOLKS—Poem

Leslie Curtis

176

THE DEADLY CABARET—Illustrated

Lucile Erskine

177

THE FOREST THEATRE—Illustrated

Ada Patterson

178

NAZIMOVA—THE UNKNOWNABLE—Illustrated

Mabel Keightley

179

SCENE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"—Full-page plate

Emilie E. Hoffman

180

A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE—Illustrated

Emilie E. Hoffman

181

SCENE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER"—Full-page plate

Emilie E. Hoffman

182

CHICAGO APPLAUDS EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY—Illustrated

Emilie E. Hoffman

183

SCENES IN "SNOW WHITE"—Full-page plate

Emilie E. Hoffman

184

THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS—Illustrated

Emilie E. Hoffman

185

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN—Illustrated

Emilie E. Hoffman

186

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Emilie E. Hoffman

187

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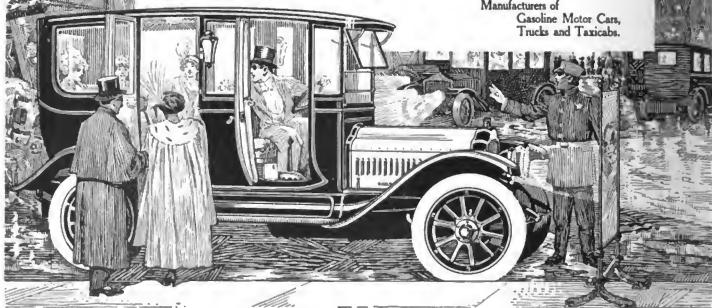
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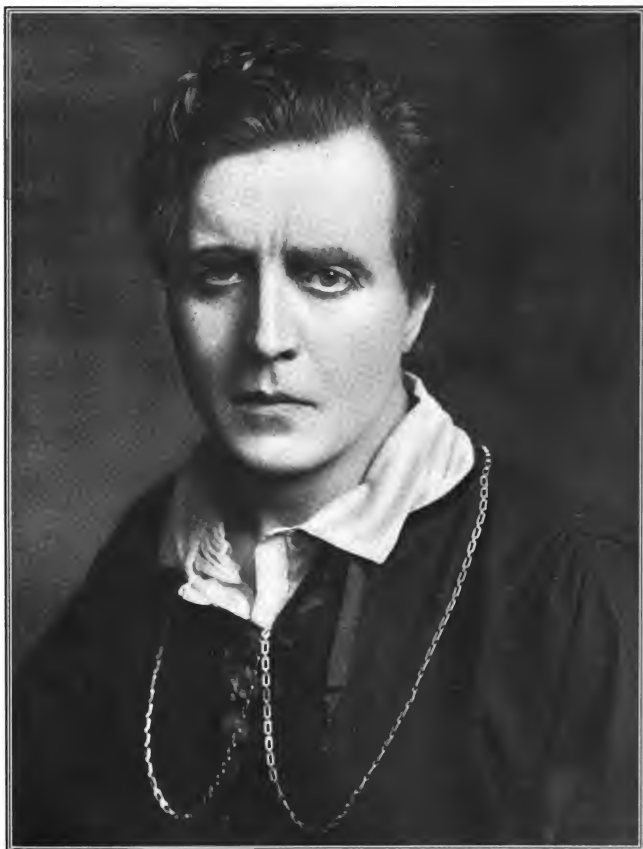
THE THEATRE

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DECEMBER, 1912

NO. 142

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White

MR. E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET



White

Marc Anthony (William Faversham): "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."
THE ORATION SCENE IN WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

LYRIC. "JULIUS CAESAR." Play in four acts by William Shakespeare. Produced November 4 with the following cast:

Julius Caesar..... Fuller Melhish
Octavius Caesar..... Kenneth Hunter
Marc Antony..... Mr. Faversham
Marcus Brutus..... Tyrone Power
Cassius..... Frank Keenan
Cinna..... Burton Churchill
Crispus..... John Edwards
Trebonius..... Arthur Elliot
Decius Brutus..... Maurice Franklin

Metellus Cimber..... Henley Edwards
Popilius Lenax..... Arthur Row
Sothbayer..... Frederick Howe
Titinius..... Edmund Mortimer
Mensala..... Richard Clifford
Lucius..... Eric Riser
Fidius..... Frank Hewson
Calpurnia..... Jane Wheatley
Portia..... Julie Opp

Another actor with the courage of his Shakespearian convictions has come to town. William Faversham is his name, and the Lyric Theatre is the scene of his elaborate, intelligent and impressive production of "Julius Caesar." It is a nice devotion to a poetic ideal that induces this graceful and earnest actor to forsake the profitable fields of the romantic and modern for the sometimes uncertain pastures of the higher drama. He deserves his reward, and it would seem as if he would get it.

"Julius Caesar" is a delight to all ages. Its glorious dramatic movement, its patriotic appeal, all stir the pulse of youth, while the older will never cease to find pleasure and profit in its beautiful verse and deep philosophical content. This city has seen many notable revivals of the famous play, and some of the greatest lights of the stage have figured in either of its three wonderful parts.

The scenic background for the present production is from designs by the late Sir Alma Tadema, painted by Joseph Harker. Whether one cares entirely for the Dutchman's *genre*, accuracy was its great point, and Harker, of all modern scene painters, would be the one to carry out the color scheme to a nicety, and yet it would almost seem that the scenic investiture of the Lyric were a trifle overdone; that greater simplicity would have conduced to greater effect. Certain it is that in the costumes there are some moments of fearful clash. Antony's delicate raspberry peplum should flee the scarlet-banded toga of the Senator. But the detail is all rich and elaborate. As a production it is vivid and sumptuous.

Now come we to Hecuba. When such an earnest effort

THE NEW PLAYS

has been induced to bring about a big artistic result, it seems almost capricious to quibble; but there is something lacking in

the interpretation. The bull's-eye is missed. What is lacking is the big, impelling, spirited note of the traditional. Some of the players seem afraid to let themselves out, as if fearful they would be charged with ranting. The crowds are spiritedly handled, the action is varied and real, but there are genuine climaxes that are let down for want of real red blood. Mr. Faversham makes a gallant and ideal figure as Antony. The spirit of youth is there, the warmth of his affection for Caesar is deeply simulated, and his appeal to the Roman populace is a declamatory incident of illuminative variety. Ordinarily the third act ends with Antony's stirring outburst: "Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war." But Mr. Faversham leaves in what is usually cut and introduces a bit of original pantomime, artistic, but violently anti-climactic.

The beautiful dignity and loveliness of Brutus was splendidly portrayed by Tyrone Power, whose elocution is a delight to the ear, but Frank Keenan seems to have missed the impulsive, waspish note of Cassius. Not until the quarrel in the tent does he strike the true spirit of the rôle that, if it didn't die when Lawrence Barrett passed away, at least was realized when that noble actor was alive. Mr. Keenan is altogether too measured and reserved in the opening act. Fuller Melhish is the Julius Caesar and Julie Opp a very beautiful Portia. Arthur Elliot is a sonorous and impressive Trebonius, and there is both character and impressive vitality to Lionel Belmore's First Citizen. In the pronunciation of proper names there should be a unanimity.

FULTON. "THE YELLOW JACKET." Chinese play in three parts by George C. Hazelton and J. Harry Benrimo. Produced Nov. 4th. Cast:
Property Man..... Arthur Shaw
Chorus..... Signor Pergini
Wu Sun Yin..... George Belch
Tai Fah Min..... Reginald Barlow
Dae Jung Fah..... Grace Valentine
Two..... Antoinette Walker
Chee Mo..... Sassone Morland
Suey Sin Fah..... Grace A. Harbour
See Quee Fah..... Betty Brewster
Moy Fah Lay..... Juliette Day

This play is an absolute novelty, not a variation on something we have known before. In those parts which we assume to be true to the original the piece is ludicrously amateurish and yet

very genuine and effective in its expression of emotion, romance and poetry. One hesitates at first to take it seriously. It is so much after the manner of a burlesque, but very soon the curious mixture of crudity and effectiveness, of pathos and comedy, make it a very real thing. The story of the play is simple and intelligible, and yet, in the matter of time, it extends over the lives of two generations, the older set being gathered to their honorable ancestors, the greater part of the action being concerned with the children. It is filled with adventures, its people travel over mountains and rivers, and one of the ancestors, a lovable mother, ascends to heaven by the convenient rungs of a ladder. There is no change of scene except by way of devices supplied by a primitive imagination. If a different locality is to be suggested, a rearrangement of the chairs or boxes effects it. Walking around a table and exchanging seats puts two people together in another room. A small box placed on a chair to elevate the seat suggests a throne. A boat with its occupants passes down the stream by the intimation that the cloths held out between the stage-hands is a river and that certain bamboo poles are the oars. One hangs himself from a tree that is but a bare pole brought forward for the purpose. One's head is chopped off and a red bag is held up by the executioner as proof of duty fulfilled, while the victim, who has to be got out of the way for the purposes of the representation, walks off.

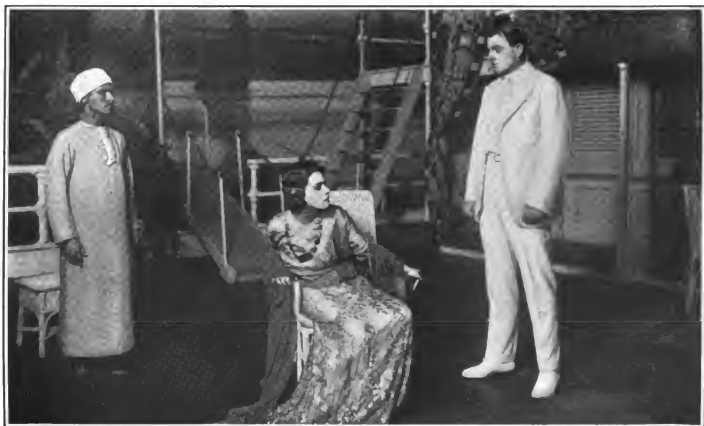
Such means are primitive and would seem to be meagre, but the ideas that helped to illusion are plentiful and are real if the means are not. The one room, or stage, where all the action takes place, in which mountains are traversed and rivers sailed, is not bare, but decorative. The walls pictured in rich colors with dragons, and the ingenious arrangement of doors of cloth folding upward, with other accessories, keep you entirely satisfied with the impression of locality and Oriental reality. In an alcove back sit the musicians. The admirable restraint of this music, used only on apt occasions for emphasis, is to be noted. The play is said to be an adaptation of a translation of more than one play dating back hundreds of years. Whatever the blend may be, it is certain that the authors have never overstepped the limits of a proper reproduction of the original in spirit and form. To have burlesqued it would have been fatal to the effect of this novelty.

The absurd things are not burlesqued. The production after the manner of the Chinese theatre is truly comical, because of the seriousness of the stage-hands, the prompter and the author, who acts as chorus and praises himself blandly on every occasion. The prompter is just as deliciously droll. He sits to one side of the stage near his box of properties and supplies mountains, rivers, swords, rooms, scenery and properties of all kinds, going about his work in a manner indicating that he has thus participated in the production so many times that, if he has not lost piety in his service, he is beginning to be bored to extinction by the vanities, the sorrows and the adventures of the performance. All the while he smokes his cigarette, expertly pendent from his mouth, with an air of luxurious weariness. He is very human, very familiar, very droll. Thus we have a kind of play within a play.

Mr. Benrimo, long acquainted with the Chinese theatre in San Francisco, is undoubtedly holding to the fact within his own observation. The spirit of it is genuine. The story concerns, first, the two wives of a ruler. Dissatisfied with the son born to him by his first wife, he plots with another ruler to get rid of her and the child so that a son by the other wife, daughter of his fellow-conspirator, may rule when he reaches manhood. These two rulers have a conference, in which they wear hideous masks and go through most extraordinary ferocious performances with their legs and arms. When the two sons grow up there is a conflict between them, in which the better one, after being tried and his valor and uprightness proved, marries the maiden designed for the baser youth. He encounters and vanquishes monsters, frightful in appearance and breathing fire from their nostrils, the spouting fire being provided and set off in the most indifferent manner by the prompter.

The names of the characters indicate the poetic spirit and intent of the play. Among these characters are Chee Moo (Kind Mother), played by Miss Saxone Moreland; Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), by Miss Grace Barbour; Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud), a flirtatious creature, full of grace and winning ways, by Antoinette Walker.

Mr. Arthur Shaw was the Property Man; Signor Pernigini the Chorus, or Author. The play and production are so entirely novel



Copyright Charles Frohman

Minnie
(Clara Bogel)Mrs. Chepstow
(Mrs. Narrows)Dr. Isaacson
(Charles Bryant)

SCENE IN ACT III OF "BELLA DONNA," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE EMPIRE.



White

HELEN WARE

In Act II of "The Trial Marriage" at the Hudson Theatre

that no account of it could be adequate. To use a phrase that is not novel, "The Yellow Jacket" must be seen to be appreciated.

ASTOR. "HAWTHORNE, U. S. A." Comedy romance in four acts by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

Miss Smyth.....	Annie Hughes	Prince Halberstadt.....	Martin L. Alsop
M. De Witz.....	Ivan Simpson	M. Frederick.....	Louis Lahey
Princess Overdich.....	Irene Fenwick	A. Requier.....	W. Leonard Howe
Anthony Hawthorne.....	Douglas Fairbanks	Kate Ballard.....	Ruth Allen
Rodney Blake.....	Sam B. Hardy	Thomas Ballard.....	Rasley Holmes
Augustus III.....	Allan Pollock	An Officer.....	W. Mayne Lynton
Count Ivan Pavlov.....	Eric Hind	M. Adamov.....	Lynn Robinson
General Hohenlohe.....	Henry Stephenson	M. Steiner.....	McLeod Collins
Captain Radokski.....	Walter Howe	A. Court Chamberlain.....	Frederick Powell

James Bernard Fagan has always been regarded as an English writer of serious drama. "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," which has just scored an emphatic success at the Astor, is from his pen. It is not a bit serious, and if the original author were to see it he, too, would undoubtedly be seriously surprised. It is safe to say that

some American craftsman has had a very free and liberal hand in its present form. An American certainly drew that breezy title rôle and gave the genuine flavor to that illuminative slang which so humorously punctuates the dialogue. "Hawthorne, U. S. A." is a tearing whirlwind of farcical romance. Unreal as it all is, it is played with such serious earnestness that it seems almost human. It will appeal alike to the matinee girl and the tired business man, for be it said it is absolutely the best cast play of the season. There is not a rôle, even the non-speaking parts, that is not acted for its full dramatic value, and with artistic deference, too.

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, a young tourist from the States, makes a killing at Monte Carlo. With his friend, Rodney Blake, he visits Oberon, the capital of Borrovina, which is on the eve of a revolution. Not knowing her rank, Hawthorne falls in love with the King's daughter. But when he finds she is in peril, he "starts something." Not only does he dispose of the traitorous Prince who would wed the Princess, but he nips the revolution in the bud, makes friends of the conspirators, introduces American business methods, and puts Borrovina on the map of successful countries, and in appreciation of his efforts, Augustus III, the King, indicates that Borrovina will become a republic, and so Irene, the Princess, and Hawthorne will undoubtedly be married in the very near future.

All this is very good fooling. The story is capably told with constantly increasing interest, the action is sustained and cumulative, the dialogue is incisive, snappy and full of fun, the costumes picturesque and decorative and the scenery romantically bizarre.

The star is Douglas Fairbanks, and he enacts the title rôle with rollicking good nature, dramatic fire and true American hurrah! There is an admirably characteristic Minister of Police portrayed by Ivan Simpson; a blunt friend in Sam B. Hardy, and a domineering Prince in Martin L. Alsop. But for finish, dignity and distinction, the honors go to Allan Pollock for his rendering of Augustus III, a characterization of genuine beauty. The Princess is naively acted by Irene Fenwick; but, as before said, there is not a player in the cast who does not deserve individual mention.

HUDSON. "THE TRIAL MARRIAGE." Play in three acts by Elmer Harris. Produced on October 29 with this cast:

Robert Payne-Stewart.....	R. H. Hudson	Blair Thomas.....	Harrison Hunter
Toma.....	M. Toma	Alexander Prince.....	Charles A. Stevenson
Richard Hamilton.....	Ernest Stallard	Marie Louise Le Val.....	Helen Ware
Mrs. Ridgway.....	Karla Kenwyn	Tilly.....	Eleanor Stuart
Irene Payne-Stewart.....	Margaret Gordon	Halloway.....	Harry Lillford

Emotional female stars have hard times these days in securing suitable mediums for the display of their talents. Helen Ware is no exception. In the rôle of Marie Louise Ridgway, Elmer Harris has written for her a part which gives her historically splendid opportunities for comedy and drama, laughter and tears. And the every shade and phase of it is portrayed by her with wonderful artistic finesse and effect. But Marie Louise Ridgway is the central figure of an impossible dramatic fable, a story which will not be accepted seriously, not because the premises based on its title, "Trial Marriage," are almost unknown here, but that the real sociological question is begged for. The relations which Miss Ridgway and Blair Thomas, a professional faddist, enter into is not a trial marriage, but just a well-hidden liaison. When it is finally discovered, brought about by the jealousy of Thomas, Miss Ridgway finds herself in a most enviable position. She has not posed as the open champion of matrimonial liberty; she is no martyr of convention; she is simply the victim of an ordinary escapade who has been found out. For a conclusion, she marries the vulgar ruffian of the affair, acted with conscientious severity by Harrison Hunter. As an actor, three times married and three times the almoner of alimony, the unwilling jealous cause, Charles A. Stephenson presents a comedy creation, engaging in its personal charm, deft in its neat and illuminative little touches, and instinct with the dignity of the true gentleman. Ernest Stallard, too, as a man about town,

(Continued on page xiii)



White
 No. 1. Mow Dun Fah (Grace Valentine), See Quoc Fah (Betty Brewster), Yang Sun Kow (Grace Halleck), Chow Wan (Antoinette Walker), Yin Sui Gong (Reginald Barlow), Wu Hoo Gai (George Relph). No. 2. The four Boyer girls. No. 3. Antoinette Walker and Grace Valentine. No. 4. Juliette Day as Moy Fah Lay. No. 5. Reginald Barlow and George Relph. No. 6. Juliette Day and George Relph. No. 7. Lee Sin (J. Arthur Young), and Suiy Sin Fah (Grace A. Barbour).

SCENES IN "THE YELLOW JACKET," THE CHINESE PLAY NOW AT THE FULTON THEATRE



Copyright Miskin
Lucrezia Bori as Manon



Louise Homer in
"La Gioconda"

Otto Leitz in "Königskinder"

Fausto Amato in
"La Gioconda"

Gertrude Farrar in
"Mama Butterfly"

Scene in Puccini's opera "Manon Lescaut" which opened the season at the Metropolitan

THE OPERA SEASON OPENS

WITH the blaring of brass and the bruising

tists seriously and frequently are leisurely in choosing favorites, even among famous singers.

ing of cymbals, with all the pomp of fashion, and with every nerve strained to achieve artistic results, the grand opera season of 1912-13 opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 11, with a revival of Giacomo Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." It was the beginning of the longest season of opera in the thirty-year history of this institution, a season which is to last twenty-three weeks of almost nightly opera; and it was the fifth season of the Metropolitan under the artistic guidance of Giulio Gatti-Casazza.

Originally it had been planned to begin this year's operatic doings with "Les Huguenots," in the form of an elaborate revival with an all star cast; but an attack of bronchitis upset these carefully laid plans, compelling the new German soprano, Frieda Hempel, to postpone her departure from Europe.

So "Manon Lescaut" was a second choice, yet it proved an admirable one. It gave opportunities for the introduction to the New York public of two new artists, the Spanish lyric soprano, Lucrezia Bori, and the recently acquired Italian conductor, Georgia Polacco. In addition there was the season's first hearing of such tried artists as Caruso and Scotti, there were four entirely new sets of scenery, handsome costumes and all necessary artistic trappings to mark the occasion as unusual, befitting the opening of the grand opera season. So no one longed the while for the postponed glories of "Les Huguenots."

Let it be said at the outset that it was an admirable and brilliant performance of "Manon Lescaut." Lucrezia Bori, whose family name is Borja in native Spanish, or Borgia in Italian, won success. That is saying a great deal for a new artist at the Metropolitan, for these audiences discount all foreign reputations, take their new ar-

But Bori seems to have topsy-turved the usual order of things, for she won her audience with almost a single aria in the second act. She had impressed them by her appearance and beauty before, but vocally she had still to impress them when the first act concluded. She steeled herself for the effort, practiced every artistic wile and really sang her second-act aria wonderfully. Then the audience capitulated and showered her with applause. She is likely to prove a valuable singer in more ways than one. She has extreme youth, being still twenty-two; has appealing beauty and a bewitching stage presence. Her voice is small, but extremely pretty in quality, save when she makes it "white"—a quality detested here. It is flexible and it carries easily. She has temperament, is an excellent actress and knows how to dress—in short, she has the elements of success in her artistic make-up.

Polacco, new conductor, is unquestionably a good musician and a man of authority. He held his musicians in firm grip and he knew how to build effective climaxes. Once or twice his accompaniments were faulty in their impetuosity, but he more than atoned for these slips later by generally satisfying work. The charge of loudness has been laid at his door, but this is partially the fault of this particular opera score, which is far more blatant in its orchestration than most of the Puccini operas.

Caruso, as Des Grieux, sang more beautifully than he has in the past. There have been times, some years ago, when he was able and did hurl a fuller volume of sound at his shouting hearers. But at that time there were also certain crudities of phrasing and expression which have now disappeared. His artistic phrasing on the opening night was well nigh faultless, and added to it was that heaven-given quality of voice, the voice of a century.

As the brother, Lescaut, Antonio Scotti gave



Miskin

Mrs. Fremstad as Brunnhilde in "Götterdämmerung"

a remarkably fine bit of character acting, full of illuminating bits of detail that stamped it as extraordinary, and vocally he was satisfying. De Segurrola acted Geronte better than he sang it. Mme. Duchene was awkward and disappointing in the part of Un Musico. The scenic pictures were all very handsome, the costumes were artistic—in fact, it was a finished performance.

Inasmuch as this opera was heard at the Metropolitan in the season of 1907-8, it calls for little comment now, save that its effect was possibly more pleasing, due, doubtless, to a better presentation of it. The first act has a lyric charm, the second one is charged with melodious music, the third is picturesque and dramatic, and the fourth is weak, lacking in convincing force either musically or dramatically. But it is well worth hearing, particularly in the present brilliant Metropolitan presentation.

An interesting feature of the new opera season which affords some indication of the public interest shown is that on the opening night Mr. Earle Lewis, the treasurer of the opera house, sold as many as 400 admissions in fourteen minutes. *a véritable tour de force!*

Even before the grand opera season boomed out its initial call for attention to music lovers, the concert-givers had begun to be busy. New York's newest concert room, Aeolian Hall, had to be opened; the Boston Symphony Orchestra had to reintroduce its permanent conductor, Dr. Karl Muck; the vanguard of recitalists had to rush, pell-mell, into the arena, outstripping their rivals in their race against time.

First of all, there was Dr. Karl Muck's return to the post of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had held this position during two seasons, while the German Emperor granted him leave of absence from his duties as royal conductor of the Berlin Opera House. So deep an impression did Dr. Muck make that he was offered the Boston position as a permanency. But report has it that Dr. Muck would ask no release from his royal patron, the Kaiser, so he simply returned to Berlin, filled his duties there and at the end of four years had fulfilled his contract, leaving him free to come to Boston.

Germany moved heaven and earth to keep Dr. Muck in its own domain, going to such lengths as even introducing a bill in the Reichstag to hold him. But the conductor had pledged himself to Mr. Henry L. Higginson's cause—the founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its sole patron. So he came.

After an absence of four years this famous conductor was welcomed by a huge audience when he appeared on the platform of Carnegie Hall. Unlike Arthur Nikisch, for instance, Dr. Muck is not an emotionalist. Neither his personality nor his conducting ever cause thrills to pursue each other in squads down the spine of the listener. So there was no real occasion for tumults of enthusi-

asm, hoarse cries of welcome, or any of those signs of furore. Instead, Dr. Muck was received and applauded in a dignified manner. He chose for his first number Beethoven's "Eroica,"

and he conducted it with no attempt to put hidden dramatic meanings into this music; he indulged in no exaggerations, no extravagances of climax. It was simply superb, honest Beethoven playing, and as such it will linger long in the memory of its hearers.

What was most surprising about the whole concert was the change that had been wrought in this orchestra. Dr. Muck had already weeded out quite a bit of so-called "dead wood." Some new woodwind players had been imported from France; a new 'cellist sat at the first desk, and there were new faces to be noticed in the various other choirs. The whole orchestra had taken on a superb balance, for, unlike his immediate predecessor, Fiedler, Dr. Muck does not allow the brass to dominate in the ensemble. The playing of the whole programme, but chiefly the Scherzo of the "Eroica," was a wonderfully beautiful exhibition of artistic skill. Single numbers by Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner followed, and the chief one

of these for comment was the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was brilliant both in conducting and performance.

The matinee mate to this Boston Symphony evening concert occurred the following Saturday, when Dr. Muck conducted Hermann Biehoff's E major symphony, which is of interminable length and is stuffed with the thoughts and effects of some other composers, but has an effective third movement. It taxed the virtuosity of the orchestra to the utmost, and these remarkable players came out of the ordeal with flying colors. Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" was exquisitely played, and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture was brilliancy itself. In a word, concert-goers are to be congratulated upon the return of this famous conductor, who is a thinking musician and an authority of the highest order.

Unusual interest attended the first concert of the season of the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, conductor, for they changed their old haunts and began this season to give concerts in the new Aeolian Hall. It proved an unusually brilliant auditorium, acoustically one in which the slightest discrepancy of intonation became marked, and in which any "muddiness" was immediately noted. So, in the opening Beethoven "Leonore" No. 3 Overture, the orchestra sounded ragged and altogether discouraging in the quality of its tone. In the following Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, however, this body of men began to redeem itself, and they were heard at their best in the closing piece, Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, or called in its original, "Ma Mère l'Oie." This charming music was originally composed as a series of five piano duets, then arranged for orchestra and produced at the Paris Théâtre



SIGNOR CARUSO AS DES GRIEUX IN "MANON LESCAUT"

(From a pencil sketch made by the famous tenor himself)

MY VERY best thanks, honored Madam and dear Godmother, for the letter

An Evening at Madame Rachel's

By ALFRED DE MUSSET

of the amiable Paolina (Paulina Garcia) which you sent me. This letter is both interesting and charming; but you, who never miss an opportunity to show those whom you love best some beautiful little attention, deserve the greatest praise. You are the only human being whom I have found to be so constituted.



Alfred de Musset

A charitable act always finds its reward, and thanks to your Desdemona letter, I shall now regale you with a supper at Madame Rachel's, which will amuse you, providing we are still of the same opinion, and still share the same admiration for the divine artist. My little adventure is solely intended for you, because "the noble child" detests indiscretions, and then also because so much stupid talk and gossip circulates since I have been going to see her, so that I have decided not even to mention it when I have been to see her at the Théâtre Français.

The evening here referred to she played "Tancrède," and I went in the intermission to see her to pay her a compliment about her charming costume. In the fifth act she read her letter with an expression which was especially sincere and touching. She told me herself that she had cried at this moment, and was so moved that she was afraid she might not be able to continue to speak. At ten o'clock, after the close of the theatre, we met by accident in the Colonnades of the Palais Royal. She was walking arm in arm with Félix Bonnaire, accompanied by a crowd of young people, among whom were Mademoiselle Rebut, Mademoiselle Dubois of the Conservatory, and a few others. I bow to her. She says to me, "You come along."

Here we are at her house. Bonnaire excuses himself as best

he can, annoyed and furious about the meeting. Rachel smiles about this deplorable departure. We enter; we sit down. Each of the young ladies at the side of her friend, and I next to the dear Fanfan. After some conversation Rachel notices that she has forgotten her rings and bracelets in the theatre. She sends her servant girl to fetch them. There's no girl there now to prepare supper! But Rachel rises, changes her dress and goes into the kitchen. After a quarter of an hour, she re-enters, in house dress and cap, beautiful as an angel, and holds in her hand a plate with three beef-steaks, which she has just fried. She puts the plate in the middle of the table and says, "I hope it will taste good to you." Then she goes into the kitchen again and returns with a soup-bowl of boiling bouillon in the one hand, and in the other a dish of spinach. That is the supper! No plates, no spoons, because the servant girl has taken the keys with her. Rachel opens the sideboard, finds a bowl of salad, takes the wooden fork, eventually discovers a plate and commences to eat alone.

"In the kitchen," says Mamma, who is hungry, "are the pewter knives and forks."

Rachel rises, fetches them, and distributes them among those present. Now, the following conversation takes place in which you will notice that you have not changed anything.

The mother: Dear Rachel, the beef-steaks are too well done.

tainty cooked much better. I am poorer for this talent now. There is nothing to be done about it, and for that I have learned something else. Don't you eat, Sarah (the sister)?

Sarah: No, I do not eat with pewter knives and forks.

Rachel: Ah, just listen to that! Since I have bought from my savings a dozen silver knives and forks, you cannot touch pewter any more. I suppose when I become richer you will have to have a liveried lackey behind your chair and one before. (Pointing to her fork) I shall never part with these old knives and forks. They have done us service for too long. Isn't it so, Mamma?

The Mother (with her mouth full): She is a perfect child! Rachel (turning to me): Think of it, when I was playing in the Théâtre Molière I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning . . . (Here the sister, Sarah, commences to speak German in order to prevent her sister from saying any more).

Rachel (continuing): Stop talking your German. That is no shame at all. Yes, I only had two pairs of stockings, and in order to be able to appear at night I had to wash one pair every morning. They hung in my room on a string while I wore the others.

I: And you did the housekeeping?

Rachel: I got up every morning at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made. Then I went to the Halles and bought the food.

I: And didn't you let a little profit go into your own pocket?

Rachel: No. I was a very honest cook, wasn't I, Mamma?

The Mother (continuing to eat): Yes, that's true.

Rachel: Only once I was a thief for a whole month. If I bought anything for four sous I charged five, and if I paid ten I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found that I was in possession of three francs.

I (severely): And what did you do with these three francs, Mademoiselle?

The Mother (who sees that Rachel is silent): Monsieur de Musset, she bought the works of Molière for that money.

I: Really?

Rachel: Why, yes, certainly. I had Corneille and Racine, and so I had to have Molière, and I bought him for three francs, and then I confessed all my sins. Why does Mademoiselle Rebut go? Good night, Mademoiselle!

The larger part of the dull people follows the example of Mademoiselle Rebut. The servant girl returns with the forgotten rings and bracelets. They are put on the table. The two bracelets are magnificent, worth at least four to five thousand francs. In addition to that there is a most costly golden tiara. All this is lying anywhere about the table betwixt and between the salad, the pewter spoons and the spinach.

The idea of keeping house, attending to the kitchen, making beds, and all the cares of a poverty-stricken household, makes me think, and I regard Rachel's hands, secretly fearing that they are ugly or ruined. They are graceful, dainty, white and full, the fingers tapering; in reality, hands of a princess.

Sarah, who is not eating, does not cease scolding in German. It must be remarked that on this certain day, in the forenoon, she has been up to some pranks which, according to her mother's opinion, had gone a bit too far, and it was only



Rachel at the time of her debut at the Théâtre Français

(Continued on page 2)



"And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war."
"Julius Caesar," Scene 1, Act III.

"A magnificent Antony," says a critic, "splendid in bearing, graceful in pose and movement, melodiously varied in elocution, and consistently vigorous. It may be doubted whether his delivery of the speech over the dead Caesar's body has ever been excelled"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS MARC ANTONY IN A SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR"

the true story of how Caruso, the poor Neapolitan, rose to the limit of La Scala's fame and even to the princelike rewards paid by the American market.

"Ma che!" says the round little man in the wrinkled covert coat, "I knew him when he sang songs in the streets. Many a time have I put a couple of *soldi* into his hat on the Riviera. *Davvero!*"

And the big man, who has not shaved his beard of late, and who goes, by preference, without an *ulster* in the winter season, gesticulates with two eloquent palms while he explains that in the first years Caruso had no voice, nor ever did until he went away into the country with the big man's own *maestro* and in the solitude of the *campagna* found the way.

"There was a crack in his head, I tell you," he whispers, glancing fearfully over his shoulder that none may overhear this heresy. "And all his high notes broke upon it. He tried them all, and they all broke—they broke like the sea at Rapallo, where he used to pass his hat for the *soldi*. And for two years he disappeared. Where! *Chi sa?* But *nostro* knew, for he was with him. *Davvero*, they were together. And in two years he was at La Scala, and now America has him. *E una cosa meravigliosa*.—Eh-h-h!"

Then, some day, Caruso himself will come to town; and it is the little man in the covert coat and the big one with no *ulster* who will see in the front rank of the admiring, adoring crowd that follows him through the street and waits patiently in the weather outside the hotel which has the honor of sheltering that voice.

"Caruso," exclaims his whisperer, "he came to La Scala one wonderful night and went away with Italy in his pocket."

There is in these days no king upon a throne or within measurable reach of one who rules with the despotic power of the Director of La Scala. Whatever he says acquires thereby the force and effect of truth. He is his own law and his own gospel. Of the many things which can be done and are done by the *Impresario*, who is the business manager of the house, there is not one that cannot be undone by the Director. There is no lack of reason in this, for from the *Impresario* down to the smallest and

servanliest errand-boy who hangs about the lobbies and the dressing-rooms, on the faint hope of some day coming to be a sweeper-out, the entire staff will unhesitatingly, and with cheerful equanimity, take refuge behind the Director when a failure happens,



THE GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELE
Here the singers meet and eagerly discuss the operatic news of the day

sifting out and sifting out and sifting out again the running sands which cover the inevitable grain of gold.

As the season, which runs from December to Easter, approaches, and sometimes months before, the actual candidates are brought in for inspection by the *Impresario*. Colkly he looks them over and calls for the proof that each has done what she claims. Even before its appearance he knows more than he tells

of each one there. He knows what his friends elsewhere have told him of her. Unless she be very great, she must have sung with success in the San Carlo opera house at Naples, and again at the *Costanze* in Rome. If she has had two or three or four seasons in the smaller Italian cities, so much the better; and if she has been wise enough or clever enough to get herself into the *Lirico*, which is the second opera house in Milan, or even into the *Dal Verme*, which is third, but with rather a good



The Scala, Milan, facing the Piazza della Scala and the Leonardo da Vinci Monument

reputation, she will find things very easy compared with her sisters who have simply come in upon the *Impresario* out of the unknown. If she pass the *Impresario*, a contract is made, but it is subject to the approval of the Director, who can protest her

irrevocably if he choose to do so.

Whether or not she be known to the world in which he rules, the candidate is likely to find the rigid affability of the Director embarrassing when she comes before him for her *prova*. Porters will wheel the piano into the right part of the dismal room, and will go away and leave her with him alone. He will ask about her best operas, and begin running them over with his own hands. He does not trust this to another. He knows what he wants to know,—what he wishes to reveal and discover if it is there. She sings as she never sang before, unless she happen to be so nervous that she sings worse than she has ever known herself to sing. Sometimes it is the one, and oftener the other. When the Director is satisfied, he rises, bows with another impenetrable smile, and she is out and away before the flutter in which she finished her final *aria* has gone. When the great moment has passed, many singers

find that they went to La Scala too soon; for an impression of unreadiness and incapacity, once it gets into the musty atmosphere of these trial rooms, is nearly ineradicable.

Probably few know that La Scala is in management a municipal opera house, though the actual ownership (and the support) is vested in the descendants of the wealthy Milanese who banded themselves together to build the structure. These old families were the original owners of the property. They possessed their boxes outright, and bequeathed them from one generation to another as parts of their estates. Many of the five hundred boxes remain in the hands of the great-grandsons of the original builders; but in these days of swiftly-advancing Italian prosperity many a new name is coming into the golden semicircle and taking its place, and thereby sealing its entrance into the brilliant twentieth-century aristocracy of the country. The box-owners have a special office in the lower part of the house where their holdings are rented by the night, or, when the family is in mourning or out of town for the entire season, even by the year. The only strictly "public" space is that on the floor, or "pit," and in the double row of galleries high up above the top line of boxes and under the very roof.

The brilliancy of the spectacles continues to be marvellous. The decorations of the house are simpler than those of any other of the more famous theatres of the world, but the heavy, polished gold which covers every visible bit of woodwork, shines marvelously from the background of ox-blood plush with which the walls and rails are hung, and it is upon this setting that the gay beauty of the audience stands out with sharp effect. One gets a hint of the wealth of the wonderful city in the heart of which La Scala

stands. Rich as the prospect is, it is a thing of surpassing vivacity and color when the court is in the Palazzo Reale in the neighboring square, and the royal box in the center of the first tier, above the entrance, has tenants under its old-fashioned candelabra.

Perhaps it is more than the royal visit, overwhelmingly of interest though that always is. Maybe there are other personages in the city for a night,—an Oriental ruler on his most recent *grand tour*, or the president of some neighboring republic. There is one ex-President of Switzerland who will not be forgotten by any of the Milanese who assembled in his honor at La Scala, one gala night in 1906, to celebrate his formal visit to the Italian court, which was just then established at the Palazzo Reale in Milan.

The royal party was expected, with its guest, at half-past nine o'clock. Long before that the house was crowded with eager people. Each of the innumerable boxes was filled with women, with the gaiety of whose gowns there mingled the glistening beauty of those army uniforms which are the envy of the warriors of the world. As one gorgeous party after another entered the boxes, and tier after tier came up to overflowing with the best blood of Southern Europe, the interest among the spectators in the floor seats grew into that shallow intensity of excitement which enlivens Italian life without becoming a burden on it. Here and there were pointed out the representatives of the noble families of the kingdom, many of whom have intermarried with the wealth of Milan. In a box next the stage, and but just perceptibly second in magnificence to the royal box itself, there sat the Princess Letitia of Savoy, the King's aunt and much beloved by everybody.

The performance, not an opera, but a concert by the 130 men making up the orchestra of the house, was well under way when, in the midst of a lovely *allegro* which had absorbed attention even in that moment of great affairs, the Director caught the signal of a man he had posted to inform him of the royal advent. His baton stopped in the air, its down stroke half completed, and with just an instant to take breath the orchestra crashed out of the *allegro* and into the irresistible *Marcia Reale*.

From its feet, which the audience took at what no one could describe except as "a bound," it saw the erect and military figure of the Count of Turin standing by the side of a patriarch in plain and somewhat awkward black. Cheers followed the playing of the royal march, and before anyone in the box could give a sign the orchestra began the national hymn of Switzerland, the music of which is that of "America." At its end the President stepped into the



White William Faversham as Marc Antony



Frank Keenan as Cato

bay of the box, bowed profoundly several times, said a half dozen words which were, of course, inaudible in all that cheering, and retired to the side of His Majesty's sodderly cousin, where he looked about with evident astonishment on the splendid scene which had been spread there for his entertainment.

Even on the ordinary opera night, there is in the air of La Scala that which is breathed only in the shadows of great structures. It is far from being the most showy theatre in the world; but there remains to it a character which makes it still what it has been since that August night a hundred and thirty years ago, when it had its performance, dedicated to "The Illustrations and Most Serene Archduke Ferdinand, Austrian Captain-General of Lombardy," and to "The Most Serene Archduchess Maria Ricciardi, Princess of Modena," who, it is incidentally worth while remembering, was one of the last royal women to bear the personal name of "Beatrice d'Este." On its opening night the house figured only as the ducal theatre of Milan; but soon afterward it came to be called "Il Teatro alla Scala" after the church of Santa Maria della Scala, which had been destroyed by fire and which occupied the site for many years before.

There yet remains what might be termed only "a way of doing things," which holds La Scala to its old-time rank. "Thanks to the decadence of the art of singing, and to the American dollar," said an Italian journal not long ago, "La Scala must be considered to have reached the end." There may be other signs, which the journal did not mention and probably did not know, that a day of other standards is coming in this special form of art or trade, whichever we may call it; but if you and I were singers,

and had so little as one season in the yellowish old playhouse to our credit, we need never know again those various pangs which are supposed to dwell within the frame of genius. Whatever architecture may have done for more magnificent temples, La Scala gives its verdict as the years go on, and few indeed are the cases where appeal is possible.

It is not at all unlikely that its candid way of recording achievement is the reason for La Scala's continued domination; for whatever a singer does there, and whatever a singer does not, are set down with a brevity which is both eloquent and cruel, according as the story requires telling. There is a place in Milan where you can go and find, in the most barbarous black and white, the report of every performance since the opening of the house, the names of the singers and the record of the public judgment on their doings. It is the Doom-day Book of the singing trade. It is a perfectly heartless and mechanical volume. There isn't even a speck of dust in it. If there ever was a drop of native life and moisture in the most infinitesimal fibre of the paper of its leaves, that mite was starved to death long years ago. Just paper and ink and one brief word of fate! Out of the pages of it there comes a waft like the chill air in the British Museum. To those who know the effort and the heartache that go to make up the life of the music student ambitious for La Scala, it

is a distinctly painful thing to run down the record and read after one and another name the *Cattivo* (poor), or even the *Mediocre*, which mark the unhappy endings of high hopes.

But there are other judgments to lighten the perusal, and it is interesting to note that La Scala, which has tested and adjudged all the great voices since the American Revolution, has never failed in its decrees nor seen the appearance of a rival strong enough to accomplish a revision. The voices it has approved have always been accepted by the world without question.

In the year 1877, almost exactly a century following that first performance before the most serene highnesses of the ducal court, there is this entry in the Book of Fate:

"1877, November 3, 'La Traviata': Adelina Patti; *Ottimo*. (Very Good)."

It was her first appearance, and there is no other record of it. But it was not until her return in 1893, again in "La Traviata," on the 20th of January, that Patti received that highest of all possible praise in the meagre vocabulary of the book: *Buonissimo*. During that first season, in 1877, she sang in "La Traviata," "Faust," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Il Trovatore," all with an *Ottimo* mark which was in itself a promise of something of the fame which came to her in other years; and which is a remarkably pointed illustration of the careful reserve that underlies the Scala judgments.

Tamagno, thought ever a great idol in Italy, scored no better than a *Mediocre* when he made his first appearance on the night after Christmas in 1877; but when he returned two years after, in "Don Carlo," he did that which was entered in the book as so few men singers have been entered, and closed the night with a *Buonissimo* to his credit. Tamagno returned again in 1881, with the De Reszkes, and once more, and with them, reached the highest mark of approval in "Ernani," "Il Figliuol Prodigo," and "Simon Boccanegra."

Calvé's first entry is dated January 8, 1887, in "Flora Mirabilis," when the judgment was *Mediocre*, but was chargeable to the other members of the company. When she came back in 1891 in "Hamlet," she ranked as high as Calvé should. Melba's appearance in 1893, on the night of March 15, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," was an instant and complete success. And she was well received in May of the following year when she sang in "Rigoletto and Sigurd." Emma Nevada had already sung there in 1891, to a *Buono* in "La Sonnambula." These are other records of interest in these even more intense days of rivalry:

Campanini, 1871, Jan. 28, "Faust" (*Buono*); May 7, "Don Giovanni" (*Buono*).

Sanmarco, 1895, December 26, "Henri VIII" (*Mediocre*); 1896, February 23, "Carmen" (*Cattivo*); 1896, March 7, "Hamlet" (*Buono*); 1896, March 23, "Andrea Chenier" (*Buonissimo*). (Sanmarco's rise was a wonderful

(Continued on page 21)



Kenneth Hunter as Octavius



Tytane Power as Brutus

IF YOU would see the London of two centuries ago, a merrier London than it is to-day,

you could not do better than take Mr. Pepys for your guide. The old diarist went everywhere, and made notes on everything he saw. Every player of his day was seen and criticized. We watch him swaggering down to the Duke's playhouse, or the King's house, in his suit of purple shag trimmed with gold and flowered tabby vest, or off to walk in the park, carrying his wife's last year's muff. Never was there a gayer, more nimble and eager a London than that through which he leads us. Life was simply a pageant and Mr. Pepys was there to see the show. Theatre-going was a passion with him, and he has bequeathed to posterity a vivid picture of the stage in the 17th century. The people were great playgoers, and the theatres were packed, many hundreds turned away when a successful thing was on. They stood in line then as now. He writes:

"To the Duke of York's playhouse at a little past twelve to get a good place in the pit for the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out and spent an hour at Martin's, my booksellers, and so back again, when I found the house quite full, but I had my place."

The 3rd of January, 1661, he saw "Beggars' Bush," and here was the first time that he ever saw a woman come upon the stage.* His first mention of Nell Gwynn is on April 3rd, 1665, when he calls her "pretty, witty Nell." He and his wife kiss her and make much of her as time goes on. He could not say enough in praise of her acting in sprightly parts, can scarcely find words to express his admiration of her in Dryden's "Secret Love or The Mayden Queene."

"After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before, as Nell do this, both as a mad girl—then, most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and both the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

He sees "The Mayden Queene" again and again.

"So done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done by nature. . . . To the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Mayden Queene,' which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and

A Famous Old Playgoer

By GRACE BIGELOW PATTEN

young Marshall and Nelly. The women do very well, but above all, little Nelly."

When she attempted anything serious, however, he found much fault. On one occasion he writes:

"Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. . . . Saw 'The Indian Emperor,' where I find Nell come again, which, I am glad of, but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most badly."

He sees pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door, in Drury Lane, in her snock sleeves and bodice,—"she seemed a mighty pretty creature." Again, seeing Nell and Mrs. Knipp after the play, he is disgusted enough.

"But Lord, to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them."

If a woman was pretty, and not painted, he would walk miles to look at her.

Betterton* stood supreme in Pepys' eyes, and he speaks of him over and over again.

"To the Duke of York's playhouse and saw 'Hamlet,' which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. . . . Betterton did the Prince's part beyond imagination. . . . He is called by us both the best actor in the world."

On seeing a poor play, he writes that he is glad Betterton had no part in it.

Barring "Hamlet," "Mac-

beth" and "The Tempest," the unimaginative Pepys had no great opinion of Shakespeare as a writer of plays:

"To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. 'Twelfth Night' is a silly play. . . . 'The Tempest' is the most innocent play that ever I saw. The play had no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays. . . . Very pleasant and full of so good a variety, that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the Scamian's part a little too tedious. Saw 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' which did not please me at all in no part of it. . . . 'Romeo and Juliet' is a play of itself—the worst I ever saw in my life."

He considered Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" incomparable, and his play "The Silent Woman" "the best comedy that was ever wrote." Later on he jots down:

"I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman' as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Mayd's Tragedy" and

*Thomas Betterton, the son of an undercook to Charles I. first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, in 1650. He was one of the greatest interpreters of Shakespeare that ever lived, though he played in mangled versions.



SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQUIRE

*The first English professional actress was Mrs. Coleman.

"The Chances" please him mightily, and Webster's "Duchesse of Malfi" was pretty good.

"August 16th, 1667, My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the play acted yesterday, 'The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Morall,' a play made



Thomas Betterton

by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce, from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me."

Everything pleases him mightily, or gives him "great content," if it doesn't make

him "mad," or "vexed to the blood." He is delighted with some poor people for calling their fat baby "Punch," and with the Duke of York for playing with his little girl "like an ordinary private father of a child." Is equally pleased with a "fine, noble dinner," a cup of milk at a farmhouse, or a bunch of grapes from a friend's garden. If things went awry at the house or office, no brooding; but off to the theatre or to see a "bearded woman," "rope-walking monkeys," a "horse

tell numbers," or a puppet show. Never an idle moment for him. If dinner was late, he played with his dogs, cat, tame sparrow, parrot or monkey, did a little tinkering with his carpenter's tools, tied up a vine in the garden, or piped a few notes on his flageolet. He rose by candle-light and spent his time fiddling until time to go to the office, or worked on important papers, so that he might have his afternoon free for the theatre. He

went to the playhouses day after day, night after night. Taunted by his family for too much "pleasuring," he bolsters up his conscience with this apology:

"The truth is I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate."

Evidently their criticism bothered him, for he writes:

"All alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box to hide myself, and saw 'The Black Prince,' a very good play."

A few days after the Plague had passed he keeps his cloak well up about his face. "In mighty fear lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play."

He binds himself from

the middle of November not to see a play until Christmas, but once in every other week, "and have laid aside £10 to which is to be lost to the poor if I do."

"To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other. However, I did not budge; and, to my great content, did a great deal of business. Again, but Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's playhouse, and my Lady Castlemaine's coach, and many great coaches there to see 'The Siege of Rhodes.' I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself."



Nell Gwynne

Nevertheless, he made many vows, only to break them, and it did not take him long to fill his little pewter forfeit box. Nothing failed to interest Pepys; he got right at the core of life. No one can in his dull-est, bluest moments take up the Diary without the certainty of laughter. This prosperous self-satisfied secretary of the Admiralty, loved and looked up to by the



THE DUKE'S THEATRE IN DORSET GARDENS

best men in England, this "regenerator of the British Navy," self-appointed critic of men and things, swung through life like a great, hearty boy.

THE name of John Masefield crops up on the main road and in by-ways. He has written ballads and narrative poems smacking of salvation

fervor; he is the author of books for boys and novels for grown people; he has prepared a life of Shakespeare and edited an anthology of sailor's verse. But above all does he deserve special notice because of three incomparable plays which reveal him to be a workman of distinctive significance in modern English drama.

Thirty-eight years ago John Masefield was born in Shropshire; he grew up disliking school, and at fourteen had shipped in a merchant vessel. At twenty-eight he found himself stranded in New York, so he sought out old jobs in stables, cheap restaurants and bucket shops, even farming in a red shirt. On Sixth Avenue he served as an assistant to the bartender of the Colonial Hotel. Those who would learn of his adventures there had best turn to Masefield's book of short stories, "A Tarpanlin Muster," wherein the twenty-second narrative begins: "When I was working in a New York saloon I saw something of the city police. I was there shortly after the Lexow Commission, at a time when the city was groaning beneath the yoke of an unaccustomed purity."

Ask John Masefield who his closest friend may be and he will say, "Jack B. Yeats, with whom I used to sail toy boats in Devonshire." Question him as to his greatest personal influence, and he will avow it to be W. B. Yeats, of mystic fame. Yet Masefield is full-blooded, with salt air in his blood and a lusty voice; he has moral vigor, and the mystic meaning is secondary with him. Yet, in a sense, he is mystic, as a poet must ever be. Somewhere he sings:

"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders, pricked on with the goad,
The man with too heavy a burden, too weary a load."

And somewhere else he expresses virility in the stanzas:

"Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong."

There is no delicacy here, such as one may find in Yeats; there is almost an attempt to be consciously brutal and coarse, as in "The Everlasting Mercy"—that recent narrative poem detailing the conversion of an uproarious drunkard. It is Masefield's abundant sincerity in finding the best and most human in discarded, worthless humanity which turns his offensiveness into rugged beauty, which makes him tenderest when his stroke is roughest.

John Masefield wrote ballads when he was a boy. "I will not apologize for having been young," he says, with his accustomed directness; and need anyone apologize for such a line as "A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell"? That slim volume holds sentiment and delicacy and faith and pride, and wital it has Whitmanesque democratic dash. Maybe there is something of the buccaneer in his spirit; if so, he has some of the simplicity of the buccaneer, some of the elementary enthusiasm of the child. It is in the mission which he gives to poetry, rather than his poetry itself, which reveals him akin to Yeats. He writes in his "Shakespeare": "Poetry moves in many ways. It may glorify and make spiritual some action of man, or it may give to thoughts such life as thoughts may have, an intenser and stranger life than man knows, with forms that are not human and speech unintelligible to normal human minds."

Masefield may not have sufficient scholastic training to write an adequate book on "Shakespeare," even though its text-book

The Sailor Dramatist

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

quality is shot through with glimpses of Masefield's tastes and exactions. But as editor of "A Sailor's Garland" he displays sufficient critical acumen to get

at the full value of English sea-faring poetry in an introduction which indicates his entire grasp of the field. And when one comes to read Masefield's essay on Defoe, it is not so much Defoe one comes to understand as those qualities which Masefield himself recognized in the man; there is a personal estimate of Defoe, rather than a critical estimate; and that is the viewpoint of the dramatist in Masefield. Does not one recognize in this essay that, interesting though a man's personality may be in respect to its manliness, nobility of character is what most concerns Masefield?

"Defoe," he writes, "was without imagination of the finer kind, for the imagination is occupied with beauty and power," and he reaches this strange conclusion, which in itself is a human one: "Who reads such a one? Defoe is read by school boys and kitchen maids, by sailors, by seekers after dirt, and by a few historical students. His popularity is a proof of the commonness of his vision." There is the finer element mixed with the salt and blood in the nature of John Masefield!

In his novels he is almost formless. Take, for example, "Multitude and Solitude": the study of the tsetse fly occupies therein nearly half the volume, yet the care with which disease is analyzed illustrates Masefield's absorption in any subject which interests him. But the most revealing portion of this book deals with Masefield's conception of the literary life—a broad, earnest, noble conception couched in the following terms:

"I have no quarrel with art. . . . It is moral occupation. But I feel this about art."

modern artists, that, with a few exceptions, they throw down no roots, either into national or private life. They care no more for the State, in its religious sense, than they care (as, say, an Elizabethan would have cared) for conduct. They seem to me to be a company of men without any common principle or joint enthusiasm, working, rather blindly and narrowly, at the bidding of personal idiosyncrasy, or of some aberration of taste. A few of you, some of the most determined, are interested in social reform. The rest of you are merely photographing what goes on for the amusement of those who cannot photograph."

A man holding such opinion could not help but be sincere in his art, and it is this naive sincerity, together with plain Anglo-Saxon speech, that keeps "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street" from being mawkish sentimentality and improbable melodrama. This manly attitude distinguishes the work of John Masefield, and all the more accentuates the lyrical touch, the inevitable, exquisite essence of tragedy which, for instance, illuminates the sordid tendencies in "The Tragedy of Nan" or "The Campden Wonder." It is in these two plays that the dramatist in Masefield exhibits the influence of the Irish school. And in their character they are strictly of the type sought for by a repertory theatre. "Nan" has been produced by the Gaiety and the Scottish Repertory theatres, and "The Campden Wonder" was given eight performances when Granville Barker was experimenting at the Court Theatre. Perfect as these plays are in their human intensity and truthfulness, they have in them only the elements of artistic success. And one of them, "Mrs. Harrison," has never been produced.

What Masefield thinks of the theatre is vigorously expressed in his introduction to "Shakespeare," where he pleads for a theatre for the right production of the comedies and tragedies. He deplores the ground landlords, and writes: "Art is the thought of men with vision. When art is

(Continued on page 41)



Courtesy, Literary Digest

JOHN MASEFIELD



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN AS THAIS

TO the average mind the name Napoleon is synonymous with war. Few connect it with

the concomitants of peace—with the arts, for instance and the things of culture and the higher cultivation of the mind, of recreation and of leisure. Historians find it so difficult to tell within the confines of a normally sized work of what he did to change the geography of Europe during his short meteoric career that they seldom have the opportunity to devote much space to accounts of his influence in other phases of the life of his times.

It is quite surprising, then, to find that his influence upon the drama is sufficiently far-reaching to fill a five hundred page book in the telling of it. But Henry Lecomte, a modern French dramatic critic, has used all that space to give little more than a mere outline of the events in Napoleon's life which had a bearing upon things theatrical and the documentary evidence to prove the conqueror's interest in them.

One might suppose, of course, that to a man with so keen a sense of the dramatic in everything he did himself, the stage would be exceedingly attractive, but according to this writer, Napoleon's interest was more political than personal. The author does not, however, agree with Mme. de Régnier, Bonaparte's contemporary and one of his most intimate biographers, who claims that he failed absolutely to get the illusion of the theatre, and gave it his attention only because he thought it a part of his rôle as Emperor to do so. But Lecomte does suggest, wittingly or no, by his citations of innumerable facts, edicts and anecdotes, that the Emperor was less interested in the theatre as a spectacle than as a means to heighten the dramatic effect of his own little play to the gallery. One gets the idea, through this book, that Napoleon did not regard the theatre, primarily, as a plaything to satisfy his imagination, but rather as a serious matter worthy of the Government's best attention and thought; to him it was not so much a source of amusement and diversion from the cares of state as an educational influence to be made potent in the affairs of state. In short, he saw in the theatre an excellent means of keeping public sentiment pitched to a high key of patriotism, and of keeping his own views of the glorification of France through conquests ever before the people. "The best way to praise me," he said at one time, in answer to a query from a stage-manager, "is to play such things as shall inspire the nation, especially the young people and the army, to heroic sentiment."

To bring himself, any reference to himself or to his

Napoleon and the Drama

By EVA E. LOMBAUR

contemporaries upon the stage he regarded as the height of indelecity and bad taste. That was not

his way of gaining public approval for the course of his actions, for this method would tend rather to inspire freedom of thought and to encourage criticism. His method of glorifying the state was by glorifying its kings, by recalling great crises in the political histories of other times, and by exalting the heroes who triumphed in them. He discouraged the presentation of anything which "dealt with times too near the present," and declared that

"What the stage requires is antiquity. If anyone wishes to write a drama about more modern times, let him remember this:

that politics play in modern drama the part that fatality plays in the drama of the ancients. It is politics which leads to real catastrophes, not deliberate crimes."

The play which gave Napoleon perhaps the greatest satisfaction was one by Luce de Lancueil, based entirely upon the story of Hector as it is told in the Iliad. He liked it because it was full of the glow and ardor of patriotism, and declared that if his soldiers could see that play before entering upon a battle they would go out to meet the enemy with redoubled spirit. In many plays dealing with the exploits of former national heroes he saw situations and lines applicable to himself; that others saw



NAPOLÉON

them, too, Lecomte shows by citing many instances where the audience applauded particularly apt lines and indicated by nods in the direction of the imperial box that they, too, had appreciated the analogy.

To him the first purpose of the drama, therefore, was to stimulate hero-worship; for to his mind it should deal with politics rather than passions. "Love is the portion of the idle classes," was his comment.

"The interests of the state, passions directed towards political ends, the development of the career of a statesman, revolutions which change the face of empires—these are matters for tragedies. The other interests which we find mingled here and there, the love interest above all, constitute but the comedy in tragedy. . . . Tragedy is the school of great men; it ought to be that of kings and peoples, too. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and to promulgate it. Tragedy inflames the spirit, emboldens the heart and creates heroes."

In Napoleon's opinion, Corneille chose and handled his dramatic material better than any other writer known to him. He wrote at one time:

"France owes to Corneille a part of her brave deeds. If he were living now I would make him a prince. . . . I love tragedy when it is as lofty and sublime as Corneille made it. In it great men are truer than in history; we see them only in the crises that develop them, in the moments of supreme decision, and we are not overburdened with all the paraphernalia of details and

conjectures which the historians give, and which are often false. This is so much gained for glory; for in the man there are so many pettinesses, so many fluctuations, so many doubts; in the hero these disappear. He is the monumental statue in which the infirmities and the tremblings are no more; he is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, that correct and sublime group, in which, by my faith, one scarcely suspects the presence of the base lead and the pewter plates which the artist, in his frenzy, threw into the seething melting-pot to produce his demigod of bronze. I am grateful to tragedy for enlarging thus certain men, or, rather, for restoring to them their real nature—that of superior men in mortal bodies."

As for comedy, "I accept," said Napoleon, "the general admiration for Molière, but I do not share in it. He has placed his characters in situations where I never have any desire to see them act." Mme. de Remusat, whom Leconte regards as a disparager by habit, interprets this view of the "comédies des moeurs" in her own sharp way: "How could one dare to exhibit upon the boards the weaknesses and foibles of various classes of society when all society had been renewed by Bonaparte, whose work had to be respected at all costs?"

For dramas which can be classed neither as tragedies nor comedies Napoleon had no use whatsoever. He dismissed them with the comment that they are "tragedies for chambermaids, and not worth living for more than a night." The "little theatres"—variétés and vauvilles—he deemed so far beneath the notice of an Emperor that when he heard that the Empress Josephine had been seen at the Variétés-Montansier during one of his absences, he wrote to her from Osterode a sharp letter of remonstrance, dated March 17, 1807:



Mlle. MARS
One of the glories of the Théâtre Français
under the First Empire

it detracted from its patronage, and besides, "*c'est un scandale pour les mœurs*" (a moral scandal). Camba-



FRANÇOIS JOSEPH TALMA AS NERO
An actor whom Napoleon honored above all others

"It is not proper for you to sit in a side-box at the vauville; it does not become one of your rank. You must attend only the four big theatres, and always sit in the imperial box. Sometimes it is inconvenient to be great; an empress cannot afford not to be particular."

Later in the year he ordered this theatre closed. Being too near the opera, he declared in a council of State,

cérés, the Minister of the Interior, deeming this criticism too severe, interposed in behalf of the amusement hall, whereupon the Emperor retorted quickly with: "I am not astonished that the archchancellor wants to maintain the Montansier, for that is the wish of all the old beaux of Paris."

Within less than a year a great many other theatres met the same fate as the Montansier, for the Emperor issued an edict that the number of theatres in Paris be limited to eight, gave the names of the favored few and specified for each the kind and number of the performances it might give. The unfortunate managers of the condemned houses were granted two weeks to wind up their affairs, and were offered no compensations for their losses. They might, however, if they chose, establish themselves as annexes or duplicates of the authorized theatres, according to their specialties.

"The Government was rigidly suppressing any rivalry to the legitimate drama, and the results proved that the theatrical productions of a lower order were essential neither to the needs of the people nor to the artistic success of the city," writes Leconte. "The rapid suppression of the banished '*spectacles de curiosité*' and the disappearance of the lower order of shows proved that their existence really interested but a minority of the people, after all." What an argument for the zealous upholders of the drama to-day!

These edicts, carefully and explicitly worded, defined the rights and functions of the managers with such precision that they left them practically no freedom. The opera may give only such musical dramas as shall deal

with gods, kings and heroes; the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin is to be devoted to melodrama, la Gaité may produce pantomimes, provided they do not include ballets, and no theatre may produce anything which rightfully belongs to the province of another. In other edicts the discipline governing everyone from



Mlle. GEORGE
An actress of statuesque beauty and the Emperor's favorite

call-boy to the conductor of the orchestra was determined, the finances of the various theatres were given

the most careful consideration, scenery, costumes, vacation money, the prices of seats and the limitation of free tickets—all these things and a great many more, including the reading of manuscripts and the fire laws for the protection of the buildings, were considered and regulated by manifestos issued by the Minister of the Interior at the instigation of the Emperor. Until 1807, when Napoleon created the position of the Superintendent of Public Performances, the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police shared the responsibility of enforcing them.

The Government did not make the common mistake of taking Paris to mean France, but legislated with the same forethought for the provinces as for the metropolis. Being a patriarchal government, it also felt responsible to the people for their recreation, and so for the benefit of the non-Parisians the "Théâtres des Départements" were organized. The big cities, Lyon, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nantes and Turin, each had two theatres, and the smaller cities, such as Rouen, Brussels, Alexandria, Metz and Strasbourg, had but one. Those cities and towns which could not afford to maintain a permanent theatre were grouped into twenty-five districts or circuits for traveling companies of players to visit in rotation. The prefect in each district was responsible to the Minister of the Interior in Paris for the welfare of the players and the rigid enforcement of the laws governing them and their performances. As the repertoires of these companies were the same as those of the various theatres in Paris, the morals and the literary tastes of provincial folk were as safeguarded as those of the Parisians.

No edict is more carefully worked out, none more complete, than that defining the organization of the Théâtre Français. This is known to be in great part the work of Napoleon himself, for many are the reports and stories of how he compiled it during those incomparably stormy and troubled days during the siege of Moscow. Why he chose this time and place for the organization of a theatre is a matter of speculation as futile as any diagnosis of the motives of this arch-diplomat. But no matter whether this act was to serve as a blind for the enemy or as a source of diversion from his multitudinous cares, it certainly helped to emphasize his versatility and to illustrate his extraordinary powers of concentration.

"When they see this decree in Paris," he said, "they will say that, wishing to relieve my mind of the anguish harassing it, I sought distraction at any cost—and found the most frivolous possible." He was as distraught and troubled in spirit as any of the officers about him, but he chose to dissemble by chatting about the political importance of art, of dramatic art in particular, of the Théâtre Français, Corneille, actors and a little of everything else pertaining to the theatre, while they sat, grim and silent, uncomprehending and shocked. Doubt and worry weighed upon their spirits and "they had neither the force of

will nor the desire to indulge in the relaxation of mind which the tormented genius was granting himself."

With that mind capable of planning the minutest details without losing sight of the breadth and depth of the scheme as a whole, he issued a decree covering, in 137 articles, everything from the scope of the repertoire to the pensions for the actors

and a school of dramatic art—decrees showing such sanity of judgment, such intimate knowledge of the necessities and requirements of the stage, that they have proven applicable and adequate even to the present day. "Since they were formulated, but a few minor changes of detail have been made, for every time a new administration, without right or justice, violated any essential provision of these laws, it was compelled to revert to the wise and clear text of the decrees issued by this genius-legislator."

A government which did so much to maintain theatres and encourage dramatics felt that it was justified in controlling the productions and utilizing them for its own benefit. And as the Emperor thought that liberty of speech or thought or press was no requisite of the common people, and that literary and dramatic tastes, to be of the highest, must be directed by authority in Paris, we find that the strictest censorship of the drama existed during the days of the First Empire.

But even in the days of his Consulate, Napoleon began to watch the theatres, to suppress whatever influence he found them exerting upon public opinion which he regarded as detrimental to the State. In 1800

he issued a decree to the effect that no piece might be produced without the consent of the Prefect of Police; this was never revoked, but frequently re-enforced and strengthened so long as he was in power. Mention of the Bourbons, of Henry IV., of recent political events, criticism of the police or the army was prohibited—in fact, "anything which would be contrary to good morals and to the principle of the Social Compact." In 1811 the Commissioner of Police in Hamburg, Germany, was notified "to suppress certain works of Werner, Kotzebue, Goethe and Schiller which seem to have the effect of stirring up trouble in the social order of things, of killing the respect which is due to authority. Most of these pieces contain insolent declarations against the Government and the French people. I mention particularly 'Attila,' 'Maria Stuart,' 'William Tell' and 'Faust.'"

Never quite trustful of the vigilance of his prefects of police, Napoleon kept a careful surveillance of theatrical performances himself. Once or twice he caught them napping. When, in 1810, he found that "La Mort d'Abel" had been put into rehearsal without his knowledge or consent he wrote in considerable anger to M. de Rémusat, Prefect of the Palais:

"Henceforth no opera may be given without my consent. In general, I do not approve of works based on subjects taken from the Scriptures. They should be left to the Church. . . . The ballet 'Vertumne et Pomone,' which you also allowed to go on without my permission, is a dull



First page of the famous Decree of Moscow, issued during Napoleon's Russian campaign, and which laid down the articles that govern the Théâtre Français, even to the present day.

SCENES IN "THE GYPSY," AT THE PARK THEATRE



Photo White

ACT I. ERNEST LAMBART AND THE GYPSY GIRLS



BLANCHE WEST AND WILLIAM SELLERY IN ACT I



VIOLET SEATON AND FRANCIS LIEB IN ACT II

allegory in bad taste. The ballet, 'The Rape of the Sabines,' is historical—that is better. Ballets should be mythological or historical in theme—never allegorical. One should try to lead public taste, not follow it."

Whenever he left Paris, Napoleon was always very particular to delegate his supervisory and censorious powers to some one person, holding him strictly responsible for any harm that might come to the *esprit public* through the fault of a lax censorship.

A drama rendered harmless to the people and helpful to himself he regarded as an excellent educational influence, and planned, therefore, to have the Government arrange for as many public performances and fêtes as the exchequer permitted and the national holidays exacted. Until the establishment of an empire made their celebration a little *mal à propos* the anniversaries of the storming of the Bastille (July 14) and the Proclamation of the Republic (September 21) were the red-letter days in the calendar. After 1804 they were changed for the more appropriate St. Napoleon's Day (August 15) and the anniversary of the crowning of the Emperor (the first Sunday in December). Twenty-eight times during Napoleon's reign the people of Paris and those who could attend the performances of the travelling companies in the districts were treated to public performances by the best actors of the day, of some of the best works in their repertoires.

The actors and the theatre existing practically under his personal patronage, Napoleon felt that he could demand their services for a private performance where and when he pleased. To amuse his court he often ordered a troupe of players or opera singers to perform at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, Malmaison or the Tuileries, or even in the intervals between campaigns, to Mayence, Strassbourg or Milan. Even in times of war he exacted the same attention and the same services. During the campaigns in Prussia and in Austria and during his voyages in Italy and in Egypt a troupe of players and singers accompanied the army. He made this provision as much to amuse his officers and keep his men out of mischief during their tedious, long hours while in camp as to make the people at home believe that there was so little to do in the way of warfare that they needed all the amusement and the gaiety the theatre could afford to help them pass away the time. In 1813, when he sent for a troupe of players to join him at Dresden, Napoleon wrote to M. de Rémusat:

"I want this order to cause a sensation in Paris so that the news of it will get to London and to Spain. I want them to think there that we are amusing ourselves here."

And this at a time when he was planning to invade Russia and defy all the powers at once!

Napoleon having achieved an ambition by surpassing the prowess of Louis XIV in war, sought to equal him as patron of the arts. His natural appreciation for literature, Leconte regards

as a passion, quoting extracts from numerous documents of the councils of state to prove his contention. The Emperor on one occasion said to his minister:

"Seek always to find talent. I do not want a single man of merit to pass through my reign without recognition and without our gratitude. Literature is in need of encouragement. You are its minister; tell us by what means we can encourage the various branches of literature which have at different times made our nation illustrious. I would give anything in the world to have a good tragedy to reward. The army is trying to bring honor to the nation; the men of letters are not."

Talma, an actor whom Napoleon honored above all others ("I never meet him but I take off my hat," the Emperor had said), came to the Emperor every time he had a new part to study. As no one had a closer, more intimate or wider knowledge of men than Napoleon, the actor derived great help from his criticisms and suggestions. One day he was playing "Cæsar" in "The Death of Pompey," and Napoleon made this comment:

"You are using your arms too much. Heads of empires are less generous with their motions; they know that a gesture is an order, that a look means death: that is the way they use a gesture and a look. . . . Don't make Cæsar talk like Brutus; when one says that he will cure kings, he makes you believe it; the other does not. . . . Men like that do not scatter their gestures broadcast; they concentrate them. . . . I like the simple way in which you handle tragedy; when dignified characters are agitated by passion or given over to meditation they speak, without doubt, a little louder, but their language does not have to be any the less true or natural. For example—this moment we are speaking in a conversational tone; *eh bien!* we are making history."

On another occasion the Emperor said to the actor:

"Talma, you come here so often; what do you see here? Princesses whom they have separated from their lovers, princes who have lost their estates, kings whom war has raised to the highest rank, great generals who strive for or demand crowns. All around and about me are deceiving ambitions, jealous rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows hidden in the depths of hearts, affections that cry aloud. Certainly there is much tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself—surely I am the most tragic figure in my own times."

"Ah, well!—Do you see as with our arms flying about in the air, studying our gestures, taking attitudes, affecting airs of grandeur? Do you hear us cry out? No—without a doubt; we speak naturally, as anyone speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. That is the way the people who have occupied the world's stage before me have acted and played their tragedies. . . . There are examples for you to contemplate!"

The only time Napoleon found poetic was when a pretty young "queen of the footlights" lent the inspiration. The verses were poor, but when the writer became famous, the owner waxed rich.

"Of course Napoleon liked actresses," writes Leconte, "for he was neither angel nor monster, and at that time, as always, gallantry was an inherent part of the theatrical profession. But even his critics must grant that no (Continued on page 171)



HECTOR DUFRANNE AND HIS DAUGHTER
Like all artists who wish to keep in touch with matters theatrical and operatic, this well-known French *harlequin* is a constant reader of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The above picture was taken last summer at his country residence near Paris.

The Home Folks

When Laura sought the stage,
Ah me! There was a great commotion;
The village mothers shook with rage
At such a "sinful notion."
The village Solons stroked their beards,
And said with mien exacting,
"This girl of you'n is better dead,
Than dancin' or play-actin'."

When Laura captured Fame,
Ah me! It was a different story;
They quite approved her "fancy name,"
And boasted of her glory.
"By gum!" said one, "I told yur so!
She had the dramer in her."
While others vowed, "Iluh! years ago,
We knew she'd be a winner!"

MORAL

Oh ye who lack encouragement,
Remember to your sorrow—
The thing you need the most to-day
Will hunt for you to-morrow!

LESLIE CURTIS.

A H-HA! Here is something that gives joy to you loafers of the dark, you self-glorifying, pot-bellied wine swillers, you crammed-stomached, dollar-marked sensation seekers with noses big-pored, scarletly protuberant and gleaming as a vaselined tomato; to you fish-eyed nymphs with faces pasty as wet talcum and sickly veined, and scarlet mouths dripping with bar-room anecdote; to all you silk-bosomed female crew with cheeks of pinked plaster and eyes a-penciled, with bodies washed in the lewd scent of Patchouli and glances ever alert for the main chance. Here is something decked in sparkling spangles and seeking to cover its lech with sounds of music and whirl of dance and flash of smile; something that bequiles the law and hides its leprous, polluting, scaly self in the demure garment of pseudo-respectability; something to draw in the unwary, to defile the good wife's ears, to send the crimson into the face of virgins! A little thing, inconsequent, trivial, harmless?

A trifling thing, negligible, immaterial? So say you? Well, then,—so, too, is the tiny typhus bug; so, too, the filliputian spark at the tip of a trailing fuse; so, too, the meagre scratch of the pimple that leads to poisoned blood. Beware, you whose feeble minds may recall the glory that once was Rome's and whose perverted skulls may perhaps conjure up the clash of cymbal, the flash of naked limb, the languorous lyre and indolent couch that in insidious stealth drew what blood was left from out the veins of the Great White Appian Way, beware of the new-come licensed bagnio—the New York cabaret!

For the cabaret show, that latest importation from the slums of Europe, has sunk its tooth into Manhattan. From the Café Boulevard on the South to the Campus restaurant on the North, from the "Morgue" on the West to Joe Blaney's river-front café on the East, the cabaret is the rage. Everywhere cabarets. No restaurant so humble that oysters may not be swallowed to the tune of *Snap Your Fingers* and *Away You Go*; no café so meagre that Pilsner may not be gulped to the giddy whirl of the *Fandango Flip-Flop*. Platforms exhibit painted sopranos in bespangled Sixth Avenue second-hand creations, bassos in reverberating "dress suits," short-skirted dancers in bodiceless waists, contraltos in red and in black and in decent. Where there is no platform pretentiousness, a balcony reveals the "artists"; where no balcony, the familiar floor will serve. In and out of the table-lanes wiggle the smirking warblers and twine the lithe leg-lifters. It all doesn't cost a cent. It is free—financially and, especially, morally. It is all as gay as a pint of uncorked domestic champagne, as unforced as a pawnbroker's smile, as devilish as devilled ham. That is, really! Externally it is all thought to be as wicked as Sin itself; that is, by the innocent visiting folk from Poughkeepsie and Oswego and Albany an—New York. The word has been spread. The tidings have been loosed broadcast. And the country cousins have heard, have gone to see and have believed.

The chief vice of the New York cabaret shows is their amazing dullness. Their next greatest vice reposes in the fact that a great many misguided souls do not think they are dull. The best definition of a New York cabaret show is this: A sly means whereby a man is persuaded to believe "what's the use of paying two dollars to go to the theatre when I can see this show for nothing," and whereby he is persuaded to drink two dollars' worth of alcohol and eat two dollars' worth of food he doesn't

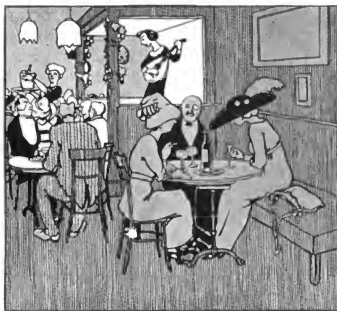
The Deadly Cabaret

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

want, and stay up until two o'clock in the morning in order to persuade himself he has got something for nothing. As a matter of record, it may be admitted that he actually does get something for nothing. He gets the free idea that he has robbed the box-office of a couple of dollars. As a matter of fact, however, all he has done is to borrow from the theatre manager to pay the restaurateur. And in the act he has gathered a few hoarse, worry songs, a view of an abdominal schotische, together with a jag and a cigarette voice, in place of two and a half hours spent in a respectable place of amusement witnessing a respectably amusing performance at half the price.

The typical cabaret show visible in the larger and more highly decorated eating halls on and adjacent to Broadway substitutes vulgarity for originality, brazenness for art and stupidity for talent. In not a few instances the alcoholic appetites of the

men customers are deliberately awakened by females who are paid to insinuate themselves close to the tables, brush suggestively up against the men and execute indecent lyrics under the guise of being "performers" and "entertainers." On the night of October 8, the present writer observed at one of the best known of the cabaret places a series of actions, presumably "all a part of the game," that for subtle prurience and veiled itching might not be matched even in the darkest corner of that fairy-lanterned garden of the Bal Bullier in Paris or in the remotest niche of the *proscenior* of the Empire in London. A table at which were seated three men, one about fifty, one somewhere in the region of forty-five, the third maybe thirty or thirty-two. Their air the



From the *Morgenoster* Blätter

"It must be terrible for the people who have to sing here for hours every night."
"Oh, it's far worse to have to listen to them."

air of "good spenders"; their manner quiet, if suggesting beneath the quietness the foreboding rumbling of Goodtime. In the argot of the gutter, here were three men whom the management of the restaurant in question spotted for "good things," free spenders, but who had to be urged on—get me?—teased. They might open two more bottles—maybe three—maybe six. And the profit in champagne is large. Champagne buyers make the restaurant go. It is the "opener of wine"—to quote in the vulgate—that the proprietor keeps his eyes on.

How to coax the men into "opening"? The girls (i. e., the "performers" of the cabaret) did not have to be told. They had been coached long before this—probably when they applied for positions and had the jobs given them. They knew their business. They knew what the boss expected of them. And right here let the remark be insinuated that it seems to be a curious coincidence in the cabarets that the girl performers rarely start to wiggle in and out of the tables unless the crowd looks like "openers." However, to return to the case in point. Presently two girls—women, rather—dressed in as-it-were Spanish costumes took the floor and began to writhe and larynx to the click-clap of castanets. Demurely they kept their eyes on their feet—modest, timorous, bashful little things, neither of whom could have weighed over one hundred and ninety pounds! Slowly, but surely, toward the table of the possible "wine-buyers" they glided—still with their innocent eyes on the floor. Arrived at the table. Suggestive immodations mistered dancing, a sly look out of the eye-corner, a humping against the chairs, a teasing grin, a whispered "Can we sit down with you after awhile?"—all part-of-the-game! * * * * "Waiter! two quarts



Photo White ESTELLE RICHMOND
An attractive player

better ventilation. One need not be a moralist to be nauseated at this kind of thing. Something like a swift rush of supreme disgust goes quivering through one's body when a smirking blonde in a slow dress finishes her cabaret ditty, and is observed to tottle over to the table of some "wine-opener" under the cloak of its being all part of a cabaret performance. Cabaret, bosh! An appropriating and degenerating of a decent French word to cover with tinsel the dismal practices that obtain in their true colors in the vicinity of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street!

Publicity and frankness are needed to dispel the myth that one of these "free" cabaret shows is a substitute for the theatre. The word has gone forth through the hitherward cities and provinces, that the visitor to the metropolis is foolish to spend his good money at the box-office, when he can see the same thing at a restaurant without having to pay admission. The fact that a quart of champagne (five dollars) is the price of admission at the most loudly colored of these cabaret shows, can be skipped by. With the dissemination of the news of the vast entertaining and amusing qualities of the cabarets, a considerable portion of the visiting populace has been beguiled into parting with its gold and silver through wine glasses instead of opera glasses. And, realizing it has been hoaxed, the visiting populace has emerged from the cabaret places and, in the vernacular of the circus, has covered up its own chagrin by playing its friends still on the outside of the tent for suckers. Thus has the snowball been steadily enlarged.

The very best of the New York cabaret shows—the highest priced cabaret show of them all—has a bill that is made up of two women singers, a banjo player, a male vocalist, a team of dancers and a young girl performer who jigs an accompaniment to her tunes. All of these performers have been obtained from a vaudeville booking agency, and are persons who, by no hook

or champagne!

There are several cabaret exhibitions along Broadway and directly off Broadway, running at full blast to-day, where the system of ethics in force is not one whit more refined than that obtaining at the beer halls along the Bowery at Concy Island. These cabaret shows are the dive saloon shows of the slimy alleys in better dresses, without the swearing and with

or crook, have been able to get a job of any kind on the stage. We may except the young girl—a mere child—who seems to have a slumbering talent that is here being abused and crushed in its infancy, along with the girl herself, before the leering gaze of old men and "fresh" young fellows. This, then, is conceded to be the best and most elaborate cabaret show in town! A platform, an orchestra and a colored spot-light are there too. And yet this best of the shows—to see which your check must not be under three dollars at the least, unless you wish to be put down (and maybe out) as a "four-flusher," "cheap-skate," etc., etc., by the restaurant crew—and yet this best of the shows in all cabaretting New York would not stand the ghost of a chance at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre or at the ten and twenty-cent (mostly ten) moving-picture vaudeville playhouses that are scattered in every nook and cranny of the Greater City. A whiskey-stilled soprano, a bleater of an unkeyed something, a male vocalist rendering "*Asleep in the Deep*" in dolorific style, a couple of dancers—what a glittering, glamorous, talented array on which to spend money for drinks you do not want, and via a headwaiter for a table you don't want—to see an exhibition allegedly for "no price of admission!" The myth of it; the joke of it; the downright funniness of it!

That the vogue and spread of the cabaret show has already hurt the theatre, is not to be denied. That it may hurt it even more if it keeps on in its mushroomy way, is probable. But that the cabaret show will keep on growing and augmenting itself in point of numbers, may be doubted seriously. Already the public is beginning to "catch on"; already the decenter portion of the restaurant-going public is beginning to realize that the cabaret shows may be all right for visiting drummers and celebrating college boys and speedy females, but not quite the proper caper for persons who at the moment are seeking decent amusement in a decent way in decent surroundings instead of pseudo-decent



LILLIAN LORRAINE
In "*The Follies of 1912*"

fun and scarlet suggestiveness in something that would be a "joint," if it weren't for the fact that there are carpets on the floor and a fine chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Speaking of this, good brother Julian Street, while sticking a pin in the "glamor" of the cabarets, has said: "The joints may fairly claim a sort of cousinship with this new-come French



HAZEL LEWIS
At the Moulin Rouge

(Continued on page 12)

The Forest Theatre

ON the California coast, little more than one hundred miles south of San Francisco, there is a unique little town which straggles along a high pine-covered ridge and down over wind-swept dunes to the snow-white sands of Carmel Bay, four miles from the historic old town of Monterey. It is linked historically and geographically with the earliest civilizing influences of the West: the Missions of the Roman Catholic Church. On its borders stands the old adobe church of San Carlos de Borromeo, Father Junipero Serra's favorite mission, a mute memorial to the lofty ideals and large plans of those men of two centuries ago. The present town, Carmel-by-the-Sea, seems to have caught and held the courageous and creative spirit of the pioneers, and it has become a Mecca for artists and writers, an inspiration for artistic achievement.

One of the most vital outgrowths of Carmel's artistic life is the Forest Theatre Society. It was founded in the winter of 1909 by a group of Carmel men and women to encourage the art of the drama in California.

The outdoor theatre is a practical possibility in California nine months out of the year, and with this in mind the society set about to choose a site. A beautiful open hillside above Carmel proved to be a natural amphitheatre with excellent acoustic properties, and it was easily converted into an outdoor auditorium, and appropriately named the Forest Theatre.

It was protected and screened by an encircling forest of Monterey pines. The back curtain and stage wings were the slim, stately trees, a low growth of manzanita and oak concealed the dressing-rooms, and a near-by group of trees effectually sheltered the orchestra. The stage was built upon a mound facing the hills, smaller shrubs and trees were transplanted to it, and the result was a charming sylvan stage spacious enough for spectacular choruses, and admirably adapted to all plays requiring an outdoor setting. Seats for one thousand people were arranged upon the hillside, and in the



SCENE IN "THE TOAD," AS PRESENTED AT THE FOREST THEATRE summer of 1910 the Forest Theatre was formally opened.

The initial performance was "David," a biblical drama by Constance Skinner, a California woman. In 1911, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was chosen and presented in July. The third performance was more elaborate and pretentious than anything before attempted. An historical pageant took place in the afternoon, and in the evening "The Toad," a three-act drama of ancient Egypt, was enacted. The author is Mrs. Bertha Newberry, a Carmel resident, and hitherto unknown as a writer of plays.

This completes the list of Forest Theatre productions so far. They have each been successful, presented with sincerity and artistic attention to details.



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THE FOREST THEATRE AT CARMEL



Photos H. D. Van Eaton

"I am an Oriental, a Jew—the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars"

FROM a dingy tenement room on the East Side, where, as Madame Nazimova herself

Nazimova—The Unknowable

By LUCILE ERSKINE

droolily says, "we had to knock before we entered, so the rats could make room for us," to a luxurious, gold-leaf apartment just off Fifth Avenue, is what dramatic genius and linguistic adaptability have done for this Russian actress, who was financially as well as artistically successful in St. Petersburg, before her tribulations began here in America. At the time of her unhappy experience on the East Side, she believed her coming to the United States to be the greatest mistake of her life. Now she is of a different opinion. Closing the white and gold door after her, she led the visitor to a cosy niche in which were a blue divan, pillows, rugs, all of the same French shade, and demurely she said:

"At your service!"

Her child-like simplicity completely disarms one. She might have been some intimate chum, as, indifferent to the conventions, she nodded carelessly to a seat, curled herself up on the divan opposite, and puffed away at a cigarette in a gold holder. Nazimova is an inveterate smoker. She smokes incessantly, yet naturally, as many foreign women do, and without the bravado that the American cigaretter puts into her forbidden whiffs. The actress insists that tobacco helps her to think.

Her gown, a loose robe of crinkly stuff which fell in graceful folds, blended with the Copenhagen blue of the general color scheme of the room. Around her mouse-colored hair glittered a band of gold, an artistic frame to the small, delicate, intellectual face. Her eyes, of a blue "never seen on land or sea," are inscrutable, two veils that guard the most secret chambers of the brain. Her voice has the golden insinuating qualities of the Bernhardt, and her feline grace, as from one posture she melts

into another, recalls the rising and falling of the waves of the sea.

It was a typically Russian

room, with a brass samovar simmering in a corner, the charcoal beneath glowing like a bed of rubies. Around the walls were innumerable portraits of the actress, photographs and oil paintings, each having one or other of the unique sinuosities of which Nazimova has a larger repertoire than possibly any woman living. Yet none did her justice; for Nazimova, when in repose, is not herself. One cannot make a rippling pool out of a flowing fountain without changing its integral character.

On the piano, amidst a pile of music and ornaments, stood a bronze cast of her as Hedda Gabler, that Norwegian heroine as indissolubly connected with her name as is Hamlet with Edwin Booth. It was difficult to believe that the little spright of a woman now before me (she seems much shorter in stature off the stage) could be Ibsen's elongated, decadent destroyer. That is the marvel of Nazimova, the artist. She sheels her own personality like a worn-out skin and fits so tight into the character she impersonates that hers is genuinely a creation. Beside the Hedda Gabler was a cast of Duse's hand.

"Such a sad hand!" commented Nazimova, gazing at it pensively. Then, as she had been quiet a second—a long time for her—she sprang up impulsively and took down the hand to show me.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"No, I have never met her," she replied, stroking the beautiful marble fingers. "I was afraid; she is too wonderful. It is enough to see her face. All the tragedy of the world is there; yet it is not beautiful. Great actresses rarely are."

But I had not come to discuss Duse. I had come to get this clever Russian woman to tell me something about "Bella Donna."

"I read the novel and copied about 160 pages from it, just to enable me to get into the atmosphere. I spent six weeks studying the book in that way. I now know those pages perfectly; yet I shall never utter the words. Then I began to read everything I could find about Egypt—to get more local color—and after that I studied the play and got my lines. Then I put it all away, and tried not to think of it; yet one night I was in a restaurant idly watching a woman. Suddenly she moved her arm. Like a flash I took the gesture from her. It was just what I needed for 'Bella Donna.' That is the way my characters form, they creep upon me unawares. When I went to my first rehearsal, I knew Mrs. Chepstow would stand out vividly before me, complete in every detail. But the great character in 'Bella Donna' is the Egyptian. Well I know what he means by his veiled words. Sometimes I feel I could answer him in his own tongue, for somewhere, sometime, I have seen him before. I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth."

Often have I listened politely, but secretly scoffed, while some fashionable celebrity told me that he or she was once filleted Greek or triumphant Roman, but when Nazimova said, "I knew him thousands of years ago," and raised her hand in solemn earnestness, I felt certain that the eyes looking over my shoulder into the misty past had sometime seen antiquity and remembered.

"You are all mystery, Madame Nazimova; tell me about your life."

"Which one?" she retorted, with quick irony.

The girl was gone—a woman, with a face that sorrow had help mould to power, looked fixedly at me.

"The real one—the inner one—the life that no one knows."

"For publication?"

The actress raised her eyebrows as she replied with a smile:

"It is already written by myself." Running lightly to her desk, she brought out some manuscript, an autobiography, and sitting down, began to turn the pages.

"It's up to the time I was eleven years old. I remember everything as if it were yesterday. I wrote it in Russian, of course, and everything is true; not what I should have thought and should have done, but what I *did* think and what I *did* do, and it will be so all through."

"When will you publish it?"

"When I am very old—and there is no more to write."

This autobiography ought to be interesting, when we remember that Nazimova is of the same race as Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalesky—those super-women that Russia alone seems able to produce. It will certainly be frank.

"That is what most American women lack—frankness," she said, curling up once more in the chair; "frankness in everything—in speech, in manner, in dress. I mean, of course, the average rich, so-called society woman. They are not natural, not themselves. They are dolls. They wear masks. If they doff them, it must be when they are alone. What they think and do they never talk about. Do they think? I doubt it. They dress after some lay figure, and try to be as much like everybody else as if they were a flock of sheep. Have you read Olive Schreiner's book, 'Woman and Labor'? She flays mercilessly the fashionable woman of to-day. She denounces her as a parasite, a danger to our civilization. Interested only in their selfish pleasures, contributing nothing to science or art, often bringing forth feeble-minded, degenerate sons, such women constitute a menace to society. This does not apply, of course, only to American women, but to the rich, idle woman the world over. There is more wealth in America, so one notices it more here—that's all."

"What do you think about American men?"

"I don't know them——"

She lit another cigarette, and then, with a smile and a roughish



"I knew him thousands of years ago, the last time I was on earth"



"The hunger route is the only way"

twinkle in her eye, she quickly added:

"They seem very manly, compared with the effeminate specimens we have in Russia."

"So you like America?"

"How could I help it? Everything here is just the contrary of what one expected. The life is feverish, exhilarating. Every day one hears new, undreamed-of things. You Americans are not supposed to have any myths, yet look at the mythology you create about stage people. Think of all the innumerable people who claim to have discovered me on the East Side—my brave rescuers from poverty and obscurity—they are legion! As a matter of fact, it was not so very bad down on Fourth Avenue. While we did not make money, we played the great classic plays—such as Fifth Avenue would turn up its fashionable nose at—and we played to the most discerning audience in the world. I think it admirable that your rich society women aid those people financially, but sometimes I wonder if Fifth Avenue realizes how inferior mentally it is to Fourth Avenue. The intellect of New York you will find on the East Side; there you find brilliant, cultivated, university-trained men and women. They may lack, for the present, the material things of life, but the future is theirs. They see far and know it.

"Then all at once I became a fad; people were as curious about me as if I had two heads

or three legs. The greatest tribute I receive are the letters from men saying that seeing me as 'Nora' in 'The Doll's House' has made their home life happier. To make people happy—that is the highest service given to anyone. If the stage does it, why is it not on a par with the pulpit?"

Nazimova is noted for the artistic manner in which she dresses a part. I asked if she designed her own gowns.

"I never think of changing the lines of my gowns. I abhor the skirt and waist; the break in the middle of the figure is hideous. All art teaches us that the straight line from neck to toe broken by the natural line of the figure is the most beautiful and becoming. I wouldn't think of wearing a panier, unless I wished to appear grotesque—yet I am not a frump and don't look out-of-date or freakish. I make my own mode. I am myself in my dress as in everything else. It is fear that makes American women so much clay in fashion's fingers. If they were more individual in gowning themselves there would be more personalities among them. The costumes I wear on the stage are not externals; they are symbols; they say again in colors what I say in my lines. In 'Hedda Gabler' I had a special rubber to elongate the collar and give a diseased look to my face.

"During the dramatic season my life is no different from any factory or shop-girl's. I have no time for anything except an occasional book. Instead of having one 'boss' we have



"We go to art to forget; the more we work the more we forget"



White

Benedick
(E. H. Sothern)

Beatrice
(Julia Marlowe)

Act V. Scene 4. Benedick: "A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts!—
Come, I will have thee"

SCENE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," RECENTLY AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

many—the public, and disappointments in battalions, and often despair. A play's success or failure is like tossing a coin; not much fun when you are the coin tossed."

"Does not your love for your art make up for everything?"

"Oh, no, I don't say it does, but love in my own life was unfortunate, and I often wonder if the smug bourgeois who envy us know that we go to art to forget, and that we work hard because the more we work the more we forget. Happiness and greatness are as far apart as the poles. The satisfied are silent; the unsatisfied sing."

When asked if she was interested in any of the women movements of the day, thinking she must be, restive and brilliant as she is, she shook her head and replied with a strange, cryptic look:

"Suffrage, or as Barrie calls it, women wanting to grow beards like men, or eugenics, the production of genius *à la carte*—it

select the stage for a career unless she has intellect. We would have greater drama if we had more brain among our actresses. Beauty and style are not essential. The "make-up" box will simulate the one; a clever dressmaker will manufacture the other. I don't mean, however, cold, hard intellect. She should be like an æolian harp, so that every human harmony can play upon her; not she upon it. Experience is not necessary—we who mimic life must understand it. You understand with your mind. It is not necessary to visit each and every stratum personally, yet you must know how it feels to be a prisoner at the bar of justice or a child playing among flowers. Intellect alone teaches you that, plus sympathy with humanity—and always she should have an adoration for the beautiful.

"I am very glad, as I look back," she continued, "that I had so much beauty in my early life. Unconsciously, I was preparing for art. I was born at Yalta (the Newport of Russia) on



Photo Louis Auer

GLADYS WYNNE AND FISKE O'HARA IN "THE ROSE OF KILDARE."
Scene in the new Irish drama in which Mr. O'Hara is now appearing on the road

seems to me that I have heard all those tiresome questions discussed and settled ages ago."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Some place, some time. I remember and I forget. It was long ago, thousands of years since."

She does not smile. Her face is serious and pensive. You are puzzled. But she does not explain. With all her naïveté, there is something eerie and uncanny about Nazimova. She understands everybody, but no one completely understands her. As soon as she lets you into one unexplored crevice of her personality she closes the door and you can permeate no farther. She is unknowable.

"Only," she went on presently, "the modern woman is efficient, because she is so masculine. Mere femininity gets nowhere. It spells weakness, dependence; and for a woman to have manliness does not mean that she must wear men's clothes, cut her hair short, or get drunk, but that she must have great physical endurance, mental breadth, and survey the world as it is, and not be cuddled with half-truths. I think no woman ought to

the Black Sea. Our house was right on the water, and in Winter the waves would splash against the windows and the salt lashed the glass like stones. Then we used to climb the mountains to view the sunset. And such coloring! Nowhere out of Italy does the sun dip as gloriously as in the Black Sea. Then I went to Switzerland to be educated, and grew up with the icy peaks to inspire, to strengthen."

"What made you go on the stage?"

"Just like any stage-struck girl. There were no players in my family; my father was a chemist. At fourteen I went to the Conservatory; later I was a 'super' at Moscow. There I nearly starved. My father had died, and my guardian left me without funds."

"Do you think the hunger route the only way to fame?"

Quickly she nodded assent. Impressively she said:

"Yes, the only way."

We fell to talking about books, and she ran into the adjoining room to get one for me.

"Come in here," she said.

(Continued on page 191)



Gertrud Eysselt as Turandot



A group of girls in "Turandot"



Johanna Terwin as Adeline

A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE

By RICHARD SAVAGE

A CHINESE fairy-tale, conceived by an Italian of the eighteenth century, put into verse by a German poet of the nineteenth, revised by a German playwright and

set to music by an Italian composer of the twentieth and finally adapted to the American stage by an Englishman—that is the international complexity of "Turandot," a classic remodeled and modernized by Karl Vollmüller which, under the management of Max Reinhardt, was one of the theatrical sensations of Europe last winter. The play had been scheduled for production in America this fall, but the cool reception recently accorded the Gauthier-Loti Chinese drama may bring about a change of plan. Managers like to swim with the tide. If a play of the Civil War scores a hit, quickly they present another piece on the same subject. The Oriental play "Sumurun" won a great triumph. Immediately it was followed by "Kismet." Sometimes the tide takes them in the opposite direction. A Chinese play fails to please; therefore all Chinese plays are bad. That is not reasoning; it is the way of the tide. Mr. W. A. Brady had purchased the American rights of "Turandot" with the intention of presenting Grace George in it, but he has changed his mind and will present his wife in a dramatization of Compton Mackenzie's novel "Carnival" instead. But this does not detract from the merit of "Turandot," which is an interesting work and one which the American theatre-goer should have an opportunity of seeing.

If the German poet, Schiller, had not felt obliged to set his pen to work even when he was aware that his muse had deserted him, this play would never have seen modern footlights, but as it is, lacking stuff for a drama, he rummaged among the Impromptu Comedies of eighteenth century Italy, pulled out a rare piece by one Carlo Gozzi and converted it into a tragi-comedy of his own. Though much read and frequently quoted in Germany to-day, this play has never been produced with much success. Schiller turned the story he

found into a tale with a moral, and as that will hardly do if one would amuse a modern audience, Max Reinhardt, who knows how to please

poetical allies, hark back to the original Italian manuscript to build up from it a real comedy, full of fun and mischief. He has succeeded in giving us a most amusing story with all the thrill and the pathos, the improbability and the nonsense of a genuine fairy-tale, which the music of Ferruccio Busoni, the costumes and the scenery designed by Ernst Stern of Munich, and the pantomimic interpolations of Max Reinhardt have converted into just such a wonderful spectacle as the modern audience demands and has learned to expect.

These geni of the stage with their magic transfer you at the rise of the curtain to Dreamland, where nothing is definite and everything is indescribable. Action and costumes,

people, words, music, they all melt together into a vague and nebulous impression.

Though that is just the effect that Reinhardt would produce—the effect of atmosphere rather than that of correctness of detail—it is achieved, strangely enough, only through the most conscientious regard for the historical demands of the manuscript. The close analyst in the audience—he who is not content with general impressions, but must inquire into the whys and where-

fores—is not long in determining that the dramatic effect here is compounded of equal parts of Venice and the Orient. The fact that this is as it should be, gives the play the interest of abnormality, and places it immediately beyond the throes of classification. We are seeing here, if we but know it, a Chinese fairy-tale through the eyes of eighteenth century Italy; we are meeting characters which belong as much to mythological China as to early modern Italy—they are Chinese characters playing through Italian masks.

The very first scene of the play introduces that strange admixture of Italian and Chinese by presenting



Alexander Moissi as Kalaf



Wilhelm Diegelmann as Altoun



Hana Wassmann as Turandottina



Paul Riesenfeld as Tartaglia

a Venetian Bridge of Sighs in the streets of Pekin. On the iron spikes of the city gates are mounted the grinning, gaping heads of men whose hair has been neatly trimmed into a lone, solemn lock in the center. So symmetric and amusing an array do they present that one wonders whether they have been put here as an ornament to the city. Kalaf, an Astrachan prince, who arrives upon the stage riding a donkey, and clad in a phantastic Tartaric costume is also lost in wonderment at the sight of these monstrosities. From a passer-by, in whom he recognizes Barak, his former Chamberlain, he seeks enlightenment, and hears that these are horrible evidences of the matchless cruelty of the proud and beautiful princess Turandot, and of the eternal sadness into which she is steeping her people. Her keen and lofty mind so controls her heart that she can see in men only inferior beings and must, therefore, utterly repudiate the thought of marriage. The King, her father, has begged, he has cajoled and tried to bribe her into accepting one of her many suitors, but to no avail. Finally, however, they have reached a compromise which is this: That in open court, to any man who would seek to woo her, she will put three questions. Should he succeed in answering them, she will become his wife; should he fail, he will have to pay the penalty with his head. Cries the Astrachan prince incredulously:

"What a terrible tale you are telling me, Barak, but what fools of men to have risked their lives for such a monster of a girl!"

"They were not fools. They could not help themselves, for they had seen her picture. The soul of him who beholds it is lost, and he had made dancing to his death only to possess the original."

To-day is the funeral of the latest victim of Turandot's haughtiness. The distant roll of drums announces the approach of the executioner. Kalaf tells Barak that as he is here in disguise seeking his fortune, he must disclose to no one his identity. He is reduced to this life of adventure, he says, ever since he has had to flee from his native Astrachan and seek shelter in the neighboring kingdom of King Keicobad, the Tartar. During the wars of this king with King Altoun, of Pekin, he had had to flee again. His parents, alas, he had lost on the way, but when he had made his fortune, he meant to find them again.

As they are talking of these things, in rushes Ismael, the miserable servant of the last unfortunate prince who could not guess the riddles. He cannot be comforted, and in his madness and fury he throws to the ground the portrait of Turandot, which had been the undoing of his poor master.

Here follows the most gripping scene in the play—that in which Kalaf first looks upon the picture of Turandot. As Alexander Moissi played it, he gave a most subtle psychological study, not of a man who is overcome by the emotions suddenly aroused in him, but of one who is gradually moved, pleased, fascinated and finally enthralled by the face in the picture before him. Busoni's music here is an aria upon a theme of awakened love. Instead of disturbing the mood, as incidental music so often does, it serves to enhance its wonder and fascination.

The second act takes place in the hall of the imperial palace. A door at the right leads to the Seraglio, that at the left to the



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HOWARD KYLE

In the title rôle of Lessing's play, "Nathan the Wise"

chambers of the Emperor. Truffaldino and Brighella are busy airing their satisfaction over the arrival of another suitor, and ordering the eunuchs about their business of arranging the room for the next guessing contest. With pompous music, the court enters, and with due ceremony the Emperor directs a sacrifice to the gods to gain their indulgence for this unfortunate young man who is risking his life for an unattainable end. When Kalaf enters, the Emperor begs him to reconsider his candidacy for the hand of the princess, telling him that the people are grumbling and openly protesting against this matrimonial massacre. But, in spite of Tartaglia's added timely reminder, "Have you ever considered what it means to be a head shorter?" he remains obdurate—for has he not seen the portrait of the beautiful and incomparable Turandot?

Again the music takes up the story. Truffaldino enters shouldering a broadsword and followed by eunuchs and slaves with tambourines. Then come Turandot's two favorite slaves, the one in Chinese, the other in Tartaric costume. The former carries a small basin in which are the sealed answers to the riddles, which she distributes among the learned doctors, who are lined up in their chairs of state at the back of the stage. The procession

passes the Emperor, prostrating itself before him. Finally—Turandot, in rich Chinese costume, deeply veiled, dignified, serious, proudly erect. At her approach the court renews its protestations of fealty. After a surreptitious scrutiny of Kalaf, she turns to her Chinese slave to say: "Zelima, what is happening to me? Never before has a man aroused any compassion in me, but this one has found a way." She begs Kalaf to abandon his purpose.

"See," she says, "I am not as cruel as they make me out to be. It is only my disgust for men that makes me do this. Do not tempt my mind; it is my sole pride, the only weapon given me by Heaven to conceal my soul. It would be my death to have it uncovered."

But Kalaf is not to be won from his determination and the contest is opened. While it is going on the court drinks tea out of tiny cups to tinkling music, to which Truffaldino beats the time with silver bells as he sits at the foot of the princess in the midst of the lovely ladies of the Seraglio. Mingled with this lighter motif are many others descriptive of the conflicting emotions and interests of the participants in the scene—the suspense, the breathless interest of the court, the mingled fear and hope of Turandot, the passion and the calm determination of the prince.

Twice he is successful with his answers. Turandot, shaken in her self-assurance, begs him to desist before it is too late. She says to him:

"Daring fool, know that my hatred grows step by step with your hope for victory. Leave this place at once. That is the only way you can save your head."

But Kalaf does not wish to save it in that way, Turandot must give him the third riddle to

(Continued on page vii)



White

Pucks
(David C. Montgomery)

Cinderella
(Elsie Janis)

Spooka
(Fred A. Stone)

Act. 3. When the clock strikes twelve Cinderella's beautiful clothes are transformed into rags.

SCENE IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE



White.
Act I. Bob: "If I had the money you could have a million hats."



Bob-Reynolds - Mr. Edson.
Act III. Bob: "You and I don't seem to do team work when it comes to thieving."



Mrs. Reynolds (Lillian Robertson)
Act IV. Mrs. Reynolds: "I don't know whether he will be home at all."

SCENES IN EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY "FINE FEATHERS," SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED IN CHICAGO.

Chicago Applauds Eugene Walter's New Play

EUGENE WALTER, who wrote "The Easiest Way" and "Paid in Full," two plays which stirred New York, has written another drama, entitled "Fine Feathers," which, from all accounts, appears to make an equally popular appeal. New York has not yet seen the piece, which has broken all records in Chicago this season. Produced there at the Cort Theatre on August 12 last, it is the only one of the early productions still current. It was intended to open the new Cort Theatre, in this city, with "Fine Feathers," but in view of the capacity business still being done in Chicago, the New York opening has been postponed.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, the critic of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, in his review, declares that the play points a lesson of the highest moment. "Here," he says, "we have the tragedy of a man who relinquishes a right ideal of conduct and pays to the uttermost farthing for the surrender of his soul. Here again is tragedy growing out of incessant fretting at the vexations of a kind of existence almost everybody has to live—disgust at its small economies, impatience with the slow and onerous methods by which a little may be saved and a little ease and pleasure be obtained. The promptings of affection, the wish to see beloved dependents enjoying the things that make life agreeable, are factors in the spiritual disintegration that is the essence of Mr. Walter's tragedy. So Robert Reynolds, irked by his far from unendurable poverty, and shamed by the deprivations his young wife declines longer to endure, takes, like the Laura of Mr. Walter's earlier tragedy of every day, the easiest way. By wickedly misusing his position, which is underpaid, but involves the highest responsibility, he is able to let inferior material go into the construction of a great public work, on the stability of which the lives of hundreds depend.

"That dam will last a hundred years with second-grade cement. In twenty years it will be found inadequate and be torn out. The difference between the cement those specifications call for and the cement that will serve is \$200,000. Forty thousand of that is yours if you do what you know you can do."

"That is the gist of the proposition submitted to the young Reynolds, of the mortgaged bungalow on Staten Island and the \$25-a-week place in the laboratory of a huge factory.

"But that's stealing," he says, and his contempt is quiet—no heroics in it. The confident, easy, plausible man of affairs replies: 'It's picking up the loose ends of a business deal—and it's picking up the loose ends that's made the American millionaire.'

"So the loose ends are picked up and Robert Reynolds and his wife move from the bungalow on Staten Island, where it was 'shut up the house all winter to keep the air in and shut it up all summer to keep the mosquitoes out,' to a villa on Long Island, where the ventilation is better and the living softer. They had two years of that, and all the time that 'Bob' Reynolds pretended he was getting away with the wrong he had done he knew the wrong was getting him, and he grew gaunt and hollow-eyed, and more and more he put his trust in the bottle and more and more he threw the money that had come of picking up the loose ends into crazy speculations. He turned to the confident man of affairs for more money, and sometimes he got it. He knew it was blackmail, but it was also life and luxury, and a part of 'the easiest way.' But that money went, too, and when 'Bob' was advised to go to the same source for still more, he said, 'He's tried to help me—but it seems as if I couldn't be helped.' There came a day of unprecedented high water and the dam went down and hundreds of lives readjusted the balance of the proposition relative to 'picking up the loose ends.' Then 'Bob' Reynolds, collegian, whom everybody had liked, a good man in the classroom and on the football field, fond husband, and thoroughly schooled chemist, fell a-raving and his mind leaped backward to the day when he and his wife left the bungalow on Staten Island, 'Since that day,' he moaned, 'we've been piling up these things.' The easiest way seemed to be to make an end of it, so he stepped to the telephone and said, 'Send an officer to the Reynolds house on Berkeley Avenue—it's a case of suicide.'

"The room was dark. The woman sat huddled on a divan such as they couldn't have gotten into the Staten Island house. She heard the words, then the shot. There was a hurrying of many feet; then pounding on the door. The playhouse curtain glided downward with an ironic softness, dulling the sounds of the screaming and shutting the turmoil from view.

"Don't you know there are some men who can't do a wrong and get away with it? The wrong always gets them."



Photos White

No. 1. The seven dwarfs asleep. No. 2. Queen Brangmar and Witch Hex. No. 3. Snow White (Marguerite Clark) in the Butterfly Dance. No. 4. Snow White and her maids of honor. No. 5. The dwarfs discover Snow White asleep. No. 6. Witch Hex and her three cats. No. 7. In the throne room of the Queen's palace.

SCENES IN "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE



Wilton Lackaye



Blanche Bates



Julia Marlowe



May Irwin



Mabel Taliaferro



Otis Skinner



Maxine Elliott



Frances Starr



Julia Dean



Eleanor Robson

THE PLAYER'S CHRISTMAS

By ADA PATTERSON

AT Christmas pity the poor player. The rich player, also, for on this day his purse, overflowing though it may be, is powerless. Christmas, for you and me and others who jog in comfortable, undisturbed obscurity along life's road, is home-time and heart-time. For the actor it is work-time and homesick time, the day when he wishes he were a coal heaver, a hotel porter, anybody but a mime.

On this classic holiday he is as forlorn of aspect, as heartsick and hopeless, as that child from the tenement who stares with hungry eyes into a window draped with holly and crowded with gifts and goodies. For corroboration of this strong statement, see any actor who happens to

eager little teet, probably bare, down stairs and shrill many-worded joy ecstasy at sight of the wonders Kriss Kringle had wrought, while fond parents look at the child, not the tree. Banish the vision. This is a story of the player's Christmas.

As the clock struck twelve, the whistles blew and bells rang, and all the pandemonium of good will was let loose. Mr. Lackaye, traveling bag in hand, a rueful face looking over the collar of his greatcoat, was descending the steps quickly, but reluctantly, to his cab.

"You must drive double quick to catch my train. I dare not miss it," he said gruffly to the driver.

"Got any little people at home?" he asked the driver after the wild swaying gallop to the station. "I've got one and I can't be at home to see how he looks when he sees the tree to-morrow."

The next night he played "The Pit" in a Southern city.

Blanche Bates recalls the actor's chief humiliation, being fined on a Christmas. "I was playing in a stock company in San Francisco, and after the matinee started on a walk to give me an appetite for a boarding-house Christmas dinner. All would have gone well enough—though one should use the word ill (not well) about an actor's Christmas—if my walk through Sacramento Street hadn't led me past Chinatown. Strange sounds fell upon my ears. I stopped irresolute. You know what happens to the person who hesitates. I was soon lost in the audience of a Chinese theatre. I sat there, enjoying the Oriental grotesquerie, sat on and on, until, glancing at my watch, I saw it was half-past seven. I had missed my boarding-house dinner, which was not an unalleviated evil, but it was time to hurry to the theatre. I started to make my way to the door, but a Celestial barred the way. Rude barbarians of the younger nations may leave the playhouse while a drama is unfolding, but not an Oriental playhouse. That is more than crass rudeness. It is sacrilege. The Celestial nodded toward the door. It was locked. There was nothing to be done but to wait. The queer, monotonous music lost its charm. The strange actors got on my nerves. Bernhardt herself could not have held me at that moment, nor in the succeeding hour and a half that I waited until the audience had paid its homage to art and the curtain fell and the door was unlocked. It was a quarter past nine when, dinnerless, I reached the stage door. My firm friend, the doorkeeper, had lost the power of speech. He could only wag his thumb over his shoulder to a spot whence came wickedly profane sounds. They came from the stage manager. I paid the fine. I thought I ought to after keeping the audience waiting an hour.

At least one actress could not resist the call of Christmas. That was that most domestic of actresses, May Irwin. To the com-

be playing in a Broadway success on this day. He will tell you that he anticipates Christmas with dread.

Maxine Elliott, who is just now illuminating English society even more brilliantly than she did the American stage, clothed the idea in different phrase. Said she, "Christmas on the stage is nothing. There isn't any."

Into every player's summary of the supreme holiday of Christendom there creeps a plaintive note. Even Lillian Russell, who is the apostle of cheerfulness in all circumstances, complains that she never sees Christmas. "I pay for a big Christmas tree and all the presents on it, but I never see it until next day, when it is stripped of all the presents and looks like a banquet table the morning after."

A poignant instance of that twisting of the heartstrings which banishes the accustomed gaiety from the faces of our entertainers beyond the footlight is that which befell Wilton Lackaye in the mid-winter holiday season.

Everyone who has met Mr. Lackaye when off the boards has been fairly sure to meet his small human replica, Wilton Lackaye, Jr. The actor's human copy, his echo and preferred companion, is the small, sturdy lad of eight years, who takes three steps to his father's stride, but tottles uncomplainingly on, whether they walk be down the famous street of amusement or along the beach of the Lackaye home at Shelter Island. A oneness more signal than that between the only child and his parents exists between the senior and junior Lackaye, one so extraordinary that the eminent character actor exalts the trimming of his son's Christmas tree into a sacred rite. Not content with merely ordering the tree on this occasion, he had gone adventuring among the stores for the largest and finest in town. He had set it up himself in the drawing-room of his house on Ninetieth Street, near Riverside Drive, had lought the Santa Claus offerings and himself hung the tree heavy with them. This conjures a vision of a jovous early waking on the dawn of Christmas Day, of the patter of

sternation of her manager and the loudly expressed ire of the owner of the theatre she cancelled her engagement in Detroit and came to New York to spend Christmas with her sons, Walter and Harry, at the Irwin home on Sixty-eighth Street, near Central Park. "On the train I wrote out the menu and telegraphed it to my cook, and there was waiting for me the best Christmas dinner I ever ate," said the unrepentant rebel against the customs which make, and keep, an actor's Christmas unhappy.

She in whom, as Mrs. August Belmont, is becoming submerged the memory, if not the personality, of Eleanor Robson, has told of the unhappiest of all her unhappy stage Christmases.

"My mother was away," she said. "Our little flat was terribly lonesome that Christmas morning when I awoke, as a malicious fate would have it, earlier than usual. The day began badly, for my little spaniel, Prince Charlie, was ill. He had licked the fresh varnish from one of the chairs and seemed to be ready to pass from this plane. The Christmas gifts which mother had written that she would send did not arrive. My maid had the toothache and had wrapped her head in a Turkish towel. The day dragged on until it was time to go to the matinee. There the actor's deepest humiliation befell me. Our play had been a failure, and on this Christmas afternoon it was necessary to close the theatre because no one had come to see us. On my way home the cab suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" I called to the driver.

"Look around you, mum, and ye'll see," was his surly answer.

"We had gotten into a funeral procession and the driver was unable to leave it.

"When we extricated ourselves from this solemn environment, and I reached my home, the maid was no better, the dog was worse. Miss Ada Dwyer, of my company, had asked me to dine with her, and together, at her hotel, we ate our Christmas dinner, she with sorrowful face because her husband and daughter were far away. My tears fell into my plate and mingled with my turkey."

Frances Starr relates the tale of Christmas at a lake town in Michigan when a northern blizzard encompassed the lonely thespians. They were snowbound in the theatre, and celebrated the day dolefully about a stunted pine tree in the cellar.

Julia Marlowe, afflicted with Christmas home-sickness, which she asserts is the worst form of nostalgia, and which reaches its most tortuous form in an actor's breast, sat weeping in her dressing room on a Christmas Eve in a Western city, when a timid tap at the door interrupted her smothered bewailings. Drying her tears she went to the door.

"Mr. Sothern wants to know if you would run over the last scene with him on the stage," said the stage manager.

Miss Marlowe followed the stage manager to what she expected to be a stage crowded with Dantean shadows. Instead, she blinked at the brilliant spectacle of tables set in a hollow square, adorned with holly and mistletoe, shining with silver and piled high with a turkey, with a scroll "Welcome" stretched across the delicate brown of his capacious outlines. There were gifts for all, pleasant speeches from all, and the hour that began with tears of sorrow ended with those of joy. It was a surprise arranged by her thoughtful co-star for the woman who later became his wife.

Otis Skinner thinks the Christmas spirit should be spread, even though more thinly, over the year. The only time he waxes peevish is when his wife, the former Maude Durbin, his one-time leading woman, leads him captive on pre-Christmas shopping tours. So much does he dislike this inevitable shopping that his revolt against Christmas customs has found expression in his specially coined term, "The great annual swap."

Julia Dean and a lone stranger were the only diners in the long, echoing restaurant of a hotel in the South, where she was playing on a recent Christmas. "I think each was sorry for the other," said Miss Dean. "It was embarrassing, for although we sat across the dining room from each other, the room was so silent and empty that we could hear each other munch."



Bangs

MARGERY PEARSON

Now appearing as Suzette in Sam Bernard's new play "All for the Ladies"

Mabel Taliaferro strikes the optimistic note as to the actor's Christmas. I saw her in a box at the Criterion Theatre last Christmas night, an adorably admiring baby actor in her lap, while the eyes of both were riveted upon the stage, where the small actors were aping the large, at the Stage Children's Christmas Festival.

"My Christmas is movable," she said cheerily. "It isn't on the twenty-fifth, but on any day when the Stage Children celebrate. I always have a happy time renewing my own Gerry Christmases."

Anna Held bears testimony that if you can beg or borrow a child for that day you can contrive a Christmas semblance. The late Richard Mansfield, being of the same belief, gave a Christmas party to a child member of his company on his private car, while the train bearing his company was speeding between Galveston and New Orleans.

De Wolf Hopper always gives a Christmas party to the child members of his company. When, as in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," there are many children, his content is deep, even with an actor's Christmas.

August Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist, in the preface to his play, "Countess Julie," says:

"Not long ago they reproached my tragedy, 'The Father,' with being too sad—just as if they wanted merry tragedies. Everybody is clamoring arrogantly for 'the joy of life,' and all theatrical managers are giving orders for farces, as if the joy of life consisted in being silly and picturing all human beings as so many sufferers from St. Vitus's dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles, and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something. And for this reason I have selected an unusual but instructive case.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Lady Macbeth



Margaret Anglin, as the Shrew



Ellen Terry, as Queen Katherine



Ristori, as Lady Macbeth



Julia Marlowe, as Viola



Henrietta Crossman, as Rosalind



Ada Rehan, as Portia

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN

By MABEL KHIGHTLEY

FROM time immemorial woman has been the inspiration for the masterpieces of genius. Artists have painted her; sculptors have moulded her; poets have sung in praise of her beauty and virtues, but it remained for Shakespeare to cover her with undying glory.

Very little is known of the mother of Shakespeare beyond her lovely name—Mary Arden. In those days little, if any, attention was given to the biographies of women. When one possessing an uncommon intellectual faculty was discovered the sires were hunted up and lauded, when, in truth, it will be found that in almost every case great men have had great mothers. There is a possibility that Mary Arden was an unconscious model for some of Shakespeare's splendid characters, for had she not been one of the most noble and sweetest of women she could never have dowered her son with such superb imagination, supreme passion or lofty quality of soul.

Napoleon said: "A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

That Shakespeare voiced this sentiment has been amply proven. He gave to us a magnificent procession of men, nobles, warriors and statesmen, kings and clowns, yet above all reigns his gallery of perfect women. No writer before or since his time has produced a greater number or a more truthful delineation than this master-poet. If he drew bad women, they were fiends incarnate; if good, they were sublime; if they were gay, there was no limit to their humor—the type is ever perfectly drawn. But no matter what type of woman he created, he never forgot she was a woman. For instance, Lady Macbeth, the most terrible of all Shakespearean creations. To satisfy her desire for ambition she did not hesitate to resort to murder, but she cried out:

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't."

That one line proves the woman is still within her, and also in her urging another to perform what she herself cannot do. She is Macbeth's evil genius—still she is a woman. She exhorts, reproaches, directs, taunts and inspires him to his awful deed. Still she loves, admires and strengthens him. She is not a sympathetic character—rather splendidly heroic. She never shows weakness, is never off her guard, never murmurs except when dreams torment her, yet suffers the torments of the damned in her remorse, but dies uncomplainingly—true to the last.

Shakespeare drew a great and wonderful character in the voluptuous queen of ancient Egypt—the licentious Cleopatra. He made her fascinating, beautiful and artful; surrounded her with a maze of Oriental splendor, but did not give her qualities sufficient to arouse our compassion.

That the poet plainly preferred to write of the lovely, fresh blossoms of the sex is evidenced by the greater number of sweet,



Julia Marlowe, as Juliet



Edith Wynne Mattoon,
as Hermione



Gladys Hannon, as the Queen in
"Hamlet"



Mary Anderson, as Juliet



Maude Adams, as Rosalind



Marie Booth Russell, as
Lady Macbeth



Modjeska, as Queen Constance

innocent and gay young girls. How unfortunate would it have been had he preferred to lay waste his God-given talents in creating only such women as Lady Macbeth, Goneril or Regan! Instead, his eloquent and beautiful feminine characters caused Charles Lamb to write of him:

"Shakespeare seems to have had a peculiar delight in contemplating womanly perfection. For his many sweet images of female excellence all women are in an especial manner bound to love him."

Many novelists and writers insist that women are not sincere or steadfast in their friendship, and are not apt to admire another of their own sex. Shakespeare was not of this opinion. That he believed a true woman appreciates and admires a true woman is shown by Jessica's reply to Lorenzo when he questions:

"How doth thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?"

"Past all expressing—the poor, rude world hath not her fellow."

And as for friendship, Helena says:

"We

Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key

So we grew together

Like a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition;

Two lovely berries molded on one stem."

To go farther: Did not Celia leave her palace home and accompany the exiled Rosalind into the wilderness?

"Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir. . . .

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Rosalind is a delightful and bewitching character. The gay, swashing, martial exterior, assumed through her Arden wanderings, does not disguise her bright and glorious womanhood; rather, donning doublet and hose as a means of self-defense more exquisitely defines the beauty and delicacy of her nature. Incidentally, it serves a most pleasing avenue for her bubbling mirth, charm and wit.

Viola is another of the gentle sex who disguises herself under masculine attire. She is not unlike the captivating Rosalind. She has not the latter's pretty sauciness, but in her being "caparisoned like a man" she is none the less tender, sweet and charming.

Miranda is one of the bard's most lovely creations. She is as innocent and unconscious of evil as the birds, birds and flowers that have been her playthings and companions, else would she have cried out upon seeing Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian and the other castaways:

O! wonder

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That hath such people in't!"

And the artless reply to Ferdinand's protestations:

"I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,



Marie Booth Russell as Goneril



Mrs. Caborn as Portia



Julia Arthur as Juliet



Mrs. Bowen-Potter as Cleopatra



Viola Allen as Viola

Save, from my glass, my own, nor have I seen
More than I may call men, than you, good friend
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of."

Imogen, the stainless, tender, pitiful Imogen! Deprived of bride-

groom, ill-treated by an unkind father, abused by a "step-dame false" and domineered by the brutal Cloten, a "noble nothing" as she calls him, and yet never ceases to be the gentle, womanly woman, who remains true to herself whether in her father's court or in the hunter's cave, when princess or servant, and heiress to the throne of Britain, or dispossessed sister to the heir.

As a critic has said: "From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of genius spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. . . . He was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought." The variety of his heroines is remarkable. No two are alike. Hermione is a strong, brave and sweet woman—"tender as infancy and grace." She receives with a rare and beautiful dignity the false accusations of her jealous lord. She bears the cross of shame and humiliation without flinching, and after many years of solitude and ill-deserved sorrow, forgives with all her heart the truly unhappy Leontes.

Desdemona is so perfect, so pure and innocent that she is incapable of suspecting Iago of vile and treacherous dealings, and when dying seeks to hide her husband's crime:

"Emilia: Oh, who hath done this deed?"

"Desdemona: Nobody; I myself. Farewell;

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell."

Then we have the wise and witty Portia of Belmont and her dignified name-sake, the wife of Brutus; the prankish Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; the peerless Isabel; Katharina, the shrew, and Katharine, consort to the much married Henry VIII—all estimable women in their respective environments.

Katharine of Aragon is among one of

Shakespeare's most noted women. She is less poetical than some other Shakespearean heroine, but she is intelligent, stately and natural. Of herself she says: "Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grace allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish."

She is noble and brave. She rebukes the all-powerful Wolsey. Her rivals honor her, and even Henry, who has divorced her, says:

"Thou art, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens."

To the very end she never forgets her dignity or what is due her. "She will not lose her wont of greatness." Her last words are:

"When I am dead
Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unweaned, yet like
A queen, and daughter of a King, inter me."

For Ophelia we can have only commiseration. She is far from brave, so we cannot honor her. She is a sweet-natured, sensitive, tender maid, but so lacking in heroism and stability as to be almost pitiful. Hamlet loved her—"forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quality of love, make up my sum"—and yet she failed him at the crucial moment; and when she in turn becomes the sufferer her weak brain is overcome.

Except in the matters of youth and innocence one can scarcely associate the unhappy Cordelia with the passionate Juliet, who, through her own deceit and lack of patience, made a tragedy of what might have been a supreme love story, or to confuse with the gay and frolicsome Rosalind, the brilliant Beatrice, "who was born in a happy hour," or the fairy woodland princess, Perdita.



Julia Arthur as Rosalind

(Continued on page 211)

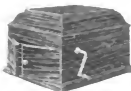
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The Sailor Dramatist

(Continued from page 178)

scored it is a sign that the men without vision are in power. Where there is no vision the people perish."

Even in a truly eloquent passage, Maschfeld writes:

"Worldly empire has always been gluttonous and foolish. It has always been a monstrous sentimental bubble blown out of something dead that was once grand. Man's true empire is not in continents nor over the sea, but within himself, in his own soul. Here in London, where a worldly empire is controlled, there exists no theatre in which the millions can see that other empire."

Nobility, intensity, bravery are the keystones of Maschfeld's inner man; he seeks these as the essential marks of democracy, and these elements he introduces into his play, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great"—a very remarkable achievement inasmuch as he rewrites history with less wit, but with more moral vigor and more immediate application to the present age than Shaw in "Caesar and Cleopatra." In the matter of style, this play exhibits uniqueness—a mannerism which might be an affectation were it not effective and sincere. I mean the dialogue is written in short, terse, crisp statements, with no pauses save those of the period. One other dramatic piece has been done by John Maschfeld—an adaptation for the Royal Court Theatre of "The Witch"—a piece which was arranged for the New Theatre by Mr. Herman Hagedorn.

It will be seen, therefore, that while Maschfeld is one of the most promising figures in present English drama, his output is not large. But everything he has done so far for the theatre is indication of perfect workmanship, of clear, formulated characterization, of essential passion. Boys will tell you, after reading his book "On the Spanish Man," or the "Book of Discoveries," that he has the adventurous enthusiasm of a boy. But whether it is history he is interpreting or conditions he is depicting, the human characteristics are what he strives to bring out. So deeply sincere is Maschfeld that he does not seem to have preconceived motives for doing things.

This dramatic genius thus far has been tragic. That was very evident to the audiences at Aldwych Theatre who witnessed "Pompey," or those at the London Little Theatre and at Miss Horri-man's performance in Boston last year, who saw "Nan." Here is a man deeply concerned about the real life. The truest commentary we could find on Maschfeld is his work. In his literary tastes, we hear him discoursing on Yeats, Blake, and John Synge; in his outward ambitions, his interest is ever concerned with the sea; he is ever overcast of melancholy on the broad seas; that is why he has edited so many voyages for his publishers.

"The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays" has been issued by Mitchell Kennerly, New York, and "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" by Sidgwick and Jackson, London.

Nazimova—The Unknowable

(Continued from page 190)

"I want to show you something."

It was her dressing-room, all in white—rugs, paper, furniture. On the mantelpiece were photographs of Jane Hading, of Bernhardt, and a young protegee, now studying opera. On the table lay a volume of Strindberg. "I love him," she said rapturously. "He utters a great truth when he says: 'Men and women hate each other always in the depths of their hearts. Even when they are madly in love, hate is there, coiled up, sleeping. One day it awakes and springs. Ah, that is so true, so true!'"

She was silent for a moment, preoccupied by her thoughts. Then, all at once throwing off her serious mood, she jumped up: "Come and see my roof garden." I followed her up a few steps into a room beneath the sky. On an Oriental rug was a set of willow bedroom furniture. Above was an awning, from which an electric light hung down. She turned to me with a smile: "Here I sleep all winter—I love the open air. Besides, why should I not live on the roof? I am an Oriental, a Jew, the wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars. They do so now."

As I looked over the unromantic vista of New York's irregular sky line, I thought how the poetess will surge up amidst the prosaic—how the racial will, in spite of alien environment, And then, crouched on the Eastern carpet, with a fresh cigarette between her fingers, she went on telling me of that Oriental Hedda Gabler she was soon to create.

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A Chinese Fairy Tale

(Continued from page 192)

solve. Fearing that he will guess that too, she resorts to strategy and—unveils her face. At first it seems as though she would succeed, so dazzled and overwhelmed is Kalaf by the beauty and witchery of her face; but, no, Kalaf is still master of his wits and the third riddle, like the first and the second, is solved.

The court is overjoyed; Turandot infuriated. As Altouni descends from his throne to embrace his promised son-in-law, Turandot interrupts by declaring that there must be three new riddles before she will subject herself to this haughty man. Altouni objects, but Kalaf is willing because: "If I cannot touch her heart I will not have her hand." Though the Emperor will at first not hear of a postponement of the marriage, he is finally prevailed upon to accept another compromise to the effect that Turandot must now answer a riddle given her by Kalaf. If she cannot do this within one day, he may have her heart and hand; if she is successful, she may claim his hand.

Gertrude Eyssold, probably the most intellectual and versatile actress in Germany, plays the part of the princess, not as a cold European beauty, but as a capricious little wildcat "capable of pulling feathers out of birds and scratching their breasts."

The plot now becomes a little thin, but music and pantomime help to keep the interest of the audience at a high pitch to the end. The exercise which Kalaf has set for Turandot's mind is no more complex than to find out what his and his father's names may be. From this point, the story is concerned with the various attempts of the princess and her slaves to eke out the necessary information by trickery, cunning, bribery or any other means. While these various schemes and strategies of a mental war are being discussed and followed, the spectator is conducted from one gorgeous room in the Seraglio to another. The last scene of this act takes place in the bed-chamber of Kalaf, where he is visited by several mysterious persons, each of whom is trying in a different way to trap him into telling his name and his father's name. The first is Zelima, who pretends to have come from his father who is a prisoner of the princess, and begs for a signed word from his son, assuring him of his safety and welfare. Kalaf, who is too wary for her and she is clever, no wiser. Then comes Truffalino with the magic wonder-root which he believes will help him to interpret the gestures of the lightly sleeping prince as spelling out the name in a sort of deaf-and-dumb language. Thinking he has found it in this manner, he departs. Hardly has he gone when in comes Adelmia, the Tartar slave, daughter of King Kircobad, who had fallen in love with Kalaf when he had been a fugitive in her father's kingdom. She begs him to flee to safety and to freedom with her, but when he will not hear of such a course of action, tells him that Turandot has bribed the guards at his door to kill him in the night.

In the last act we have the court scene again. Two priests guarding a Chinese idol are at the centre back; the eight worthy doctors are in their places, the Emperor upon his throne, the Pantalone and Tartaglia at his side and the soldiers and Brighella keeping order. Turandot and her train enter to the accompaniment of a funeral march, wearing all the insignia of mourning. Proudly and sadly she gives herself up, admitting herself conquered.

Kalaf, believing that Turandot bears only hatred for him, attempts to kill himself, but is interrupted by the princess, who rushes down from her throne, calling with mingled fear and love, "Kalaf, O my Kalaf!"

They look at each other, perplexed and bewildered.

"Is it thus you show your pity—that I should live?"

Should live a life bereft of hope and love? Here ends your power. You may kill me, yes. But make me live, for that you have no might."

At his second attempt to kill himself, Turandot throws herself into his arms, crying, "Live Kalaf, live—for me!"

After she has confessed that it was not through her own wisdom, but through the cunning of one of her slaves that she obtained the name after she has been duly forgiven for this play at deceit by Kalaf, she makes her first speech as a converted sufragist directly to the audience:

"To you gallants, now let me say, I love you all, and if you want to show your Happiness, you may applaud my late conversion."



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Napoleon and the Drama

(Continued from page 108)

woman whom he favored ever exercised an influence in his political affairs or in the distribution of his favors.

When Napoleon returned to Paris after his second triumph in Milan, a number of Italians returned with him as singers at the Royal Opera, and one among them, Giuseppina Grassini, the most famous contralto of her time, returned with the conqueror as his mistress. A beautiful and much fettered woman, she dreamt of possessing the influence of a Mme. de Pompadour and soon after her arrival made manifest this ambition. It was not long, however, before she found herself commanded to remain in political obscurity. Weary of living in suppression, and finding that the first man in the land was really more interested in the state than in her, she sought the romance which her passionate nature demanded by eloping with a young violinist. Upon her return to Paris, twelve years later, though she had broken her contract, "Napoleon, philosopher, did not reproach her, but reinstated her in her former position at the Opera." After the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington "acquired Mme. Grassini as he did many other objects of art and beauty which belonged to the Emperor."

Napoleon's favorite among the actresses and certainly the one who stood in his good grace the longest, was Josephine George Weimer, a girl who startled all Paris by appearing in the most difficult tragic roles at the age of fifteen. Whatever she may have lacked in maturity of understanding and power of interpretation, she made up in statuesque beauty and feminine charm. The Consul (for this was before 1804) often had her visit at St. Cloud, playing and romping with her there like a child. His biographers say that he was never more human, more boyish and joyous than in her presence. He was often heard to laugh heartily at her amusing prattle and once was discovered with a garland of white roses she had been wearing in a play, wound about his head.

"Am I not beautiful?" he cried. "I look like a fly in the milk."

Confronted by the prospects of a separation through a projected expedition to England, she and her lover waxed very sad and serious. Sitting down on the floor together, they discussed the matter from every viewpoint, finding no consolation until Napoleon was inspired to suggest a little purse of 40,000 fr. There was some solace in that.

At the height of her power and fame, she, too, broke her contract, fleeing to Russia with a more amorous lover, and again Napoleon showed his magnanimity by reinstating her at the Comédie Française and commanding that she be paid her full salary for the five years of her absence. She, in turn, to show her gratitude, remained faithful to the Emperor when he was exiled to Elba and procured for him some very important papers. At this time she was one of a very few members of the company of the Théâtre Français who refused to play for the Bourbon court, and after Waterloo, she chose to leave the country rather than play for the monarch of the patron who had been her first love. Jerome secured for her the tiny pension of 2,000 fr. a year, and when she died in want and obscurity at the age of seventy-eight, Napoleon's nephew paid for her funeral and brought her the last tribute from the Bonapartes.

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Detective William J. Burns has just qualified as an author and an orator. It happened in Philadelphia, where Robert Hilliard appeared in the new detective play, "The Argyle Case," under the management of Klaw and Erlanger. Mr. Burns co-operated with Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins in the authorship. Strictly speaking, he was designated as the "consulting author." The play scored a brilliant success, and after Mr. Hilliard and the members of his company had bowed their acknowledgments many times, and Miss Ford and Mr. O'Higgins had also obliged, Mr. Burns was brought before the curtain. This was after eleven curtain calls. He expressed his thanks with considerable eloquence, and said that the moral of the play was that wrong-doing was bound to be found out and punished. "The Argyle Case" is not based upon any actual experience that Mr. Burns has had nor does it deal with labor or capital.

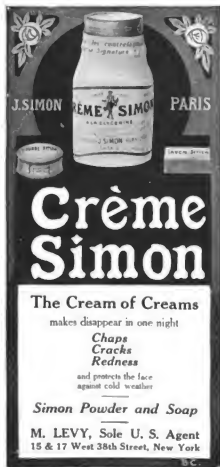
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The Deadly Cabaret

(Continued from page 184)

jade (the cabaret): the sort of cousinship there is between the woman of the streets and the favorite of a king. Moc would not go to the joints, so the joints are brought to Moc."

Where the cabaret shows are not patently vulgar, where they are not suggestive, they are plainly stupid. Here is the plan, frank, unvarnished, ungarish program at one of the best known of the cabaret restaurants as delivered from eleven thirty to twelve thirty on the night of October 9:

SUNG (woman vocalist): "The Rosary."

SUNG (woman vocalist): "Every Morn I Bring Thee Myself."

SUNG (male vocalist): "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

BANJO SELECTION (male performer): "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

DANCE (man and woman): Species: Turkey Trot.

SONG (woman vocalist): "I Love My Wife, But O' You Kid."

SUNG (male vocalist): "The Merry Widow Waltz Song."

SUNG (woman vocalist): "Way Down in Dixie-Land."

Now, ladies and gentlemen and cabaret operators, I ask you: Could there be a more of keener stupidity and antiquity? Could you, in the cheapest of vaudeville places, encounter such another? Songs with the moss of ages on them cracked out of automatic throats and accompanied by the waiter's: "Don't you want to order nothing more to drink?" Where is the gaiety here; where the "revelry" and "life?"

So much for the shows. They will die of their own dullness, their own vacuity. As for the spectators, the majority of them are lecherous, lickerish old men and grinning, evil-eyed, limerical young ones and the over-dressed demimonde of the West Forties. At the average cabaret show, the antics, the speech, the movements, attitudes and whisperings, the looks and the glances of this worthy crew are in line accord with the spirit of the whole dancing, seeking, sensual thing. A good place to take the wife, the daughter, the man and wife from out of town! A fine place to take a respectable companion for an after-theatre bit of supper! Tables being placed infernally close, one will frequently have to raise the voice to hide from the ears of one's associate the choice snarl of the heart. Seven parts in six the next table will frequently have to point out to one's wife something in the other corner of the room in order to divert her attention from something going on at a table in their direct range of vision. Were a restaurant a place where one went to eat and drink in normal fashion, would such be the case? Has not the faked-up "life" of the cabaret caused this imitation, but just as foul, suggestive by-product to smother into the very ordinary eating places? Has not this sort of thing, moreover, been encouraged by the cabaret purveyors so that more drinks will be bought and so that the lure of "the atmosphere of Paris" (said, aborted phrase) may draw extra suckers into the money-spending net?

I think so. I think, too, that the years of the cabaret are numbered and that even now, on the far horizon, there shows a faint streak of pink that heralds the coming of a fair, clear day when one may again enter a restaurant and get something to eat without being insulted by being molested by the management, and by brazen females and brazen males not hired by the management, who have been led to imagine that they are Parisian boulevardiers just because they order (and pronounce) a dash of absinthe in their cocktails, French-fried potatoes with their flaky mignon, French dressing on their salad and fromag day three with their demi-tasse.

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To celebrate the 250th performance of "Milestones" at the Royalty Theatre in London, a musical dinner was given by the O. P. Club at the Cecil Hotel recently. Lord Howard de Walden presiding. Over three hundred members and guests were present. Toasts were responded to by actors representing the three periods of "Milestones"—1880, 1885 and 1912. Alfred F. Robbins spoke for "1880," and was replied to by Miss Genevieve Ward and James Fernandez. H. B. Irving proposed "1885" and Sir George Barrow replied, while "1912" was allotted to Lord Howard de Walden, and the response was in the hands of Dennis Eadie and Miss Gladys Cooper.

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An Evening at Madame Rachel's

(Continued from page 168)

owing to the urgent interference of her sister that she had been forgiven and been allowed to retain her place at the table.

Rachel (answering to her German scolding): Leave me in peace. I want to speak about my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make punch in one of these pewter spoons. I held the spoon over the light and it melted in my hand. By the way, Sophie, give me the kirsch; we will make some punch. Ouf! . . . I am through! I have eaten enough. (The cook brings a bottle.)

The Mother: Sophie is mistaken. That is a bottle of absinthe.

I: Give me a drop.

Rachel: Oh, how glad I would be if you would take something with us.

The Mother: Absinthe is supposed to be very healthy.

I: Not at all. It is unhealthy and detestable. Sarah: Why do you want to drink some, then?

I: In order to be able to say that I have partaken of your health.

Rachel: I want to drink also. (She pours out absinthe into a tumbler and drinks. A silver bowl is brought to her, in which she puts sugar and kirsch; then she lights her punch and lets it flame up.) I love this blue.

I: It is much prettier if there is no candle burning.

Rachel: Sophie takes the candles away.

The Mother: What idea you have! Nothing of the kind will be done.

Rachel: It is unbearable. . . . Pardon me, Mamma, you dear, good one. . . . (She embraces her.) But I would like that Sophie takes the candles away.

A gentleman takes both candles and puts them under the table—twilight effect. The mother, who in the light of the flame from the punch appears now green, now blue, fixes her eyes upon me and watches every one of my movements. The candles are brought up again.

A Flatterer: Mademoiselle Rebut did not look well this evening.

I: You demand a great deal. I think she is very pretty.

A Second Flatterer: She lacks esprit.

Rachel: Why do you talk like that? She is not stupid, like many others, and besides she has a good heart. Leave her in peace. I do not want my colleagues to be talked about in this manner.

The punch is ready, Rachel fills the glasses and distributes them. The remainder of the punch she pours into a soup-plate and commences to take it with a spoon. Then she takes my cane, pulls out the dagger which is in it and commences to pick her teeth with the point of it.

Now there is an end of this gossip and this childlike talk. A word is sufficient to change the whole atmosphere of the evening, and what follows is consecrated with the power of Art.

I: When you read the letter this evening you were very much moved.

Rachel: Yes, I felt as if something was breaking within me and in spite of all I do not like this piece very much (Lancréde). It is untrue.

I: You prefer the pieces of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel: I like Corneille well enough, although he is flat occasionally and sometimes too pompous. All that is not true.

I: Eh, eh! Mademoiselle, slowly, slowly!

Rachel: For instance, see, when in "Horace" Sabine says, "One can change the lover, not the husband"—well, I don't like that; that is common.

I: I prefer you will admit that that is true.

Rachel: Yes, but as it is worthy of Corneille? There I prefer Racine. I adore him. Everything that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

I: As we are just speaking about Racine, do you remember that some time ago you received an anonymous letter in which some hints were given to you in reference to the last scene of "Mithridate"?

Rachel: Certainly. I followed the advice, and since then I have a tremendous amount of applause in this scene. Do you know the person who wrote me that?

I: Very well. It is a woman who is the happy possessor of the most brilliant mind and the smallest foot in Paris—whose rôle are you studying now?

Rachel: This summer we shall play "Maria Stuart," and then "Polyeucte," and maybe . . .

I: What?

Rachel (beating the table with her fist): Listen, I want to play "Phèdre." It is said I

(Continued on page 20)

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Where Operatic Reputations

(Continued from page 173)

tribute to his immense powers and his sturdy character, which won him the loftiest final judgment of all).

Bonci, 1897, "I Puritani," Feb. 18 (Buonizismo).

Pinkert, 1897, the same night (Buonizismo).

Scotti, 1899, February 9, "Les Huguenots" (Buonizismo).

Caruso, 1900, December 26, "La Bohème" (Buono).

Zenatello, 1902, December 22, "The Damnation of Faust" (Ottimo).

And so have come and gone, thousands of men and thousands of women, since 1778, some of them more brave than clever, but all of them willing to be offered to the fearful consideration of some dark-eyed, melancholy man who held the baton in the orchestra. To put them through their paces before this autocrat of the playhouse, there are upon the pay-list of the treasurer of La Scala more than 900 persons, from the monarch down; and it is the latest of these despots, Arturo Toscanini, whom now America has taken.

But even that mighty Director is no king to the world behind his back. Let him once turn his head away from the stage before him, and his power is gone. He who can send the most muscular bass-drummer home to his quaking family in a rage of guilty fear, may have to turn and run before the mandate of the terrible critics in the gallery far above his head. There they sit in judgment on him, loling back between acts and arguing noisily, or straining forward during the performance of the opera, sprawling on one another's backs in their desire to see and hear. There have been times when a single jeer from there has wrecked a well-meant effort at staging a new work; and the time was not so very long ago when an unpopular Director was driven off his rostrum and out of the service of the house forever, and the curtain rung down on a half-dozen night, and an audience sent complaining to its homes, by just that quick and deadly disapproval.

"Ma' but that is a bella voce!" you can hear them whisper, huddled together into an apparently inextricable and certainly indistinguishable mass of human interest, their voices lax and inert, their minds all on the music.

"Sì, sì, sì, sì," comes chorusing from the heap, piled in the last far corner of the loft. "She will put Italy into her pocket and take it away to New York."

"Dio mio!" you hear in half a dozen places all at once, "l'Americani!"

The pit is sometimes unreasonable. As early as 1792, according to the records, the audience was troublesome. Some of them demanded too many encores. Others would not let the performance go on after an interruption caused by some singer particularly capable of arousing hostility. Whistles, hisses, groans, shouts, yells and noises with the feet were specifically named and termed as offenses against the dignity of the Most Serene Archduke in a manifesto issued prior to 1800. In later days, when seats on the floor cost from \$2.50 to \$6 each, there is in effect a process of natural selection which eliminates certain elements from the case.

At the end of the acts every man in the house jumps to his feet and begins a review of the house through his glasses, in approved European fashion. There is an excellent café in the lobby where champagne is served between acts, where you could go and write a letter home if you wished and the music did not interest you.

But after all, it is less the audience than the singers that count in La Scala, and there you do not see them as they truly are. There is a very famous restaurant in a side street not far from that dusty *porte-cochère* which has been the patient and immovable object of contempt for more than a century. After the performance while you are sipping your chianti or your black coffee there, in waiting, they begin coming, first the chorus men, and then some of the chorus women, though in smaller numbers, and afterwards a dozen of the lesser singers themselves. There is plenty of material to keep up the conversation. "It is my last night, *cara amico*," intones a weather-worn soprano, stirring in position listlessly. "I shall never sing again. What can you do when everyone is jealous of you?"

"Ecco!" responds her companion, with noncommittal emphasis. He hears it every night and it does not hamper his enjoyment of the evening paper which he always brings for this last hour of his day. She continues while he reads, and presently the mere talk rests her and she is commencing with hopeful vivacity on the



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advertisements at the back of the journal he holds between them.

"Cawwies!" By Bacchus I swear you have eaten that omelet yourself!" roars a full-chested basso from his corner, and sits down again hammering the iron table with his fists.

"Listen, amico mio," declared a fragile little tenor, grasping the buttons on his neighbor's coat and drawing himself up by them to be better heard. "Listen, I will kill that man. I will kill him. I will crush him between my hands for getting in front of me on the stage. My soul hates blood, but I will laugh at his."

"Ta bene," laughs the other, shaking off the little fellow. "Here he comes!"

Perhaps a little to your amazement, nothing more serious happens than a handshake all around, and the three finding a corner of their own from which is presently heard the friendly row made by men of all nations upon the question of who shall pay for their drinks. Among them all there is the stale, unshaven paleness of the player's after-hour. There is much smoking of cigarettes, and then with the busy night already on the wane, they straggle out and go chattering home to bed. Meantime the principals have gone their own ways. Some of them are loitering over their more than midnight suppers. One has swept compellingly into an early-morning restaurant, a rôle she loves above all others, and has sent the waiters galloping on a score of magnificent orders. Others are talking themselves over with the newspaper men and the resident correspondents of the music journals who are, in Milan, the "Washington representatives" of their special press.

Half a dozen or you will hear a cheering in a nearby square, and, crossing through the empty streets, will find in front of some big and all but protesting apartment house a crowd of the admirers of the *prima donna* of the evening, sending up frantic acclaim to her windows, and dragging to the doors the towering flower pieces which were given her on the stage.

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Shakespeare's Women

(Continued from page 800)

Sorrow and suffering instead of love and passion, fun and frolic, freedom, and the wood, is Cordelia's lot. Her simple truthfulness leads to her being set aside from her father's house, and falling into the weakness of age. Lear's fondness for love and flattery is hard to appease. General and Regan with the extravagant and honeyed words satisfy his fond and jealous heart, but when the humblest affectionate Cordelia says she will love him as much as she ought, and when she is married she will "divide her love, her duty and her care," the unseeing Lear cries out: "So young and so untender!" To which she replies:

"So young, my lord, and true" Enraged, her kindly father screams wrathfully:

"I by truth then be thy dower!"

No more is heard of the gentle Cordelia until she returns to England with the French army to succor and aid her father in his extremity,—the father who banished her with his curse, allaying into the weakness of age. Lear's fondness for love and flattery is hard to appease. General and Regan with the extravagant and honeyed words satisfy his fond and jealous heart, but when the humblest affectionate Cordelia says she will love him as much as she ought, and when she is married she will "divide her love, her duty and her care," the unseeing Lear cries out: "So young and so untender!" To which she replies:

"Why should a horse, a dog, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?"

There are many other beautiful and splendid women in Shakespeare's wonderful gallery. Sweet kind and brave women who through trials and misfortunes without murmur or flinching, and forgive without grudge or parity.

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"William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the world. He gave to the world the characters that ever lived and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes and gems of thought. He was the greatest man that ever touched this grain of sand and tears we call the world."



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The Lion and the Mouse (200th Thousand)—From the play by Charles Klein.

"As fascinating as Mr. Klein's Play."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Opera Season Opens

(Continued from page 107)

des Arts as a ballet. Mr. Damrosch gave its first performance in America, and he won his hearers' hearts and ears completely. The opening episode of the "Sleeping Beauty" is fascinating, but is eclipsed by the next incident of "Hop-o'-My-Thumb." Then comes the strange tale of the "Empress of the States," followed by the ingratiating "Beauty and the Beast," and all ending with "The Fairy Garden." The music is charged with imagination of the highest poetic order, the orchestration is very novel and the audience applauded delightedly and demanded repetitions of some. At this concert the soloist was Maggie Teyle, English soprano of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. She sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete" in a listless manner, but then she sang a group of French songs in which she more than redeemed herself—particularly in Duparc's "Extase," which was beautifully sung and most sympathetically accompanied by Walter Damrosch at the piano.

Zoltan Hali had been inaugurated several days earlier by a piano recital given by a Hungarian pianist, Gottfried Galston, who has been active in Munich, and is making his first American tour. Galston has great technical equipment, and at times showed that he possessed good round tone. But for the most part his playing was dry, pedantic and uninteresting in its lack of sentiment.

Marcia Sembrich, wonderful artist, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall after an absence of a year abroad. She taxed the capacity of the hall, and when she appeared was greeted by a reception that proved without any doubt the tremendous esteem in which she is still held by the concert-going public here. Another demonstration was after the second group of songs, when the ushers were all transformed into flower pages and carried masses of flowers down the aisle, completely covering the grand piano and converting it into a lower. Sembrich had deserved all this. She sang, for instance, two of Schumann's "Liederer," in a manner that not even veteran concert-goers can recall having heard from any other Lieder singer. Schumann, Brahms, Franz and Cornelius were the only composers on her programme, but she provided variety aplenty by her artistic interpretations. Frank LaForge played admirable accompaniments.

Another wonderful recital was given by Mischa Elman, the Russian violinist, who also has been absent from America one season. His art and his tone have grown in his absence, for while he was always possessed of an extraordinarily beautiful, lush tone, it seems actually to have grown more lovely. It is warm and round, is noble in its sentiment. Elman is a great player, one of the forces in a battle royal of violinists which is to be fought out this season, as Ysaye, Kreisler and Zimbalist are all to appear in the concert arena here.

So the music season has just begun, but it is already brimful of interest and there is much more to come.

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 161)

argues the proposition that there is one code of morals for men and another for women with much humor and distinction.

CRITERION. "BACHELORS AND BENEDICTS." Comedy in three acts by Jackson D. Haag and James Montgomery. Produced on November 2d. "Bachelors and Benedicts" was pretty sad, and why any theatrical manager could have imagined a metropolitan career for it is one of those things difficult to explain. A bachelor marries. The four cronies of his days of freedom, marvellous specimens of atrocious manners, proceed to comfort themselves in a way not calculated to make men popular with the sex. The newly-weds quarrel, the note of jealousy is touched because of a mysterious girl, who in the end is no mystery at all. They part, but, of course, the reconciliation is finally brought about and the majority of the matrimonial scoffers fall victims to the system. Some of the dialogue was slangily bright, and the widow, with a well-defined plan of action, was cleverly drawn and capably acted by Grace Goodall.

DALY'S. "THE POINT OF VIEW." Play in four acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on October 24th. "The Point of View" exhibited an amount of uniformly good acting that was much better

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than the play as a whole. If a girl, engaged to one man, goes wrong with another and refuses to marry him because she thinks he does not really love her, but is acting under a sense of duty, that is really her own affair. She is entitled to her point of view, and that ends it. It is really a tame ending to a storm of emotional experiences.

BROADWAY. "THE DOVE OF PEACE." Comic opera in three acts by Wallace Irwin and Walter Damrosch. Produced on November 4th.

"The Dove of Peace" is foolishly, or, perhaps better said, inefficiently, fantastic. The libretto is no worse than the common run of what is used for the purpose of giving occasion for song and dance and the devices of stage-managers. It is saved from utter stupidity by glitter and color and the expenditure of those energies that go into all comic operas. Alice Yorke, Jessie Bradbury and Henrietta Wakefield, Arthur Wagan, Frank Pollock and Thomas Hardie were the principals in the singing.

WALLACK'S. "OUR WIVES." Comedy in three acts (from the German) by Helen Krafft and Frank Mandel. Produced on November 4th.

Through a tedious, trite and slow-moving first act we learn in this play that three members of a congenial quartette of bachelors are about to be carried off by matrimony, and that the fourth, the sole survivor, is a librettist in search of a collaborator. Deciding, finally, that he will have none other to compose the music for his words than the originator of certain melodies haunting his memory, he traces them to their source, only to find, to his disappointment, that they are the products of a charming young person, but—a woman. He asks her to collaborate with him, but makes a contract by which each agrees to ignore the sex of the other.

Henry Kolker, whose splendid voice and good delivery are always a delight, acts the part of the librettist with much finish, although he does take himself and his rôle too seriously. Pamela Gaythorne, as Wilson, the sexless melody-maker, makes the most of a shadowy and conventional rôle.

HARRIS. "A RICH MAN'S SON." Comedy in three acts by James Forbes. Produced on November 4th.

Mr. Forbes in this play is not so felicitous as in his other popular piece, "The Traveling Salesman." The story is somewhat trite. In short, it is a slaphash play. A rich father plans that his son shall marry for social position. He has selected for him a silly but amiable girl for whom the son can find no liking. The boy is also to give up his idle life and go to work in the business office of the father's establishment. He accepts the conditions and promptly falls in love with the stenographer, who refuses, out of a sense of propriety, to encourage him. Upon discovering his son's love for the stenographer, the father discharges the girl. She refuses to elope with the impetuous young man, and when she is about to be sent off in the automobile he takes the place of the chauffeur. Arrived at the hotel, he registers, without her knowledge and without design to compromise her, in a way, that leads to complications. Father and mother follow the supposed elopers.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE BRIDENESS OF VIRTUE." Play in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced October 28th.

A play whose theme is the safeguarding of virtue may not gain wide popularity in competition with the trivial and the theatre, but this piece, with its simplicity and good aim, should hold its own and prosper by reason of its distinctive qualities. The title of Mr. Hamilton's play is not a good one, for it would seem to imply a reproach to ignorance of vice. The announcement that its lesson is that the young should be taught, in public and private training, the nature of the sexual relation, is also not well taken. The play is not as big as that, or as absurd as that. And yet it is not a little play, for it handles with absolute thoroughness, without offense and with sincerity, an accident in the life of youth, and teaches a truth of universal application. If the play preached in a didactic way, and if its action simply moralized, it would not be worth the while, but it is full of domestic tenderness, comedy, genuine feeling and the dramatic.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "SHE STROGS TO CONQUER." Comedy in four acts by Oliver Goldsmith. Revived on November 4th.

Miss Annie Russell's revival of old English comedies is a pleasant relief in a season that so largely busies itself with plays of questionable

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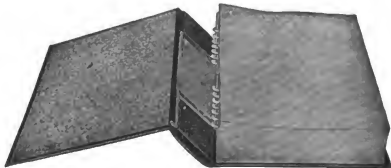
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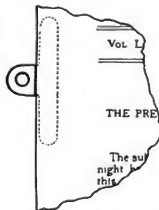
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morals and doubtful theories. No apologies have to be offered for "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith's piece is a bit old-fashioned, it is itself an unanswerable plea for old-fashioned things. It has scenes that are unfailingly entertaining. Certainly much depends upon the people who play in it, and in this production the amiable sweetness of Annie Russell and the harmless and boisterous rudeness of George Giddens give a personal flavor of distinction to Kate Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin. Frank Reicher, too, as Young Marlow, effectively carries the impudence and finally the soundness of character of the young scapegrace that have made the part so popular with actors and audiences for more than a century.

PARK. "THE GYPSY." Romantic operetta in two acts by Pixley and Lunders. Produced on November 14th.

This new piece by Messrs. Pixley and Lunders is entirely conventional in treatment and plot, the story dealing with the substitution of children at birth. Mr. Lunder's music is tuneful, but a somewhat threadbare plot is sandwiched among a lot of songs, dances and specialties and delicious stage humor. In a word, a mild, innocuous stage entertainment that can do no one any harm.

LITTLE. "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS." Dramatized from the story by the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. Produced on November 7th.

This contrast to the familiar fairy tale dramatized from the Brothers Grimm by Jessie Graham White. The play, which makes a special appeal to children, was staged under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames by George Foster Jones. The special music of a simple nature is by Edmund Rickett, the composer of the music for two of the London Christmas pantomimes. All the characters of the famous story—the little princess who goes a-housekeeping for the seven dwarfs, the wicked queen and her magic mirror, the old witch, the young prince, etc., etc., are there to delight the youngsters.

GAITY. "C. O. D." Farce in four acts by Frederic Chapin. Produced on November 11th. A weirdly rural and impossible play is Mr. Frederic Chapin's new American farce, "C. O. D.," but with plenty of amusement in it for those who do not question themselves as to the causes of their laughter. Its improbable story is consistent enough, but made up of odds and ends. Some of the situations have all the manner of French farce, but on the whole the play is thoroughly American after a fashion. Certainly Hiram Jones, the farmer, with his chin whiskers, flourishes, if he flourishes at all, in remote regions in this country.

EMPIRE. "BELLA DONNA." Play in four acts, adapted from the novel by Robert Hichens, by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on November 11th.

Because a book has been the best-seller is no evidence that a play made from it will sell well at the box office. "Bella Donna" is such a case. In a book the novelist may use up reams of paper covered with flowery, even poetical, argument why his heroine or hero should enlist the reader's sympathy. But when these selfsame people are translated from the novel to the stage they have a trick of realizing themselves in unexpected development. If the heartstrings are to be wrung by a gloomy drab story, it can only be done when the object of the story makes a human appeal. Who cares what happens to "Bella Donna"? Where is your appeal? Where is the unwritten law of compensation satisfied? Then, where is the play? Many people have no doubt read Mr. Hichens's book. The play follows it with tolerable fidelity, and it must be said that Mr. Fagan has done his work well. The best that may be said for it is that it is a somewhat picturesque but gloomy melodrama. It is splendidly staged and Nazimova's costumes are wonderful.

FORTY-EIGHTH. STREET THEATRE. "Never Say Die." Play in three acts by W. H. Post and William Collier. Produced on November 12th.

As a hypochondriac, given up by himself and his physicians, Mr. Collier chills the audience for one whole act with the humor of his gloom, but, fortunately for all concerned, warns them up again in the two subsequent acts, during which he passes through all the predicaments possible when a man has promised to die within a year so that his wealthy widow may marry his friend, a good-for-nothing artist—and can't. He tries all the sure deaths from cocktails to black Havanan, and finally decides to get a divorce to live up to his contract, but is spared the trouble by the discovery that he and his wife prefer to remain married.

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FADS AND FANCIES IN FASHION'S REALM

SHOPPING, the diverting pastime of the majority of women at any season, becomes a positive obsession as the Christmas holidays draw near. The

spirit of buying and giving impregnates the air long before the Thanksgiving turkey has played his stellar rôle. The lure of the shops enters into the soul of every truly feminine woman; it is too subtle, too insidious to be resisted even by the wary. It is not merely before the counters where pretty fancy articles are attractively displayed that the throngs of shoppers congregate, but in the departments where articles of apparel are displayed. Each little woman with a love of the beautiful delights in the gift of something to wear, something to enhance her charms, be it a piece of jewelry, becoming furs or a hat. Such a gift is sure of a much warmer welcome than the book, which she has probably read, the flowers which will quickly fade, or the picture which doesn't fit into the decorative scheme of her house. All fear lest the gift be considered too personal has long since vanished; this is an intimate age, our friends know our likes and dislikes, our wants and our bank accounts. Blessed are they who give as we would receive.

How much more sensible it is to give the friend who is longing for a new opera wrap, such a gift, rather than a piece of jewelry which she doesn't need, and perhaps would not fancy. Even the woman with a well-stocked wardrobe could not resist an evening wrap on the order of the one shown in the illustration. This is

an imported model, but there are hundreds of similar ones shown in the shops. The color is the latest on the color chart—in fact, it is so very recent that it has not

been tabulated by its new title. The "Nell rose" tint is one of the rich American beauty tones and was selected by Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson as the color she would prefer to bear her name. As Miss Wilson is an artist her selection was a clever one, which she made personally, and its brilliancy and beauty will undoubtedly make it a popular one. A stunning wrap in this vivid tone of velvet, which was recently shown, would make an ideal present for that lucky individual, the true blonde. It was a simple cloak, skilfully draped and trimmed with chenille fringe fully eighteen inches long. All in the one coloring with graceful, becoming lines it caught every eye, dancing with envy, and held it fascinated.

Quite as effective and wonderfully smart are the new brocade wraps. The entire garment may be fashioned from this delectable, supple material, softly draped to the side opening and perhaps enhanced with fur, or it may be combined with velours or velvet, as is shown in the photograph. It is



No. 2. This gown of cream-colored chiffon embroidered in gold sequins and crystal beads, is given the newest touch by the drapery of burnt orange shading in a soft yellow. A cord of the beads is fastened through the belt, appearing in a loose, soft ruffle of the shaded chiffon.

almost sure to be trimmed with fur, for the touch of fur is the hallmark of this season. It is everywhere from the filmy frock of chiffon to the heavy top coat of a sluggy fabric. While sable is the most choice fur, ermine is this year a serious rival, and moleskin has the charm of novelty to enhance it. White and blue fox

are very much in demand, also seal and skunk. Bands of the white unspotted ermine were used to distinguish the wrap illustrated with the tails as a bit of decoration. Caught by a Catochon.

One of the most eagerly sought gifts this Christmas is sure to be that of furs. Never has the craze for furs been as widespread as this year. It is a very modest little woman who will be satisfied with one set, or even one fur coat. There must be the coat for the motor, tigerskin if you would be right up to the minute, leopard skin or racoon. These coats are not by any means cheap fancies. For a long coat of leopard skin with collar and cuffs of the popular civet cat \$225 is asked, but the coat is so well marked, so very well cut and so awfully stylish that it is well worth it. If you would have the wolverine collar and cuffs—a fur which is very much in favor this year—the coat will cost you \$295. To top it there are the most fetching hats of leopard skin. These hats are deliciously soft so that they can be crushed and pulled down as one would wish. A similar one in civet cat, which is so wonderfully effective, costs \$24.95, and when worn with stole and muff of the same fur it is positively irresistible.

For the street there are smart-looking coats of seal, caracul and moleskin. One of the smartest coats of moleskin costing \$500 has the strips of the fur arranged to give the much desired draped effect. Some of these coats boast a collar of ermine, others have the collar of the same fur. A good moleskin coat ranges in price from \$250 upward, but how is one to be well dressed without one this winter?

The moleskin sets are sure to be down on every Christmas list. There is the widest diversity in these sets from the trig little tie with its jaunty ends to the long graceful Empire scarves which are carelessly draped over the shoulders with that abandon which is the despair of the uninitiated. One of the most becoming styles is the stole with the long draped ends to be worn with the new draped muffs. In one of the new sets the moleskin was cleverly combined with the ermine, which appeared as an edge. On another collar of moleskin the ermine was introduced as revers, with just an edge of it appearing at the neck. On the muff the ermine and moleskin were again blended.

EFFECTIVE NECK FIXINGS.

The fluffy, frilly neck fixings share the popularity of the fur sets. There are days, many days, when the collarette of marabout or ostrich is more comfortable than that of fur, hugging closely the neck. Where could you find a daintier or prettier gift for \$5 than a collar of marabout in one of the lovely soft colorings, pink,

blue or lavender, combined with satin, the ends softened with an edge of ostrich. To give it just the right finishing touch it would be well to add a dollar more and buy a pretty cluster of shaded crêpe flowers to nestle amongst the marabout at the neck fastening. The collarettes of fur or ostrich combined with the satin are of course more expensive, but some very fetching ones can be secured for fifteen dollars.

For the woman who has everything, a bit of neckwear is always appropriate, for one can never have too many of these dainty fixings to freshen up an old frock. There are such pretty designs in the delicate shadow laces. One novel idea showed a vest effect of net with tiny buttons and edged on either side by deep falls of the lace. This handsome piece, quite elaborate enough to dress up the entire front of a blouse, was attached to a stock of the lace with discreet touches of the black velvet. Neckwear of this type can be bought for \$8.50. For \$1.75 there are all manner of Robespierre collars in net simply embroidered or hemstitched with jabots of plaitings. For every-day usage these collars are very desirable. For the morning also the severe stocks of black and white for \$1.75 are wonderfully good to look upon, neat and trig, and not too mannish to lack the feminine touch.

The wise woman delights in the little fixings, the saucy little bows which add such distinction. The price of these trifles is a mere nothing, but they will be most acceptable for the Christmas stocking. Take, for instance, the sets of four little ribbon bows with the tiny flowers of a contrasting tone in the center which sell for sixty-five cents, or the straight, small pump bows in queer artistic colorings with fancy buckles.

THE LURE OF THE SCARF.

In this age of draperies the scarf is sure to have its innings. Scarves there are of every variety, from the simple little shirred cliffon affairs to the more beautiful ones in net exquisitely embroidered. For the evening these embroidered scarves are positively entrancing. They blend perfectly with the sartorial picture, for it is difficult to find a ball gown which has not the touch of silver or gold somewhere in its makeup. Considering the fine hand embroidery the prices of \$12.50 and \$15 asked for these scarves is remarkably cheap. Such a scarf would form a delightful accessory to the dinner gown of voile de soie embroidered in silver, shown in the photograph. The soft drapings of the scarf would take away from the severity of this frock, which might be a bit trying if the wearer were not blessed with a perfect figure.

For the street there are very good-looking scarves of silk in



No. 6. These two smart walking costumes display many of the new style features. The gown at the left is fashioned from a tape-colored broche ermine trimmed with ermine which matches the draped muffs. The costume at the right shows a skirt of chocolate Mephisto muffs, with a jacket of a much wider collar of ermine, with a narrow strip of the ermine outlining the vest.




No. 7. A wrap in the new "Nell Rose" style, with a fullness held by a band of mouseline fur.



No. 8. Old blue brocade and velours have been cleverly combined in this evening wrap, with trimmings of ermine.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased. Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

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Special Cabinet, containing 6 prs. children's slippers or button boots, white, pink or blue kid, complete - 8.00

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The EGYPTIAN
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I am willing to retire before
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Alike to Donor and Recipient"**



A dainty negligee from
some relative or an intimate
earns a double welcome at
this season.

**Matinees, Tea Gowns,
Boudoir Robes,
Caps and Slippers,
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**Separate Blouses,
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276 (as illustrated). Charming negligee
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with graceful drapings of shadow lace,
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Price, \$27.50

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moderately priced.

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catalog "F," sent out of town upon request

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The beauty, high character of cabinet work, and reasonable price of these Book Cases has created such a demand for them, that we have had difficulty in keeping pace with our orders. We are now increasing our factory facilities which will enable us to promptly supply the demand.

The Cases are made in Birch, Maple, Oak, White Enamel, Mahogany plain, and Mahogany inlaid, with adjustable shelves and either plain or latticed doors.

They are of a uniform height of 54 inches, and come in the following widths 2 feet, 2½ feet, 3 feet, 3½ feet, 4 feet, 4½ feet, 5 feet and 6 feet.

Book Case illustrated in mahogany inlaid 8 feet wide is 84 inches high. Price, \$67.50

R. J. HORNER & CO.
20-22-24-26 WEST 36th ST.
NEAR FIFTH AVE.
FURNITURE-DECORATIONS-RUGS
NEW YORK



No. 1. An evening dinner gown developed in poppy pink brocade with drapings of black net. The overdress of lace is arranged to fall in graceful folds in the back. The net is draped in a wing effect on the back of the corseage. Black velvet belt with rhinestone buckle.

all the popular shades, blue, red, brown, mauve and of course black and white, which are draped at either end and weighted with a long black silk tassel. To curl around the throat on one of the mild days which break out every once in a while during the frosty months such a scarf will be most acceptable, and the price of \$4.50 brings it within the pocketbook of everyone.

HER EVENING FROCKS.

The woman to whom Santa Claus is planning to bring a nice fat cheque is sure to spend some of it, at least, on one of the alluring evening frocks. With balls, dinners and the opera, and in these days the theatre, where full-dress is now the rule, rather than the exception, numerous evening frocks are required. They may be of chiffon such as the charming gown in the photograph. On this frock there is a tunic of creamy chiffon exquisitely embroidered in tiny gold sequins and crystal beads which catch the light and toss and throw it back again with every movement of the wearer.

These tunics can be purchased separately and are a boon to the woman who desires to use a satin frock of yesteryear as the foundation for a new evening gown. To procure the new motif of the season's modes—drapery—it is a comparatively simple matter to use more chiffon or tulle as is so well illustrated on this gown. The tunics range in price from \$12 and \$15 up to \$50 and \$100.

The entire range of brocaded fabrics—brocaded satin, crêpe de chine, velvet and taffeta—are all corraled for evening gowns. You can tell just how effective the brocaded satin is from the photograph of the poppy pink brocaded gown. Here black tulle was used to lend the desired draped effect, and lace formed the principal trimming. Many of these brocaded fabrics are so decorative in themselves that they require practically no trimming, a little lace perhaps, a touch of fur, or the softening drapery of chiffon. Velvet is another highly favored fabric for the handsome evening gown and such regal trimmings as gold or silver lace, ermine or sable, and garnitures which sparkle with thousands of precious stones are strongly featured. All of these handsome stuffs, however, cannot out from favor the filmy chiffon, plain or embroidered. There is a world of allurements in this diaphanous fabric which drapes so softly around the figure, and hangs in such sinuous, revealing folds.

THE SMARTLY GOWNED WOMAN ABROAD AND AT HOME.

For the best street costume—and in these days every well-dressed woman knows that at least three street costumes are necessary—velvet and moiré are prime favorites. The broche stuffs are likewise extensively used. The moiré costume photographed for this article is a simple one but characterized by all the distinguishing points. The skirt gives the lines of the straight and narrow silhouette, yet there is a decidedly new note sounded in the tucks in the front which are stitched to follow the hip line. As we should expect, this suit is trimmed with fur—the taupe fox—which is one of the season's novelties. There is almost a negligé air conveyed by the coat, but this is the appearance which the Russian blouse lends, and it is one of the smartest of the coat styles, vying with the cutaway fronts for first place.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

For the little afternoon gowns there are modes of every description, from the simplest little creations which owe their distinction to the color of the belt or the cut of the sleeve to elaborate creations of the broche materials, velvets and satins. Not all women know that they can buy for the small sum of \$19.75 a pretty frock of black charmeuse with the fullness of the skirt draped to the front, and a dainty white hemstitched lingerie yoke. For \$10 more there is a good-looking gown, also in black charmeuse with the drapery of the skirt caught low at one side. The waist has one of the new vests of white satin flanked on either side by black velvet bands simulating revers. A color note is struck with the amber buttons which are one of the fads of the year.

The numerous plays revolving around Japan and the Far East has created a vogue for everything Oriental. One of its most comforting phases is the new house costume. This consists of a skirt, preferably a plain black silk skirt, accordion plaited if desired, and a Japanese robe beautifully embroidered. These robes can be procured as low as \$12.25 and run up to \$56.50. Very often the mandarin coats are chosen in preference to the Japanese robes and these range in price from \$12.89 to \$97.50. There is a world of comfort in this arrangement which is different from the usual run of house gowns, and, therefore, appealing to the woman whose artistic instincts permit her to dare a bit and wear something individual.

THE LITTLE ACCESSORIES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

To get something new in the way of a headdress is the desire of every woman who longs to be considered well gowned. With her, the new headdresses from across the seas will make an instant raid upon her pocketbook. There is a velvet band so generously embroidered with jewels that it gives the effect of an entire band of sparkling, glimmering stones. This bit of decoration, so bright, so alive with color, is caught with a queer buckle, one of those unusual French conceptions of a tiger's head. From the first

glance one would know that this was an imported novelty, although the price of \$15 might not signify it. The same shop is making a specialty of tiny aigrettes and gourals mounted with jewels. Against the feathery blackness the jewels stand out in all their brilliancy. \$25 and \$30, according to the jewels, are asked for these effective bits of headdressing.

For opera bags the newest are the double bags held by bracelets to be worn on the wrist if desired. They are very appropriate Christmas gifts, and are inexpensively priced at \$25.

The woman who is searching for a novelty in gloves will be delighted to hear of the so-called Robespierre glove with its turnback cuff of another color, or faced with lace, which sells for \$2.50.

There never was a woman who didn't delight in silk stockings and who didn't have a gift of them with glee. This year you may buy for her the new shot silk stockings which give such a bewitching changeable effect. These come in all silk for \$5, with the shot effect reaching to the calf, thus



No. 2. A stunning reception costume can be fashioned from old blue moiré. The skirt, which has its plainness broken in the front with two tucks, is finished around the bottom with taupe fur. This fur forms the collar of the coat and adorns the front. There is the suggestion of the Russian blouse in the folded belt, which appears at the sides and on the back, caught with large crocheted buttons.

CHRISTMAS GIFT



Ornamented Pearl Clasp. Delightfully chic and effective neck-dress. *HALINE or VELVET RIBBON.* Adjustable to any bow. Very Parisian and at the same time practical. Saves ribbon, time and patience. Looks like clasp of genuine pearls. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

Maline or Velvet Bow tiny color with clasp, all in strong box, prepaid, for 50c. The two top illustrations are fancy French Pearl Clasps with Maline Bows or Velvet, either one in box, prepaid, 50c.

Send TODAY for PARIS BOW CLASPS, before you forget it, for yourself and CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

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ARE NOW DIRECTLY AVAILABLE TO AMERICAN WOMEN AT A SAVING OF THE IMPORT DUTY, THROUGH THE FOUNDED OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT, WHERE A STAFF OF PAQUIN EXPERTS WILL REPRODUCE MODELS IN THE DISTINCTIVE FASHIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF THEIR PARIS SALON.

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A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

CHENEY SILKS

For Winter Wear

With the advent of the social season silks play their most prominent part in fashionable attire. Satin Charmeuse is deservedly the most favored of all the season's silks, for it is unusually well suited to present dress requirements.

Crêpe de Chine, Crêpe Meteor, Liberty Satins, Failles, Bengelines, Moires, Satin Empress (a new Cheney Silk), Toile de Soie, and a new line of Brocades (in dark and evening shades) are all very fashionable and all are included among the many kinds of Cheney Silks sold by better stores. Prudence, however, and a desire to secure the genuine Cheney Silks should remind you to look for the name which is stamped on the end of each piece and on the label.

Cheney Silks are of superior quality, and include practically every kind of goods made of silk—whether for dresses, millinery, decoration or upholstery, the haberdasher or manufacturer. Man or woman.

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Every woman realizes that one of the chief requisites of beauty is a clear complexion.

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with its purity and fragrance is a toilet necessity—an aid to beauty.

It is a complexion soap of the most delicate texture. It lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin cool, smooth, refreshed. Made in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Violet
Buttermilk and Roses

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Buttermilk

10 cents the cake

50 cents the box of 6

At Your Druggists



\$1.00
Each

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Each

A Dainty Xmas Gift

Wholesale Prices Quoted

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The American Girl Tailored Bow or Neckwear in Velvet on Pin, Trimmed With Hand Made French Ribbon Bows, Finesse colors. A smart little to complete the costume.

giving a more elastic upper part, for \$4, and in a wool and silk combination for \$2.50. Or you may select for \$6 one of the new gray silk stockings which are quite the newest idea in stockings. There are numerous designs from the clocks in black or white to more complicated combinations of black and white embroidery. These gray stockings can likewise be bought in the best French list for \$1.75 to \$2.50. The gold silk stockings to wear with the stunning gold tissue slippers cost \$2.50. There are also wonderfully effective stockings to be worn with these slippers of gold in black silk embroidered in gold sequins for \$10.50. Bowknots outlined in rhinestones bring a black silk stocking up to \$9.75. Lace inserts in the stockings make an exceedingly dainty stocking which can be purchased for \$5.25, while the fish nets command \$2.50.

One of the very daintiest and prettiest gifts for the débutante and her older sister is the clasp holder of pearls—French pearls of course—which does away with all the fuss and bother of tying a bow. In this season of bows such a clasp is a friend which few of us can do without. You merely have to fold your bow and close your pretty little clasp around it. It matters not whether the bow is for the neck or the hair, or the slippers. This clever novelty sells for the ridiculously small price of twenty-five cents, and for seventy-five cents you can secure with it the attractive pendants of French pearls. You can even procure a maline bow with the holder for fifty cents, while for a dollar an effective butterfly bow in the French pearls can be bought attached to a maline bow. The bows on the ribbon for the hair or slippers cost \$1.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

Music hath its charms to drive away carking care, but it is no more subtle in its appeal than perfume. There is a close connection between the two, so close, in fact, that one of the most alluring extracts has been named for a celebrated composer. This perfume is a bouquet odor, but as delicate, as fragrant, as delightful as the music with which this gifted woman has won so many hearts. The perfume is such an intimate, personal thing, a part of one's very soul, as it were, certainly of one's individuality, that it is difficult to choose it for another. There is, however, an appeal made by this extract which is at once so refined, so cultured, if one may thus express it, and so enticingly sweet, without being heavy or insistent, that one need not fear the criticism of the most fastidious of women. It is packed in a soft brown box, in perfect keeping with the modest nature of the scented liquid, and makes a most attractive gift for \$3.50 to \$7.

A cream may seem a homely gift at Christmastide, but it will be assuredly a welcome one, particularly if the cream is of the best quality. It is far from easy to find a cream which does not have some detrimental ingredients. It may be the preservatives which will harm delicate skins, yet in creams which must keep fresh in drug stores for many months preservatives are necessary. There is one cream which does not require any preservative, because it is only sold by the master of the compound. You have thus the

satisfaction of knowing that the cream was made specifically for you and, therefore, comes to you delightfully fresh. It is a delicious cream to use, softening and whitening the skin, after cleansing it of all the tiny dirt specks which clog up the pores and give the complexion a muddy, dingy tinge. It has an invigorating effect on the relaxed muscles of the face, which in their despair give to the face that much dreaded flabby condition to suggest horrors of which we would not think. It is perhaps a little more expensive at a dollar a jar than some of the other creams, but it is well worth the few extra cents, making up in quality far more than the difference in price.

From Paris comes the jolliest of Christmas gifts for the woman who revels in the unusual and who prides herself upon possessing something a little newer than her friends. This gift is a boudoir cushion, but such a cushion, so different from anything in this country. In fact, it is so Parisian that an American manufacturer frankly admitted that he could not copy it. It is different in shape, different in stuffing, different in material and very, very different in its appeal. It is fashioned from a rosy tint of damask, and each pillow boasts a different motto. Some are enhanced with more embroidery than others. On one bearing the French notion of a cannon there was this inscription, "Vive le feu," three times, each time growing fainter. Another read, "L'Abbe de buffiere un jour dans so jardin, attaché sa jarretière d'avant un capucin." While a third displayed "O ma bergère entre tes bras je passerai ma vie." As a present for the woman on whom wealth and nature have bestowed all the blessings this should be an inspiration.

FOR THE MALE MEMBER.

"What shall I give HIM?" is the most perplexing question for almost any woman as the holiday season grows nearer day by day. It takes only a few seconds to cross off all the usual presents given to a man, and there remains—what? Of pins and studs and links, he already has enough to stock a jeweler's case. The triumph is to find something that he hasn't, and something that will bring real joy.

To the man who is a lover of the beautiful, and who already has all the available gifts for a man, there may be some suggestions in the lovely enamel articles. One may be forgiven for sending a pencil enhanced with a strip of beautiful enamel, where the ordinary pencil would meet with a scornful reception. A handsome gold pencil with a strip of enamel encircling the center may be purchased for ten dollars. The cleverest idea, however, is the set of red, blue and black pencils, the different colors being signified by the colored enamels, arranged in a red leather case. To be sure such a case is priced at \$30, but it is such a thoroughly good-looking gift that the woman who is desirous of sending just the correct remembrance will not hesitate. There is a similar case for \$40. This case when opened reveals a pocket knife, a paper cutter and a pencil. These three very useful articles are made entrancingly lovely with enamels in any color you may wish—



No. 4. The design embroidered in silver brode on mouton velvet de soie in too beautiful to be hidden by the drapery, which is carried well in the back of this handsome dinner gown. The corsage is a simple affair of chiffon, with the draped sleeve fastened by a band of marabout. A lovely bit of color is introduced in satin flowers of various mauve and yellow tints.



No. 6. The robe for the black and white gown is illustrated by this afternoon frock of white chambray with trimmings of black velvet. The drapery is caught directly in the front by a strip of the velvet. A novel effect is produced by facing the overskirt. The high-collared line of the bodice is marked by shirtings. The revers of the material and the low shoulder room are two features of the season's modes.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.

Parfum LA VALSE

JUST as the exquisite dancing of Karavina and Nijinsky in "The Spectre of the Rose," to Weber's "Invitation a la Valse" enchanted the civilized world, so has the fascinating new Morny perfume, "La Valse," captivated the world of fashion. "La Valse" should achieve even wider fame than its well-known predecessor, Parfum "Chaminade," so exquisite and satisfying is its fragrance, and so indefinitely beautiful is it in its complex modernity, its elusive intensity and its delicate and subtle suggestiveness.

PARFUM "LA VALSE" . . .	\$3.00, \$6.00
"La Valse" Bath Salt . . .	\$1.25, \$3.50, \$7.50
"La Valse" Dusting Powder . . .	\$1.80
"La Valse" Complexion Powder . . .	\$1.30
"La Valse" Toilet Soap (3 tablets) . . .	\$2.50
"La Valse" Bath Soap Bottle, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$5.25	
"La Valse" Toilet Water . . .	\$2.00

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A LARGE VARIETY OF STYLES IN MUFFS AND NECKPIECES
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The Play Diary is a handsome book, 10x14, beautifully bound in silk cloth. Japanese vellum used throughout and gold lettering on the covers. It contains 80 pages with title page and index.

Four pages are reserved for each play—with printed headings for the date, name of the theatre, the play, a place for the Programme, names for the members of the party, two pages for illustrations, a page for personal criticisms and reviews, and space for the seat coupons.

It makes an attractive addition to your library table and is a source of much interest and pleasure not only to yourself, but to your friends.

Price \$3.00—sent prepaid

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8-14 West 38th Street New York



pink, blue, red, lavender or green. The toilet sets in enamel are fascinating beyond words. There is one set in an exquisite gray enamel rimmed with white and a line of gold that is especially appropriate for a man, because all the toilet necessities are compactly arranged in a gray leather case which may be placed complete on the dressing table, and easily packed in the week-end bag when desired. As if to add a truly masculine touch there is a clock set into the front of the case, for the average man is as proverbially punctual as the woman is tardy. It is a truly regal gift, the price running well up into the three figures, but it is in perfect taste, and sure to appeal to the most critical of men.



The coat of maulskin is the fad of the winter. The newest coats show a clever arrangement of the pelts which gives the fashionable draped effect. A luxurious touch is added by the outer collar of white, untrimmed ermine matching the large pillow maul reinforced with the same. The hat is also of maulskin, with an exquisitely shaded plume displaying the yellow and brown tints. The most effective styles this season are those made from civet cat, which may be combined with fur if desired. The dress is an shawl-like or ruffled on the maul that they simulate a design. A drop of the same fur alters the hat of plush trimmed with a black and white fantasy.

Each year a new cigarette tray is placed on the market to catch the pennies of the doting mother or sweetheart. There is much that is practical in a new case shown in one of the exclusive shops. Instead of the square, shallow box containing a hundred or so cigarettes, this new stand is comparatively high and narrow, and just large enough to hold a box of cigarettes, one piled upon the other. It is just the simplest action in the world, almost unconscious in fact, for a man to put out his hand and pick a cigarette from the top of the pile, far quicker and easier than to open a box and select one amongst a number. Its true value is apparent as soon as it is placed upon a desk, where a man smokes unconsciously while he writes. It is a graceful ornament, fashioned from silver, with pretty handles at the side, and has the advantage of novelty to recommend it.

There is something so very English and good-looking about the knitted scarves that any man would be delighted to find one in his stocking on Christmas morn. There is a variety of colors to choose from, but those in a changeable black and white, or blue and black, are particularly chic, for most men shy from vivid colorings. For \$6.50 they are warmly to be recommended as this amount does not go far when one is selecting jewelry.

A decidedly personal gift, but one that will be keenly appreciated because it is sure to fill a long-felt want, is a combination manicure set. This very neat and compact set comes to us from Germany, with all that is necessary to give the nails a good polish combined in one celluloid article. The shape is suggestive of the old-fashioned buffer, and is, in fact, a buffer with a polisher at either end. Over one end a preparation is spread which gives an excellent shine to the nails, to be smoothed and polished off afterwards by the chamois piece on the other side. If one has the nails manicured once a week it is a very easy matter to keep them perfectly groomed with this ingenious contrivance. It is such a blessing to have all the necessary paraphernalia combined in one apparatus, for many precious minutes can be squandered in hunting for the salve, the powder and the buffer, all sure to be in the various corners of the room. The size of the article determines its price, the smallest ones selling for \$1.50, with the larger ones at \$2.50 and \$3.

There is nothing, except perhaps its compactness and conven-

ience, that marks it as more appropriate for a man than for a woman, but it is so difficult to discover practical gifts for the lords of creation that anything which might appeal to their common sense is eagerly seized upon. For this reason the traveling clocks with the radium hands and dots of radium at the hour figures are sure to be warmly welcomed by the man who is fortunate enough to receive one. These clocks are made just like the other clocks sold in leather cases for traveling, their distinction lying in the fact that they will prove as true a friend by night as by day. The clocks sell for \$18 or \$20, depending upon the leather of the case. There are also watches in gun-metal with the same radium illuminating powers which can be secured for \$8. Just think of doing away forever with that bromidic excuse, "it was dark that I couldn't tell the time." For the early bird who would catch the financial worm there is an alarm clock, whose radium hands will point out the hour before dawn if necessary. \$10 is the selling price of these small alarm clocks.

TRULY FEMININE GIFTS.

Every woman dearly loves a piece of real lace, and, despite the fads and fancies of fashion, the delicate, effective Irish lace, particularly the baby Irish lace, never loses caste. When one is giving a gift of this lace, however, she is very anxious to procure the genuine, for though the imitations are clever, the lover of real laces can detect at once their value. It is well worth while, therefore, to learn of a shop—and on the Avenue, too—where real Irish laces may be purchased at bargain prices. Imagine a deep sailor collar in baby Irish lace with cuffs to match selling for \$3.50. Why, it would bring \$9 in almost any shop. A most effective jabot of the sheerest of French lawn generously trimmed with the baby Irish lace and insertion can be secured for \$2, whereas it would cost at least \$3.50 anywhere else. For \$1.95 you can possess a V-shaped yoke and attached high collar of baby Irish with the popular rose design brought into bold relief, and no one need be to ashamed of sending a friend a bow knot of baby Irish which costs only ninety-five cents. The owner of this shop imports his laces directly from Ireland, saving a middleman's profit, which thus enables him to offer his customers a most attractive reduction in prices. In addition to the neckwear, he sells the loveliest of blouses and underwear, many of them enhanced with lace insets. For the very modest sum of \$1.50 it is possible to buy there a night-robe with an Irish lace crochet yoke and short kimono sleeves finished with the Irish edging.

Laces and jewels are synonymous in many women's minds. Both of them are lovely in themselves, but far more entrancing when they are adorning the fairest of the feminine sex. This season there is a renewed interest in the watch. For several seasons it has dangled in miniature form from the chain around the neck; this winter it has found a resting place on the wrist. The first watch bracelets to receive recognition from the fashionable world were those in



Ermine scarf trimmed with seal skin. Small toque in ermine and seal skin.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased. Address THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Fashion Dept., 8-14 West 38th Street, New York City.



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